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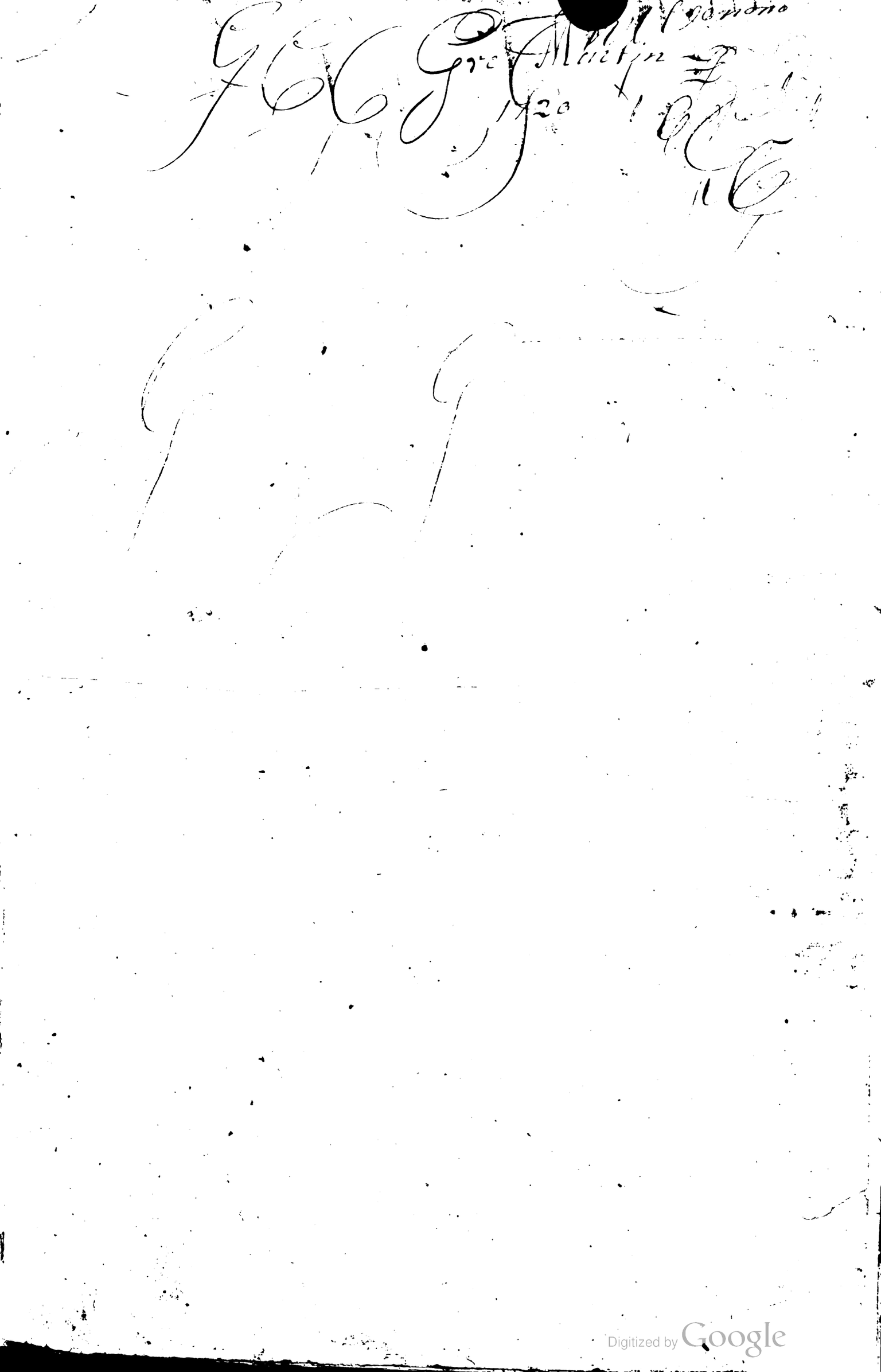

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E. M. Pudd,
e Coll. Oriel.

Poème sur le Tabac, p. 563
Poème sur Saint-Louis, p. 535
Poème sur les Lunettes, p. 602
Traduction des Quatrains de Gibert, p. 957. et de J. Matthieu, p. 527
Traduction d'un Poème d'Odet de Lavaux, p. 939.

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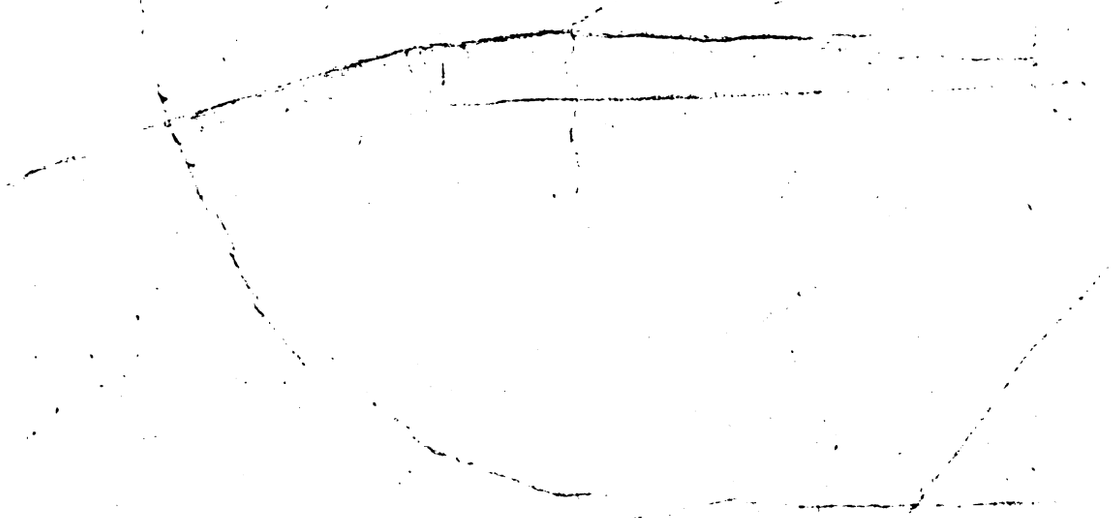

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Behould the Man whose Words & Workes were One;
Whose Life & Labours have few Equalls knowne;
Whose Sacred-Layes his Browes with Bayes have bound,
And, Him, his Ages Poet-Laureat crownd,
Whom Envy (scarce) could hate; Whom All admired,
Who liv'd beloved and a Saint Expired,

John Vicars

4/6

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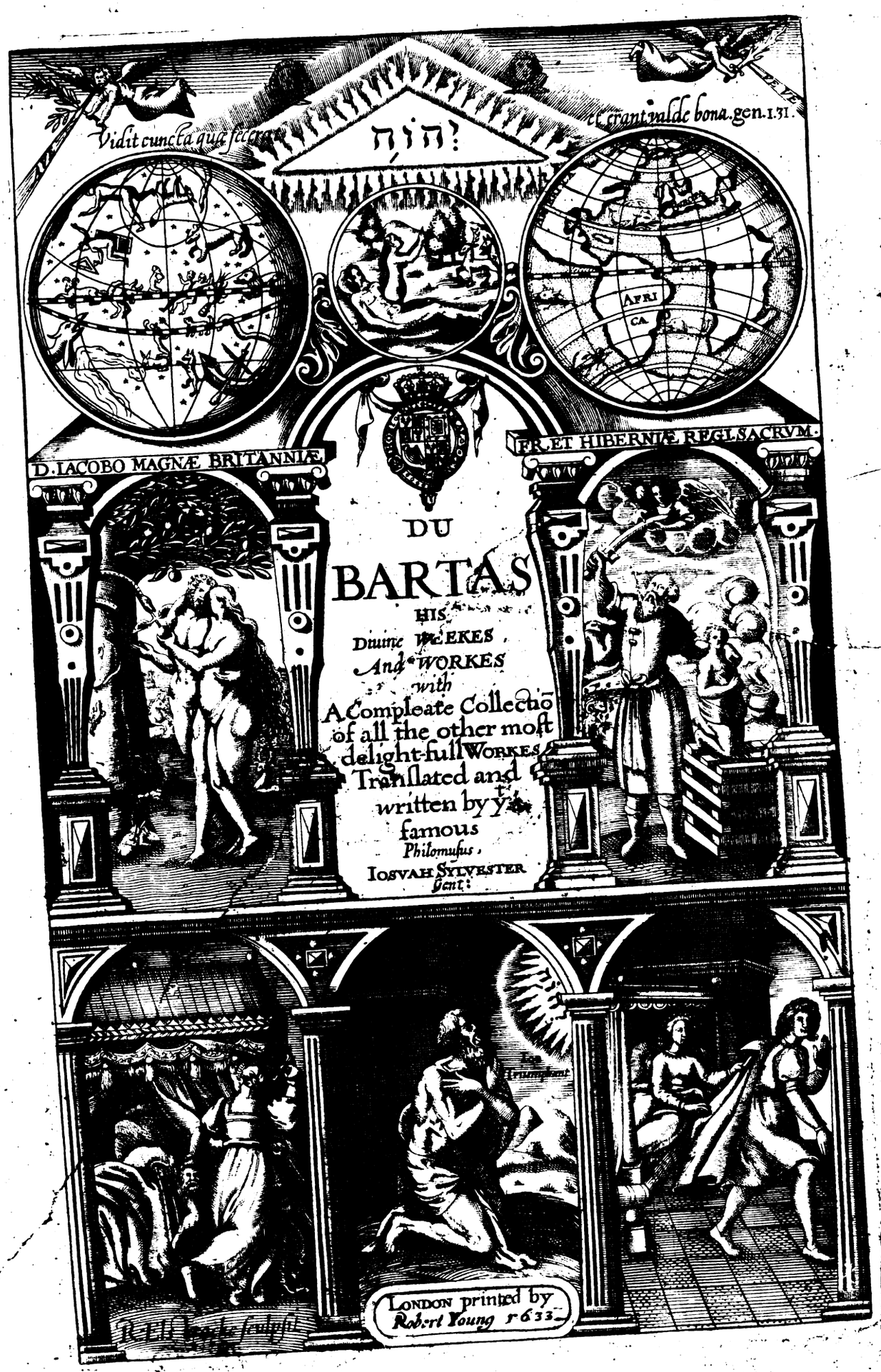

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ANAGRAMMATA REGIA:

REGI.

Iacobus Stuart:

Iusta Scrutabor.

Iames Stuart:

A iust Master.

For A iust Master *have I labour'd long:*
To A iust Master *have I vow'd my best:*
By A iust Master *should I take no wrong:*
With A iust Master *would my life be blest.*
In A iust Master *are all Vertues met:*
From A iust Master *flowes aboundant grace:*
But, A iust Master *is so hard to get,*
That A iust Master *seems of Phœnix race:*
Yet, A iust Master *have I found in fine.*
Of A iust Master, *if you question This,*
Whom A iust Master *I so just define;*
My Liege IAMES STUART A iust Master is.
And A iust Master *could my Work deserve,*
Such A iust Master *Would I justly serve.*

Voy Sire Saluste.

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AU TRES-PUISSANT, TRES-PRUDENT, ET TRES-AUGUSTE

Iaques (par la grace de Dieu) Roy de la Grand Britaign, de France, & d' Ireland : Defenſeur de la *Foy unique Catholique, Apoſtolique, &* CHRISTIENE.

VOY (SIRE) ton SALUSTE habillé en *Anglois*
(*Anglois* encore plus de *Cœur* que de *language*)
Qui, cognoiſſant loyall ton Royall *Heritage*
En ces beaux *Liz dorez* au Sceptre des *Gaulois*
(Comme au uray *Souverain* des urays Subjects *Francois*)
Cy a tes pieds ſacrez te fait ſon ſainct *Hommage*
(De ton *Hœur* & *Grandeur* eternal teſmoignage)
Miroir de touts *Heros*, Miracle de tous *Roys*.
VOY (SIRE) ton SALUSTE, ou (pour le moins) ſon ombre;
Ou l' ombre (pour le moins) de ſe *Traicts*, plus divins,
Qui, ores trop noyrcis par mon pinceau trop ſombre,
S' eſclairciront aux Raiz de tes Yieux plus benins.
Donques d' un *œil benin* & d' un accueil *Auguſte*
Recoy ton cher *Bartas*, & VOY SIRE SALUSTE.

Anagrammatiſme
de JOSUA SYLVESTER.

de voſtre Majeſtè
Tres humble Subject & Serviteur.

A l' iſteſſa ſua Majeſtà ſereniſma.

NEptun', *gielozo de La* Muſa Ingléſe,
L' immura ſi del Braccio cryſtallino,
Ch' il piu divin del Canto *ſuo divino*
Poco ſ' intende fuòr del ſuo Paêze:
Pero (*Signor*) *Come già la* Francéze
T' à Celebrato di-quà l' Apenino;
Di-là, l' ITALIGA *al Peregrino*
Anche far à l' alte tue Lodi intèſe.
Siche, la Sèna, *el* Pàdo *preſtaranno*
Lor Chori *ſacri, per Cantàr l' immenza*
Alma Virtù, Valòr, Pietà, Prudénza
Di GIACOMO (*gran* SALOMON Britanno)
Per di tua Gloria (*vdita qual' e quanta*)
Rapir' il Mondo in maravigilia ſanta.

L' iſteſſo Oſſervantiſſimo
I. S.

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CORONA DEDICATORIA.

To England's, Scotland's, France and Ireland's KING:
Great Emperour of EUROPE'S greateſt Iles:
Monarch of Hearts, and Arts, and every thing
Beneath BOOTES, many thouſand myles:
Upon whoſe Head, Honour and Fortune ſmiles:
About whoſe brows, cluſters of crowns do ſpring:
Whoſe Faith, Him Champion of the FAITH *en-ſtiles:*
Whoſe Wiſedome 's *Fame*
Ore all the World doth ring:

MNEMOSYNE
&

Her faire Daughters bring
The DAPHNEAN Crown
To Crowne Him (Laureat)
Whole and ſole Soveraigne
Of the THESPIAN Spring:
Prince of PARNASSUS, and Piërian State:
And with their crown, their kingdoms Arms they yeeld;
Thrice three Penns Sunne-like in a Cynthian field.
Sign'd by TIMES-SELVES, and their high Treaſurer
BARTAS, the Great: Ingroſs'd by SYLVESTER.

Our SUN did Set, and yet no NIGHT enſew'd;
Our WOE-fu'l loſſe ſo JOY-full gaine did bring,
In teares wee ſmile, amid our ſighes wee Sing:
So ſuddenly our dying LIGHT renew'd.
As when th' ARABIAN (only) Bird doth burne
Her aged bodie in ſweet FLAMES to death,
Out of Her CINDARS
A new Bird hath breath,

In whom the BEAUTIES
Of the FIRST returne;
From Spicie Aſhes of the ſacred URNE
Of Our dead Phœnix (dear ELIZABETH)
A new true PHEONIX *lively flouriſheth*
Whom greater glories than the Firſt adorne.
So much (O KING) thy ſacred Worth preſume-I-on,
JAMES, thou juſt Heire of *Englands joyfull* UNION.

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JAMES, Thou just Heir of *Englands joyfull* UNION,
UNITING now too This long sever'd ILE
(Sever'd for strangers, from it selfe the while)
Under one Scepter, in One Faith's Communion:
That in our Loves may never bee dis-union,
Throughout-all Kingdoms in thy Regall Stile,
Make CHRIST thy Guide
(In whom was never guile)

CLIO.

To RULE thy Subjects
In his GOSPELS Union.
So, on thy Seat thy Seede shall ever Flourish
To SION 's Comfort and th' eternall Terror
Of GOG and MAGOG, Athëisme and Error:
So shall one TRUTH *thy people train and nourish*
In meeke Obedience of Th' Almightie's Pleasure,
And to give CAESAR what belongs to CAESAR.

And (to give CAESAR what belongs to CAESAR)
To sacred Thee (drad Soveraigne) dearest JAMES,
While sad-glad ENGLAND *yeelds Her Diadems,*
To bee dispos'd at Thine Imperiall Pleasure:
While Peers & states expose their pomp & treasure
To entertain thee from thy Tweed to THAMES,
With ROYALL *Presents,*
And rare-precious Gemmes;

THALIA.

As Mindes and Meanes
Concurre in happy measure.
Heer (gracious Lord) lowe prostrate I present you
The richest Jewell my poore FATE affoords,
(A sacrifice, that long-long since I meant you)
Your Minion BARTAS, *masked in my words:*
With him, my Selfe, my Service, Wit and Art,
With all the SINNEWES of a Loyall Heart.

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With all the SINNEWES of a Loyall Heart,
Unto Your ROYALL Hands I humbly Sacre
These weeks (the works of the worlds glorious Maker)
Divinely warbled by LORD BARTAS Art
(Though through my rudeneſs heer miſ-tun'd in part).
For, to whom meeter ſhould this Muſe betake her,
Than to YOUR *Highneſſe,*
Whom (as chiefe Partaker)

MELPOMENE.

All MUSES Crowne
For Prineipall Deſart?
To whom ſhould ſacred Art and learned Pietie
In Higheſt Notes of Heav'nly Muſicke Sing
The Royall Deedes of the redoubted Deïtie,
But to a Learned and Religious KING?
To whom but You ſhould Holy *Faith* commend-her,
Great King of *England*, Chriſtian *Faith's* Defender?

Great King of *England*, Chriſtian *Faith's* Defender;
No Selfe---preſuming of my Witt's perfection
(In what is mine of this Divine Confection)
Boldens mee thus to You the Same to tender:
But with the Reſt, the Beſt I have to render
For Loyall Witneſſe of my glad affection,
My MITE I offer
To Your High Protection;

CALLIOPE.

Which MORE it needs;
The more it ſelfe is ſlender.
But, for mine AUTHOR, in his ſacred-furie,
I know your Highnes knows him Prince of Singers,
And His rare Workes worthy Your Royall fingers
(Though heer His luſtre too-too-much obſcure-I).
For His ſake therefore, and Your Selfes Benignitie,
Accept my ZEALE, and pardon mine Indignitie.

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Accept my ZEALE, and pardon mine Indignitie
(Smoothing with ſmiles ſterne Majeſties Severitie)
Sith from this Errour of my bold Temeritie,
Great good may grow, through heav'ns & your benignity:
For, farre more equall to your BARTAS Dignitie,
This may provoke (with more divine Dexteritie)
Some NOBLER Wit,
To SING to our Poſterity

TERPSICHORE.

This NOBLEST Worke,
After it Self's Condignitie:
Or elſe the ſweet Rayes of your Royall Favour
May ſhine ſo warm on theſe wilde fruits of mine,
As much may mend their vertue, taſte, & ſavour,
And Ripen faire the Reſt that are behinde:
The rather, if ſome Clowde of COMFORT drop.
Amid the Braunches of my blaſted Hope.

Amid the Braunches of my blaſted Hope,
Three Noble pearches had my Muſe of late,
Where (Turtle-like) groaning ſad tunes ſhe ſate:
But (O!) curſt ENVIE did untimely lop
The Firſt: the Next, bruiz'd with his fal, did drop:
The Third remaines, grow'n a great arm of State:
Moſt WORTHIE So,
But ſo pre——occupate

EUTERPE.

With others MUSES,
That OURS hath no ſcope.
Wherefore for ſuccour in her wearie flight,
Hardly purſu'd by that ſharp Vulture, WANT,
She's fain my Liege (with your good leave) to light
Amid the Top-leaves of Your CEDAR-Plant:
Where, if you daign Her Reſt from *Fortune's* wrong,
Shee ſhall more ſweetely End her ſolemne Song.

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Shee ſhall more ſweetely End Her ſolemne Song
(If Heav'n grant Life, and You give leave to doe-it)
By adding fitly All thoſe Parts vnto it
Which more preciſely to your Prayſe belong
(Wherein expreſly, with a Thankfull Tongue,
To your great Self, APOLLO's ſelf applies-him,
Yeelds YOV His Laurels,
And doth all agnize-him

ERATO.

Rapt with the Wonder
Of Your Vertues, Young).
All the Poſthumiall race of that rare Spirit
(His Swan tunes, ſweeteſt neer his lateſt breath)
Which, of his glorie their Childes-part inherit
(Though born, alas! after their Father's death)
As Epilogue, ſhall PAY our gratefull Vowes
Under the ſhadow of Your Sacred Boughes.

Under the ſhadow of Your Sacred Boughes,
Great, Royall CEDAR of Mount LIBANON
(Greater than that great Tree of BABYLON)
No marvaile if our TVRTLE ſeek to Houſe;
Sith CÆSAR's Eagles, that ſo ſtrongly Rouze:
Th'old Haggard FALCON, hatcht by *Pampelon:*
Th' IBERIAN GRIPHIN
(And not THESE alone,

POLYMNIA.

But everie Bird and Beaſt)
With HVMBLE vowes,
Seeks rooſt or reſt under your mighty Bowers:
So mighty hath th' Almighty made you now:
O Honour Him who thus hath Honour'd You,
And build His houſe who thus hath bleſſed Yours.
So, STHARTS ay ſhall ſtand (prop't with His Power)
To Foes a Terrour, and to Friends a Tower.

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To Foes a Terrour, and to Friends a Tower:
ERROR's Defyer, and True FAITH's Defence:
A Sword to Wrong, a Shield to Innocence:
Cheering the milde, checking the wilde with power:
The Starre of other States, and Sterne of Our:
The Rod of Vice, & VERTUE's Recompence:
Long Live King JAMES
In all MAGNIFICENCE:

URANIA.

And (full of DAYES)
When (in his Bliss-full Bowr)
Heav'ns King shal crown thee with th' immortal flowr,
Fall all These Blessings on that forward Prince
HENRY *(our Hope) to crowne His Excellence*
A KING *at home, abroade a* CONQUEROR;
So Happily, that Wee may still Conclude,
Our Sunne did Set, and yet no Night ensew'd.

YOUR MAJESTIES

Most loyall Subject

AND

Humble Servant,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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THE ORDER OF THE BOOKES, OR TRACTS OF THIS VOLUME.

The First VVeeke containeth Seven Dayes.

THE
1. *Day.*
2. *Day.*
3. *Day.*
4. *Day.*

THE
5 *Day.*
6 *Day.*
7 *Day.*

The Second VVeek likewise Seven Dayes: Whereof three were never finished.

ADAM, 1 Day.
- *Eden.*
- The *Imposture.*
- The *Furies.*
- The *Handy-Crafts.*

ABRAHAM, 3 Day.
- The *Vocation.*
- The *Fathers.*
- The *Law.*
- The *Captains.*

NOAH, 2 Day.
- The *Arke.*
- *Babylon.*
- The *Colonies.*
- The *Columnes.*

DAVID, 4 Day.
- The *Tropheis.*
- The *Magnificence.*
- The *Schisme.*
- The *Decay.*

Urania.
The *Triumph of Faith.*
The *Quadrains of Pibrac.*
The *Miraculous Peace of France.*
A *Paradox against Liberty.*
Iudith.
Little Bartas.
The *Map of Man.*
The *Maidens blush*, or *Ioseph.*
Panaretus.
Iob Triumphant.
Bethulians Rescue.
A *Hymn of Almes.*
Memorials of Mortality.
St. *Lewis*, the *King.*
The *Tropheis of Henry the Great.*
The *Battell of Iurie.*
All is not Gold that glisters.
New Ierusalem

Selfe-Civill-Warre
A *Cup of Consolation in Christian conflict*
Tobacco battered
Lacrymæ Lacrymarum
An Elegie upon Sir *William Sidneys death*
Honours Farewell
An Elegie upon the death of Doctour Hils Wife
A Briefe Catechisme
Spectacles
Mottoes
The Wood-mans Beare
A *Preparation to the Resurrection*
A *Table of the Mysterie of Mysteries*

Lastly, *Several Poems of the same Authors not formerly extant, are added.*

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CEs Tempes laurizez, du *Laurier* meſme honeur;
Ces Yeux contemple-Cieux, ou la *Vertu* ſe lit;
Ces traits au front, marquez de *Scavoir* & d'*Eſprit*;
Ne ſont que du BARTAS un ombre *exterieur*.
Le Pinçeau n'en peut plus: Mais, de ſa propre Plume
Il ſ'eſt peint le *Dedans*, dans ſon divin *Volume*.

Theſe laureat Temples which the Laurel *grace*;
Theſe Honeſt *Lines, theſe Signes of* VVit *and* Art;
This Map of Vertues, *in a* Muſe-*full Face*;
Are but a bluſh of BARTAS *outward part*.
The Pencil could no more: but his owne Pen
Limns him, with-in, *the Miracle of Men*.

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SACRUM MEMORIÆ

Ornatiſsimi Pientiſsimique ipſius Amici, Magiſtri *Joſuæ Sylveſter*; Qui in Oppido Middleburgenſi, viceſimo octavo die Septembris, *Anno Dom.* 1618. *Annoq; Ætatis ſuæ* 55. *Fatis Conſeßit.*

HIS LIFE, &c.

IN *Verſe* to perſonate what *Art* hath painted,
Craves not *Apelles*, but *Apollo*'s skill;
The *veine* and *ſtraine* of *Maro*'s learned Quill,
Or ſome, with ſweet *Urania* beſt-acquainted.

Yet, ſith ev'n all, whoſe *brows* are deckt with *bayes*,
Seem to neglect Thee; *Pan* hath ta'n the paines
(With Oaten-pipe, in homely ruſtick *Strains*)
To ſound, not *Arts*, but *Hearts* plain warbled *layes*.

Is 't not a Wonder, worthy admiration,
In this ſo *Sin-full*, *Sin-foule* Age, to ſee
All reall *Vertues* in one Man to be?
All, met in one, to have cohabitation?

Thou waſt no Lordly great *Coſmopolite*;
Yet, much renowned by thy vertuous *Fame*:
A *Saint* on Earth (No need of greater Name.)
A true *Nathanael*, *Chriſtian-Iſraelite*,

Thy *Wiſedome*, in thy *Sparing-Speech* was ſhown.
Tis ſtrange his *Words* ſhould drop, whoſe *works* did
Yet words & *works* ſhone, *all*, wth *graces* beam: (ſtreã:
Thy *Pietie*, *ſobrietie*, well known.

Religious, *valiant*, like good *Joſua*.
Religious, in Thy Selfe and Familie:
Courageous, to withſtand Adverſitie (may.
And worldly Cares; which moſt men, moſt diſ-

No *Temporizer*; yet, the *Court* frequenting:
Scorning to *ſooth* or *ſmooth* this Ages crimes:
At *War* with *Vice*, in all thy holy *Rymes*:
Thine *Iſraels*-Sins (with *Jeremie*) lamenting.

No *Cræſus*-rich, nor yet an *Irus*-poore:
The *Golden-Mean*, was thy Chiefe Loves delight.
Thy *Portion* pleas'd thee well; and well it might:
Than *Piety*, what Riches better? more?

Adorned with the *Gift* of *Gods* good *Spirit*:
I mean the *Gift* of *Tongues*; French, Spaniſh, (Dutch, His languages
Italian, Latin. As thy Selfe, few ſuch:
But, for thy Native-Engliſh, of moſt Merit.

Wherein, like former fluent *Cicero* (rare)
(With Figures, Tropes; Words, Phraſes, ſweetly
Of Eloquence thou mad'ſt ſo little ſpare,
That *Nile* (in *Thee*) may ſeem to overflow.

Witneſs *Du Bartas* (that rare *Maſter-peece* His
Of *Poetry*) to paſt and future Times: Works.
By whoſe melliſluous, ſugred, ſacred *Rimes*,
Thou got'ſt more fame, than *Jaſon* by his *Fleece*.

Of which thy *Work* (I juſtly may averre)
The radiant Sun-ſhine is ſo fair, ſo trim,
As other Poets Moon-light much doth dim;
Admired *Silver-Tongued Sylveſter*.

Yea, All thy full-ear'd Harveſt-Swathes are ſuch,
As (almoſt) all thy *Brethrens* high-topt *Sheaves*
Bend, bow to thine, like Autumn-ſcattered *leaves*;
So *white* thy *Wheat* is, and the *Weight* ſo much.

Nor wrong I them, by this harſh appellation.
Their pleaſing Veine was oft too vaine: but, Thine,
Still-pleaſant-grave: Heer, Morall; There, Divine.
Right *Poet-Laureat Thou* wert of our Nation.

This

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This then, say I (maugre the Spleen infernall
Of Elvish-*Envie*) shall promote thy *Prayse*,
And trim thy Temples with nere-fading *Bayes*.
Such heav'nly *Off-springs* needs must live Eternall.

What should I say? much more than I can say.
A *Man* thou wert; and yet, than man much more.
Thy Soule resembled, right, an *House* of *Store*;
Wherein all *Vertues*, in *Thee*, treasur'd lay.

His Death. *A blessed Death an holy Life ensues*,
Thy pious End this *Truth* hath well expreſt:
Such as thy *Life*, such was thy *Death*; all-blest:
Thy Heav'n-born *Soule*, her Native-home did chuse.

And, hadst thou dy'd at *Home*, it had been better;
It would (at least) have given thee much Content:
But, herein, *England's* worthy to be shent,
Which to thy Worth did prove so bad a *Debter*.

Nor minde I this, but then I blush for shame
To think, that though a *Cradle*, *Thee*, *it gave*,
Yet (O unkinde) deny'd thy *Corps a grave*;
Much more a *Statue*, reared to thy *Name*.

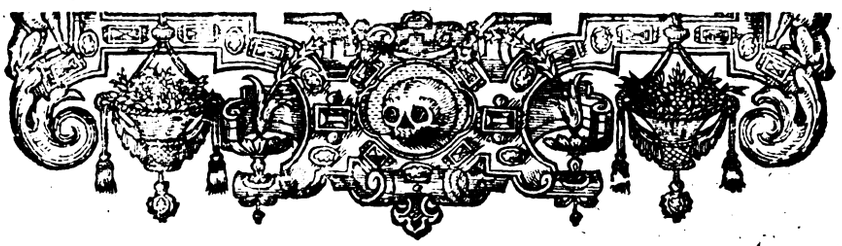
But, *Thou* wert wise; who to *thy Selfe* built'st
(Such, such an *One*) as is of endless Date: (One
A reall, royall-one; which (spite of Hate)
To *Times* last time shall make thy *Glory* knowne.

Now, though thy step-Dame Countrey cast thee off;
(Ah! too ungratefull, most unkinde, to Thee.)
Yet heer accept a Mite of Love from Mee,
(Thy meanest Brother) This Mean Epitaph:

HIS EPITAPH.

Heer lyes (*Death's* too-rich *Prize*) the *Corps* enterr'd
Of JOSUAH SYLVESTER, Du BARTAS Peer;
A *Man* of *Arts* best *Parts*, to *God*, *Man*, deer;
In formost *Rank* of *Poets* best, preferr'd.

JOHN VICARS.



THE

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The Printer to the Reader.

THe Name of *Fosuah Sylvester* is garland enough to hang before This doore; a name worthily deare to the present Age, to Posteritie. I doe not therefore goe about to apologize for this VVorke, or to commend it: it shall speak for it selfe, louder than eyther others friendship, or envie. I only advertise my Reader, that since the death of the Author (if at least it be safe to say those men are dead, who ever survive in their living monuments) I have carefully fetcht together all the dispersed Issue of that divine VVit; as those which are well worthie to live (like Brethren) together under one faire roofe, that may both challenge time, and outweare it. I durst not conceale the harmlesse fancies of his inoffensive youth, which himselfe had devoted to Silence and Forgetfulnes: It is so much the more glory to that worthy Spirit, that hee who was so happy in those youthfull strains, (some wherof, lately come to hand, and not formerly extant, are in this Edition inserted) would yet turne and confine his pen to none but holy and religious Dities. Let the present and future times injoy so profitable and pleasing a work; and at once honour the Author, and thank the Editor.

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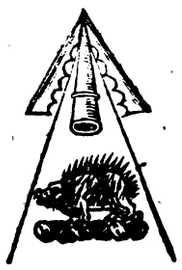
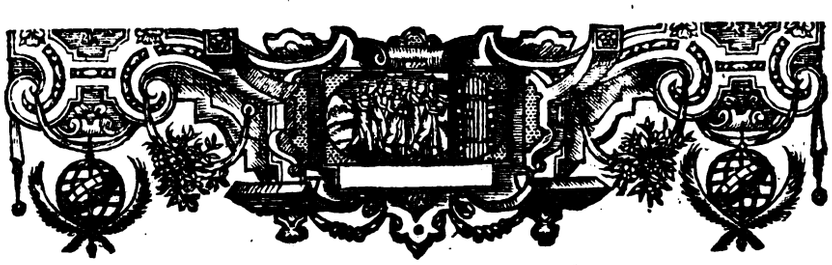


ENGLAND'S
Apelles (rather
OUR APOLLO)
WORLD'S wonder
SYDNEY,
That rare more-than-man,
This LOVELY VENUS
First to LIMNE beganne,
With Such a PENCILL
As no PENNE dares follow:
How then should I, in wit & art so shallow,
Attempt the *task* which yet none other can?
Far bee the thought, that mine unlearned hand
His heav'nly Labour should so much unhallow:
Yet, lest (that Holy-RELIQUE being shrin'd
In some high-Place, close lockt from common light)
My Countrey-men should bee debarr'd the sight
Of these DIVINE pure Beauties of the Minde;
Not daring meddle with APELLES TABLE,
THIS have I muddled, as my MUSE was able.



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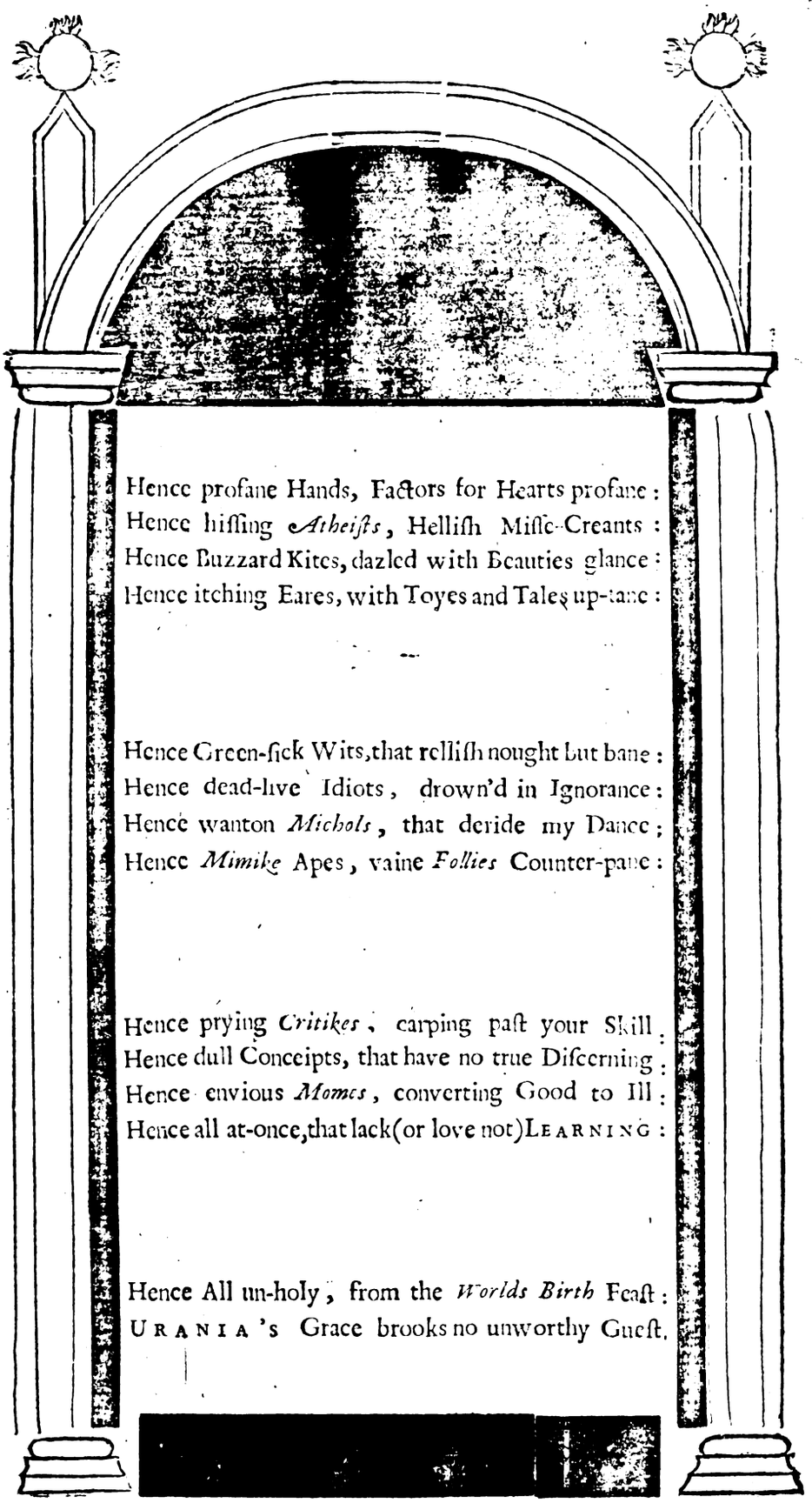

Hence profane Hands, Factors for Hearts profane:
Hence hiſſing *Atheiſts*, Helliſh Miſſe-Creants:
Hence Buzzard Kites, dazled with Beauties glance:
Hence itching Eares, with Toyes and Tales up-tane:

Hence Green-ſick Wits, that reliſh nought but bane:
Hence dead-live Idiots, drown'd in Ignorance:
Hence wanton *Michols*, that deride my Dance;
Hence *Mimike* Apes, vaine *Follies* Counter-pane:

Hence prying *Critikes*, carping paſt your Skill:
Hence dull Conceipts, that have no true Diſcerning:
Hence envious *Momes*, converting Good to Ill:
Hence all at-once, that lack (or love not) LEARNING:

Hence All un-holy, from the *Worlds Birth* Feaſt:
URANIA's Grace brooks no unworthy Gueſt.

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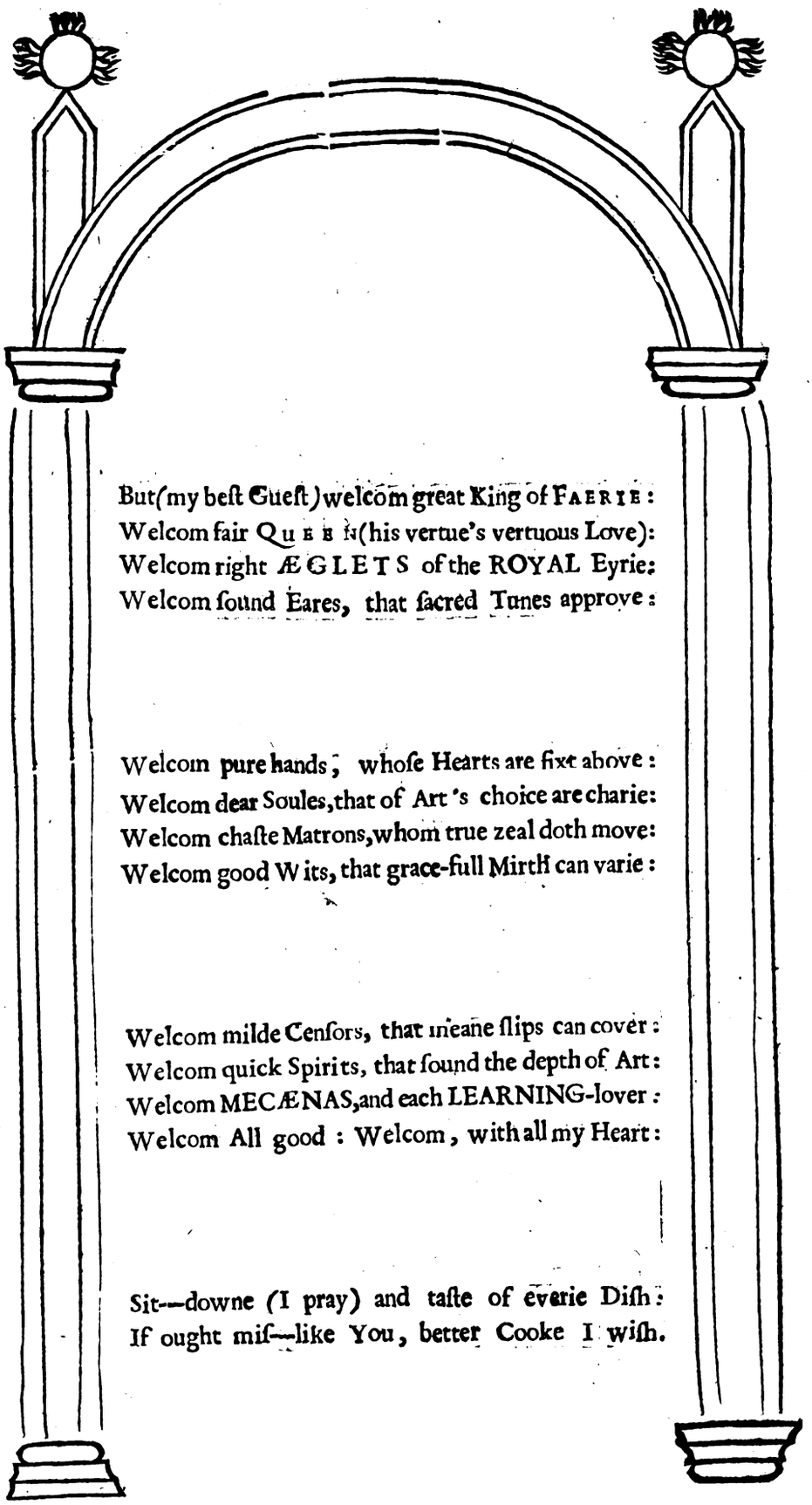
OPTIMIS.



But (my beſt Gueſt) welcom great King of FAERIE:
Welcom fair QUEEN (his vertue's vertuous Love):
Welcom right ÆGLETS of the ROYAL Eyrie:
Welcom ſound Eares, that ſacred Tunes approve:

Welcom pure hands, whoſe Hearts are fixt above:
Welcom dear Soules, that of Art's choice are charie:
Welcom chaſte Matrons, whom true zeal doth move:
Welcom good Wits, that grace-full Mirth can varie:

Welcom milde Cenſors, that meane ſlips can cover:
Welcom quick Spirits, that ſound the depth of Art:
Welcom MECÆNAS, and each LEARNING-lover:
Welcom All good: Welcom, with all my Heart:

Sit—downe (I pray) and taſte of everie Diſh:
If ought miſ—like You, better Cooke I wiſh.

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Intimo
JOSUAE SYLVESTRI
HEXASTICON.

VT prodesse suis possit, Salustius offert
Gallis, quod nobis Josua noster opus:
Ille ergo eximiis hoc uno nomine dignus
Laudibus; at duplici nititur hic merito:
Quem simul Authoris famæ, charæq; videmus
Communi Patriæ consuluisse bono.

Jo. Bo. Miles.

Ad Iosuam
SYLVESTERUM
G. SALUSTII
Genuinum Interpretem.

IAre agè, divini cultissima lingua Salusti,
(SYLVESTER) Clarii ceu fuit ille Dei,
Elyzii qua parte Iugi convenerat, & te
Edocuit sensus & sua verba Senex?
An mage, corporeâ Herois compage soluta,
In te Anima Elyzium fecerat ipsa sibi?
Credo equidem; & Samii rata Dogmata sunt Senis; unde,
Non Translata mihi, sed genuina canis.
Quin & Posteritas, si pagina prima taceret,
Interpres dubitet tune vel ille siet.

Car. Fitz-Geofridus Lati-Portensis.

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JOSUA SILVESTER.

ANAGRAM.

Vere Os Saluſtii.

OS tu SYLVESTER *noſtro cur Ore vocaris?*
An quòd in ORE *feras* Mel? *quod in Aure* Mel-os?
An quòd BARTASI *faciem dum pingis &* ORA,
ORA *tui pariter quælibet ora colit?*
Nempe licet duram præ te fers nomine SILVAM,
Silvas & ſalebras carmina nulla tenent:
Sed quod Athenarum COR, *dux Salaminius olim*
Dixit, Ineſt libris Osque; *vigorq; tuis.*
Ergo Os *eſto aliis, mihi* Suadæ LINGUA *videris;*
Muſis & Phœbo charus OCELLUS *eris.*

Ad Gallum

DE BARTASIO JAM Toto Anglicè donato.

QUòd Gallus factus modò ſit, mirare, Britannus,
Galle? novum videas, nec tamen invideas:
Silveſter veſter, noſter Bartaſius, *ambo*
Laude quidem gemina digni, ut & ambo pari.

IN DETRACTORES Ad Authorem.

TAceat *malevolum* Os *malé ſtrepentis Zoili,*
Monſtrum bilingue, ſeptuplex Hydræ caput:
Dum Septimanam *ſepties fauſtam canis*
Te Septimana ſepties fauſtum facit
Quævis, nec ulla deleat Joſuam *Dies.*
Nempe ORE *fari Vera ſi licet meo,*
Os *ipſe* VERE *diceris* SALUSTII;
Qui ſi impetaris dentibus mordentibus
Impurioris ORIS, *& Theon*
Os *non carere dentibus ſciat tuum.*

E. L. Oxon.

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In Duo
POETARUM LUMINA;
BARTAM & SYLVESTRUM,
Carmen Aſclepiadeum, Gliconicum, decol. Diſtroph.

TE *Barta* caneret Melpomenes melos,
Vel Germana ſoror nympha Polymnia,
Muſarúmve potens pater,
Pulſans plectra ſonantia.
Sylveſtere, meam tu ſuperas lyram,
Et linguam modulum dum rudis obſtrepit:
Vatem commeruit decus
Illuſtrem ingenii tui.
Nemo fronte gerens Daphnidis arborem,
Vel Martem valuit ſcribere bellicum
Digne, vel Veneris roſæ
Vultum purpureæ parem:
Nec veſtram valeo tollere verſibus
Laudem ter geminam Sicælidum meis
Sacra progenies ſatis;
Non vos æquiparem modis.
Gallorum Druidas hoſpites arborum
Bartas grandiloqui carminis alite
Præſtat: noſter amat ſui
Ponti vincere Naîadas:
Ambo ſic proprias viribus ingenî
Divas ruricolas ponticolas ſimul
Viciſtis, trivii meum
Viciſtis miſerum melos.
Cœlum percutiat Gallia vertice,
Ipſos cœlicolas terra Britannica,
Quæ Vates tulerint duos
Claros præ reliquis novos.

G.B. Cantabridg.

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Epigram.

TO MASTER

JOS. SYLVESTER.

IF to admire were to commend, my prayse
Might then both thee, thy Work and Merit raise:
But, as it is (the Childe of Ignorance,
And vtter ſtranger to all ayre of France)
How can I ſpeak of thy great paines, but erre?
Since they can only judge, that can confer.
Behold! the reverend ſhade of BARTAS ſtands
Before my thought, and (in thy right) commands
That to the World I publiſh, for him, This;
BARTAS doth wiſh thy *Engliſh* now were His.
So well in that are his inventions wrought;
As His will now be the Tranſlation thought,
Thine the Originall; and France ſhall boaſt,
No more, thoſe mayden glories ſhee hath loſt.

B. JOHNSON.

In praiſe of the Tranſlator.

IF divine BARTAS (from whoſe bleſſed Braines
Such Works of grace, or gracefull workes did ſtream)
Were ſo admir'd for Wit's celeſtiall Strains
As made their Vertues Seat, the high'ſt Extream;
Then, JOSUAH, the Sun of thy bright praiſe
Shall fixed ſtand in Arts faire Firmament
Till Diſſolution date Times Nights, and Dayes,
Sith right thy Lines are made to BARTAS Bent,
Whoſe Compaſs circumſcribes (in ſpacious words)
The Univerſall in particulars;
And thine the ſame, in other tearms, affords:
So, both your Tearms agree in friendly Wars:
If Thine be only His, and His be Thine,
They are (like God) eternall, ſith Divine.

JOHN DAVIES,
of Hereford.

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To Master JOSUAH SYLVESTER, OF HIS BARTAS Metaphraſed.

I Dare confeſſe; of Muſes more than Nine,
Nor liſt, nor can I envie none, but thine.
Shee, drencht alone in Sion's ſacred Spring,
Her Makers praiſe hath ſweetly choſe to ſing,
And reacheth neereſt th' Angels notes above;
Nor liſts to ſing or Tales, or Wars, or Love.
One while I finde her, in her nimble flight,
Cutting the brazen ſpheares of Heaven bright:
Thence, ſtraight ſhee glides, before I bee aware,
Through the three Regions of the liquid Ayre:
Thence, ruſhing downe, through Nature's Cloſet-dore,
Shee ranſacks all her Grandame's ſecret ſtore;
And, diving to the darkneſs of the Deep,
Sees there what Wealth the Waves in Priſon keep:
And, what ſhee ſees above, below, between,
Shee ſhowes and ſings to others eares and eyne.
Tis true; thy Muſe anothers ſteps doth preſſe:
The more 's her paine; nor is her prayſe the leſſe.
Freedome gives ſcope, vnto the roving thought;
Which, by reſtraint, is curb'd. Who wonders ought,
That feet vnfettred, walken far, or faſt?
Which, pent with chains, mote want their wonted haſte.
Thou follow'ſt Bartaſſes diviner ſtreine;
And ſingſt his numbers in his native veine.
BARTAS *was ſome French Angel, girt with Bayes:*
And thou a BARTAS *art, in Engliſh Layes.*
Whether is more? Mee ſeems (the ſooth to ſay'n)
One BARTAS *ſpeakes in Tongues, in Nations, twain.*

JOS. HALL.

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TO MY GOOD FRIEND, M. SYLVESTER, In honour of this sacred WORKE.

Thus to adventure forth, and re-convay
The best of treasures from a forrain Coast,
And take that wealth wherein they gloried most,
And make it ours by such a gallant prey,
And that without injustice; doth bewray
The glorie of the Worke, that wee may boast
Much to have wonne, and others nothing lost
By taking such a famous prize away,
As thou industrious SYLVESTER *hast wrought,*
And heer enricht vs with th' immortall store
Of others sacred lines; which from them brought,
Comes by thy taking greater than before:
So hast thou lighted from a flame devout,
As great a flame, that never shall goe out.

Samuel Daniel.

To Master JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

A SONNET.

He glorious Salust, *morall, true-divine,*
Who (all inspired with a Holy rage)
Makes Heav'n *his subject, and the* Earth *his stage,*
The Arts *his Actors, and the* Triple-Trine:
Who his rich language gilds, and graceth fine:
His Countries honour, wonder of our age;
Whose Worlds *blest* Birth, *and blessed* Pupillage,
Gain him a world of fame for everie line;
Hath heer obtain'd a true Interpreter.
Whom, fame, nor gaine, but love to Heav'n and vs,
Mov'd to un-French *his learned Labours thus.*
Thus loves, thus lives all-loved SYLVESTER.
Forward, sweet friend: Heav'n, Nature, Arts, and Men,
All to this task prefer thine only Pen.

G. Gay-wood.

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Dilectiſsimo
JOS. SYLVESTRI.

QAllica viſa fuit Princeps modo lingua; nec ulla
Illi vel ſimilis, vel mihi major erat:
Credideram magni nullo ſermone referri
BARTASI ingenium poſſe, vel eloquium:
Cum ſubito clarum dedit alma Britannia ſolem,
Ingenii tenebras abſtulit ille mei.
Carmina BARTASI SYLVESTER carmine vertit;
Et ſi ſucceſſu non meliore, pari.
O ter felicem venam, Dulceiſque Camœnas!
Queis tanto Vati contigit eſſe pares.
Incepto felix SYLVESTER tramite perge;
Tam bene ne cœptum deſtituatur opus,
Sic pia Sicælides aſpirunt Numina Muſæ:
Sic faveat cœptis doctis Apollo tuis:
Sic tandem felix te guadeat Anglia vate:
Sic te Virgilium norit & ipſa ſuum.

Io. Mauldœus Germanus.

Amiciſsimo
JOSUAE SYLVESTRI;
G. SALUSTII
D. BARTASII INTERPRETI,
Encomium.

QUod conſpecta Pharus vario dat lumine vaſta
Æquora ſulcanti, cum vaga Luna ſilet:
Et quod luſtratis Phœbi dat flamma tenebris
Erranti in ſylvis dum manifeſtat iter:
Hoc dat præſtanti methodo SALUSTIUS illis
Cognitio ſanctæ queis placet Hiſtoriæ.
Ille dedit Gallis quod nobis Josua noſter,
Qui ſolus patrio ductus amore dedit.
Ingenium cupitis, non fictaque flumina Vatum?
Hic magnum doctis Hortus acumen habet:
Muſa tua eſt BARTAS dulciſsima: Muſa videtur
Ipſi tamen NOSTRI, dulcior eſſe mihi.

Si. Ca. Gen.

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Flexanimo
SALUSTII DU BARTAS
Interpreti, *Jos. Sylvesteri*, Carmen Encomiasticon.

OFt have I seen sweet fancie-pleasing faces
Consort themselves with swart miss-shapen features,
To grace the more their soule-subduing graces,
By the the defect of such deformed creatures;
As Painters garnish with their shadowes sable
The brighter colours in a curious Table:
So, English Bartas, *though thy beauties, heer*
Excell so far the glorie of the rest,
That France *and* England *both must hold thee deer,*
Sith both their glories thou hast heer expresst
(Shewing the French tongues plenty to be such,
And yet that ours can vtter full as much)
Let not thy faireſt Heav'n-aspiring Muse
Disdaine these humble notes of my affection:
My faulty lines let faithfull love excuse,
Sith my defects shall adde to thy perfection:
For, these rude rimes, thus ragged, base, and poore,
Shall (by their want) exalt thy worth the more. E.G.

IN COMMENDATION OF DU *Bartas*, and his Translator, Mr. JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

A SONNET.

WHile nights black wings the dayes bright beauties hide,
And while faire Phœbus *dives in western deep,*
Men (gazing on the heav'nly stages steep)
Commend the Moon, and many Stars beside:
But, when Aurora's *windows open wide,*
That Sol's *clear rayes those sable clouds may banish,*
Then suddenly those petty lights doe vanish,
Vailing the glories of their glistring pride:
So, while du Bartas *and our* Sylvester
(The glorious lights of England, *and of* France)
Have hid their beames, each glowe-worme durst prefer
His feeble glimpse of glimmering radiance:
But, now these Suns begin to gild the day,
Those twinkling sparks are soon disperst away.

R.H.

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IN COMMENDATION
Of This
WORTHY VVORK.

Oole that I was, I thought in younger times,
That all the *Muſes* had their graces ſow'n
In *Chaucers*, *Spencers*, and ſweet *Daniels* Rimes
(So, good ſeems beſt, where better is unknown).
While thus I dream'd, my buſie phantaſie
Bade mee awake, open mine eyes, and ſee

How SALUST's Engliſh *Sun* (*our* SYLVESTER)
Makes *Moon* and *Stars* to vail: and how the *Sheaves*
Of all his *Brethren*, bowing, doe *prefer*
His *Fruits* before their Winter-ſhaken *Leaves*:
So much for *Matter*, and for *Manner* to,
Hath hee out-gone thoſe that the reſt out-goe.

Let *Gryll* be *Gryll*: let *Envie's* vip'rous ſeed
Gnaw forth the breaſt which ~~bred~~ and fed the ſame;
Reſt ſafe (Sound truth from feare is ever freed.)
Malice may bark, but ſhall not bite thy Name:
JOSUA, thy Name with BARTAS name ſhall live.
For, double life you each to other give.

But, Mother *Envie*, if this *Arras*, ſpunne
Of *Golden* threeds, be ſeen of *Engliſh* eyes,
Why then (alas!) our *Cob-webs* are undone.
But Shee, more ſubtle, than religious-wiſe,
Hatefull, and hated, proud, and ignorant,
Pale, ſwoln as Toad (though cuſtomed to vaunt)

Now holds her *Peace*: but (O!) what Peace hath Shee
With *Vertue*? None: Therefore defie her frown.
'Gainſt greater force growes greater victorie.
As Camomile, the more you tread it down,
The more it ſprings; *Vertue*, deſpightfully
Uſed, doth uſe the more to fructifie:

And ſo doe Thou, untill thy *Mauſole* rare
Doe fill this World with wonderment; and, that
In *Venus* Form no clumſie fiſt may dare
To meddle with thy Pencill and thy Plat.
I feare thy life more, till thy goale be run,
Than Wife her Spouſe, or Father fears his Son.

R. R.

Malum patienti Lucrum.

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AN ACROSTICK SONNET, TO HIS FRIEND MASTER JOS. SYLVESTER.

JOSUA SILVESTER

IF profit, mixt with pleasure, merit praise,
Or Works divine be 'fore profane preferr'd:
Shall not this heav'nly Work the Workers raise,
Unto the Clouds on Columnes selfly-rear'd?
And (though his Earth be lowe in Earth interr'd)
Shall not du BARTAS (Poets pride and glorie)
In after Ages bee with wonder heard,
Lively recording th' UNIVERSALL Storie?
Undoubtedly Hee shall: and so shalt Thou,
Eare-charming Eccho of his sacred Voyce:
Sweete SYLVESTER, how happy was thy choyce,
To taske Thee thus, and thus to quite thee now?
End as thou hast begunne; and then by right
Rare Muses NON-SUCH, shall thy Worke behight.

R. N. Gent.

TO THE SAME.

HAd golden Homer, and great Maro kept
In envious silence their admired measures,
A thousand Worthies worthy deeds had slept:
They, reft of praise; and wee of learned Pleasures.
But (O!) what rich incomparable Treasures
Had the World wanted, had this modern glorie,
Divine du BARTAS, hid his heavenly ceasures,
Singing the mighty World's immortall storie?
O then how deeply is our Ile beholding
To Chapman, and to Phaer! but, yet much more
To thee (dear SYLVESTER) for thus unfolding
These holy wonders, hid from us before.
Those works profound, are yet profane; but thine,
Grave, learned, deep, delightfull, and divine.

R. N.

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DU BARTAS

His

FIRST VVEEKE:

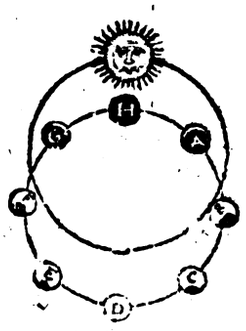
OR,

BIRTH OF THE VVORLD.

WHEREIN,

In SEVEN DAYES the glorious VVorke of The CREATION is divinely handled.

In the
1 Day, The CHAOS.
2 Day, The ELEMENTS.
3 Day, The SEA and EARTH.
4 Day, The HEAVENS, SUN, MOON, &c.
5 Day, The FISHES and FOWLES.
6 Day, The BEASTS and MAN.
7 Day, The SABBATH.



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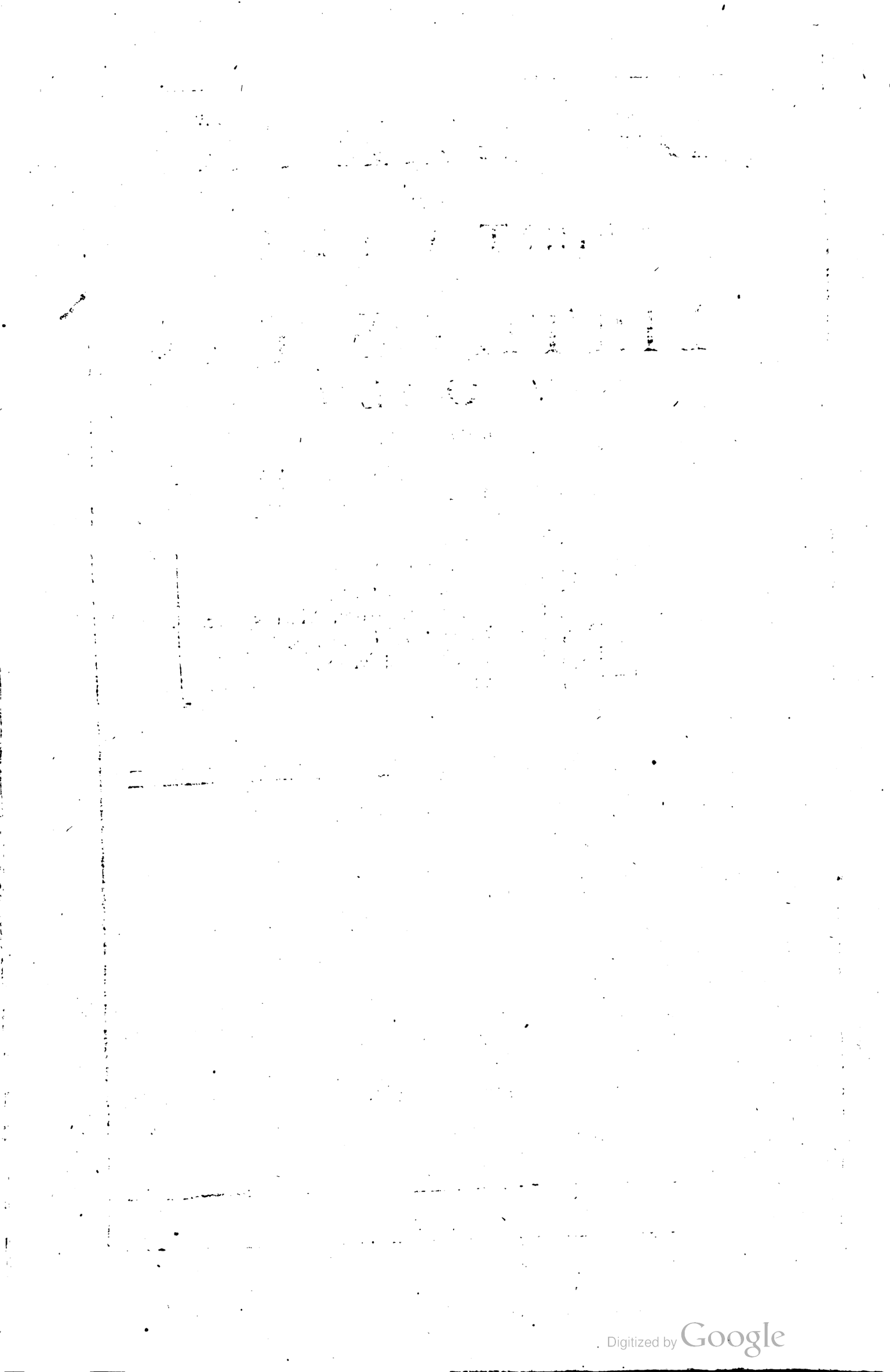

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THE FIRST DAY OF THE FIRST VVEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

GOD's Aide implor'd: the ſumme of all propos'd;
World *not eternall, nor by* Chance *compos'd:*
But of meere Nothing *God it eſſence gave:*
It had Beginning: *and an* End *ſhall have:*
Curſt Atheiſts quipt: the Heathen Clarkes control'd:
Doom's *glorious day*: Star-Doctors *blam'd, for bold.*
The Matter *form'd: Creation of the* Light:
Alternate changes of the Day, *and* Night:
The birth of Angels; ſome for Pride *dejected:*
The reſt perſiſt in Grace, *and guard th' Elected.*

The Poet imploreth the gracious aſsiſtance of the true God of heaven, Earth, Aire, and Sea, that he may happily finiſh the worke he takes in hand.

THOu glorious Guide of Heav'ns ſtar-gliſtring (motion,
Thou, thou (true *Neptune*) Tamer of the *Ocean*,
Thou Earth's drad Shaker (at whoſe only Word,
Th' *Eôlian* Scouts are quickly ſtill'd and ſtirr'd)
Lift up my ſoule, my drouſie ſpirits refine,
With learned Art enrich This Worke of mine:
O Father, grant I ſweetly warble forth
Unto our ſeed the WORLD's renowned BIRTH:
Grant (gracious God) that I record in Verſe
The rareſt Beauties of this UNIVERSE;
And grant, therein Thy power I may diſcern:
That, teaching others, I my ſelfe may learn.

The Tranſlator, knowing and acknowledging his owne inſufficiency for ſo excellent a labour, craveth alſo the aide of the All-ſufficient God.

And alſo grant (great Architect of wonders,
Whoſe mighty voyce ſpeaks in the midſt of Thunders,
Cauſing the Rocks to rock, and Hils to teare;
Calling the things that Are not, as they were;
Confounding Mighty things by meanes of Weak;
Teaching dum Infants thy drad Praiſe to ſpeak;
Inſpiring Wiſdom into thoſe that want,
And giving Knowledge to the Ignorant)
Grant me, good Lord (as thou haſt giv'n me hart
To undertake ſo excellent a Part)
Grant me ſuch Judgement, Grace, and Eloquence,
So correſpondent to that Excellence,
That in ſome meaſure, I may ſeeme t' inherit
(Eliſha-*like*) *my deare* Elias *ſpirit.*

The World was not from everlaſting.

CLEAR FIRE for ever hath not Aire imbrac't,
Nor Aire for-ay inviron'd Waters vaſt,
Nor Waters alwaies wrapt the Earth therein;
But all this *All* did once of nought begin.
Once All was made; not by the hand of *Fortune*
(As fond *Democritus* did yerſt importune)
With jarring Concords making Motes to meet;
Inviſible, immortall, infinite.

Neither made by chance; But created together with Time by the almighty wiſdome of God.

Th' immutable divine Decree, which ſhall
Cauſe the Worlds End, caus'd his Originall:
Neither in Time, nor yet before the ſame,
But in the inſtant when Time firſt became.
I meane a Time confuſed: for, the courſe
Of yeares, of months, of weeks, of dayes, of howrs;
Of Ages, Times, and Seaſons, is confin'd
By th' ordred Dance unto the Stars aſſign'd.

God was before the world was.

Before all Time, all Matter, Form, and Place,
God all in all, and all in God it was:
Immutable, immortall, infinite,
Incomprehenſible, all ſpirit, all light,
All Majeſty, all-ſelf-Omnipotent,
Inviſible, impaſſive, excellent,

Pure,

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Pure, wise, just, good, God raign'd alone (at rest)
Himselfe alone, selfs Palace, host, and guest.
Thou scoffing Atheist, that enquirest, what
Th' Almightie did before he framed that?
What weighty Work his minde was busied on
Eternally before this world begun,
(Sith so deep Wisedom and Omnipotence,
Nought worse beseems, than sloth & negligence)?
Knowe (bold blasphemer) that, before, he built
A Hell to punish the presumptuous Guilt
Of those ungodly, whose proud sense dares cite
And censure too his Wisedom infinite.
Can Carpenters, Weavers, and Potters passe
And live without their severall works a space?
And could not then th' Almightie All-Creator,
Th' all-prudent, *B E E*, without this frail Theater?
Shall valiant *Scipio* Thus himself esteem,
Never lesse sole than when he sole doth seem? (folly!)
And could not God (O Heav'ns! what frantick
Subsist alone, but sink in Melancholy? (fancie
Shall the *Pryénian* Princely *Sage* averr,
That *all his goods he doth about him bear*: (measure,
And should the Lord, whose Wealth exceeds all
Should he be poore without this Worldly treasure?
God never seeks, out of himself, for ought;
He begs of none, he buyes or borrowes nought;
But aye, from th' *Ocean* of his liberall bounty,
He poureth out a thousand Seas of Plenty.
Yer *Eurus* blew, yer Moon did Wex or Wane,
Yer Sea had fish, yer Earth had grass or grain,
God was not void of sacred exercise;
He did admire his Glorie's Mysteries:
His Power, his Justice, and his Providence,
His bounteous Grace, and great Beneficence.
Were th' holy object of his heavenly thought,
Upon the which, eternally it wrought.
It may be also that he meditated
The Worlds *Idea*, yer it was created:
Alone he liv'd not; for his Son and Spirit
Were with him ay, Equall in might and merit.
For, *sans* beginning, seed, and Mother tender,
This great Worlds Father he did first ingender
(To wit) His Son, Wisedom, and Word eternall,
Equall in Essence to th' *All-One* Paternall. (ded,
Out of these Two, their common Power procee-
Their Spirit, their Love; in Essence undivided:
Onely distinct in Persons, whose Divinitie,
All Three in One, makes One eternall Trinitie.
Soft, soft, my *Muse*, launch not into the Deep,
Sound not this Sea: see that aloof thou keep
From this *Charybdis* and *Capharean* Rock,
Where many a ship hath suffered wofull wrack,
While they have fondly vent'red forth too-far,
Following frail Reason for their only Star.
Who on this Gulf would safely venture fain,
Must not too-boldly hale into the Main, (coast,
But 'longst the shoar with sailes of *Faith* must
Their Star the Bible; Steer-man th' Holy-Ghost.
How many fine wits have the World abus'd,
Because this Ghost they for their Guide refus'd;
And, scorning of the loyall virgins Thred,
Have them and others in this Maze mis-led?
In sacred sheets of either Testament
'Tis hard to finde a higher Argument,
More deep to sound, more busie to discuss,
More use-full, known; unknowne, more dangerous.
So bright a Sun dazels my tender sight:
So deep discourse my sense confoundeth quite:
My Reason's edge is dull'd in this Dispute,
And in my mouth my fainting words be mute.
This TRINITIE (which rather I adore
In humbleness, than busily explore)
In th' infinit of *Nothing*, builded all
This artificiall, great, rich, glorious Ball;
Wherein appears ingrav'n on every part
The Builders beauty, greatness, wealth, and Art;
Art, beauty, wealth, and greatness, that confounds
The hellish barking of blaspheming Hounds.
Climb they that list the battlements of Heav'n:
And with the Whirl-wind of Ambition driv'n,
Beyond the World's wals let those Eagles flie,
And gaze upon the Sun of Majestie:
Let other-some (whose fainting spirits do droop)
Downe to the ground their meditations stoop,
And so contemplate on these Workmanships,
That th' Authors praise they in Themselves eclipse.
My heedfull *Muse*, trained in true Religion,
Divinely-humane keeps the middle Region:
Lest, if she should too-high a pitch presume,
Heav'ns glowing flame should melt her waxen
Or, if too-lowe (neer Earth or Sea) she flag, (plume;
Loaden with Mists her moistned wings should lag.
It glads me much, to view this frame; wherein
(As in a Glasse) God's glorious face is seen:
I love to look on God; but, in this Robe
Of his great Works, this universall Globe.
For, if the Suns bright beams do bleare the sight
Of such as fixtly gaze against his light;
Who can behold above th' Emperiall Skies,
The lightning splendor of God's glorious eyes?
O, who (alas) can finde the Lord, without
His Works, which beare his Image round about?
God, of himselfe incapable to sense,
In's Works, reveales him t' our intelligence:
There-in, our fingers feel, our nostrils smell,
Our palats taste his vertues that excell:
He shewes him to our eyes, talkes to our eares,
In th' ord'red motions of the spangled Sphears.
The World's a School, where (in a generall story)
God alwaies reads dumb Lectures of his Glory:
A paire of Staires, whereby our mounting Soule
Ascends by steps above the Arched Pole:
A sumptuous Hall, where God (on every side)
His wealthie Shop of wonders opens wide:
A Bridge, whereby we may pass-o're (at ease)
Of sacred Secrets the broad boundless Seas.
The World's a Cloud, through wch there shineth
Not fair *Latona's* quiv'red Darling deer; (cleer,
But the true *Phœbus*, whose bright countenance
Through thickest vail of darkest night doth glance.
The World's a Stage, where Gods Omnipotence,
His Justice, Knowledge, Love, and Providence,
Do act their Parts; contending (in their kindes)
Above the Heav'ns to ravish dullest mindes.
The World's a Book in *Folio*, printed all
With God's great Works in letters Capitall:
Each Creature is a Page; and each Effect,
A faire Character, void of all defect.
But,

He confuteth the Atheists, questioning what God did before he created the World.

What God did before he created the World.

Of 3. Persons in one only Essence of God: of the eternall generation of the Son.

Of the holy Ghost proceeding from the Father and the Sonne: The which three Persons are one only and the same God.

How to think and speak of God.

The Heathen Philosophers lost themselves and others in their curiosities: & weening to be wise, became fooles.

God, the Father, Son, and Holy-Ghost created of Nothing the Worlds goodly frame.

Leaving curious speculations, the Poet teacheth how to contemplate God in his Works.

God makes himselfe (as it were) visible in his Works.

Sundry comparisons, shewing what use Christians should make in considering the works of God in this mighty World.

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But, as young Trewants, toying in the Schools,
In steed of learning, learne to play the fools:
We gaze but on the Babies and the Cover,
The gawdy Flowrs, and Edges gilded-over;
And never farther for our Lesson look
Within the Volume of this various Book;
Where learned Nature rudest ones instructs,
That, by His wisedome, God the World conducts.

Although the world discover sufficiently even to the most rude the Eternity and power of God: Yet onely the true Christians doe rightly conceive it.

To read This Book, we need not understand
Each strangers gibbrish; neither take in hand
Turks Characters, nor *Hebrew* Points to seek,
Nyle's Hieroglyphikes, nor the Notes of *Greek*.
The wandring *Tartars*, the *Antarticks* wilde,
Th' *Alarbies* fierce, the *Scythians* fell, the Childe
Scarce seav'n yeare old, the bleared aged eye,
Though voyd of Art, reade heer indifferently.
But he that wears the spectacles of *Faith*,
Sees through the Sphears, above the highest height:
He comprehends th' Arch-moover of all Motions,
And reads (though rūning) all these needful notions.
Therefore by *Faith's* pure rayes illumined,
These sacred *Pandects* I desire to read,
And (God the better to behold) behold
Th' Orb from his Birth, in 's Ages manifold.

God, needing no Ideas, nor premeditation, nor patterne of his worke, of nothing made all the World.

Th' admired Author's Fancie, fixed not
On some fantastick fore-conceited Plot:
Much-lesse did he an elder World erect,
By form whereof, he might his Frame erect:
As th' Architect that buildeth for a Prince
Some stately Palace, yer he doe commence
His Royall Work, makes choice of such a Court
Where cost and cunning equally consort:
And if he finde not in one Edifice
All answerable to his queint device;
From this faire Palace then he takes his Front,
From that his Finials; here he learns to mount
His curious Stairs, there finds he *Frise* and *Cornish*,
And other Places other Peeces furnish;
And so, selecting every where the best,
Doth thirty Models in one House digest.

A fit Simile to that purpose.

Nothing, but *Nothing*, had the Lord Almighty,
Whereof, wherewith, whereby, to build this City:
Yet, when he, Heav'ns, Aire, Earth, & Sea, did frame,
He sought not far, he swear not for the same:
As *Sol*, without descending from the sky,
Crowns the fair Spring in painted bravery;
Without en travaile causeth th' Earth to beare,
And (far off) makes the World young every yeare.

Of nothing, God created the matter, whereunto afterward he gave the forme and figure which now we behold in the creatures.

The Power and Will, th' affection and effect,
The Work and Project of this Architect,
March all at once: all to his pleasure ranges,
Who *Alwaies One*, his purpose never changes.
Yet did this *Nothing* not at once receive
Matter and Forme: For, as we may perceive
That He, who means to build a warlike Fleet,
Makes first provision of all matter meet,
(As Timber, Iron, Canvase, Cord, and Pitch)
And when all 's ready; then appointeth, which
Wch peece for planks, wch plank shall line the waste,
The Poup and Prow, which Fir shal make a Mast;
As Art and Use directeth, heedfully.
His hand, his tool, his judgement, and his eye:
So God, before This Frame he fashioned,
I wote not what great *Word* he uttered
From 's sacred mouth; which summon'd in a Masse
Whatsever now the Heav'ns wide arms embrace.
But, where the Ship-wright, for his gainfull trade,
Findes all his stuffe to 's hand already made;
Th' Almighty makes his, all and every part,
Without the help of others Wit or Art.

What that new created Chaos was, before God gave it form, figure, place, and situation.

That first World (yet) was a most formlesse *Form*,
A confus'd heap, a *Chaos* most deform;
A Gulf of Gulfs, a Body ill compackt,
An ugly medley, where all difference lackt:
Where th' Elements lay jumbled all together,
Where hot and cold were jarring each with either;
The blunt with sharp, the dank against the drie,
The hard with soft, the base against the high;
Bitter with sweet: and while this brawl did last,
The Earth in Heav'n, the Heav'n in Earth was plac't:
Earth, Aire, and Fire, were with the Water mixt;
Water, Earth, Aire, within the Fire were fixt;
Fire, Water, Earth, did in the Aire abide;
Aire, Fire, and Water, in the Earth did hide.
For yet th' immortall, mighty Thunder-darter,
The Lord high-Marshall, unto each his quarter
Had not assigned: the Celestiall Arks
Were not yet spangled with their fiery sparks:
As yet no flowrs with odours Earth revived:
No scaly shoals yet in the Waters dived:
Nor any Birds, with warbling harmony,
Were born as yet through the transparent Sky.

Genes. 1. 2.

All, All was void of beauty, rule, and light;
All without fashion, soule, and motion, quite.
Fire was no fire, the Water was no water,
Aire was no aire, the Earth no earthly matter.
Or if one could, in such a World, spy forth
The Fire, the Aire, the Water, and the Earth;
Th' Earth was not firme, the Fier was not hot,
Th' Aire was not light, the Water cooled not.
Briefly, suppose an Earth, poore, naked, vaine,
All voyd of verdure, without Hill or Plaine,
A Heav'n un-hangd, un-turning, un-transparent,
Un-garnished, un-gilt with Stars apparent;
So maist thou gheese what Heav'n & Earth was that,
Where, in confusion, reigned such debate:
A Heav'n and Earth for my base stile most fit,
Not as they were, but as they were not, yet. (ter,

The Chaos how to be considered.

This was not then the World: 'twas but the Mat-
The Nurcery whence it should issue after;
Or rather, th' *Embryon*, that within a *Weeke*
Was to be born: for that huge lump was like

A Simile.

The shape-lesse burthen in the Mothers womb,
Which yet in time doth into fashion com:
Eyes, eares, and nose, mouth, fingers, hands, and feet,
And every member in proportion meet;
Round, large, and long, there of it selfe it thrives,
And (*Little-World*) into the World arrives.
But that becomes (by Natures set direction)
From foul and dead, to beauty, life, perfection.
But this dull heap of undigested stuf
Had doubtless never come to shape or proof,
Had not th' Almighty with his quickning breath
Blow'n life and spirit into this Lump of death.

Of the secret power of God in quickning the matter whereof the World was made.

The dreadfull Darknes of the *Memphytists*,
The sad black horror of *Cimmerian* Mists,
The sable fumes of Hell's infernall vault
(Or if ought darker in the World be thought)

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Muffled the face of that profound Abyſs,
Full of Diſorder and fell Mutinies:
So that (in fine) this furious debate
Even in the birth this Ball had ruinate,
Save that the Lord into the Pile did pour
Some ſecret Maſtick of his ſacred Power,
To glew together, and to govern faire
The Heav'n and Earth, the Ocean, and the Aire;
Who joyntly juſtling, in their rude Diſorder,
The new-borne Nature went about to murder.

The Spirit of God, by an inconceivable meane, maintained, and (as it were brooding) warmed the ſhape-leſſe Maſſe, Gen. 1.

As a good Wit, that on th' immortall Shrine
Of *Memory*, ingraves a Work Divine,
Abroad, a-bed, at boord, for ever uſes
To minde his Theam, and on his Book ſtill muſes:
So did Gods Spirit delight it ſelfe a ſpace
To move it ſelfe upon the floting *Maſſe*:
No other care th' Almightie's mind poſſeſt
(If care can enter in his ſacred breſt).
Or, as a Hen that fain would hatch a Brood
(Some of her own, ſome of adoptive blood)
Sits cloſe thereon, and with her lively heat,
Of yellow-white bals, doth live birds beget:
Even in ſuch ſort ſeemed the Spirit Eternall
To brood upon this Gulf; with care paternall
Quickning the Parts, inſpiring power in each,
From ſo foul Lees, ſo faire a World to fetch.
For 't's nought but All, in't ſelfe including All;
An un-beginning, midleſs, endleſs Ball.
'Tis nothing but a World, whoſe ſuperfice
Leaves nothing out, but what meer nothing is.

That there is but one World: confuting the Error of Leucippus and his Diſciples, by two reaſons.

Now, though the great *Duke*, that (in dreadful aw)
Upon Mount *Horeb* learn'd th' eternall *Law*,
Had not aſſur'd us that Gods ſacred Power
In *ſix Daies* built this Univerſall Bower;
Reaſon it ſelfe doth over-throw the grounds
Of thoſe new Worlds that fond *Leucippus* founds:
Sith, if kinde Nature many Worlds could() clip,
Still th' upper World's water and earth would ſlip
Into the lower; and ſo in concluſion,
All would returne into the Old Confuſion.
Beſides, we muſt imagin empty diſtance
Between theſe Worlds, wherein, without reſiſtance
Their wheels may whirl, not hindred in their cour-
By th' inter-juſtling of each others forces: (ſes,
But, all things are ſo faſt together fixt
With ſo firme bonds, that there's no voyd betwixt.
Thence comes it, that a Cask pearc't to be ſpent,
Though full, yet runs not till we give it vent.
Thence is't that Bellowes, while the ſnout is ſtopt,
So hardly heave, and hardly can be op't.
Thence is't that water doth not freeze in Winter,
Stopt cloſe in veſſels where no aire may enter.
Thence is't that Garden-pots, the mouth kept cloſe,
Let fall no liquor at their ſive-like noſe.
And thence it is, that the pure ſilver ſource,
In leaden Pipes running a captive courſe,
Contrary to it's nature, ſpouteth high:
To all, ſo odious is Vacuitie.

() Embrace.

Confutation of another Error of ſuch as make Nature and the Heavens infinite.

God then, not only framed Nature one,
But alſo ſet it limitation
Of Forme and Time: exempting ever ſolely
From quantity his own ſelf's Eſſence holy.
How can we call the Heav'ns unmeaſured?
Sith meaſur'd Time their Courſe hath meaſured.
How can we count this Univerſe immortall?
Sith many-wayes the parts prove howerly mortall:
Sith his Cõmencement proves his Conſummation,
And all things aye decline to alteration.

Let bold *Greek* Sages fain the Firmament
To be compos'd of a fift Element:
Let them deny, in their profane profoundnes,
End and beginning to th' Heav'ns rowling roundnes:
And let them argue, that Deaths lawes alone
Reach but the Bodies unto *Cynthia's* Throne:
The ſandy grounds of their *Sophiſtick* brawling
Are all too-weake to keep the World from falling.

A lively deſcription of the end of the world.

One Day, the Rocks from top to toe ſhal quiver,
The Mountaines melt and all in ſunder ſhiver:
The Heav'ns ſhall rent for feare; the lowely Fields,
Puft up, ſhall ſwell to huge and mighty Hils:
Rivers ſhall dry: or if in any Flood
Reſt any liquor, it ſhall all be blood:
The Sea ſhall all be fire, and on the ſhoar
The thirſty Whales with horrid noyſe ſhall roar:
The Sun ſhall ſeize the black Coach of the Moon,
And make it midnight when it ſhould be noon:
With ruſty Maske the Heav'ns ſhall hide their face,
The Stars ſhall fall, and all away ſhall paſs:
Diſorder, Dread, Horror, and Death ſhall come,
Noiſe, Storms, and Darkneſs ſhall uſurp the roome.
And then the *Chief-Chief-Juſtice*, venging Wrath
(Which heer already often threatned hath)
Shall make a Bon-fire of this mighty Ball,
As once he made it a vaſt Ocean all.

Againſt iudicial Aſtrologers, tha preſume to point the very time thereof.

Alas! how faith-leſs and how modeſt-leſs
Are you, that (in your *Ephemerides*)
Mark th' yeer, the month and day, which evermore
Gainſt years, months, daies, ſhal dã-up *Saturns* dore!
(At thought wherof, even now, my heart doth ake,
My fleſh doth faint, my very ſoule doth ſhake)
You have miſ-caſt in your *Arithmetick*,
Miſ-laid your Counters, groapingly ye ſeek
In Nights black darknes for the ſecret things
Seal'd in the Casket of the King of Kings.
'Tis he, that keeps th' eternall Clock of Time,
And holds the weights of that appointed Chime:
Hee in his hand the ſacred book doth bear
Of that cloſe-claſped finall *Calendar*,
Where, in *Red letters* (now with us frequented)
The certaine Date of that *Great Day* is printed;
That dreadfull Day, which doth ſo ſwiftly poſt,
That 'twill be ſeen, before foreſeen of moſt.
Then, then (good Lord) ſhall thy dear Son deſcend
(Though yet he ſeem in feeble fleſh ypend)
In complete Glory, from the gliſtering Skie:
Millions of Angels ſhall about him flie:
Mercie and *Juſtice*, marching cheek by joule,
Shall his Divine *Triumphant Chariot* roule; (bout,
Whoſe wheels ſhall ſhine with Lightning round a-
And beames of Glory each-where blazing out.
Thoſe that were loadẽ with proud marble toombs,
Thoſe that were ſwallowd in wild Monſters wombs,
Thoſe that the Sea hath ſwill'd, thoſe that the flaſhes
Of ruddy Flames have burned all to aſhes,
Awaked all, ſhall riſe, and all reveſt
The fleſh and bones that they at firſt poſſeſt.
All ſhall appear, and heare before the Throne
Of God (the Judge without exception)

The

The finall Sentence (sounding joy and terror)
Of ever-lasting Happines or Horror.
Some shall his *Justice*, some his *Mercie* taste;
Some call'd to joy, some into torment cast,
When from the Goats he shall his Sheep dissever;
These *Blest* in Heav'n, those *Curst* in Hell for ever.
O thou that once (scorn'd as the vilest drudge)
Didst bear the doom of an *Italian* Judge, (ommon;
Daign (deerest Lord) when the last Trump shall
To this *Grand Sessions*, all the World in
Daign in that Day to undertake my matter:
And, as my Judge, so be my Mediator.

Having spoken of the creation of the matter, he sheweth how and what Forme God gave unto it, creating in six Dayes his admirable works.

Th' eternall Spring of Power and Providence,
In Forming of this All-circumference,
Did not unlike the Bear, which bringeth forth
In th' end of thirty daies a shapeles birth;
But after, licking, it in shape she drawes,
And by degrees she fashions out the pawes,
The head, and neck, and finally doth bring
To a perfect beast that first deformed thing.
For when his Word in the vast Voyd had brought
A confus'd heap of Wet-dry-cold-and-hot,
In time the high World from the lowe he parted,
And by it selfe, hot unto hot he sorted;
Hard unto hard, cold unto cold he sent;
Moist unto moist, as was expedient.
And so in *Six dayes* form'd ingeniously
All things contain'd in th' UNIVERSITIE.

Wherefore God employed six Dayes in creating the World.

Not but he could have, in a moment, made
This flowry Mansion where Mankind doth trade;
Spred heav'ns blu turtens & those laps have burnisht;
Earth, aire, & sea, with beasts, birds, fish, have fur-
But, working with such Art so many dayes, (nisht:
A sumptuous Palace for Mankinde to raise,
Yet Man was made yet; he declares to us,
How kinde, how carefull, and how gracious,
He would be to us being made, to whom
By thousand promises of things to-come
(Under the Broad-Seal of his deere Sons blood)
He hath assur'd all Riches, Grace, and Good.
By his Example he doth also shew-us,
We should not heedles-hastily bestowe us
In any Work, but patiently proceed
With oft re-vises *Making sober speed*
In dearest busines; and observe by proof,
That, *What is well done, is done soon enough.*

How men should imitate God in his works.

O Father of the Light! of Wisedom fountain;
Out of the Bulk of that confused Mountain
What should (what could) issue, before the *Light?*
Without which, Beauty were no beauty hight.
In vain *Timanthes* had his *Cyclop* drawn,
In vain *Parrhasius* counterfeited Lawn,
In vain *Apelles Venus* had begun,
Zeuxis Penelope; if that the Sun,
To make them seen, had never shewn his splendor:
In vain, in vain, had been (those *Works of Wonder*)
Th' *Ephesian Temple*, and high *Pharian-Tower*,
And *Carian Toomb* (Tropheis of wealth & power)
In vain had they been builded every one,
By *Scopas*, *Sostrates*, and *Cteſiphon*;
Had All been wrapt-up from all humane sight,
In th' obscure Mantle of eternall Night.

The first creature, extracted from the Chaos, was Light.

What one thing more doth the good Architect
In Princely Works (more specially) respect,
Than lightsomnes? to th' end the Worlds bright
Careering daily once about the Sky, (Eye,
May shine therein; and that in every part
It may seem pompous both for Cost and Art.

Sundry opinions concerning the matter, and creation of Light.

Whether Gods Spirit moving upon the Ball
Of bubbling Waters (which yet covered All)
Thence forc't the Fire (as when amid the Sky
Auster and *Boreas* justing furiously
Under hot *Cancer*, make 2. clouds to clash, (flash):
Whence th'aire at midnight flames with lightning
Whether, when God the mingled Lump dispackt,
From Fierie Element did Light extract:
Whether about the vast confused Crowd
For twice six-howrs he spread a shining Cloud,
Which after he re-darkned, that in time
The Night as long might wrap-up either Clime:
Whether that God made, then, those goodly beams
Which gild the World, but not as now it seems:
Or whether else some other Lamp he kindled
Upon the Heap (yet all with Waters blindled)
Which flying round about, gave light in order
To th' unplac't Climates of that deep disorder;
As now the Sun, circling about the Ball
(The Light's bright Chariot) doth inlighten All.
No sooner said he, *Be there light*, but lo
The form-les Lump to perfect Form gan growe;
And, all illustred with Lights radiant shine,
Doft mourning weeds, and deckt it passing fine.

Gen. 1. 3.

All-hail pure Lamp, bright, sacred and excelling;
Sorrow & Care, Darknes & Dread repelling: (ror,
Thou World's great taper, Wicked mens just ter-
Mother of Truth, true Beauties only Mirror,
Gods eldest Daughter: O! how thou art full
Of grace and goodnes! O! how beautifull!
Sith thy great Parent's all-discerning Eye
Doth judge thee so: and sith his Majestie
(Thy glorious Maker) in his sacred layes
Can doe no lesse than sing thy modest prayse.

Of the excellent use and commodity of Light.

But yet, because all Pleasures wex unpleasant,
If without pawse we still possesse them, present;
And none can right discerne the sweets of Peace,
That have not felt Wars irkesom bitternes;
And Swans seem whiter if swart Crowes be by
(For, Contraries each other best descry.)
Th' All's Architect, alternately decreed
That night the day, the day should night succeed.

Why God ordained the Night and Day alternately to succeed each other.

The Night, to temper daies exceeding drought,
Moistens our Aire, and makes our Earth to sprout.
The Night is she that all our travailes easeth,
Buries our cares, and all our griefs appeaseth.
The Night is she, that (with her sable wing,
In gloomy Darknes hushing every thing)
Through all the World dumb silence doth distill,
And wearied bones with quiet sleep doth fill.

The commodity that the Night bringeth us.

Sweet Night, without Thee, without Thee (alas!)
Our life were loathsome; even a Hell to pass:
For, outward paines and inward passions still,
With thousand Deaths, would soule & body thrill.
O Night, thou pullest the proud Mask away (Play,
Wherewith vain Actors in this World's great
By Day disguise-them. For, no difference
Night makes between the Peasant and the Prince,
The poore and rich, the Prisoner and the Judge,
The foul and faire, the Master and the Drudge;

The foole and wise, *Barbarian* and the *Greek*:
For, Night's black Mantle covers all alike.
He that, condemn'd for some notorious vice,
Seeks in the Mines the baits of Avarice;
Or, swelting at the Furnace, fineth bright
Our soules dire sulphur; resteth yet at night.
He that, still stooping, toghes against the tide
His laden Barge alongst a Rivers side, (quite;
And filling shoares with shouts, doth melt him
Upon his pallet resteth yet at Night.
He, that in Sommer, in extreamest heat
Scorched all day in his owne scalding sweat,
Shaves with keen Sythe, the glory and delight
Of motly Medowes; resteth yet at Night,
And in the arms of his deer Pheer forgoes
All former troubles and all former woes.
Onely the learned Sisters sacred Minions,
While silent Night under her sable pinions (tread
Folds all the World, with pain-lesse pain they
A sacred path that to the Heav'ns doth lead;
And higher than the Heav'ns their Readers raise
Upon the wings of their immortall Layes.

Before he conclude the first Day, he treateth of Angels.

EVEN NOW I listned for the Clock to chime
Dayes latest hower; that for a little time,
The Night might ease My Labours: but, I see
As yet *Aurora* hath scarce smil'd on me;
My Work still growes: for, now before mine eyes
Heav'ns glorious Hoast in nimble squadrons flyes.

The time of their Creation not certainly resolved.

Whether, *This-Day*, God made you, Angels
Under the name of Heav'n, or of the Light: (bright,
Whether you were, after, in th' instant born
With those bright spangles that the heav'ns adorn:
Or, whether you derive your high Descent
Long time before the World and Firmament
(For, I nill stifly argue to and fro
In nice Opinions, whether so, or so;
Especially, where curious search, perchance,
Is not so safe as humble ignorance);
I am resolv'd that once th' Omnipotent
Created you immortall, innocent,
Good, faire, and free; in briefe, of Essence such
As from his Owne differ'd not very much.

Some of them are fallen, revolting from God: and are cast into Hell, therefore called Evill Angels, Wicked Spirits, and Divels.

But even as those, whom Princes favours oft
Above the rest have rais'd and set-aloft,
Are oft the first that (without right or reason)
Attempt Rebellion, and doe practise Treason;
And so, at length are justly tumbled down
Beneath the foot, that raught above the Crown:
Even so some Legions of those lofty Spirits
(Envying the glorie of their Makers merits)
Conspir'd together, strove against the streame,
T' usurpe his Scepter and his Diademe.
But He, whose hands doe never Lightnings lack
Proud sacrilegious Mutiners to wrack,
Hurld them in th' Aire, or in some lower Cell:
For, where God is not, every where is Hell.
This curst Crew, with Pride and Fury fraught,
Of us, at least, have this advantage got,
That by experience they can truely tell
How far it is from highest Heav'n to hell:
For, by a proud leap they have tane the measure,
When head-long thence they tumbled in displeasure.
These fiends are so far-off from hurting thee (sure.
By this hard Judgment, that still more extream,
The more their plague, the more their pride increases,
The more their rage: as Lizards cut in peeces, (ses,
Threat with more malice, tho with lesser might,
And even in dying shew their living spight.
For, ever since, against the King of Heav'n
Th' Apostate Prince of Darknesse still hath striv'n,
Striv'n to deprave his Deeds, t' interr their Story,
T' undoe his Church, to under-mine his Glory;
To reave this World's great Body, Ship, and State,
Of Head, of Master, and of Magistrate.

The insolent and audacious attempts of Satan and his Fellows against God and his Church.

But finding still the Majestie divine
Too strongly fenc't for him to under-mine;
His Ladders, Canons, and his Engines, all
Force-less to batter the celestiall Wall;
Too weak to hurt the head, he hacks the members:
The Tree too hard, the Branches he dismembers.
The Fowlers, Fishers, and the Foresters,
Set not so many toyls and baits, and snares,
To take the Fowle, the Fish, the savage Beasts,
In Woods, and Floods, and fearfull Wilderness:
As this false Spirit sets Engines to beguile
The cunningest, that practise nought but wile.

The divers baits of the Divell to entrap mankind.

With wanton glance of Beauties burning eye
He snares hot Youth in sensuality.
With Gold's bright lustre doth he Age intice
To Idolize detested Avarice.
With grace of Princes, with their pomp, and State,
Ambitious Spirits he doth intoxicate. (witches
With curious Skill-pride, and vain dreams, hee
Those that contemn Pleasure, and State, and Riches.
Yea, *Faith* it selfe, and *Zeale*, be somtimes Angles,
Wherwith this Juggler heav'n-bent souls intangles:
Much like the green Worm, that in spring devours
The buds and leaves of choisest Fruits and Flowrs;
Turning their sweetest sap and fragrant verdure
To deadly poyson, and detested ordure.

Their Oracles.

Who but (alas!) would have bin gull'd yer-whiles
With night's black Monark's most malicious wiles?
To heare stones speak, to see strange wooden Mira-
And golden gods to utter wondrous oracles? (cles,
To see him play the Prophet, and inspire
So many *Sibyls* with a sacred fire?
To raise dead *Samuel* from his silent Toomb,
To tell his King Calamities to-come?

1 Sam. 28. 14. 17.

T' inflame the Flamine of *Jove Ammon* so
With Heathen-holy fury-fits to knowe
Future events, and sometimes truely tell
The blinded World what afterwards befell?
To counterfait the wondrous Works of God;
His Rod turn Serpent, and his Serpent Rod?

Their false Miracles. Exod. 7. 11. 22. & 8. 7.

To change the pure streams of th' *Egyptian* Flood
From clearest water into crimsin blood?
To rain-down Frogs, and Grass-hoppers to bring
In the bed-chambers of the stubborn King?
For, as he is a Spirit, unseen he sees
The plots of Princes, and their policies;
Unfelt, he feeles the depth of their desires;
Who harbours vengeance, & whose heart aspires:
And, as us'd daily unto such effects,
Such feats and fashions, judges of th' effects.

Their wiles

Besides, to circumvent the quickest sprighted,
To blind the eyes even of the clearest sighted,
And to enwrap the wisest in his snares,
He oft foretels what he himselfe prepares.

For,

Where-fore their effects are so ſtrange and wonderfull.

For, if a Wiſe-man (though Mans daies be don
As ſoon almoſt as they be heer begun;
And his dull Fleſh be of too ſlowe a kinde
T' enſue the nimble Motions of his minde),
By th'onely power of Plants and Minerals
Can work a thouſand ſuper-naturals:
Who but will think, much more theſe Spirits can
Work ſtrange effects, exceeding ſenſe of Man?
Sith, being immortall, long experience brings
Them certain knowledge of th' effects of things;
And, free from bodie's clog, with leſs impeach,
And lighter ſpeed, their bold Deſignes they reach.

God re-ſtraines them at his pleaſure.

Not that they have the bridle on their neck,
To run at random without curb or check,
T' abuſe the Earth, and all the World to blinde,
And tyrannize our bodie and our minde.
God holds them chain'd in Fetters of his Power;
That, without leave, one minute of an hower
They cannot range. It was by his permiſſion,

1 Kin. 22. 35. The *Lying Spirit* train'd *Achab* to perdition;
Making him march againſt that Foe with force,
Which ſhould his bodie from his ſoule divorce.
Arm'd with Gods ſacred Paſs-port, he did try

Iob 1. 15. &c. Juſt humble *Job's* renowned Conſtancie:
He reaves him all his Cattell, many wayes,
By Fire and Foes: his faithfull Servants ſlayes:
To loſs of Goods he adds his Childrens loſs,
And heaps upon him bitter croſs on croſs.

Why the Lord ſometimes lets looſe thoſe wicked ſpirits.

For th' only Lord, ſometimes to make a triall
Of firmeſt *Faith*; ſometimes with Errors viol
To drench the Souſes that Errors ſole delight,
Lets looſe theſe *Furies*: who with fell deſpight
Drive ſtill the ſame Nail, and purſue (incenſed)
Their damned drifts in *Adam* firſt commenced.

Of the good Angels ſerving to the glory of God, and good of his Church, both in generall & particular.

But, as theſe Rebels (maugre all that will)
T' aſſiſt the Good, be forc't t' aſſault the Ill:
Th' unſpotted Spirits that never did intend
To mount too high, nor yet too lowe deſcend,
With willing ſpeed they every moment goe
Whither the breath of divine grace doth blowe:
Their aimes had never other limitation
Than God's owne glory, and his Saints ſalvation.
Law-leſs Deſire ne'r enters in their breaſt,
Th' Almightie's Face is their *Ambroſiall* Feaſt:
Repentant tears of ſtrayed Lambs returning, (ning.
Their *Nectar* ſweet: their *Muſick*, Sinners Mour-
Ambitious Man's greedy Deſire doth gape
Scepter on Scepter, Crown on Crown to clap:
Theſe never thirſt for greater Dignities;
Travail's their eaſe, their bliſs in ſervice lies.
For, God no ſooner hath his pleaſure ſpoken;
Or bow'd his head, or given ſom other token;
Or (almoſt) thought on an Exploit, wherein
The Miniſtery of Angels ſhall be ſeen;
But theſe quick Poſtes with ready expedition
Flie to accompliſh their divine Commiſsion.

Gen. 21. 17. 18. One followes *Agar* in her pilgrimage,
And with ſweet comforts doth her cares aſſwage.

Exod. 23. 23. & 33. 2. Another guideth *Iſaac's* mighty Hoaſts;
Another, *Jacob* on th' *Idumean* Coaſts.

Tobi. 11. 7. 11 & 12. 14. & 15. Luke 1. 26. Another (skill'd in Phyſick) to the Light
Reſtores old faithfull *Tobies* failing ſight.
In *Nazareth*, another rapt with joy,
Tels that a Virgin ſhall bring-forth a Boy;
That *Mary* ſhall at-once be Maid-and-Mother,
And beare at-once her Sou, Sire, Spouſe, and Brother:
Yea, that Her happy fruitfull woomb ſhall hold
Him, that in Him doth all the World infold.
Some in the Deſart tendred conſolations, (tations.
While Jesus ſtrove with Sathans ſtrong Temp- Mat. 4. 11.
One, in the Garden, in his Agonies, Luke 22. 43
Cheers-up his feares in that great enterpriſe,
To take that bloudy Cup, that bitter Chalice,
And drink it off, to purge our ſinfull Malice.
Another certifies his Reſurrection Mat. 28. 15.
Unto the Women, whoſe faith's imperfection
Suppos'd his cold limbs in the Grave were bound,
Untill th' Archangels lofty Trump ſhould ſound.
Another, paſt all hope, doth pre-averr Luke 1. 13.
The birth of *John*, *Chriſt's* holy Harbenger. Act. 12. 7.
One, truſty Serjant for divine Decrees,
The *Jewes* Apoſtle from cloſe Priſon frees:
One, in few howers, a fearfull ſlaughter made
Of all the Firſt-born that the *Memphians* had; Exod. 12. 29.
Exempting Thoſe upon whoſe door-poſts ſtood
A ſacred token of Lambs tender blood.
Another mowes-down in a moments ſpace, 2 King. 19. 35
Before *Jeruſalem* (Gods choſen place)
Senacherib's proud over-daring Hoaſt,
That threatned heav'n, & 'gainſt the earth did boaſt;
In his blaſphemous Braves, comparing ev'n
His Idol-Gods, unto the God of Heav'n.
His troups, victorious in the Eaſt before,
Beſieg'd the City, which did ſole adore
The onely God; ſo that, without their leave,
A Sparrow ſcarce the ſacred Wals could leave.
Then *Ezechias*, as a prudent Prince,
Poyzing the danger of theſe ſad events
(His Subjects thrall, his Cities wofull Flames,
His Childrens death, the rape of noble Dames,
The Maſſacre of Infants and of Eld,
And 's Royall Selfe with thouſand weapons queld;
The Temple raz'd, th' Altar and Cenſer void
Of ſacred uſe, Gods Servants all deſtroid)
Humbled in Sack-cloth and in Aſhes, cries
For ayd to God, the God of Victories;
Who hears his ſuit, and thunders down his Fury
On thoſe proud *Pagan* Enemies of *Jury*.
For, while their Watch within their *Corps de Garde*
About the Fire ſecurely ſnorted hard,
From Heav'n th' Almighty looking ſternly down
(Glancing his Friends a ſmile, his Foes a frown)
A ſacred Fencer 'gainſt th' *Aſſyrians* ſent,
Whoſe two-hand Sword, at every veny, ſlent;
Not through a ſingle Souldiers feeble bones,
But keenly ſlyces through whole Troops at once;
And heaws broad Lanes before it and behinde,
As ſwiftly whirling as the whisking winde.
Now gan they fly; but all too ſlowe to ſhun
A flying Sword that follow'd every one.
A Sword they ſaw; but could not ſee the arm
That in one Night had done ſo diſmall harm:
As we perceive a Winde-mils ſails to go;
But not the Winde, that doth tranſport them ſo.
Bluſhing *Aurora*, had yet ſcarce diſmiſt
Mount *Libanus* from the Nights gloomy Miſt,
When th' *Hebrew* Sentinels, diſcov'ring plain
An hundred foure ſcore and five thouſand ſlain;

Exceeding

Exceeding joyfull, gan to ponder stricter,
To see such conquest and not know the Victor.
O sacred Tutors of the Saints! you Guard
Of Gods Elect, you Pursuivants prepar'd
To execute the Counsels of the Highest;
You Heav'nly Courtiers, to your King the nighest;
Gods glorious Heralds, Heav'ns swift Harbengers,
'Twixt Heav'n and Earth you true Interpreters;
I could be well content, and take delight
To follow farther your celestiall Flight;
But that I feare (heer having ta'n in hand
So long a journey both by Sea and Land)
I feare to faint, if at the first too fast,
I cut away, and make too-hasty haste:
For, Travailers, that burn in brave desire
To see strange Countries, manners and attire,
Make haste enough, if only the *First Day*
From their owne Sill they set but on their way.

So Morne and Evening the First Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

THE

THE SECOND DAY OF THE FIRST WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Lewd Poets *checkt*: *Our* Poets *chaſte Intents*:
Heav'ns Curtain *ſpread*: *th' all forming* Elements;
Their number, nature, vſe and Domination,
Content, exceſſe, continuance, ſituation:
Aire's *triple* Regions; *and their* Temper's *change*:
Windes, Exhalations, *and all* Meteors *ſtrange*;
Th' effects, the vſe (apply'd to Conſcience):
Mans Reaſon non-pluſt *in ſome* Accidents:
Of Prodigies: *of th'* Elementall Flame:
Heav'ns ten fold Orbs: Waters *above the ſame.*

A iuſt reproofe of wanton and laſcivious Poets of our Time.

THoſe learned Spirits, whoſe wits applied (wrong,
With wanton Charms of their inchanting ſong,
Make of an olde, foul, franticke *Hecuba*,
A wondrous freſh, faire, wittie *Helena*:
Of lewd *Fauſtina* (that looſe Empereſs)
A chaſte *Lucretia*, loathing wantonneſs:
Of a blinde Bowe-Boy, of a Dwarf, a Baſtard,
No petty Godling, but the Gods great Maſter;
On thankleſs furrowes of a fruitleſs ſand
Their ſeed and labour loſe, with heedleſs hand;
And (pitching Nets, to catch I little wott
What fume of Fame that ſeems them to beſott)
Reſemble Spiders that with curious pain
Weave idle Webs, and labour ſtill in vain. (ſure)
But (though, than Time, we have no deerer Trea-
Leſs ſhould I wail their miſs-expence of leaſure,
If their ſweet *Muſe*, with too-well ſpoken Spell
Drew not their Readers with themſelves to Hell.
For, under th' hony of their learned Works
A hatefull draught of deadly poyſon lurks:
Whereof (alas) Young ſpirits quaffe ſo deep,
That drunk with Love, their Reaſon falls aſleep;
And ſuch a habit their fond Fancy gets,
That their ill ſtomack ſtill loves evill meats.

The danger of their ſeduced Readers.

Th' inchanting force of their ſweet Eloquence
Hurls headlong down their tender Audience,
Aye (childe-like) ſliding, in a fooliſh ſtrife,
On th' Icie down-Hils of this ſlippery Life.
The Songs their *Phœbus* doth ſo ſweet inſpire;
Are even the Bellowes whence they blowe the fire
Of raging Luſt (before) whoſe wanton flaſhes
A tender breſt rak't-up in ſhamefac't aſhes.
Therefore, for my part I have vow'd to Heav'n
Such wit and learning as my God hath giv'n;
To write, to th' honour of my Maker dread,
Verſe that a Virgine without bluſh may read.

Our Poets modeſt purpoſe.

Cleare Source of Learning, ſoule of th' Univerſe
(Sith thou art pleas'd to chuſe mine humble Verſe
To ſing thy Praiſes) make my Pen diſtill
Celeſtiall *Nectar*, and this Volume fill
With th' *Amaltheans* Horn; that it may have
Some correſpondence to a Theam ſo grave:
Rid thou my paſſage, and make cleare my way
From all incumbers: ſhine upon *This Day*;
That guided ſafely by thy ſacred Light,
My *Rendez-vous* I may attaine yer night. (profound;

Again, he calls upon God, for aſſiſtance in the deſcription of the ſecond daies Work.

THAT HUGE broad-length, that long-broad height
Th' infinite finite, that great moundleſs Mound,
I meane

Which is, the Firmament mentioned by Moses in the 1. Cha. of Gen. V. 6. 7. 8. Comprehending the Heavens, and all the Elementary Region.

Of the foure Elements, simple in themselves: whereof all things subiect to our sense, are composed.

I meane that *Chaos*, that self-jarring Mass,
Which in a moment made of Nothing was;
Was the rich Matter and the Matrix, whence
The Heav'ns should issue, & the Elements. (ters)
Now th' Elements, twin-twins (2. sons, 2. daugh-
To wit, the Fire, the Aire; the Earth, and Waters
Are not *compounded*: but, of them is all
Compounded first, that in our sense can fall:
Whether their qualities, in every portion
Of every thing, infuse them with proportion;
Whether in all, their substance they confound,
And so but one thing of their foure compound:
As in a *Venice* Glass, before our eyne,
We see the water intermix with wine:
Or, in our stomack, as our drink and food
Doe mingle, after to convert to blood.
This in a Fire-brand may we see, whose Fire
Doth in his Flame toward's native Heav'n aspire,
His Aire in smoak; in ashes, fals his Earth,
And at his knots his Water wheezes forth.
Even such a War our Bodie's peace maintains;
For, in our flesh, our Bodie's Earth remains:
Our vitall spirits, our Fire and Aire possess:
And, last, our Water in our humours rests.
Nay, ther's no Part in all this Bulk of ours,
Where each of these not intermix their powers;
Though 't be apparent (and I needs must grant)
That aye some one is most predominant.
The pure red part, amid the Mass of Blood,
The *sanguine* Aire commands: the clutted mud,
Sunk down in Lees, Earths *Melancholy* showes:
The pale thin humor, that on th' out-side flowes,
Is watery *Phlegme*: and the light froathy scum,
Bubbling above, hath Fiery *Cholers* room.

Divers Similes.

A vicissitude of the Elements predominance.

Not, that at all times, one same Element
In one same Body hath the Regiment:
But, by turns reigning, each his Subjects drawes
After his Lore: for, still *New Lords new Lawes*;
As *sans* respect how Rich or Noble-born,
Each Citizen rules and obayes, by turn,
In chart'red Towns; which seem, in little space,
Changing their Ruler, even to change their face;
(For, as *Chameleons* vary with their object,
So *Princes manners do transform the Subject*):
So th' Element in Wine predomining,
It hot, and cold, and moist, and dry doth bring;
By 's perfect or imperfect force (at length)
Inforcing it to change the taste and strength:
So that it doth Grapes sharp-green juice transfer
To Must, Must t' Wine, and Wine to Vineger.

Excellent Similes shewing the commodity or discommodity of the proportion or excesse of every of the Elements.

As while a Monarch, to teach others aw,
Subjects his owne selfs-Greatness to his Law,
He ruleth fearless: and his Kingdoms flourish
In happy Peace (and Peace doth Plenty nourish);
But if (fell Tyrant) his keen sword be ever
Unjustly drawn, if he be fated never
With Subjects blood; needs must his Rage (at last)
Destroy his State, and lay his Countrey waste:
So (or much like) the while one Element
Over the rest hath modest Government;
While, in proportion (though unequall yet)
With Soveraign Humours Subject Humours fit,
The Bodie's sound; and in the very face
Retains the Form of beauty and of grace:
But if (like that inhumane Emperour
Who wisht, all People underneath his Power
Had but one head, that he might bucher so
All th' Empires Subjects at one only blowe)
It, tyrannizing, seek to wrack the rest,
It ruines soon the Province it possest;
Where soon appears, through his proud usurpation,
Both outward change, and inward alteration.

Rancke of moisture.

So, too-much Moist, which (unconcoct within)
The Liver spreads betwixt the flesh and skin,
Puffs up the Patient, stops the pipes and pores
Of Excrements: yea, double bars the dores
Of his short breath; and slowly-swiftly curst,
In midd'st of Water makes him ever thirst:
Nor gives man Rest, nor Respite, till his bones
Be raked up in a cold heap of stones.

Of Drought

So, too-much Drought a lingring Ague drawes,
Which seeming pain-les, yet much pain doth cause;
Robbing the nerves of might, of joy the heart,
Of mirth the face, of moysture every part
(Much like a Candle fed with it own humour,
By little and little it own selfs consumer)
Nor gives man Rest, nor Respite, till his bones
Be raked up in a cold heap of stones.

Of Heate.

So, too-much Heat doth bring a burning Fever,
Which spurrs our Pulse, and furrs our Palat ever;
And on the tables of our troubled brain,
Fantastickly with various pensill vain
Doth counterfait as many Forms, or moe
Than ever Nature, Art, or Chance could showe:
Nor gives man Rest, nor Respite, till his bones
Be racked up in a cold heap of stones.

Of Cold.

So, too-much Cold covers with hoary Fleece
The Head of Age, his flesh diminishes,
Withers his face, hollowes his rheumy eyes,
And makes himselfe even his own selfe despise;
While through his marrow every-where it enters,
Quenching his native heat with endless Winters:
Nor gives man Rest, nor Respite, till his bones
Be raked up in a cold heap of stones.

Of the continuance of the Elements, maintaining, that whatsoever is now new formed, hath still his substance from the *Materia prima*: and whatsoever dissolves, resolves into the same, changing only form: and also confuting the contrary Errors.

Yet think not, that this *Too-too-Much*, remises
Ought into nought: it but the Form disguises
In hundred fashions, and the Substances
Inly, or outly, neither win nor leese.
For, all that's made, is made of the *First Matter*
Which in th' old *Nothing* made the All-Creator.
All, that dissolves, resolves into the same.
Since first the Lord of Nothing made This Frame,
Nought's made of nought; & nothing turns to nothing:
Things birth, or death, change but their formal cloth-
Their forms do vanish, but their bodies bide; (ing:
Now thick, now thin, now round, now short, now
For, if of Nothing any thing could spring, (side.
Th' earth without seed should wheat & barly bring:
Pure Maiden-wombs desired Babes should bear:
All things, at all times, should grow every where.
The Hart in Water should it selfe ingender;
The Whale on Land; in Aire the Lambling tender:
Th' Ocean should yeeld the Pine & Cornell Tree;
On Hazels Acornes, Nuts on Oaks should be:
And breaking Natures set and sacred use,
The Doves would Eagles, Eagles Doves, produce.
If of themselves things took their thriving, then
Slowe growing Babes should instantly be Men:

Then

Then in the Foreſts ſhould huge boughes be ſeen
Born with the bodies of unplanted Treen:
Then ſhould the ſucking Elephant ſupport
Upon his ſhoulders a well-manned Fort;
And the new-foaled Colt, couragious,
Should neigh for Battail, like *Bucephalus*.
Contrariwiſe, if ought to nought did fall;
All, that is felt or ſeene within this All,
Still loſing ſomwhat of it ſelfe, at length
Would come to Nothing: If Death's fatall ſtrength
Could altogether Subſtances deſtroy,
Things then ſhould vaniſh ev'n as ſoon as dy.
In time the mighty Mountains tops be bated;
But, with their fall, the neighbour Vales are fat-
And what, when *Trent* or *Avon* over-flowe, (ted;
They reave one field, they on the next beſtowe:
Love-burning Heav'n many ſweet Deaws doth
In his deer Spouſes faire and fruitfull lap; (drop
Which after ſhe reſtores, ſtraining thoſe ſhowrs
Through the hid pores of pleaſant plants & flowrs.
Whoſo hath ſeen, how one warm lump of wax
(Without increaſing, or decreaſing) takes
A hundred figures; well may judge of all
Th' inceſſant Changes of this neather Ball.
The Worlds owne Matter is the waxen Lump,
Which, un-ſelf-changing, takes all kind of ſtamp:
The Form's the Seal; Heav'ns gratious Emperour
(The living God) 's the great *Lord Chancellour*;
Who at his pleaſure ſetting day and night
His great *Broad Seales*, and *Privie ſignets* right
Upon the Maſs ſo vaſt and variable,
Makes the ſame Lump, now baſe, now honourable.
Heer's nothing conſtant: nothing ſtill doth ſtay:
For, Birth and Death have ſtill ſucceſſive ſway.
Heer one thing ſprings not, till another die:
Onely the Matter lives immortallie
(Th' Almighties Table, body of this All,
Of change-full Chances common Arcenall,
All like it ſelfe, all in it ſelfe contained, (ned)
Which by Times Flight hath neither loſt nor gai-
Change-leſs in Eſſence; changeable in face,
Much more than *Proteus*, or the ſubtill race
Of roving *Polypes*, who (to rob more)
Transform them howrly on the waving ſhore:
Much like the *French*, (*or like our ſelves, their Apes*)
Who with ſtrange habit do diſguiſe their ſhapes;
Who loving novels, full of affectation,
Receive the Manners of each other Nation;
And ſcarcely ſhift they ſhirts ſo oft, as change
Fantaſtick Faſhions of their garments ſtrange;
Or like a *Laïs*, whoſe inconſtant love
Doth every day a thouſand times remove;
Who's ſcarce unfolded from one Youths embraces,
Yer in her thought another ſhe embraces;
And the new pleaſure of her wanton Fire
Stirs in her, ſtill, another new deſire:
Becauſe the Matter, wounded deep in heart
With various Love (yet, on the ſelfe-ſame part,
Incapable, in the ſame time, at once
To take all figures) by ſucceſſions,
Form after Form receives: ſo that one face
Anothers faces features doth deface.
Now the chiefe Motive of theſe Accidents,
Is the dire diſcord of our Elements;
Truce-hating Twins, where Brother eateth Bro-
By turns, and turn them one into-another, (ther
Like Ice and Water that beget each other;
And ſtill the Daughter bringeth-forth the Mother.
But each of theſe having two qualities
(One bearing Rule, another that obayes)
Thoſe, whoſe effects do wholly contradict,
Longer and ſtronger ſtrive in their Conflict,
The hot-dry Fire to cold-moiſt Water turns not;
The cold-dry Earth, to hot-moiſt Aire, returns not;
Returns not eas'ly: for (ſtill oppoſite)
With tooth and nail as deadly foes they fight.
But Aire turne Water, Earth may Fierize;
Becauſe in one part they do ſymbolize;
And ſo, in combate they have leſs to doo;
For, *'t's eaſier far, to conquer one than two.*
Sith then the knot of ſacred Mariage,
Which joynes the Elements, from age to age
Brings forth the Worlds Babes: ſith their Enmi-
With fell divorce, kill whatſoever dies: (ties,
And ſith, but changing their degree and place,
They frame the various Forms, wherewith the face
Of this fair World is ſo imbelliſhed,
[As ſix ſweet Notes, curiouſly varied
In skilfull Muſick, make a hundred kindes
Of Heav'nly ſounds, that raviſh hardeſt mindes;
And with Diviſion (of a choice device)
The Hearers ſoules out at their ears intice:
Or, as of twice-twelve *Letters*, thus tranſpos'd,
This World of Words, is variouſly compos'd;
And of theſe Words, in divers order ſow'n,
This ſacred *Volume* that you read, is grow'n
(Through gracious ſuccour of th' *Eternall Deity*)
Rich in diſcourſe, with infinite Variety]
It was not cauſe-leſs, that ſo carefully
God did divide their common Signory;
Aſſigning each a fit confined Sitting,
Their quantity and quality befitting.
Whoſo (ſomtime) hath ſeen rich Ingots tride,
When forc't by Fire their treaſures they divide,
(How fair and ſoftly Gold to Gold doth paſs,
Silver ſeeks Silver, Braſs conſorts with Braſs;
And the whole Lump, of parts unequall, ſevers
It ſelf apart, in white, red, yellow Rivers)
May underſtand how, when the Mouth *Divine*
Op'ned (to each his proper Place t' aſſigne)
Fire flew to Fire, Water to Water ſlid,
Aire clung to Aire, and Earth with Earth abid.
Earth, as the Lees, and heavie droſs of All
(After his kinde) did to the bottom fall:
Contrariwiſe, the light and nimble Fire
Did through the crannies of th' old Heap aſpire
Unto the top; and by his nature, light
No leſs than hot, mounted in ſparks upright:
As, when we ſee *Aurora*, paſſing gay,
With Opals paint the Seeling of *Cathay*,
Sad Flouds do fume; & the celeſtial Tapers, (vapors.
Through Earths thin pores, in th' Aire exhale their
But, leſt the Fire (which all the reſt imbraces)
Being too neer, ſhould burn the Earth to aſhes;
As choſen Umpires, the great All-Creator
Between theſe Foes placed the Aire and Water:
For, one ſuffiz'd not their ſtern ſtrife to end.
Water, as Cozen did the Earth befriend:

Aire,

Enigma.

Of the Situation of the Elements, and of the effects thereof, compared to the Notes of Muſick, and to the letters of the Alphabet.

By an apt ſimilitude, he ſheweth the continuall Change of the World, in the matter and form thereof, according to Gods pleaſure: in ſuch ſort, yet, that the matter remains, though it receive infinite Formes.

Sundry Similies to that purpoſe.

A Simile lively repreſenting the ſeparation of the Elements.

Situation of the Earth and Fire.

The chiefe motive of this change of Formes in the matter.

Of aire & water placed between the earth and fire.

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Aire, for his Kinſman Fire, as firmly deals:
But both, uniting their divided zeals,
Took up the matter, and appeas'd the brall;
Which doubtleſs elſe had diſcreated All.
Th' Aire lodg'd aloft, the Water under it,
Not caſually, but ſo diſpoſed fit
By him, who (Nature in her kinde to keep)
Kept due proportion in his Workmanſhip;
And, in this Store-houſe of his Wonders treaſure,
Obſerv'd in all things number, weight and meaſure.
Why the Aire was lodged next the Element of Fire. For, had the water next the Fire been plac't,
Fire, ſeeming then more wrongd & more diſgrac't,
Would ſuddenly have left his Adverſary,
And ſet upon the Umpire (more contrary).
But all the Links of th' holy Chain, which tethers
The many members of the World togethers,
Are ſuch, as none but only He can break them,
Who at the firſt did (of meer nothing) make them.
Water, as arm'd with moiſture and with cold,
The cold-dry Earth with her own hand doth hold;
The diſpoſing and combining of the Elements. A Similitude. With th' other th' Aire: The Aire, as moiſt & warm,
Holds Fire with one; Water with th' other arm:
As Country-Maidens, in the Month of *May*,
Merrily ſporting on a Holy-day,
And luſty dancing of a lively Round
About the May-pole, by the Bag-pipes ſound;
Hold hand in hand, ſo that the firſt is faſt
(By means of thoſe between) unto the laſt.
For, ſith 'tis ſo, that the dry Element
Not onely yeelds her own Babes nouriſhment,
But with the milk of her aboundant breſts,
Doth alſo feed th' Aires nimble winged gueſts,
And alſo all th' innumerable Legions
Of greedy mouths that haunt the Briny Regions
(So that th' Earth's Mother, or elſe Nurſe of all
That run, or flee, or ſwim, or ſlide, or crawl)
Why the Earth is the loweſt, and environed with the other three Elements, whereof it is the center. 'T was meet, it ſhould be it ſelf's Counterpoize,
To ſtand ſtill firm againſt the roaring noiſe
Of wrackfull *Neptune*, and the wrathfull blaſts
Of parching *South*, and pinching *Boreas*.
'T was meet, her ſad ſlowe body to digeſt
Farther from Heav'n than any of the reſt:
Leſt, of Heav'ns Courſe th' Eternall ſwift Careers,
Ruſhing againſt her with their whirling Sphears,
Should her tranſport as ſwift and violent,
As ay they do their neighbour Element.
And ſith on th' other ſide th' harmonious Courſe
Of Heav'ns bright Torches is th' immortall ſource
Of earthly life: and ſith all alterations
(Almoſt) are caus'd by their quick agitations
In all the World, God could not place ſo fit
Our Mother Earth, as in the midſt of it.
For, all the Stars reflect their lively rayes
On Fire and Aire, and Water, divers wayes;
Diſperſing, ſo, their powerfull influence
On, in, and through theſe various Elements:
But, on the Earth, they all in one concurr,
And all unite their ſeverall force in her;
Simile. As in a wheele, which with a long deep rut
His turning paſſage in the durt doth cut,
The diſtant ſpoaks neerer and neerer gather,
And in the Nave unite their points together.
Simile. As the bright Sun ſhines through the ſmootheſt
The turning Planets influence doth paſſe (Glaſſe,
Without impeachment through the gliſtring Tent
Of the tralucing Fiery Element,
Th' Aires triple Regions, the tranſparent Water;
But not the firm Baſe of this faire Theater.
And therefore rightly may we call thoſe Trines
(Fire, Aire and Water) but Heav'ns Concubines:
For, never Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars injoy
The love of theſe, but only by the way,
As paſſing by: whereas inceſſantly
The luſty Heav'n with Earth doth company;
And with a fruitfull ſeed, which lends All life,
With-childes, each-moment, his own lawfull wife;
And with her lovely Babes, in form and nature
So divers, decks this beautifull Theater.
The Water, betweene the earth and Aire. The Water, lighter than the Earthy Maſſe,
Heavier than Aire, betwixt them both hath place;
The better ſo with a moiſt-colde, to temper
Th' ones over-drineſs, the other's hot diſtemper.
But, my ſweet Muſe, whither ſo faſt away?
Leaving the Earth and Sea till the next Book, he comes to treat of the Aire. Soft, ſoft, my Darling: draw not dry *To-day*
Caſtalian Springs; defer the Cirque and Seat,
The power and praiſe of Sea and Earth as yet:
Doe not anticipate the Worlds Beginning;
But, till *To-morrow* leave the enter-blinning
Of rocky Mounts, and rouling Waves ſo wide.
For, even *To-morrow* will the Lord divide,
With the right hand of his Omnipotence,
Theſe yet confus'd and mingled Elements;
And liberally the ſhaggy Earth adorn
With Woods, & Buds of fruits, of flowers & corn.
'Tis time, my Love, 'tis time, mine onely Care,
To hie us hence, and mount us in the Aire:
'Tis time (or never) now my deareſt Minion,
To imp ſtrong farcels in thy ſacred pinion;
That lightly born upon thy Virgin back,
Safe through the Welkin I my courſe may take:
Com, com, my Joy, lend me thy Lilly ſhoulder;
That thereon raiſed, I may reach the bolder
(*Before the reſt of my deer Country-men,*
Of better wit, but worſe-applied pen.)
At that green *Laurel*, which the niggard Skies
So long have hidden from my longing eies.
The Aire diſtinguiſhed into 3. Regions. Th' *Aire* (hoſte of Miſts, the bounding Tennis-ball,
That ſtormy Tempeſts toſs and play withall;
Of winged Clouds the wide inconſtant Houſe,
Th' unſettled Kingdom of ſwift *Æolus*, (gives
Great Ware-houſe of the Windes, whoſe traffick
Motion of life to ev'ry thing that lives)
Is not throughout all one: our Elder Sages
Have fitly parted it into three Stages.
The High. Whereof, becauſe the higheſt ſtill is driv'n
With violence of the *Firſt-moving* Heav'n,
From Eaſt to Weſt; and, from the Weſt returning,
To th' honored Cradle of the roſiall Morning,
And alſo ſeated next the Fiery vault;
It, by the learned, very hot is thought.
The Lowe That which we touch, with times doth variate,
Now hot, now cold, and ſometimes temperate;
Warm-temp'red ſhowrs it ſendeth in the Spring:
In *Autumn* likewiſe, but more varying:
In Winters time, continuall cold and chill:
In Summer ſeaſon, hot and ſoultry ſtill:
For then, the fields, ſcorched with flames, reflect
The ſparkling rayes of thouſand Stars aſpect;

And

And chiefly *Phœbus*, to whose arrows bright
Our Globy Grandame serves for But and White:
The Middle Region of the Aire. But now, because the Middle Region 's set
Far from the Fiery seelings flagrant heat,
And also from the warm reverberation
Which aye the Earth reflects in divers fashion;
That Circle shivers with eternall colde.
Of the causes of Haile. For, into Hail how should the Water molde,
Even when the Summer hath gilt *Ceres* Gowne,
Except those Climes with Ycicles were sowne?
So soon as *Sol*, leaving the gentle *Twins*,
With *Cancer* or thirst-panting *Leo* Inns,
The mid-most Aire redoubleth all his Frosts;
Being besieged by two mighty Hoasts
Of Heat, more fierce 'gainst his cold force than ever,
Cals from all quarters his chill troops together,
T' incounter them with his united Powr,
Which then dispersed, hath far greater powr:
As *Christian* Armies, from the Frontiers far,
And out of fear of *Turks* outragious War,
March in disorder, and become (dispersed)
As many Squadrons as were Souldiers yerst;
So that somtimes th' untrained Multitude
With bats and boaws hath beat them and subdu'd:
But, if they once perceive, or understand
The *Moony* Standards of proud *Ottoman*
To be approaching, & the Sulph'ry thunder (under;
Wherewith he brought both *Rhodes* and *Belgrade*
They soon unite, and in a narrow place
Intrench themselves; their courage growes apace,
Their heart's on fire; and Circumcised Powrs,
By their approach, double the strength of ours.
* Contrary Circumstance. The effects thereof in the middle Region of the Aire. 'Tis (doubt-less) this * *Antiperistasis*
(Bear with the word, I hold it not amiss
T' adopt sometimes such strangers for our use,
When Reason and Necessity induce:
As namely, where our native Phrase doth want
A Word so force-full and significant)
Which makes the Fire seem to our sense and reason
Hotter in Winter than in Summer season:
Tis it which causeth the cold frozen *Scythia*
Too-often kist by th' husband of *Orithya*,
To bring forth people, whose still hungry brest
(Winter or Summer) can more meat digest
Than those lean starvelings w^ch the Sun doth broil
Upon the hot sands of the *Libyan* soil:
And that our selves, happily seated faire,
Whose spongy lungs draw sweet & holesom Aire,
Hide in our stomacks a more lively heat,
While bi-front *Janus* frosty frowns do threat,
Than when bright *Phœbus*, leaving swarty *Chus*,
Mounts on our *Zenith*, to reflect on us.
Why the Aire was thus distinguished in the 3. Regions. Th' Almightie's hand did this Partition form;
To th' end that Mist, Comets, and Wind, and Storm,
Deaw, drizling Showrs, Hail, slippery Ice, & Snow,
In the three Regions of the Aire might grow:
Whereof some, pointed th' Earth to fertilize,
Others to punish our impieties,
Might daily grave in hardest hearts the love
And fear of him, who reignes in Heav'n above.
Of exhalations, and whereunto they are appropriate, by the Sun and the Regions of the Aire. For, as a little end of burning wax,
By th' emptines, or of it selfe attracts
In Cupping-glasses, through the scotched skin
Behinde the Poule, superfluous humours thin,
Which fuming from the braine did thence descend
Upon the sight, and much the same offend:
So the swift Coach-man, whose bright flaming hair
Doth every Day gild eyther *Hemisphear*,
Two sorts of vapors by his heat exhales
From floating Deeps, and from the flowry Dales:
Th' one somwhat hot, but heavie, moist, and thick;
Th' other, light, dry, burning, pure, and quick;
Which, through the Welkin roaming all the yeare,
Make the World divers to it selfe appear.
Of Mist. Now, if a vapour be so thin, that it
Cannot to water be transformed fit,
And that with Cold-lym'd wings, it hover neer
The flowry Mantle of our Mother deer;
Our Aire growes dusky; and moist drowsie Mist
Upon the Fields doth for a time persist.
Of Deew and Ice. And if this vapour fair and softly sty,
Not to the cold Stage of the middle Sky,
But 'bove the Clouds, it turneth (in a trice)
In *April*, Deaw; in *January*, Ice.
But, if the Vapour bravely can adventure
Up to th' eternall seat of shivering Winter,
The small thin humor by the Cold is prest
Into a Cloud; which wanders East and West
Upon the Winde's wings, till in drops of Rain
It fall into his Grandames lap again:
Whether som boistrous winde, with stormy puff
Jousting the Clouds with mutuall counter-buff,
Doe break their brittle sides, and make them shatter
In drizling Showrs their swift distilling water:
Divers Similes, shewing how the Rain is caused through the encounter of the Clouds, which are the matter of it. As when a wanton heedless Page (perhaps)
Rashly together two full glasses claps;
Both being broken, suddenly they pour
Both their brew'd liquors on the dusty flour.
Whether some milder gale, with sighing breath
Shaking their Tent, their tears dissevereth:
As after rain another rain doth drop
In shady Forests from their shaggy top, (do whirl
When through their green boughs, whiffing winds
With wanton puffs their waving locks to curl.
Or whether th' upper Clouds moist heavines
Doth with his weight an under Cloud oppres,
And so one humour doth another crush,
Till to the ground their liquid pearles doe gush:
As the more clusters of ripe grapes we pack
In Vintage-time upon the hurdles back;
At 's pearced bottom the more fuming liquor
Runns in the scummy Fat, and fals the thicker. (am;
Whence it proceedeth, that sometimes it raineth Frogs. Then, many Heav'n-floods in our Floods do lose-
Nought's seen but Showrs: the heav'ns sad sable bo-
Seems all in tears to melt; & Earths green bed (som
With stinkiug Frogs is somtimes covered:
Eyther because the floating Cloud doth fold
Within it selfe both moist, dry, hot, and cold,
Whence all things heer are made: or else for that
The active windes, sweeping this dusty Flat,
Sometimes in th' aire som fruitfull dust doo heap:
Whence these new-formed ugly creatures leap:
As on the edges of some standing Lake
W^ch neighbour Mountains with their gutters make,
The foamy slime, it selfe transformeth oft
To green half-Tadpoles, playing there aloft,
Half-made, half-unmade; round about the Flood,
Half-dead, half-living; half a frog, half-mud.

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Of Snow.

Somtimes it happens, that the force of Cold
Freezes the whole Cloud: then we may behold
In ſilver Flakes a heav'nly Wooll to fall;
Then, Fields ſeem graſs-leſſe, Foreſts leafe-leſs all,
The world's all white; and, through the heaps of
The higheſt Stag can ſcarce his armor ſhow. (Snow,

Of Haile.

Somtimes befals, that when by ſecret powr,
The Cloud's new-chang'd into a dropping ſhowr,
Th' exceſſive cold of the mid-Aire (anon)
Candies-it all in bals of Icy-ſtone:
Whoſe violent ſtorms ſomtimes (alas!) do proin,
Without a knife, our Orchard and our Vine;
Reap without ſickle, beat down Birds and Cattle,
Diſgrace our Woods, and make our Roofs to rattle.

Of ſome vapours, or exhalations whirling in the Low and Middle Regions of the Aire, and whereof the winds are ingendred.

If heav'ns bright torches, from earth's kidneys, ſup
Som ſomwhat dry and heatfull Vapours up,
Th' ambitious lightning of their nimble Fire
Would ſuddenly neer th' Azure Cirques aſpire:
But ſcarce ſo ſoon their fuming creſt hath raught,
Or toucht the Coldneſs of the middle Vault,
And felt what force their mortall Enemy
In Garriſon keeps there continually;
When down again towards their Dam they bear,
Holp by the weight which they have drawn from (her
But in the inſtant, to their aid arrives
Another new heat, which their heart revives,
Re-arms their hand, and having ſtaied their flight,
Better reſolv'd brings them again to fight.
Well fortifi'd then by theſe freſh ſupplies,
More bravely they renew their enterprize:
And one-while th' upper hand (with honor) getting,
Another-while diſgracefully retreating,
Our lower Aire they toſſe in ſundry ſort,
As weak or ſtrong their matter doth comport.
This laſts not long; becauſe the heat and cold,
Equall in force and fortune, equall bold
In theſe aſſaults; to end this ſudden brall, (fall
Th' one ſtops their mounting, th' other ſtayes their
So that this vapour, never reſting ſtound,
Stands never ſtill, but makes his motion round,
Poſteth from Pole to Pole, and flies amain
From *Spain* to *India*, and from *Inde* to *Spain*.
But though theſe bluſtring ſpirits ſeem alwaies
By the ſame ſpirit, & of like vapor grow'n; (blow'n
Yet, from their birth-place, take they diverſly
A divers name and divers quality.

Of the Winds, whereof there are foure principall. compared to the foure Seaſons, the foure Complexions, the foure Elements, and the foure Ages of man: and aſſigned to the foure corners of the World: And called Eaſt, Weſt, North and South.

Feeling the foure Windes, that with divers blaſt,
From the foure corners of the World doo haſte;
In their effects I finde foure Temp'raments,
Foure Times, foure Ages, and foure Elements.
Th' *Eaſt-winde*, in working, follows properly
Fire, Choler, Summer, and ſoft Infancy:
That, which dries-up wilde *Affrick* with his wing,
Reſembles Aire, Blood, Youth, and lively Spring:
That, which blows moiſtly from the *Weſtern* ſtage,
Like Water, Phlegme, Winter, and heavie Age: (ly,
That, which coms ſhiv'ring from cold Climats ſole-
Earth, wither'd Eld, Autumn, and Melancholy.
Not, but that Men have long yer this found-out
More than theſe 4. winds, *Eaſt*, *Weſt*, *North*, & *South*:
Thoſe that (at Sea) to ſee both Poles are wont,
Upon their Compaſs two and thirty count,
Though they be infinite, as are the places
Whence the Heav'n-fanning Exhalation paſſes:
But whereſoever their quick courſe they bend,
As on their Chiefs, all on theſe Four depend. (ſweep

Divers effects of the Winds.

One while, with whisking broom they bruſh &
The Cloudy Curtains of Heav'ns ſtages ſteep:
Anon, with hotter ſighes they dry the Ground,
Late by *Electra* and her ſiſters drown'd.
Anon refreſh they, with a temp'rate blowing,
The ſoultry Aire; under the Dog-ſtar glowing:
On Trees anon they ripe the Plum and Pear,
In cods the Pouſſe, the Corn within the ear:
Anon, from North to South, from Eaſt to Weſt
With ceaſ-leſs wings they drive a ſhip addreſt:
And ſomtimes whirling, on an open Hill,
The round-flat Runner in a roaring Mill,
In flowry motes they grind the pureſt grain,
Which late they ripened on the fruitfull Plain.

Divers effects of hot exhalations.

If th' Exhalation hot and oyly prove,
And yet (as feeble) giveth place above
To th' Airie Regions ever-laſting Froſt,
Inceſſantly th' apt tinding fume is toſt
Till it inflame: then like a Squib it fals,
Or fire-wingd ſhaft, or ſulph'ry Powder Balls.

Of Comets.

But if this kinde of Exhalation tour
Above the Walls of Winters icy bowr,
'T inflameth alſo; and anon becoms
A new ſtrange Star, preſaging wofull dooms:
And for this Fier hath more fewell in 't
Than had the firſt, 't is not ſo quickly ſpent:
Whether the Heav'ns inceſſant agitation,
Into a Star transforming th' Exhalation,
Kindle the ſame: like as a coal, that winkt
On a ſticks end (and ſeemed quite extinct)
Toſt in the dark with an induſtrious hand,
To light the night, becoms a fier-brand:
Or whether th' upper Fire do fire the ſame;
As lighted Candles doe th' unlight inflame.

Of other fiery impreſſions in the Regions of the Aire.

According as the vapour's thick or rare,
Ev'n or un-ev'n, long or large, round or ſquare,
Such are the Forms it in the Aire reſembles:
At ſight whereof, th' amazed Vulgar trembles.
Heer, in the night appears a flaming Spire;
There a fierce Dragon folded all in fire;
Heer, a bright Comet; there, a burning Beam;
Heer, flying Launces; there, a fiery Stream:
Heer ſeems a horned Goat, environ'd round
With fiery flakes, about the Aire to bound.
There, with long bloudy haire, a blazing Star
Threatens the World with Famin, Plague, and War:
To Princes, death: to Kingdoms, many croſſes:
To all Eſtates, inevitable Loſſes: (ſons:
To Heard-men, Rot: to Plough-men, hap-leſs Sea-
To Sailors, Storms: to Cities, civill Treaſons.

A lively deſcription of thunder and lightning.

But hark: what hear I in the Heav'ns? me thinks
The Worlds wall ſhakes, & his Foundation ſhrinks:
It ſeems even now that horrid *Perſephone*,
Looſing *Meger'*, *Alect'*, and *Tyſiphone*,
Weary of raigning in black *Erebus*,
Tranſports her Hell between the Heav'n and us.

How they are ingendred.

'Tis held, I know, that when a Vapour moiſt
As well from freſh as from ſalt water's hoiſt
In the ſame inſtant with hot Exhalations,
In th' Airy Regions ſecondary ſtations;
The fiery Fume, beſieged with the Croud
And keen-cold thicknes of that dampiſh Cloud,
Strengthens

Strengthens his ſtrength; and with redoubled Vol-
Of joyned Heat, on the Cold Leaguer ſallies. (leys
A Simile. Like, as a Lion, very late exil'd,
From's native Forreſts; ſpet-at and revil'd,
Mockt, moov'd, & troubled with a thouſand toyes,
By wanton children, idle girles and boyes;
With hideous roaring doth his Priſon fill,
In's narrow Cloiſtre ramping wildely, ſtill,
Runs to and fro; and furious, leſſe doth long
For liberty, than to revenge his wrong:
This Fire, deſirous to break forth again
From's cloudy Ward, cannot it ſelfe refrain;
But, without reſting, loud it grones and grumbles,
It roules & roars, & round-round-round it rumbles,
Till (having rent the lower ſide in ſunder)
With ſulph'ry flaſh it have ſhot-down his thunder:
Though willing to unite, in theſe alarms,
To's Brothers forces, his own fainting arms;
And th' hotteſt Circle of the World to gaine,
To iſſue up-ward oft it ſtrives in vaine:
But, 't is there fronted with a Trench ſo large,
And ſuch an Hoaſt, that though it often charge,
On this and that ſide, the Cold Camp about,
With his hot Skirmiſh; yet ſtill, ſtill the ſtout
Victorious Foe repelleth ev'ry puſh;
So that (deſpairing) with a furious ruſh
(Forgetting honour) it is fain to fly
By the back-door, with bluſhing infamy.
Their effects. Then th' Ocean boyls for fear: the Fiſh do deem
The Sea too ſhallow to ſafe-ſhelter them:
The Earth doth ſhake; the ſhepheard in the field
In hollow Rocks himſelfe can hardly ſhield:
Th' affrighted Heav'ns open; and, in the vale
Of *Acheron*, grim *Pluto's* ſelfe looks pale: (thunder
Th' Aire flames with Fire: for, the loud-roaring
(Renting the Cloud, that it includes, aſunder)
Sends forth thoſe flaſhes which ſo blear our ſight:
Simile. As wakefull Students, in the Winters night
Againſt the ſteel glauncing with ſtony knocks,
Strike ſudden ſparks into their Tinder-box.
Admirable effects of lightning. Moreover, Lightning of a fume is fram'd:
Through 't ſelfs hot-drineſſe, evermore inflam'd:
Whoſe powr (paſt credit) without razing skin,
Can bruiſe to powder all our bones within:
Can melt the Gold that greedy Mizers hoord
In barred Cofers, and not burn the boord:
Can break the blade, and never ſinge the ſheath:
Can ſcorch an infant in the womb to death;
And never blemiſh, in one ſort or other,
Fleſh, bone, or ſinew of th' amazed Mother:
Conſume the ſhooes, and never hurt the feet:
Empty a Cask, and yet not periſh it.
My younger eyes have often ſeen a Dame,
To whom the flaſh of Heav'ns fantaſtick flame
Did elſe no harm, ſave (in a moment's ſpace)
With windy Raſor ſhave a ſecret place.
Of Crowns and circles about the Sun, Moon, and other Planets. Shall I omit a hundred Prodigies
Oft ſeen in forehead of the frowning Skies?
Somtimes a Fiery Circle doth appear,
Proceeding from the beauteous beams and clear
Of Sun and Moon, and other Stars aſpect,
Down-looking on a thick-round Cloud direct; (it,
When, not of force to thruſt their raies through-out
In a round Crown they caſt them round about it:
Like as (almoſt) a burning candle, put
Into a Cloſet with the doore cloſe ſhut;
Not able through the boords to ſend his light,
Out at the edges round about ſhines bright.
But, in's declining, when *Sols* countenance
Direct upon a wat'riſh Cloud doth glance
(A wat'riſh Cloud, which cannot eaſily
Hold any longer her moiſt Tympany)
On the moiſt Cloud he limns his lightſom front;
And with a gawdy Pencill paints upon't
A blew-green-gilt Bow bended over us:
For, th' adverſe Cloud, which firſt receiveth thus
Apollo's raies, the ſame direct rebells
On the next Cloud, and with his gold it mells
Her various colours: Like as when the Sun
At a bay-window peepeth in upon
A bowl of water, his bright beams aſpect
With trembring luſtre it doth far reflect
Againſt th' high ſeeling of the lightſom Hall,
With ſtately Fret-work over-cruſted all.
On th' other ſide, if the Cloud ſide-long ſit,
And not beneath, or juſtly oppoſite
To Sun and Moon; then either of them forms
With ſtrong aſpect double or trebble Forms
Upon the ſame. The Vulgars then affright
To ſee at once three Chariots of the light;
And, in the Welkin on Nights gloomy Throne,
To ſee at once more ſhining Moons than one.
But, O fond Mortals! wherfore doo ye ſtrive
With reach of Senſe, Gods wonders to retrive?
What proud deſire (rather what *Furie's* drift?)
Boldens you god-leſs, all Gods works to ſift?
I'le not deny, but that a learned man
May yeeld ſome Reaſon (if he liſt to ſcan)
Of all that moves under Heav'ns hollow Cope;
But, not ſo ſound as can all ſcruple ſtop:
And though he could, yet ſhould we evermore,
Praiſing theſe tools, extoll His fingers more
Who works with them, and many-waies doth give
To deadeſt things (inſtantly) ſoules, to live.
Me thinks I hear, when I doo hear it thunder,
The voyce that brings Swains up, and *Cæſars* under:
By that Towr-tearing ſtroak, I underſtand
Th' undaunted ſtrength of the Divine right hand:
When I behold the Lightning in the Skies,
Me thinks I ſee th' Almightie's glorious Eies:
When I perceive it rain-down timely ſhowrs,
Me thinks the Lord his horn of Plenty pours:
When from the Clouds exceſſive Water ſpins,
Me thinks God weeps for our unwept-for ſins:
And when in Heav'n I ſee the Rain-boaw bent,
I hold it for a pledge and argument,
That never more ſhall Univerſall Floods
Preſume to mount over the tops of Woods
Which hoary *Atlas* in the Clouds doth hide,
Or on the Crowns of *Caucaſus* doo ride:
But, above all, my pearced ſoule inclines, (Signes;
When th' angry Heav'ns threat with prodigious
When Natures order doth reverſe and change,
Prepoſt'rouſly into diſorder ſtrange.
Let all the Wits, that ever ſuckt the breaſt
Of ſacred *Pallas*, in one Wit be preſt,
And let him tell me (if at leaſt he can
By rule of Nature, or meer reach of man)

Simile. Like as (almoſt) a burning candle, put
Into a Cloſet with the doore cloſe ſhut;
Not able through the boords to ſend his light,
Out at the edges round about ſhines bright.
But, in's declining, when *Sols* countenance
Direct upon a wat'riſh Cloud doth glance
(A wat'riſh Cloud, which cannot eaſily
Hold any longer her moiſt Tympany)
Of the Rainbow, and how it is made. On the moiſt Cloud he limns his lightſom front;
And with a gawdy Pencill paints upon't
A blew-green-gilt Bow bended over us:
For, th' adverſe Cloud, which firſt receiveth thus
Apollo's raies, the ſame direct rebells
On the next Cloud, and with his gold it mells
Her various colours: Like as when the Sun
Simile. At a bay-window peepeth in upon
A bowl of water, his bright beams aſpect
With trembring luſtre it doth far reflect
Againſt th' high ſeeling of the lightſom Hall,
With ſtately Fret-work over-cruſted all.
How it comes to paſſe that ſometimes appeare divers Suns and Moons at once. On th' other ſide, if the Cloud ſide-long ſit,
And not beneath, or juſtly oppoſite
To Sun and Moon; then either of them forms
With ſtrong aſpect double or trebble Forms
Upon the ſame. The Vulgars then affright
To ſee at once three Chariots of the light;
And, in the Welkin on Nights gloomy Throne,
To ſee at once more ſhining Moons than one.
A checke to mans pride in ſtriving to yeeld reaſon in Nature of all theſe accidents. But, O fond Mortals! wherfore doo ye ſtrive
With reach of Senſe, Gods wonders to retrive?
What proud deſire (rather what *Furie's* drift?)
Boldens you god-leſs, all Gods works to ſift?
I'le not deny, but that a learned man
May yeeld ſome Reaſon (if he liſt to ſcan)
Of all that moves under Heav'ns hollow Cope;
But, not ſo ſound as can all ſcruple ſtop:
And though he could, yet ſhould we evermore,
Praiſing theſe tools, extoll His fingers more
Who works with them, and many-waies doth give
To deadeſt things (inſtantly) ſoules, to live.
True Philoſophy for Chriſtians, to apply all to their conſcience for amendment of life. Me thinks I hear, when I doo hear it thunder,
The voyce that brings Swains up, and *Cæſars* under:
By that Towr-tearing ſtroak, I underſtand
Th' undaunted ſtrength of the Divine right hand:
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But, above all, my pearced ſoule inclines, (Signes;
When th' angry Heav'ns threat with prodigious
When Natures order doth reverſe and change,
Prepoſt'rouſly into diſorder ſtrange.
All the learned in the world cannot out of the ſphere of Nature give reaſon. Let all the Wits, that ever ſuckt the breaſt
Of ſacred *Pallas*, in one Wit be preſt,
And let him tell me (if at leaſt he can
By rule of Nature, or meer reach of man)

for many things that are created in the High and Middle Regions of the Aire.

A sound and certain reason of the Cream, (stream:
The Wooll and Flesh that from the Clouds did
Let him declare what cause could erst beget,
Amid the Aire, those drizzling showrs of Wheat,
Which in *Carinthia* twice were seen to shed;
Whereof that people made them store of Bread.

The true cause of these Prodigies.

GOD, the great God of Heav'n, sometimes de- (lights
From top to toe to alter Natures Rites;
That his *strange* Works, to Nature contrary,
May be fore-runners of som misery.
The drops of fire which weeping Heav'n did showr
Upon *Lucania*, when *Rome* sent the Flowr
Of *Italy*, into the wealthy Clime
Which *Euphrates* fats with his fruitfull slime;
Presag'd, that *Parthians* should, the next year, tame
The proud *Lucanians*, and nigh quench their Name.
The clash of Arms, and clang of Trumpets heard
High in the Aire, when valiant *Romans* warr'd
Victoriously, on the (now-Canton'd) *Suisses*,
Almans, and *Cymbrians*, hewing all in peeces;
'Gainst *Epicures* profane assertions, showe
That 'tis not Fortune guides this World belowe.
Thou that beheld'st from heav'n, with triple flashes,
Cursed *Olympius* smitten all to ashes,
For Blasphemies 'gainst th' ONE Eternall-THREE;
Dar'st thou yet belch against the TRINITIE?
Dar'st thou, profane, spet in the face of God,
Who for blasphemers hath so sharp a rod?

Examples drawne out of the History of the Romans, Iewes, Turkes and French, both Ecclesiastical and profane.

Jewes (no more Jewes, no more of *Abr'ham* Sons;
But *Turks*, *Tartarians*, *Scythians*, *Lestrigons*) (long
Say what you thought; what thought you, when so
A flaming sword over your Temple hung;
But that the Lord would with a mighty arme
The righteous vengeance of his wrath performe
On you, and yours? that what the Plague did leave,
Th' insatiate gorge of Famine should bereave?
And what the Plague and Famine both did spare,
Should be clean gleaned by the hand of War?
That sucking Infants, crying for the teat,
Self-cruell Mothers should unkindly eat?
And that (yer long) the share and coultar should
Rub off their rust upon your Roofs of gold?
And all, because you (cursed) crucifi'd
The Lord of life, who for our ransom dy'd.
The ruddy Fountain that with blood did flowe:
Th' huge Fiery Rock the thundring Heav'ns did
Into *Liguria*: and the bloody Crosses (throwe
Seen on mens garments, seem'd with open voyces
To cry aloud, that the *Turk's* swarming hoast
Should pitch his proud *Moons* on the *Genoan* coast.

The Poet severely taxeth his Countrimen for not marking, or not making use of strange and extraordinary tokens of Gods imminent displeasure.

O Frantick *France*! why dost not Thou make use
Of strangefull signes, whereby the Heav'ns induce
Thee to repentance? Canst thou tear-less gaze
(Even night by night) on that prodigious blaze,
That hairy Comet, that long streaming Star,
Which threatens earth with Famine, Plague, & War
(Th' Almightie's *Trident*, and three-forked fire
Wherewith he strikes us in his greatest Ire)?
But what (alas!) can Heav'ns bare threatnings urge?
Sith all the sharp Rods which so hourly scourge
Thy sens-lesse back, cannot so much as wrest
One single sigh from thy obdurate brest? (eatest,
Thou drinkst thine own blood, thine own flesh thou
In what most harms thee, thy delight is greatest.
O sens-less Folk, sick of a Lethargy,
Who to the death despise your Remedy!
Like froward Jades that for no striking stur,
But wax more restif still the more we spur:
The more your woũds, more your securenes grows,
Eat with afflictions, as an Asse with blows:
And as the sledge hardens with strokes the steel;
So, the more beaten, still the lesse ye feel.

Upon like consideration the Translator sharply citeth England; and to rouze her from her present Security, proposeth fearfull examples of her owne troublous changes, and others terrible chastisements.

And wanton ENGLAND, *why hast thou forgot*
Thy visitation, as thou hadst it not?
Thou hast seen signes, and thou hast felt the rod
Of the revenging wrathfull hand of God.
The frowning Heav'ns in fearfull Sights fore-spoke
Thy Roman, Saxon, Dane, *and* Norman *Yoak:*
And since (alas!) unkinder wounds than those,
The Civill rents of thy divided ROSE:
And, last of all, the raging Wolves of Rome,
Tearing thy limbs (Christs Lambs) in Martyrdome.
Besides Great Plagues, *and grievous* Dearths, *which*
Have oft the sinews of thy strength reverst. (yerst)
But thou, more faulty, more forgetfull art
Than Boyes that fear but while they feel the smart:
All this is past; and Thou, past feare if it,
In Peace *and* Plenty, *as a Queen doost sit,*
Of Rods *forgetfull, and for* Rest *ingratefull*
(That, sottish dulnesse: this, a sin most hatefull)
Ingratefull to thy God, who all hath sent;
And thy late Queen, his sacred Instrument,
By whose pure hand, he hath more blessed Thine,
Than yerst his own Choyce-planted Hebrew Vine:
From whence he lookt for Grapes (as now from thee);
That bore him Crabs: Thou worse (if worse may be):
That was destroy'd, the wilde Boar entred in.

Esay chap. 5. v. 1, 2, 3, &c.

ENGLAND *beware:* Like punishment, like sin.
But, O! what boots, or what availes my song
To this deaf Adder, that hath slept so long,
Snorting so loud on pillowes of Security,
Dread-less of danger, drowned in Impurity;
Whose senses all, all over-grow'n with fat,
Have left no door for fear to enter at?
Yet once again (deer Countrey) must I call:
ENGLAND *prevent; Fall, to repent thy* Fall.
Though thou be blinde, thy wakefull watchmen see
Heav'ns Irefull vengeance hanging over thee
In fearfull Signes, threatning a thousand Woes
To thy Sinn's Deluge, *which all over-flowes.*
Thine uncontrol'd, bold, open Athêism:
Close Idol-service: *cloaked* Hypocrism:
Common Blasphemíng *of Gods Name, in* Oaths:
Usuall Profaning *of his* Sabbaoths:
Thy blind, dumb, Idol-shepherds, *choakt with steeples,*
That fleece thy Flocks, and do not feed thy Peoples:
Strife-full Ambition, Florentizing *States:*
Bribes and affection *swaying Magistrates:*
Wealth's mercy-les Wrong, Usury, Extortion:
Poore's Idleness, repining *at their portion:*
Thy Drunken Surfets; *and* Excess *in* Diet:
Thy Sensuall *wallowing in* Lascivious Riot:
Thy huft, puft, painted, curld, purld, Wanton Pride
(The Baud to Lust, *and to all sinns beside)*
These are thy sinnes: These are the Signes *of Ruin,*
To every State *that doth the same pursue-in:*
Such, *cost the* Jewes *and* Asians *Desolation,*
Now turned Turks, *that were* the holy Nation.

Happy

Happy who take by others dangers warning:
All that is writ, is written for our learning:
So preach thy Prophets: But, who heeds their cry?
Or who beleeves? *then muchlesse hope have I.*
Wherefore (Deer Bartas) *having warned them*;
From this Digression, turn we to our Theam.

Simile. *As our All-welcom* SOVERAIGN (*Englands solace, Heav'ns care, Earths comfort*) *in his stately Palace,*
Hath next his Person, Princes of his Realms
Next him in blood, extract from Royall Stems;
Next those, the Nobles; next, the Magistrates
That serve him truly in their severall States;
As more or lesse their divers Dignitie
Coms neer the greatnesse of his Majestie:

Having sufficiently discoursed of the Aire, he begins to handle the Element of Fire.

So, next the Heav'ns, God marshall'd th' Element
Which seconds them in swift bright Ornament:
And then the rest, according as of kin
To th' Azure Sphears, or th' Erring Fires they bin.

Against such as deny the Fire to be an Element.

Yet som (more crediting their eyes, than Reason)
From 's proper place this Essence doe disseisin;
And vainly strive (after their Fancies sway)
To cut the World's best Element away,
The nimble, light, bright-flaming, heatfull *Fire*,
Fountain of life, Smith, Founder, Purifier,
Cook, Surgeon, Soldier, Gunner, Alchymist,
The source of Motion: briefly, what not is't?
Apt for all, acting all; whose arms embrace,
Under Heav'ns arms, this Universall Mass.

Their reasons.

For, if (say they) the *Fire* were lodg'd between
The Heav'ns and us, it would by night be seen;
Sith then, so far-off (as in Meads we pass)
We see least Glow-worms glister in the grass:
Besides, how should we through the *Fiery Tent*,
Perceive the bright eyes of the Firmament?
Sith here the soundest and the sharpest eye
Can nothing through our Candle-flames descry.

1.

2.

Answers.

O! hard-beleeving Wits! if *Zephyrus*
And *Austers* sighes were never felt of us,
You would suppose the space between Earth's ball,
And Heav'ns bright Arches, voyd and empty all:
And then no more you would the *Aire* allow
For Element, than th' hot bright *Flames* now:
Now ev'n as far as *Phœbus* light excels
The light of Lamps, and every Taper els
Wherewith we use to lengthen th' After-noon
Which *Capricorn* duckes in the Sea too soon;
So far in pureness th' *Elementall Flame*
Excels the Fire that for our use we frame.

Difference betweene the Elementary fire & ours.

For, ours is nothing but a dusky light,
Gross, thick, and smoaky, enemy to sight:
But, that above (for, being neyther blent
With fumy mixture of gross nourishment,
Nor tost with winds, but far from us) coms neer
It's neighbour Heav'n, in nature pure and cleer.

Here for conclusion of this second booke, he commeth to discourse of the heavens, and first intreateth of their matter and Essence. According to the opinion of the Philosophers.

But, of what substance shall I, after-thee
(O matchless Master) make Heav'ns Canopey?
Uncertain, heer my resolutions rock
And waver, like th' inconstant Weather-Cock;
Which, on a Towr turning with ev'ry blast,
Changeth his Master, and his place as fast.
Learned *Lyceum*, now a-while, I walk-in:
Then th' *Academian* sacred Shades I stalk-in.
Treading the way that *Aristotle* went;
I do deprive the heav'ns of Element,
And mixture too; and think, th' omnipotence
Of God did make them of a Quint-Essence;
Sith of the Elements, two still erect
Their motion up; two ever down direct:

Their course

But the Heav'ns course, not wandring up nor down,
Continually turns only roundly round.
The Elements have no eternall race,
But settle ay in their assigned place:
But th' azure Circle, without taking breath,
His certain course for ever gallopeth; (weights,
It keeps one pace, and mov'd with weight-less
It never takes fresh horse, nor never baits.
Things that consist of th' Elements uniting,
Are ever tost with an intestin fighting; (sing,

Heaven not subiect to alterations as are the Elements.

Whence, springs (in time) their life & their decea-
Their divers change, their waxing and decreasing:
So that, of all that is, or may be seen
With mortall eyes, under Nights horned Queen,
Nothing retaineth the same form and face,
Hardly the half of half an howrs space.
But the Heav'ns feele not fates impartiall rigour:
Years add not to their stature nor their vigour:
Use wears them not; but their green-ever Age
Is all in all still like their Pupillage.

What use of Elements in the Heavens.

Then suddenly, turnd studious *Platonist*,
I hold, the Heav'ns of Elements consist: (rent,
Tis Earth, whose firm parts make their Lamps appa-
Their bodies fast; Aire makes them all transparent,
Fire makes their restless circles pure, and cleer,
Hot, lightsome, light, and quick in their career:
And Water, 'nointing with cold-moist the brims
Of th' enter-kissing turning Globes extreams,
Tempers the heat (caus'd by their rapid turning)
Which else would set all th' Elements a-burning.

Difference betweene the Elements whereof the Heavens are composed, and these inferior Elements.

Not, that I doe compare or match the Matter
Whence I compose th' All-compassing Theater,
To those gross Elements which here belowe
Our hand and eye doth touch and see and know:
'T's all fair, all pure; a sacred harmony
Those bodies bindes in end-less Unity:
That Aier's not flitting, nor that Water floating,
Nor Fire inflaming, nor Earth dully doating:
Nor one to other ought offensive neither,
But (to conclude) Celestiall altogether.

Detesting the presumption of those curious wits, searching these secrets, he limits himself within the bounds of Christian Sobriety.

See, see the rage of humane Arrogance:
See how far dares man's erring Ignorance,
That with unbridled tongue (as if it oft
Had try'd the mettle of that upper Loft)
Dares, without proof or without reason yeelded,
Tell of what Timber God his Palace builded.
But, in these doubts much rather rest had I,
Than with mine error draw my Reader wry;
Till a Saint *Paul* do re-descend from Heav'n,
Or till my self (this sinfull roab be reav'n,
This rebell Flesh, whose counterpoize oppresses
My pilgrim Soule, and ever it depresses)
Shall see the Beauties of that Blessed Place:
If (then) ought shall see, save Gods bright Face.

Divers opinions of the number of the heavens.

But ev'n as many (or more) quarrels cumber
Th' old Heathen Schools about the Heav'ns number.
One holds but one; making the Worlds Eyes shine
Through the thin-thickness of that Crystall line,
(As through the Oceans cleer and liquid Flood
The slippery Fishes up and down do scud.)

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Another, judging certain by his eye,
And, ſeeing Seav'n bright Lamps, moov'd diverſly,
Turn this and that way: and, on th' other ſide,
That all the reſt of the Heav'ns twinkling pride
Keep all one courſe; ingeniouſly, he varies
The Heav'ns rich building into eight round Stories.
Others, amid the Starrieſt Orbe perceiving
A triple cadence, and withall conceiving
That but one naturall courſe one body goes,
Count nine, ſome ten; not numbring yet (with thoſe)
Th' empereall Palace, where th' eternall Treaſures
Of *Nectar* flowe, where everlaſting Pleaſures
Are heaped-up, where an immortall *May*
In bliſs-full beauties flouriſheth for ay,
Where life ſtill lives, where God his * Siſes holds
Environ'd round with Seraphins, and Soules (Flight
Bought with his precious blood, whoſe glorious
Yerſt-mounted Earth above the Heav'ns bright.
Nor ſhall my faint and humble Muſe preſume
So high a Song and Subject to aſſume.

O fair, five-double Round, Sloath's Foe apparent,
Life of the World, Dayes, Months, & Years own Pa-
Thine own ſelfs modell, never ſhifting place, (rent;
And yet thy pure wings with ſo ſwift a paſe
Fly over us, that but our Thought alone
Can (as thy babe) purſue thy motion:
Infinite finite: free from growth and grief,
Diſcord and death; dance-lover; to be brief,
Still like thy ſelf, all thine own in thee all,
Tranſparent, cleer, light; law of this lowe Ball:
Which in thy wide bout, bound-leſs all doſt bound,
And claſpeſt all, under, or in thy Round;
Throne of th' Almighty, I would faine rehearſe
Thy various Dances in this very Verſe,
If it were time, and but my bounded Song
Doubteth to make this *Second-Day* too-long.
For, notwithſtanding yet another Day
I fear ſome Critick will not ſtick to ſay,
My babbling Muſe did ſail with every gale,
And mingled yarn to length her web withall.

But know, what e'r thou be, that here I gather
Juſtly ſo many of Gods works together,
Becauſe by th' Orbe of th' ample Firmament
(Which round *This Day* th' Eternal Finger pent
Between the lower Waters and the higher)
I mean the Heav'ns, the Aire, and th' upper Fire,
Which ſeparate the Oceans waters ſalt,
From thoſe which God pour'd o'r th' Ethereal vault.

Yet have I not ſo little ſeen and ſought
The Volums, which our Age hath chiefeſt thought,
But that I know how ſuttly greateſt Clarks
Preſume to argue in their learned Works,
T' o'r-whelm theſe Floods, this Cryſtall to deface,
And try this Ocean, which doth all imbrace.

But as the beauty of a modeſt Dame,
Who, well-content with Natures comly Frame,
And native Fair (as it is freely giv'n,
In fit proportion by the hand of Heav'n)
Doth not, with painting, prank, nor ſet-it out
With helps of Art, ſufficient Fair without;
Is more praiſe-worthy, than the wanton glance,
Th' affected gait, th' alluring countenance,
The Mart of Pride, the Periwigs and painting,
Whence Courtiſans refreſh their beauties fainting:

So doe I more the *ſacred Tongue* eſteem
(Though plaine and rurall it doe rather ſeem,
Than ſchoold *Athenian*; and Divinity,
For only varniſh, have but Verity)
Than all the golden Wit-pride of Humanity,
Wherewith men burniſh their erroneous vanity,
I'le rather give a thouſand-times the ly
To mine own Reaſon, than but once defy
The ſacred voyce of th' ever-laſting Spirit,
Which doth ſo often and ſo loud averr-it,
That God, above the ſhining Firmament,
I wot not, I, what kinde of Waters pent:
Whether, that pure, ſuper-celeſtiall Water,
With our inferiour have no likely nature:
Whether, turnd Vapour, it hath round embow'd
Heav'ns higheſt ſtage in a tranſparent Cloud:
Or, whether (as they ſay) a Cryſtall caſe
Do (round about) the Heav'nly Orb embrace.

But, with conjectures wherefore ſtrive I thus?
Can doubtfull proofs the certainty diſcuſs?
I ſee not, why Mans reaſon ſhould withſtand,
Or not beleeve, that He whoſe powrfull hand
Bay'd-up the *Red-ſea* with a double Wall,
That *Iſraels* Hoaſt might ſcape *Egyptian* thrall,
Could prop as ſure ſo many waves on high
Above the Heav'ns Star-ſpangled Canapy.

See we not hanging in the Clouds each howr
So many Seas, ſtill threatning down to pour,
Supported only by th' Aire's agitation
(Selfly too weak for the leaſt weight's foundation)?
See we not alſo, that this Sea belowe,
Which round about our Earthly Globe doth flowe,
Remaines ſtill round; and maugre all the ſurly
Æolian Slaves, and Water's hurly burly,
Dares not (to levell her prond liquid Heap)
Never ſo little paſt her limits leap?
Why then beleeve we not, that upper Sphear
May (without falling) ſuch an Ocean bear?

Uncircumciſed! O hard hearts! at leaſt
Lett's think that God thoſe Waters doth digeſt
In that ſteep place: for, if that Nature heer
Can form firm Pearl and Chryſtall ſhining cleer
Of liquid ſubſtance; let's beleeve it rather
Much more in God (the Heav'ns & Nature's Father)
Let us much more, much more lett's poiz & ponder
Th' Almightie's Works, & at his Wiſdom wonder:
Let us obſerve, and boldly-weigh it well,
That this proud palace where we rule & dwel (ſince,
(Though built with matchleſs Art) had fall'n long
Had't not been ſeel'd-round with moiſt Elements.
For, like as (in Man's *Little-World*) the Brain
Doth higheſt place of all our Frame retain,
And tempers with it's moiſtfull coldneſs ſo
Th' exceſſive heat of other parts belowe:
Th' eternall Builder of this beauteous Frame
To inter-mingle meetly Froſt with Flame,
And cool the great heat of the *great-world's* torches,
This-Day ſpred Water over Heav'ns bright Arches.
Theſe Seas (ſay they) leagu'd with the Seas below,
Hiding the higheſt of the Mountains tho. (ded
Had drown'd the whole World; had not *Noah* buil-
A holy Veſſell, where his houſe was ſhielded:
Where, by direction of the King of Kings,
He ſav'd a ſeed-pair of all living things.

No

* Aſiſes.

He ſtoppeth at the contemplation and praiſe of the Heavens. Which he conſidereth as diſtinguiſhed into ten ſtages or Heavens.

The ſumme of what hath beene handled in this book, and what is to be underſtood by the firmament which Moſes deſcribeth in the firſt of Gen. ver. 6.

Againſt thoſe that thinke there are no waters above the firmament: Whom he confuteth by divers Reaſons.

Smile.

1. The word of God to be preferred before the voice of man.

2. Gods word mentioneth waters before the firmament.

Gen. 1. 7. Pſal. 104. 3. Pſal. 148. 4.

3. The power of God ought to be of greater authority than mans reaſon

4. The conſideration of the waters which hang in the Aire, and of the Sea which compaſſeth the Earth.

5. Divers effects continuall and admirable in Nature.

Taking occaſion by his former diſcourſe, he treateth of the innoun-

ter of the upper waters with the lower, whence followed the generall flood in the dayes of Noah: Which here he lively repreſenteth.

No ſooner ſhipt, but inſtantly the Lord
Down to th' *Æolean* dungeon him beſtirr'd,
There muzzled cloſe Cloud-chaſing *Boreas*,
And let looſe *Auſter*, and his lowring race,
Who ſoon ſet forward with a dropping wing;
Upon their beard for every hair a ſpring,
A night of Clouds muffled their brows about,
Their wattled locks guſht all in Rivers out; (der,
And both their hands, wringing thick Clouds aſun-
Send forth fierce lightning, tempeſt, rain, & thunder.
Brooks, Lakes, & Floods, rivers & foaming Torrents
Suddenly ſwell; and their confuſed Currents,
Loſing their old bounds, break a neerer way
To run at random with their ſpoils to Sea. (her,
Th'earth ſhakes for fear, & ſweating doth conſume
And in her veins leaves not a drop of humor.
And thou thy ſelf, O Heav'n, didſt ſet wide ope
(Through all the Marches in thy ſpacious cope)
All thy large ſluces, thy vaſt Seas to ſhed
In ſudden ſpouts on thy proud Siſters head;
Whoſe aw-leſs, law-leſs, ſhame-leſs life abhord,
Only delighted to deſpight the Lord. (no ſhore:
Th' Earth ſhrinks and ſinks; now th' Ocean hath
Now Rivers run to ſerve the Sea no more;
Themſelves are Sea: the many ſundry Streams,
Of ſundry names (deriv'd from ſundry Realms)
Make now but one great Sea: the World it ſelf
Is nothing now but a great ſtanding Gulf,
Whoſe ſwelling ſurges ſtrive to mix their Water
With th' other Waves about this round Theater.
The Sturgeon, coaſting over Caſtles, muſes
(Under the Sea) to ſee ſo many houſes.
The *Indian* Manat and the Mullet float
O'r Mountain tops, where yerſt the bearded Goat
Did bound and brouz: the crooked Dolphin ſcuds
O r th' higheſt branches of the hugeſt Woods.
Nought boots the Tigre, or the Hart or Horſe,
Or Hare, or Gray-hound, their ſwift ſpeedy courſe;
For, ſeeking land, the more they ſtrain & breath thē,
The more (alas) it ſhrinks and ſinks beneath them.
The Otter, Tortoiſe, and fell Crocodile,
Which did enjoy a double houſe yer-while,
Muſt be content with only water now.
The Wolf and Lamb, Lions and Bucks, do rowe
Upon the Waters, ſide by ſide, ſuſpectleſs.
The Glead & Swallow, labouring long (effect-leſs)
'Gainſt certain death, with wearied wings fal down
(For want of Pearch) and with the reſt do drown.
And, for mankinde, imagine ſome get up
To ſome high Mountains over-hanging top;
Som to a Towr, ſome to a Cedar-tree,
Whence round about a World of deaths they ſee:
But whereſoever their pale fears aſpire
For hope of ſafety, th' Ocean ſurgeth higher;
And ſtill-ſtill mounting as they ſtill doe mount,
When they ceaſe mounting, doth them ſoon ſur-
One therfore ventures on a Plank to rowe, (mount.
One in a Cheſt, another in a Trough:
Another, yet half-ſleeping, ſcarce perceives
How 's bed and breath, the Flood at once bereaves;
Another, labouring with his feet and hands,
A-while the fury of the Flood withſtands
(Which by his ſide hath newly droun'd his Mother,
His Wife, his Son, his Siſter, Sire, and Brother):
But tyr'd and ſpent, weary and wanting ſtrength,
He needs muſt yeeld (too) to the Seas at length;
All, all muſt dye then: but * th' *imperiall Maids*,
Who wont to uſe ſo ſundry tools for aids,
In execution of their fatall ſlaughters,
Had only now the furious foaming Waters.
Safely, the while, the ſacred Ship did float
On the proud ſhoulders of that boundleſs-Moat,
Though maſt-leſs, oar-leſs, and from Harbour far;
For God was both her Steers-man and her Star.
Thrice fifty dayes that Univerſall Flood (good
Waſted the World; which then the Lord thought
To re-erect, in his Compaſſion great.
No ſooner ſounds he to the Seas retrait,
But inſtantly wave into wave did ſink
With ſudden ſpeed, all Rivers gan to ſhrink;
Th' Ocean retires him to his wonted priſon;
The Woods are ſeen; the Mountain tops are riſen
Out of their ſlimy bed: the Fields increaſe
And ſpread apace; ſo faſt the Waters ceaſe.
And, briefly th' only thundring hand of God
Now Earth to Heav'n, heav'n unto earth re-ſhow'd;
That he againe *Panchaian* Fumes might ſee
Sacred on Altars to his Majeſty.
Lord, ſith 't hath pleas'd thee likewiſe, in our Age,
To ſave thy Ship from Tyrants ſtormy rage,
Increaſe *in Number* (Lord) thy little Flock;
But more *in Faith*, to build on thee, the Rock.

* *Parca* non parcendo: The none-ſparing Fates, that is to ſay, Death.

He concludeth with a moſt godly prayer, accommodated to the ſtate of the Church in our time.

So Morne and Even the Second Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

THE

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THE THIRD DAY OF THE FIRST WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sea, and Earth: their various Equipage:
Sever'd a-part: Bounds of the Oceans rage:
'Timbraceth Earth: it doth all Waters owe:
Why it is ſalt: How it doth Ebb, and Flowe:
Rare ſtreames, and fountains of ſtrange operation:
Earth's firmneſs, greatneſs, goodneſs: ſharp taxation
Of Bribes, Ambition, Treaſon, Avarice:
Trees, Shrubs, and Plants: Mines, Mettalls, Gemms of price:
Right uſe of Gold: the Load-ſtones rare effects:
The Countrey-life preferr'd in all reſpects.

From the Heaven and Regions of the Aire, the Poet deſcendeth to the Earth and Sea.

MY ſacred Muſe, that lately ſoared high
Among the gliſt'ring Circles of the Sky
(Whoſe various dance, which the firſt Moover
Harmoniouſly, this Univerſe revives) (drives
Commanding all the Windes and ſulph'ry Storms,
The lightning Flaſhes, and the hideous Forms
Seen in the Aire; with language meetly brave
Whilom diſcourſt upon a Theam ſo grave:
But, *This-Day*, flagging lowely by the *Ground*,
She ſeems conſtrain'd to keep a lowely ſound;
Or, if ſomtimes, ſhe ſomwhat raiſe her voyce,
The ſound is drown'd with the rough Oceans noyſe.

He calleth upon the true God to be aſſiſted in the deſcription of theſe two Elements, and the things therein.

O King of graſſie and of glaſſie Plains,
Whoſe powrfull breath (at thy drad wil) conſtrians
The deep Foundations of the Hils to ſhake, (rake:
And Seas ſalt billowes 'gainſt Heav'ns vaults to
Grant me, *To-Day*, with skilfull Inſtruments
To bound aright theſe two rich Elements:
In learned Numbers teach me ſing the Natures
Of the firm Earth, and of the floating Waters;
And with a flowring ſtile the Flowrs to limn,
Whoſe colours now ſhall paint the Fields ſo trim.
All thoſe ſteep Mountaines, whoſe high horned tops
The miſty cloak of wandring Clouds enwraps,
Under firſt waters their crump ſhoulders laid,
And all the Earth as a dull Pond abid,
Untill th' All-Monarch's bounteous Majeſty
(Willing t' enfeof man this Worlds Empery)
Commanding *Neptune* ſtraight to marſhall forth
His Floods a-part, and to unfold the Earth;
And, in his Waters, now contented reſt,
T' have all the World, for one whole day, poſſeſt.

God in this third Day gathers together the Waters, & ſeparates them from the Earth.

As when the muffled Heav'ns have wept amain,
And foaming ſtreams aſſembling on the Plain, (ceaſe,
Turn'd Fields to Floods; ſoon as the ſhowrs do
With unſeen ſpeed the Deluge doth decreaſe,
Sups up it ſelfe, in hollow ſponges ſinks,
And's ample arms in ſtraighter Channell ſhrinks:
Even ſo the Sea, to 't ſelfe it ſelfe betook,
Mount after Mount, Field after Field forſook;
And ſuddenly in ſmaller cask did run
Her Waters, that from every ſide did run:
Whether th' imperfect Light did firſt exhale
Much of that primer humor, wherewithall
God, on the *Second-Day*, might frame and found
The Cryſtall Sphears that he hath ſpread ſo round:
Whether th' Almighty did new place provide
To lodge the Waters: whether op'ning wide

By an apt compariſon, he theweth how the Water withdrew from off the Earth.

Th'

Th' Eatrh's hollow Pores, it pleas'd him to conveigh
Deep under ground some Arms of such a Sea:
Or whether, pressing waters gloomy Globe,
That cov'rd all (as with a cloudy Robe)
He them impris'ned in those bounds of brass,
Which (to this day) the Ocean dares not pass
Without his licence. For, th' Eternall, knowing
The Seas commotive and inconstant flowing,
Thus curbed her; and 'gainst her envious rage,
For-ever fenc't our Flowry-mantled Stage:
So that we often see those rowling Huls, (Fields,
With roaring noise threatning the neighbour
Through their own spite to spit upon the shore,
Foaming for fury that they dare no more.
For, what could not that great, high Admirall
Work in the Waves, sith at his Servants call,
His dreadfull voyce (to save his ancient Sheep)
Did cleave the bottom of th' *Erithraan* Deep?
And toward the Crystall of his double source
Compelled *Jordan* to retreat his course?
Drown'd with a *Delnge* the rebellious World?
And from dry Rocks abundant Rivers purl'd?
Lo, thus the waighty Water did yer-while
With winding turns make all this world an Ile.
For, like as molten Lead being poured forth
Upon a levell plat of sand or earth,
In many fashions mazeth to and fro;
Runs heer direct, there crookedly doth goe,
Heer doth divide it selfe, there meets againe;
And the hot Riv'let of the liquid vain,
On the smooth table crawling like a worm,
Almost (in th' instant) every form doth form:
God pour'd the Waters on the fruitfull Ground
In sundry figures; som in fashion round,
Som square, som crosse, som long, som lozenge-wise,
Som triangles, som large, som lesser size;
Amid the Floods (by this faire difference)
To give the world more wealth and excellence.
Such is the *German* Sea, such *Persian* Sine,
Such th' *Indian* Gulf, and such th' *Arabian* Brine,
And such Our Sea: whose divers-brancht * retorti-
Divide the World in three unequall Portions. (ons,
And, though each of these Arms (how large soe-
To the great Ocean seems a little River: (ver)
Each makes a hundred sundry Seas besides
(Not sundry, in waters, but in Names and Tides)
To moisten kindely, by their secret Vains,
The thirsty thickness of the neighbour Plains:
To bulwark Nations, and to serve for fences
Against th' invasion of Ambitious Princes:
To bound large Kingdomes with eternall limits:
To further Traffick through all Earthly Climates:
T'abbridge long Journeys; and with ayd of Winde
Within a month to visit either *Inde*.
But, th' Earth not only th' Oceans debter is
For these large Seas; but owes him *Tanäis*,
Nile (*Ægypts* treasure) and his neighbour stream
That in the Desart (through his haste extream)
Loseth himselfe so oft; swift *Euphrates*;
And th' other proud Son of cold *Niphates*:
Fair spacious *Ganges*, and his famous brother,
That lends his name unto their noble Mother:
Gold-sanded *Tagus*, *Rhyne*, *Rhone*, *Volga*, *Tiber*,
Danubius, *Albis*, *Po*, *Sein*, *Arne*, and *Iber*;
The *Darian Plate*, and *Amazonian* River (liver):
(Where SPAIN's Gold-thirsty Locusts cool their
Our silver Medway (*which doth deepe indent*
The Flowrie Medowes of My native KENT;
Still sadly weeping (*under* Pensherst *Walls*)
Th' Arcadian Cyguet's *bleeding* Funerals)
Our Thames *and* Tweed, *our* Severn, Trent, *and*
And many moe, too infinite to number. (Humber,
Of him, she also holds her Silver Springs,
And all her hidden Crystall Riverlings:
And after (greatly) in two sorts repaies
Th' Humour she borrows by two sundry waies.
For, like as in a Limbeck, th' heat of Fire
Raiseth a Vapour, which still mounting higher
To the Still's top; when th' odoriferous sweat
Above that Miter can no further get,
It softly thickning, falleth drop by drop,
And Cleer as Crystall, in the glass doth hop;
The purest humor in the Sea, the Sun
Exhales in th' Aire: which there resolv'd, anon,
Returns to water; and descends again
By sundry waies unto his Mother Main.
For, the dry Earth, having these waters (first)
Through the wide sive of her void entrails scarst;
Giving more room, at length from rocky mountains
She, night & day, pours forth a 1000 fountains:
These fountains make fresh brooks with *murm'ring cur-* (rents;
These murmuring Brooks, the swift & violent Tor-
These violent Torrents, mighty rivers; these (rents;
These Rivers make the vast, deep, dreadfull Seas.
And all the highest Heav'n-approaching Rocks
Contribute hither with their snowie locks:
For, soon as *Titan*, having run his Ring,
To th' ycie climates bringeth back the Spring;
On their rough backs he melts the hoary heaps,
Their tops grow green; and down the water leaps
On every side, it foames, it roares, it rushes,
And through the steep and stony hills it gushes,
Making a thousand brooks; whereof, when one
Perceives his fellow striving to be gone;
Hasting his course, he him accompanies;
After, another and another hies,
All in one race; joynt-losing all of them
Their Names and Waters in a greater stream:
And he that robs them, shortly doth deliver
Himselfe and his into a larger River
And that, at length, how ever great and large
(Lord of the Plain) doth in some Gulf discharge
His parent-Tribute to *Oceanus*,
According to th' Eternall *Rendez-vous*.
Yet, notwithstanding, all these Streams that enter
In the Main Sea, do nought at all augment her:
For that, besides that all these Floods in one,
Matcht with great *Neptune*, seem as much as none;
The Sun (as yerst I said) and Windes withall,
Sweeping the sur-face of the Brinie-Ball,
Extract as much still of her humours thin,
As weeping Aire and welling Earth pours in.
But as the swelting heat, and shivering cold,
Gnashing and sweat, that th' Ague-sicke do hold,
Come not at hazzard, but in time and order
Afflict the body with their fell disorder:
The Sea hath * fits, alternate course she keepes,
From Deep to Shoar, and from the Shoar to Deeps.
Whether

Of the lodging and bed of the Sea.

The Sea kept within her bounds by the Almighty power of God.

Exod. 14. 21. Iosuah. 3. 16. Gen. 7. 21. Exod. 17. 6.

A fit simile shewing the winding turns of the Sea about the Earth.

* Windings.

The arms of the Sea distinguished into smaller members with commodities & use thereof.

A Catalogue of most of the most famous Rivers in the World.

Fountains, Springs & Rivers welling out of the Earth.

A Simile shewing how the waters of the Earth are exhaled by the Sun, and then ponred into the Sea.

How the fountaines come to breake forth of the Earth.

The increasing of Brooks and Rivers, and of their falling into the Sea.

Why the Sea receiveth no increase of all the Waters that fall therein.

* Of the Ebbing & Flowing of the Sea: & sundry causes thereof.

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Whether it were, that at the first, the Ocean (on,
From Gods owne hand receiv'd this double Moti-
By means whereof, it never resteth stound,
But (as a turning Whirli-gig goes round)
Simile. Whirls of it selfe, and good-while after takes
Strength of the strength which the first motion
Whether the Sea, which we *Atlantick* call, (makes:
Be but a peece of the *Grand Sea* of all;
And that his Floods entring the ample Bed
Of the deep Main (with fury hurried
Against the Rocks) repulsed with disdain,
Be thence compelled to turn back again:
Or whether *Cynthia*, that with Changefull laws
Commands moist bodies, doth this motion cause:
As on our Shoar, we see the Sea to rise
Soon as the Moon begins to mount our skies.
Proofe of the third cause: viz. that the waxing and waning of the Moon, causeth the flowing & ebbing of the Sea. And when, through Heav'ns Vault vailing toward
The Moone descendeth, then it Ebbs again. (*Spain*,
Again, so soon as her inconstant Crown
Begins to shine on th'other *Horison*,
It Flowes again: and then again it falls
When she doth light th' other *Meridionalls*.
Wee see moreover, that th' *Atlantick* Seas
Doo Flowe far farther than the *Genöese*,
Or both the *Bosphor's*; & that *Lakes*, which growe
Out of the Sea, do neither Ebb nor Flowe:
Because (they say) the silver fronted Star,
That swells and shrinks the Seas (as pleaseth her)
Pours with less pow'r her plenteous influence
Upon these straight and narrow streamed Fennes,
And In-land Seas, which many a Mount immounds,
Than on an Ocean vast and void of bounds:
Even as in Sommer, her great brothers Ey,
When winds be silent, doth more eas'ly dry
Wide spreading Plains, open and spacious Fields,
Than narrow Vales vaulted about with Hills.
Why the tide is not so well perceived at sea as by the shoare. If we perceive not in the *Deep*, so well
As by the shoar, when it doth shrink and swell;
Our sprightfull Pulse the Tide doth well resemble,
Whose out-side seems more than the midst to trem-
The cause of the saltness of the Sea. Nor is the glorious Prince of Stars less mighty (ble.
Than his pale Sister, on vast *Amphitrite*.
For *Phœbus*, boyling with his lightsom Heat
The Fish-full Waves of *Neptunes* Royall Seat,
And supping up still (with his thirsty Rayes)
All the fresh humour in the floting Seas,
In *Thetis* large Cells leaveth nought behind,
Save liquid Salt, and a thick bitter Brine.
But see (the while) see how the Sea (I pray)
Through thousand Seas hath caried me away,
In feare t' have drown'd my selfe and Readers so,
The Floods so made my words to over-flowe.
Therefore a-shore; and on the tender Lee
Of waters seperated from the Sea. Of Lakes, and Pools, Rivers, and Springs, let's see
The soverain vertues of their severall Waters,
Their strange effects, and admirable natures,
That with incredible rare force of theirs,
Confound our wits, ravish our eyes and ears. (light,
Wonderfull effects of divers fountains. Th' *Hammonian* Fount, while *Phœbus* Torch is
Is cold as Ice; and (opposite) all night
(Though the cold Crescent shine thereon) is hot,
And boiles and bubbles like a seething Pot.
They say (forsooth) the River *Silarus*,
And such another, call'd *Enrimenus*,
Convert the boughs, the barke, the leaves and all,
To very stone, that in their Waters fall.
O! should I blanch the *Jewes* religious River,
Which every *Sabbath* dries his Channell over;
Keeping his Waves from working on that Day
Which God ordain'd a sacred Rest for ay?
If neere unto the *Eleusinian* Spring,
Som sport-full Jig som wanton Shepheard sing,
The Ravisht Fountaine falls to daunce and bound,
Keeping true Cadence to his rustick sound.
Cerona, *Xanth*, and *Cephisus*, doe make
The thirsty-Flocks that of their Waters take,
Black, red, and white. And neer the crimsin Deep,
Th' *Arabian* Fountain maketh crimsin Sheep,
Salonian Fountain, and thou *Andrian* Spring,
Out of what Cellars do you daily bring
The Oyle and Wine that you abound with, so?
O Earth! do these within thine entralls grow?
What? be there Vines & Orchards under ground?
Is *Bacchus* Trade and *Pallas* Art there found?
What should I, of th' *Illyrian* Fountain, tell?
What shall I say of the *Dodonean* Well?
Whereof, the first sets any cloathes on-fire; (mire?)
Th' other doth quench (Who but will this ad-
A burning Torch; & when the same is quenched,
Lights it again, if it again be drenched.
Sure, in the *Legend* of absurdest Fables
I should enroule most of these admirables;
Save for the reverence of th' unstained credit
Of many a witnes where I yerst have read it:
And saving that our gain-spurr'd Pilots finde,
In our dayes, Waters of more wondrous kinde.
Of all the Sources infinite to count,
Which to an ample Volume would amount,
A continuation of the admirable effects of certaine Waters. Far hence on Forrain unfrequented Coast,
I'le onely chuse som five or six at most,
Strange to report, perhaps beleev'd of few;
And yet no more incredible than true.
In th' *Ile of Iron* (one of those same Seav'n
* Insula Fortunata. Whereto our Elders * *Happy* name had giv'n)
The savage people never drinke the streams
Of Wells and Rivers (as in other Realms)
Their drink is in the Aire; their gushing spring
A weepiug Tree out of it selfe doth wring:
A Tree, whose tender-bearded Root being spred
In dryest sand, his sweating Leafe doth shed
A most sweet liquor; and (like as the Vine
Untimely cut, weeps (at her wound) her wine,
In pearled tears) incessantly distills
A Crystall stream, which all their Cisterns fills,
Through all the Iland: for, all hither hy;
And all their vessels cannot draw it dry.
In frosty *Islands* are two Fountains strange:
Th' one flowes with Wax: the other stream doth
All into Iron; yet with scalding steam (change
In thousand bubbles belcheth up her stream.
In golden *Peru*, neere Saint *Helens* Mount
A stream of Pitch coms from a springing Fount.
What more remains? That *New-found World*, be-
Toward the West many a faire River guides; (sides,
Whose floating Waters (knowing th' use aright
Of Work-fit Day, and Rest-ordained Night,
Better than men) run swiftly, all the Day;
But rest, all Night, and stir not any way.

Great

Great Enginer, Almighty Architect,
I fear, of Envie I should be suspect,
Envie of thy renown and sacred glory,
If my ingratefull Rimes should blanch the Story
Of Streams, distilling through the Sulphur-Mines,
Through Bitumen, Allom, and Nitre veins;
Which (perfect Leaches) with their vertues cure
A thousand Griefs we mortals heer endure,
Old in the April of our age therewith,
Whose rigour strives to *ante*-date our death.

Of Baths & Medicinable Waters.

Now, as my happy *Gascony* excells,
In Corne, Wine, Warriours, every Country els;
So doth she also in free *Bathes* abound;
Where strangers flock from every part around.
The barren womb, the Palsie-shaken wight,
Th' ulcerous, gowtie, deaf, and decrepit,
From East and West arriving, fetch from hence
Their ready help with small or no expence.
Witnes *Ancossa*, *Caud'rets*, *Aiguëscald*,
Barege, *Baigners*; *Baigners*, the pride of all,
The pride, the praise, the onely Paradise
Of all those Mountaines mounting to the skies,
Where yerst the *Gaulian Hercules* begot
(Wanton *Alcmena's* Bastard, meane I not)
On faire *Pirene* (as the fame doth go)
The famous Father of the *Gascons*; who
By noble deeds do worthily averr
Their true descent from such an Ancester.

Of the excellent Bathes in Gascony.

On th' one side, Hils hoar'd with eternall Snowes,
And craggy Rocks *Baigneres* doe include:
The other side is sweetly compast-in
With fragrant skirts of an immortall Green,
Whose smiling beauties far excell, in all,
The famous praise of the *Penëian* Vale:
There's not a House, but seemeth to be new;
Th' even-slated Roofs reflect with glistring blew.
To keep the pavement ever cleane and sweet,
A Crystall River runs through every Street,
Whose Silver stream, as cold as Ice, doth slide
But little off the *Physick* Waters side;
Yet keeps his nature, and disdaines, a jot
To intermix his cold with th' others hot.

But all these Wonders, that adorn my Verse,
Yet come not neer unto the wondrous *Lers*.
If it be true, that the *Stagyrian* Sage (rage)
(With shame confus'd, and driv'n with desperate
Because his reason could not reach the knowing
Of *Euripus* his seav'n-fold Ebbing-flowing,
Leapt in the same, and there his life did end,
Compriz'd in that he could not comprehend;
What had he done, had he beheld the Fountain, (tain
Which springs at *B'lestat*, neere the famous Moun-
Of *Foix*; whose floods bathing *Masserian* Plains,
Furnish with wood the wealthy *Tholousains*?
As oft as *Phœbus* (in a compleat Race)
On both th' *Horizons* shewes his radiant Face,
This wondrous Brook (for 4 whole months) doth
Foure-times-six-times, & Ebbs as oft as low. (Flow,
For halfe an houre may dry-shod passe that list;
The next halfe houre, may none his course resist.
Whose foaming streame strives proudly to compare
(Even in the birth) with Fame-full'st Floods that
O learned (Nature-taught) *Arithmetician!* (are.
Clock-less, so just to measure *Time's* partition.

Of the most wonderfull Fountaine of Beleſtat.

And little LAMBES-BOURN, *though thou match not*
Nor had'st the Honour of Du BARTAS *Verse*; (Lers,
If mine *have any*, Thou *must needs partake*,
Both for thine Owne, *and for thine* Owners *sake*;
Whose kind Excesses *Thee so* neerely *touch*,
That Yeerely *for them thou doost* weepe *so much*,
All Summer-long (*while all thy Sisters shrinke*)
That of thy teares *a million daily drinke*;
Besides thy Waste, which then in haste doth run
To wash the feet of CHAUCER's Donnington:
But (*while the rest are full unto the top*)
All Winter-long, *Thou never* show'st *a drop*,
Nor send'st a doit *of need-less Subsidie*,
To Cramm the Kennet's *Want-less Treasurie*,
Before her Store be spent, and springs be staid:
Then, then alone Thou lend'st a liberall Aid;
Teaching thy wealthy Neighbours (*Mine, of late*)
How, When and Where to right-participate
Their streams of Comfort, to the poore that pine,
And not to greaz still the too-greazy Swine:
Neither for fame, nor forme (*when others doo*)
To give a Morsel, or a Mite or two;
But severally, and of a selfly motion,
When others miss, to give the most devotion.

Most wisely did th' eternall All-Creator
Dispose these Elements of Earth and Water:
For, sith th' one could not without drink subsist,
Nor th' other without stay, bottom and list,
God intermixt them so, that th' Earth her brest
Op'ning to th' Ocean, th' Ocean winding prest
About the Earth, a-thwart, and under it:
For, the World's Center, both together fit.
For, if their mixt Globe held not certainly
Just the just midst of the Worlds Axle-tree,
All Climats then should not be serv'd aright
With equall Counterpoiz of day and night:
The *Horizons* il-level'd circle wide,
Would sag too-much on th' one or th' other side:
Th' *Antipodes*, or we, at once should take
View of more *Signes* than halfe the *Zodiack*:
The Moon's Eclipses would not then be certain,
And setled Seasons would be then uncertain.

The intermedling of the Earth and Sea, and of the commodities thence arising, and contrariwise of the confusion that would follow, if they were separated.

This also serveth for probation sound,
That th' Earth & Waters mingled Mass is Round,
Round as a Ball; seeing on every side
The Day and Night successively to slide.
Yea, though *Vespusio* (famous *Florentine*)
Marke Pole, and *Columb*, brave *Italian* Trine, (*lard,*
Our (*Spain's Dread*) *Drake, Candish, and Cumber-*
Most valiant Earle, most worthy High Command,
And thousand gallant modern *Typheis* else,
Had never brought the *North-Poles* Parallels
Under the *South*; and, sayling still about,
So many *New-worlds* under us found out.
Nay, never could they th' *Articke* Pole have lost,
Nor found th' *Antarticke*, if in every Coast
Seas liquid Glass round-bow'd not every where,
With sister Earth, to make a perfect Sphear.

The Masse of the Earth and Water together makes a perfect Globe.

But, perfect Artist, with what Arches strong,
Props, staies, and Pillars, hast thou stay'd so long
This hanging, thin, sad, slippery Water-Ball,
From falling out, and over-whelming all?
May it not be (good Lord) becaus the Water
To the Worlds Center tendeth still by nature;

How it commeth to passe that the Sea is not flat nor levell; but rising round and bowed about the Earth.

And

And toward the bottom of this bottom bound,
Willing to fall, doth yet remain ſtill round?
Or may 't not be, becauſe the ſurly Banks
Keep Waters captive in their hollow flanks?
Or that our Seas be buttreſt (as it were)
With thouſand Rocks diſperſed heere and there?
Or rather, Lord, is 't not Thine onely Powr
That bows it round about Earth's branchy Bowr?

The ſecond part of this third Booke intreating of the Element of Earth, and firſt of the firmneſs thereof.

Doubtleſs (great God) 'tis doubtleſs thine owne
Whereon this Manſion of *Mankind* doth ſtand (hand
For, though it hang in th' Aire, ſwim in the Water,
Though every way it be a round Theater,
Though All turn round about it, though foray
It ſelfes Foundations with ſwift Motions play,
It reſts un-moveable: that th' Holy Race
Of *Adam* there may find fit dwelling place.

Earth is the Mother, Nurſe, and Hoſteſſe of Mankind.

The Earth receives man when he firſt is born:
Th' Earth nurſes him; and when he is forlorn
Of th' other Elements, & Nature loaths-him, (him.
Th' Earth in her boſom with kind buriall cloaths-
Oft hath the Aire with Tempeſts ſet-upon-us,
Oft hath the Water with her Floods undon-us,
Oft hath the Fire (th' upper as well as ours)
With wofull flames conſum'd our Towns and (Towrs:
Onely the Earth, of all the Elements,
Unto Mankind is kind without offence:
Onely the Earth did never jot diſplace
From the firſt ſeat aſſign'd it by thy grace.

Of Earth-quakes, and of the opening of the Earth.

Yet true it is (good Lord) that mov'd ſomtimes
With wicked Peoples execrable crimes,
The wrathfull power of thy right hand doth make,
Not all the Earth, but part of it to quake,
With ayd of Windes: which (as impriſoned deep)
In her vaſt entrails, furious murmurs keep. (ble?)
Fear chils our hearts (what heart can fear diſſem-
When ſteeples ſtagger, & huge Mountains tremble
With wind-les wind, and yawning Hell devours
Somtimes whole Cities with their ſhining Towrs.

The Globe of the Earth and Sea, is but as a little point, in compariſon of the great circumference of Heaven.

Sith then, the Earth's, & Water's blended Ball
Is center, heart, and navel of this All;
And ſith (in reaſon) that which is included,
Muſt needs be leſs than that which doth include it;
'Tis queſtion-leſs, the Orb of Earth and Water
Is the leaſt Orb in all the All-Theater.

Sith by the Doctrines of Aſtronomers, the leaſt Starre in the Firmament is 18 times bigger than all the Earth.

Let any judge, whether this lower Ball
(Whoſe endles greatneſs we admire ſo, all)
Seem not a point, compar'd with th' upper Sphear
Whoſe turning turns the reſt in their Career;
Sith the leaſt Star that we perceive to ſhine
Above diſperſt in th' Arches cryſtalline
(If, at the leaſt, Star-Clarks be credit worth)
Is eighteene times bigger than all the Earth:
Whence, if we but ſubtract what is poſſeſt
(From North to South, & from the Eaſt to Weſt)
Under the Empire of the Ocean
Atlantike, *Indian*, and *American*;
And thouſand huge Arms iſſuing out of theſe,
With infinites of other Lakes and Seas:
And alſo what the two *intemperate Zones*
Doo make unfit for habitations;
What will remaine? Ah! nothing (in reſpect):
Lo heer, O men! Lo wherefore you neglect
Heav'ns glorious Kingdom: Lo the largeſt ſcope
Glory can give to your ambitious hope.

By conſideration whereof, the Poet taketh occaſion to cenſure ſharply the Ambition, Bribery, Vſury, Extortion, Deceipt, and generall Covetouſneſs of Mankind.

O Princes (ſubjects unto pride and pleaſure)
Who (to enlarge, but a hair's breadth, the meaſure
Of your Dominions) breaking Oaths of Peace,
Cover the Fields with bloudy Carcaſes:
O Magiſtrates, who (to content the Great)
Make ſale of *Juſtice*, on your ſacred Seat;
And, breaking Laws for Bribes, profane your Place,
To leave a Leek to your unthankfull Race;
You ſtrict Extorters, that the Poor oppreſs,
And wrong the Widdow and the Father-leſs,
To leave your Off-ſpring rich (of others good)
In Houſes built of Rapine and of Blood:
You Citty-Vipers, that (inceſtuous) joyn
Uſe upon uſe, begetting Coyn of Coyn:
You marchant Mercers, and Monopolites,
Gain-greedy Chap-men, perjur'd Hypocrites,
Diſſembling Broakers, made of all deceipts,
Who falſifie your Meaſures and your Weights,
'T inrich your ſelves, and your unthrifty Sons
To Gentilize with proud poſſeſſions:
You that for gaine betray your gracious Prince,
Your native Country, or your deereſt Friends:
You that to get you but an inch of ground,
With curſed hands remove your neighbours bound
(The ancient bounds your Anceſtors have ſet)
What gain you all? alas! what do you get?
Yea, though a King by wile or war had won
All the round Earth to his ſubjection;
Lo heer the Guerdon of his glorious pains:
A needles point, a Mote, a Mite, he gains,
A Nit, a Nothing (did he All poſſeſs);
Or if than Nothing any thing be leſs. (can,

God having diſcovered the earth, commaunds it to bring forth every green thing, herbs, trees, flowers and fruits.

When God, whoſe words more in a moment
Than in an Age the proudeſt ſtrength of Man,
Had ſevered the Floods, levell'd the Fields,
Embas't the Valleys, and Emboſt the Hils;
Change, change (quoth he) O fair & firmeſt Globe,
Thy mourning weed, to a green gallant Robe;
Cheer thy ſad brows, and ſtately garniſh them,
With a rich fragrant, flowry Diadem;
Lay forth thy locks, and paint thee (*Lady-like*)
With freſheſt colours on thy ſallow cheek.
And let from hence-forth thy abundant breſts
Not only Nurſe thine own Wombs native gueſts,
But frankly furniſh with fit nouriſhments
The future folk of th' other Elements;
That Aire, and Water, and the Angels Court,
May all ſeem jealous of thy praiſe and port.

Of trees growing in Mountains and in Valleys.

No ſooner ſpoken, but the lofty *Pine*
Diſtilling-pitch, the *Larch* yeeld-Turpentine,
Th' ever-green *Box*, and gummy *Cedar* ſprout,
And th' Airy Mountains mantle round about:
The Maſt-full *Oke*, the uſe-full *Aſh*, the *Holm*,
Coat changing *Cork*, white *Maple*, ſhady *Elm*,
Through Hill & Plain ranged their plumed Ranks.
The winding Rivers bordered all their banks
With ſlice-Sea *Aldars*, and green *Oſiars* ſmal,
With trembling *Poplars*, and with *Willows* pale,
And many trees beſide, fit to be made
Fewell, or Timber, or to ſerve for Shade.

Of Fruit-trees.

The dainty *Apricock* (of Plums the Prince)
The velvet *Peach*, gilt *Orenge*, downy *Quince*,
All-ready beare grav'n in their tender barks,
Gods powerfull providence in open marks.

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The sent-sweet *Apple*, and astringent *Pear*,
The *Cherry*, *Filberd*, *Wal-nut*, *Meddeler*,
The milky *Fig*, the *Damson* black and white,
The *Date*, and *Olive*, ayding appetite,
Spread every-where a most delightfull spring,
And every-where a very *Eden* bring.
Heer, the fine *Pepper*, as in clusters hung: Of shrubs.
There *Cinamon* and other *Spices* sprung.
Heer, dangled *Nutmegs*, that for thrifty pains
Yearly repay the *Bandans* wondrous gains; (Reed
There growes (th' *Hesperian* Plant) the precious
Whence *Sugar* sirrops in abundance bleed; (whence
There weeps the *Balm*, and famous Trees from
Th' *Arabians* fetcht perfuming *Frankincense*.
There, th' amorous *Vine* coll's in a thousand sorts Of the Vines, and the excellent use of Wine temperately taken.
(With winding arms) her Spouse that her supports:
The Vine, as far inferiour to the rest
In beauty, as in bounty past the best:
Whose sacred liquor, temperately ta'en,
Revives the spirits and purifies the brain,
Cheers the sad heart, increaseth kindly heat,
Purgeth gross blood, and doth the pure beget,
Strengthens the stomack, and the colour mends,
Sharpens the wit, and doth the bladder cleanse,
Opens obstructions, excrements expels,
And easeth us of many Languors els. (state
And though through Sin (wherby from Heav'nly He preventeth an objection, and sheweth that notwithstanding mans fall, the Earth yeeldeth us matter enough to praise and magnifie her Maker. Simile.
Our Parents barr'd us) th' Earth degenerate
From her first beauty, bearing still upon her
Eternall Scars of her fond Lords dishonour:
Though with the Worlds age, her weak age decay,
Though she becom less fruitfull every day
(Much like a Woman with oft teeming worn;
Who, with the Babes of her own body born,
Having almost stor'd a whole Towne with people,
At length becomes barren, and faint, and feeble)
Yet doth shee yeeld matter enough to sing
And praise the Maker of so rich a Thing.
Never mine eyes in pleasant Springs behold Of Flowers.
The azure *Flax*, the gilden *Marigold*,
The *Violet's* purple, the sweet *Roses* stammell,
The *Lillie's* snowe, and *Pansey's* various ammell;
But that (in them) the Painter I admire,
Who in more Colours doth the Fields attire,
Than fresh *Aurora's* rosie cheeks display,
When in the East she Ushers a fair day:
Or *Iris* Bowe, which bended in the Sky
Boades fruitfull deaws when as the Fields be dry.
Heer (deer S. Bartas) *give thy Servant leave* An addition by the translator, of the rare Sun-loving Lotos.
In thy rich Garland one rare Flower *to weave,*
Whose wondrous nature had more worthy been
Of thy divine, immortalizing Pen:
But, from thy sight, when Sein *did swell with bloud,*
It sunk (perhaps) under the Crimsin Flood
(When Beldam Medices, Valois, *and* Guise,
Stain'd Hymens *Roab with* Heathen *cruelties)*
Because the Sun, to shun so vile a view,
His Chamber kept; and wept with Bartholmew.
For so, so soon as in the Western Seas
Apollo *sinks, in silver* Euphrates
The Lotos *dives, deeper and deeper ay*
Till mid-night: then, remounteth toward Day:
But not above the Water, till the Sun
Doth re-ascend above the Horizon.
So ever-true to Titans *radiant Flame,*
That (Rise he, Fall he) it is Still the same. Semper eadem.
A Real Emblem of her Royall Honour
That worthily did take that Word *upon her;*
Sacred Eliza, *that ensu'd no less*
Th' eternall Sun of Peace and Righteousnes;
Whose lively lamp (what ever did betide-her)
In either Fortune was her onely Guider.
For, in her Fathers and her Brothers Daies,
Fair rose this Rose *with truth's new-springing raies:*
And when again the Gospels *glorious Light*
Set in her Sisters superstitious Night,
She sunk withall under afflictions streams
(As sinks my Lotos *with* Sols *setting beams):*
But, after Night, when Light again appear'd,
There-with, again her Royal Crown she rear'd;
And in an Ile amid the Ocean set
(Maugre the Deluge *that* Romes *Dragon spet,*
With spightfull storms striving to over-flowe her,
And Spain *conspiring joyntly t' over-throwe-her)*
Her Maiden *Flowr flourisht above the Water;* Elisabetha Regina. Anagram. Ei ben t' alza e gira.
For, still Heav's Sun cherisht his loving Daughter:
Bel fiord' Honor, ch'in Mare 'l Mondo ammira,
Al sole sacro, ch' Ei Ben T' Alza E Gira
(So, my deer Wiat, *honouring* Still the same,
In-soul'd an Impress *with her* Anagram):
And last, for guerdon of her constant Love,
Rapt her intirely, to himselfe above.
So set our Sun; and yet no Night ensu'd:
So happily the Heav'ns our Light renu'd:
For, in her stead, of the same Stock of Kings
Another Flowr (or rather Phœnix) springs;
Another like (or rather Still the same)
No less in love with that Supernall Flame.
So, to God's glory, and his Churches good,
Th' honour of England *and the Royall blood,*
Long happy Monark may King James *persist;*
And after him, His; Still the same *in Christ*. (ours
God, not content t' have given these Plants of Of divers Herbs and Plants, and of their excellent vertues.
Precious Perfumes, Fruits, Plenty, pleasant Flowrs,
Infused Physick in their leaves and Mores,
To cure our sickness, and to salve our sores:
Else doubt-less (Death assaults so many waies)
Scarce could we live a quarter of our Dayes;
But like the Flax, which flowrs at once and fals; Simile.
One Feast would serve our Birth and Burials:
Our Birth our Death, our Cradle (then) our Toomb,
Our tender Spring our Winter would becom.
Good Lord! how many gasping soules have scap't
By th' ayd of Hearbs, for whom the Grave hath
Who, even about to touch the *Stygian* strand, (gap't;
Have yet beguil'd grim *Pluto's* greedy hand!
Beard-less *Apollo's* beardy * Son did once
With juyce of Hearbs rejoyn the scattered bones * Æsculapius.
Of the chaste * Prince, that in th' *Athenian* Court
Preferred Death before incestuous sport. * Hippolytus.
So did *Medea*, for her *Jason's* sake,
The frozen limbs of *Æson* youthfull make.
O sacred Simples that our life sustain,
And when it flies us, call it back again!
'Tis not alone your Liquor, inly ta'en,
That oft defends us from so many a baen:
But even your savour, yea your neighbour-hood,
For some Diseases is exceeding good;

Working

Working so rare effects, that only such
As feel, or see them, can beleeve so much.
The vertue of Succorie. Blew *Succ'rie*, hanged on the naked neck,
Dispels the Dimness that our sight doth check.
Of Swines-bread. *Swines-bread*, so used, doth not only speed
A tardy Labour; but (without great heed)
If over it a Child-great Woman stride,
Instant abortion often doth betide.
The burning Sun, the banefull Aconite,
The poysonie Serpents that unpeople quite
Cyrenian Desarts, never Danger them
* Mugwort. That weare about them th' * *Artemisian* Stem.
Peonie. About an Infants neck hang *Peonie*,
It cures *Alcydes* cruell maladie.
If fuming boawls of *Bacchus*, in excess,
Trouble thy brains with storms of giddiness,
Saffron. Put but a garland of green *Saffron* on,
And that mad humour will be quickly gon.
Th' inchanting Charms of *Syrens* blandishments,
Contagious Aire ingendring Pestilence,
Angelica. Infect not those that in their mouthes have ta'en
Angelica, that happy counter-baen,
Sent down from Heav'n by some Celestiall scout,
As well the name and nature both avow 't.
Pimpernel or Burnet. So *Pimpernel*, held in the Patients hand,
The bloody-Flix doth presently with-stand:
Madder. And ruddy *Madder's* root, long handeled,
Dies th' handlers urine into perfect red.
O wondrous *Woad!* which, touching but the skin,
Imparts his colour to the parts within.
Nor (powerfull Hearbs) do we alonely find
Your vertues working in fraile humane kinde;
But you can force the fiercest Animals,
The fellest Fiends, the firmest Minerals,
Yea, fairest Planets (if Antiquitie
Have not bely'd the Haggs of *Thessalie*).
* Libbards bane. Onely the touch of *Choak-pard* * *Aconite*,
Bereaves the *Scorpion* both of sense and might:
Hellebores. As (opposite) *Helleborus* doth make
His vitall powers from deadly slumber wake.
Betonie. With *Betonie*, fel Serpents round beset,
Lift up their heads, and fall to hiss and spet,
With spightfull fury in their sparkling eyes,
Breaking all truce, with infinite defies:
Puft up with rage, to 't by the ears they goe,
Baen against baen, plague against plague they
Charging each other with so fierce a force (throwe,
(For friends turn'd foes have lightly least remorse)
That wounded all (or rather all a wound)
With poysoned gore they cover all the ground;
And nought can stint their strange intestine strife,
But onely th' end of their detested life.
As *Betonie* breakes friendships ancient bands,
Willo-wort. So *Willo-wort* makes wonted hate shake hands:
For, being fastned to proud Coursers collers,
That fight and fling, it will abate their cholers.
Tamarice. The Swine, that feed in Troughes of *Tamarice*,
Consume their spleen. The like effect there is
Finger-ferne. In *Finger-Ferne*: which, being given to Swine,
It makes their Milt to melt away in fine,
With ragged tooth choosing the same so right
Of all their Tripes to serve it's appetite.
And Horse, that, feeding on the grassie Hils,
* Lunaria. Tread upon * *Moon-wort* with their hollow heels;
Though lately shod, at night goe bare-foot home,
Their Master musing where their shooes become.
O *Moon-wort!* tell us where thou hid'st the Smith,
Hammer, and Pincers, thou unshoo'st them with?
Alas! what Lock or Iron Engine is't
That can thy subtle secret strength resist,
Sith the best Farrier cannot set a shoo
So sure, but thou (so shortly) canst undoo?
But I suppose not that the earth doth yeeld
In Hill or Dale, in Forrest or in Field,
A rarer Plant than *Candian* * *Dittanie*;
Which wounded Dear eating, immediately
Not onely cures their wounds exceeding well,
But 'gainst the Shooter doth the shaft repell.
Moreover (Lord) is't not a Work of thine
That every where, in every Turfe we find
Such multitude of other Plants to spring,
In form, effect, and colour differing?
And each of them in their due Seasons ta'en,
To one is Physick, to another baen:
Now gentle, sharp anon: now good, then ill:
What cureth now, the same anon doth kill.
Th' Hearb * *Sagapen* serves the slowe Asse for meat;
But, kils the Ox if of the same he eat.
So branched * *Hemlock* for the Stares is fit;
But, death to man, if he but taste of it.
And * *Oleander* unto beasts is poyson;
But, unto man a speciall counter-poyson.
What ranker poyson? what more deadly baen
Than * *Aconite*, can there be toucht or ta'en?
And yet his juice best cures the burning bit
Of stinging Serpents, if apply'd to it.
O valiant Venome! O courageous Plant!
Disdainfull poyson! noble combatant!
That scorneth ayd, and loves alone to fight,
That none partake the glory of his might:
For, if he finde our bodies fore-possest
With other Poyson, then he lets us rest,
And with his Rivall enters secret Duell,
One to one, strong to strong, cruell to cruell,
Still fighting fierce, and never over-give
Till they both dying, give Man leave to live.
And to conclude, whether I walke the Fields,
Rush through the Woods, or clamber up the Hils,
I find God every-where: Thence all depend,
He giveth frankly what we thankly spend.
Heer for our food, Millions of flow'ry grains,
With long Mustachoes, wave upon the Plains;
Heer thousand fleeces, fit for Princes Robes,
In *Serean* Forrests hang in silken Globes:
Heer shrubs of *Malta* (for my meaner use)
The fine white balls of *Bombace* do produce.
Heer th' azure-flowred Flax is finely spun
For finest Linnen, by the *Belgian* Nun:
Heer fatall *Hemp*, which *Denmark* doth afford,
Doth furnish us with Canvass, and with Cord,
Cables and Sayles; that, Winds assisting either,
We may acquaint the East and West together,
And dry-foot dance on *Neptunes* Watry Front,
And in adventure lead whole Towns upon 't.
* Indian-wheat. Heer of one grain of * *Maiz*, a Reed doth spring,
That thrice a year, five hundred grains doth bring;
Which (after) th' *Indians* parch, & pun, and knead,
And thereof make them a most wholesom bread.

* Dictamnum Candiæ.

Great variety in colour and form of Plants, and strange contrariety of effects, according to the bodies that they work upon.

* Peach-gyant.

* Hemlock.

* Rose-bay.

* Wolfs-bane.

Of Grain, Silke, Cotton-Wool (or Bombace) Flax & Hemp, which the Earth produceth.

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Th' Almighty Voice, which built this mighty
Still, ſtill rebounds and ecchoes over all: (Ball,
That, that alone, yearly the World revives;
Through that alone, all ſprings, all lives, all thrives:
And that alone makes, that our mealy grain
Our skilfull Seed-man ſcatters not in vain;
But being covered by the tooth-full Harrow,
Or hid a while under the folded furrow,
Rots to revive; and, warmly-wet, puts forth
His root beneath, his bud above the Earth;
Enriching ſhortly with his ſpringing Crop, (hope:
The Ground with green, the Husbandman with
The bud becomes a blade, the blade a reed,
The reed an eare, the eare another ſeed:
The ſeed, to ſhut the waſtefull Sparrows out
(In Harveſt) hath a ſtand of Pikes about,
And Chaffie Huskes in hollow Cods incloſe-it;
Leſt heat, wet, wind, ſhould roſte, or rot, or loſe it:
And leſt the ſtraw ſhould not ſuſtaine the eare,
With knotty joynts 'tis ſheathed heer and there.

An exact deſcription of the growing of wheat and other like kinds of graine.

Pardon me (Reader) if thy raviſht Eyes
Have ſeen *To-Day* too great varieties
Of Trees, of Flowrs, of Fruits, of Hearbs, of Grains,
In theſe my Groves, Meads, Orchards, Gardens,
Sith th' *Ile* of *Zebut's* admirable Tree (Plains;
Beareth a fruit (call'd *Cocos* commonly)
The which, alone, far richer Wonders yeelds
Than all our groves, meads, orchards, gardens, fields,
What? wouldſt thou drink? the woũded leaves drop
Lack'ſt thou fine linnen? dreſs the tender rine, (wine.
Dreſs it like Flax, ſpin it, and weave it well,
It ſhall thy Cambrick and thy Lawn excell.
Long'ſt thou for Butter? bite the poulpy part,
And never better came to any Mart.
Needeſt thou Oyle? then boult it to and fro,
And paſſing oyle it ſoon becommeth ſo.
Or Vineger, to whet thine appetite?
Then ſun it well, and it will ſharpely bite.
Or want'ſt thou Sugar? ſteep the ſame a ſtound,
And ſweeter Sugar is not to be found.
'Tis what you will: or will be what you would:
Should *Mydas* touch 't (I think) it would be Gold.
And God (I think) to crown our life with joyes,
The Earth with plenty, and his name with praiſe,
Had done enough; if he had made no more
But this one Plant ſo ful of wondrous ſtore: (tiety)
Save that, the World (where one thing breeds ſa-
Could not be fair, without ſo great variety.

Of the Indian *Cocos* a moſt admirable fruit.

But, th' Earth not onely on her back doth bear
Abundant treaſures gliſtring every where
(*As glorious unthrifts, croſt with Parents Curſe,*
Wear golden Garments; but an empty Purſe:
Or Venus *Darlings, fair without; within*
Full of Diſeaſe, full of Deceipt and Sin:
Or ſtately Toombs, externly gilt and garniſht;
With duſt and bones inwardly fill'd and furniſht)
But inwardly ſhee's no leſs fraught with riches,
Nay rather more (which more our ſoules bewit-
Within the deep folds of her fruitfull lap, ches).
So bound-leſs Mines of treaſure doth ſhe wrap,
That th' hungry hands of humane avarice
Cannot exhauſt with labour or device.
For, they be more than there be Stars in Heav'n,
Or ſtormy billowes in the Ocean driv'n,
Or eares of Corn in *Autumn* on the Fields,
Or Savage Beaſts upon a thouſand Hils,
Or Fiſhes diving in the ſilver Floods,
Or ſcattred Leaves in Winter in the Woods.

Of the riches under or within the Earth.

Slat, Jet, and *Marble* ſhall eſcape my pen,
I over-paſs the Salt-mount *Oromene*,
I blanch the *Brine-Quar* Hill in *Aragon*,
Whence (there) they pouder their proviſion.
I'le onely now emboſs my Book with *Braſs*,
Dye 't with *Vermilion*, deck 't with *Coperaſs*,
With *Gold* and *Silver*, *Lead*, and *Mercury*,
Tin, Iron, Orpine, Stibium, Lethargy:
And on my Gold-work I will onely place
The *Cryſtall* pure, which doth reflect each face;
The precious *Ruby*, of a Sanguin hew,
The Seal-fit *Onyx*, and the *Saphire* blew,
The *Caſſidonie*, full of circles round,
The tender *Topaz*, and rich *Diamond*,
The various *Opal*, and green *Emerald*,
The *Agate* by a thouſand titles call'd,
The ſky-like *Turquez*, purple *Amethiſts*,
And fiery *Carbuncle*, which flames reſiſts.

Of Minerals.

Of pretious ſtones.

I knowe, to Man the Earth ſeems (altogether)
No more a Mother, but a Step-dame rather:
Becauſe (alas!) unto our loſs ſhe bears (cares:
Blood-ſhedding *Steele*, and *Gold* the ground of
As if theſe Metalls, and not Man's amiſs,
Had made Sin mount unto the height it is.
But, as the ſweet bait of abundant Riches,
Bodies and Soules of greedy men bewitches:
Gold gilds the Vertuous, and it lends them wings
To raiſe their thoughts unto the rareſt things.
The wiſe, not onely Iron well apply
For houſhold turns, and Tools of Husbandry;
But to defend their Countrey (when it cals)
From forrain dangers, and inteſtine brals:
But, with the ſame the wicked never mell,
But to do ſervice to the Haggs of Hell;
To pick a Lock, to take his neighbours Purſe,
To break a Houſe, or to doo ſomthing worſe;
To cut his Parents throat, to kill his Prince,
To ſpoile his Countrey, murder Innocents.
Even ſo, profaning of a gift divine,
The Drunkard drowns his Reaſon in the Wine:
So ſale-tongu'd Lawyers, wreſting Eloquence,
Excuſe rich wrong, and caſt poore Innocence:
So *Antichriſts*, their poyſon to infuſe,
Miſs-cite the Scriptures, and Gods name abuſe.
For, as a Cask, through want of uſe grow'n fuſty,
Makes with his ſtink the beſt *Greek* Malmſey muſty:
So God's beſt gifts, uſurpt by wicked Ones,
To poyſon turn through their contagions.

The uſe, or abuſe of things, makes them good or evill: helpfull or hartfull to Mankind.

But, ſhall I baulk th' admired *Adamant?* (dant.
Whoſe dead-live power, my Reaſons power doth
Renowned *Load-ſtone*, which on Iron acts,
And by the touch the ſame aloofe attracts;
Attracts it ſtrangely with unclaſping crooks,
With unknow'n cords, with unconceived hooks,
With unſeen hands, with undiſcerned arms,
With hidden Force, with ſacred ſecret charms,
Wherewith he wooes his *Iron Miſteriſs*,
And never leaves her till he get a kiſs;
Nay, till he fold her in his faithfull boſom,
Never to part (except we, love-leſs, looſe-em)

Of the rare vertue of the Load-ſtone.

With

With so firme zeale and fast affection
The Stone doth love the Steel, the Steel the Stone.
And though somtime some Make-bate come be-
Still burns their first flame;'tis so surely fixt: (twixt,
And, while they cannot meet to break their minds,
With mutuall skips, they shew their love by signes
(As bashfull Suters, seeing Strangers by,
Parley in silence with their hand or eye).
Who can conceive, or censure in what sort
One Loadstone-touched Ann'let doth transport
Another Iron-Ring, and that another,
Till foure or five hang dangling one in other?
Greatest *Apollo* might he be (me thinks)
Could tell the Reason of these hanging links:
Sith Reason-scanners have resolved all,
That heavie things, hangd in the Aire, must fall.
I am not ignorant, that He, who seeks
In *Roman* Robes to sute the *Sagest Greeks*, (him
Whose jealous wife, weening to home-revoke-
With a love potion, did with poyson choak-him;
Hath sought to showe, with arguing subtilty,
The secret cause of this rare Sympathy.
But say (*Lucretius*) what's the hidden cause
That toward the *North-Star* stil the Needle draw's,
Whose point is toucht with Load-stone? loose this
And still-green *Laurell* shall be still thy Lot: (knot,
Yea, Thee more learned will I then confess,
Than *Epicurus*, or *Empedocles*.
W'are not to *Ceres* so much bound for Bread,
Neither to *Bacchus*, for his Clusters red,
As (*Signior Flavio*) to thy witty triall,
For first inventing of the Sea-mans Diall
(Th' use of the Needle, turning in the same)
Divine device! O admirable Frame!
Whereby, through th' Ocean, in the darkest night,
Our hugest *Caraques* are conducted right: (Lamp
Whereby w'are stor'd with Truch-man, Guide, &
To search all corners of the watery Camp:
Whereby a Ship, that stormy Heav'ns have whurld
Neer in one Night into another World,
Knowes where she is; and in the *Card* descries
What degrees thence the *Equinoctiall* lies.
Cleer-sighted sp'rits, that cheer with sweet aspect
My sober Rymes, though subject to defect;
If in this Volume, as you over-read it
You meet some things seeming exceeding credit,
Because (perhaps, beer proved yet by no man)
Their strange effects be not in knowledge common:
Think, yet, to some the Load-stones use is new;
And seems as strange, as we have try'd it true:
Let therefore that which Iron draw's, draw such
To credit more than what they see or touch,
Nor is th' Earth onely worthy praise eternall,
For the rare riches on her back externall,
Or in her bosom: but her own selfs worth
Solicits me to sound her glory forth.
I call to witness all those weak diseased,
Whose bodies oft have by th' effects been eased
Of *Lemnos* seal'd earth, or *Eretrian* soil,
Or that of *Chios*, or of *Melos* Ile.
All-hail fair Earth, bearer of Towns and Towrs,
Of Men, Gold, Grain, Physick, and Fruits & Flowrs,
Fair, firm, and fruitfull, various, patient, sweet,
Sumptuously cloathed in a Mantle meet
Of mingled-colour; lac't about with Floods,
And all embrod'red with fresh blooming buds,
With rarest Gemmes richly about embost,
Excelling cunning, and exceeding cost.
All-hail great Heart, round Base, and stedfast Root,
Of all the World, the Worlds strong fixed foot,
Heav'ns chastest Spouse, supporter of this All,
This glorious Buildings goodly Pedestall.
All-hail deer Mother, Sister, Hostess, Nurse,
Of the Worlds Soverain: of thy liberall purse,
W'are all maintayned: match-less Empéress,
To doo thee service with all readiness,
The Sphears, before thee bear ten thousand Torches:
The Fire, to warm thee, foulds his heatfull arches
In purest flames above the floating Cloud:
Th' Aire, to refresh thee, willingly is bow'd
About the Waves, and well content to suffer
Milde *Zephyrs* blasts, & *Boreas* bellowing rougher:
Water, to quench thy thirst, about thy Mountains
Wraps her moist arms, seas, rivers, lakes & fountains.
O how I grieve, deer Earth, that (given to gays)
Most of best wits contemn thee now a-days:
And noblest hearts proudly abandon quight
Study of Hearbs, and *Country-lifes* delight,
To brutest men, to men of no regard,
Whose wits are Lead, whose bodies Iron-hard.
Such were not yerst the reverend Patriarks,
Whose praise is penned by the *sacred* Clarks.
Noah the just, meek *Moses*, *Abraham*
(Who *Father of the Faithfull Race* becam)
Were Shepheards all, or Husbandmen (at least)
And in the Fields pissed their Dayes the best.
Such were not yerst *Attalus*, *Philemetor*,
Archelaus, *Hiero*, and many a *Pretor*;
Great Kings and Consuls, who have oft for blades
And glistering Scepters, handled hooks and spades.
Such were not yerst, *Cincinnatus Fabricius*,
Serranus, *Curius*, who un-self-delicious,
With Crowned Coulters, with Imperiall hands,
With Ploughs triumphant plough'd the *Roman*
Great *Scipio*, *sated* w^th^ fain'd curtsie-capping, (lands.
With Court-*Eclipses*, and the tedious gaping
Of golden beggers: and that Emperour,
Of Slave, turn'd King; of King turn'd Labourer;
In countrey Granges did their age confine:
And ordered there, with as good Discipline,
The Fields of Corn, as Fields of Combat first;
And Ranks of trees, as Ranks of Souldiers yerst.
O thrice, thrice happy He, who shuns the cares
Of City-troubles, and of State-affairs;
And, serving *Ceres*, tils with his owne Teem
His own *Free-land*, left by his Friends to him!
Never pale Envie's poysonie heads do hiss
To gnaw his heart; nor Vultur Avarice: (sups,
His Field's bounds, bound his thoughts: he never
For *Nectar*, poyson mixt in silver Cups;
Neither in golden Platters doth he lick
For sweet *Ambrosia* deadly *Arsenick*:
His hand's his boaul (better than Plate or Glass)
The silver Brook his sweetest *Hippocrass*:
Milk, Cheese, & Fruit (fruits of his own endevour)
Drest without dressing, hath he ready ever.
False Counsailers (Concealers of the Law)
Turn-coat Attourneys, that with both hands draw;

Of the excellent use of the Mariners Compasse.

Of medicinable Earths.

The Earths Encomion.

Commendations of the Country-life.

Free from envie, ambition, and avarice: & consequently from the divellish practices of Machiavillan Politicks.

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Not vexed with counterfait wrestlings of wrangling Lawyers.

Sly Peti-Foggers, Wranglers at the Bar,
Proud Purse-Leaches, Harpies of *Westminster*,
With fained chiding, and foul jarring noyse,
Break not his Brain, nor interrupt his joyes: (*rows*,
But cheerfull Birds, chirping him sweet *Good-mor-*
With Natures Musick do beguile his sorrows;
Teaching the fragrant Forrests, day by day,
The *Diapason* of their Heav'nly Lay.

Not dreading ship-wrack, nor in danger of Pirates.

His wandring Vessell, reeling to and fro,
On th' irefull Ocean (as the Windes do blowe)
With sudden Tempest is not over-whurld,
To seek his sad death in another World:
But, leading all his life at home in Peace,
Alwaies in sight of his own smoak; no Seas,
No other Seas he knowes, nor other Torrent,
Than that which waters, with his silver Current,
His Native Medowes: and that very Earth
Shall give him Buriall, which first gave him Birth.

Not diffused in body through delicious delicacy.

To summon timely sleep, he doth not need
Æthiop's cold Rush, nor drowsie *Poppy*-seed;
Nor keep in consort (as *Mecænas* did)
Luxurious Villains (Viols I should have said);
But on green Carpets thrumd with mossie Bever,
Frenging the round Skirts of his winding River,
The streams milde murmur, as it gently gushes,
His healthy limbs in quiet slumber hushes.

Not drawen by factions to an untimely Death.

Drum, Fife, & Trumpet, with their loud A-larms,
Make him not start out of his sleep, to Arms:
Nor deer respect of some great *Generall*,
Him from his bed unto the block doth call.
The Crested Cock sings *Hunt is up* to him,
Limits his rest, and makes him stir betime,
To walk the Mountains, or the flowry Meads,
Impearld with tears, that sweet *Aurora* sheads.

Not choaked with contagion of a corrupted Aire.

Never gross Aire, poysond in stinking Streets,
To choak his spirit, his tender nostrill meets;
But th' open Sky, where at full breath he lives,
Still keeps him sound, and still new stomack gives:
And Death, drad Serjant of th' eternall Judge,
Comes very late to his sole-seated Lodge. (not:

Nor (Chameleon-like) changing with every object, the colour of his conscience.

His wretched years in Princes Courts he spends
His thralled will on Great mens wils depends not:
He, changing Master, doth not change at once
His *Faith*; *Religion*, and his *God* renounce:
With mercenary lies he doth not chant,
Praysing an Emmet for an Elephant:

Nor soothing Sin: nor licking the Tayl of Greatness.

Sardanapalus (drown'd in soft excess)
For a triumphant vertuous *Hercules*;
Therſites foul, for *Venus* lovely Love;
And every Changeling for a Turtle-Dove;

Nor lavishes in his lascivious layes,
On wanton *Flora*, chaste *Alcestes* praise.
But all self-private, serving God, he writes
Fear-less, and sings but what his heart indites.

Neither prest with Fear, nor plotting Fraud.

No sallow Fear doth day or night afflict-him:
Unto no fraud doth night or day addict-him;
Or if he muse on guile, 't is but to get
Beast, Bird, or Fish, in toil, or snare, or net.

What though his Wardrobe be not stately stuft
With sumptuous silks (pinked, & pounc't, & puft)
With gold-ground Velvets, and with silver Tissue,
And all the glory of old *Eves* proud Issue?
What though his feeble Cofers be not cramd
With Misers Idols, golden Ingots ramd?
He is warm-wrapped in his owne-grow'n Wooll;
Of unbought Wines his Cellar's ever full; (flocks,
His Garner's stor'd with grain, his Ground with
His Barns with Fodder, with sweet streams his
For, heer I sing the happy Rusticks weal, (Rocks.
Whose handsom house seems as a Common-weal:
And not the needy, hard-rack-rented Hinde,
Or Copy-holder, whom hard Lords do grinde;
The pined Fisher or poor-Dairy Renter
That lives of whay, for forfeiting Indenture;
Who scarce have bread within their homely Cotes
(Except by fits) to feed their hungry throats.

Let me, good Lord, among the Great un-kend,
My rest of dayes in the Calm *Countrey* end.
Let me deserve of my deer EAGLE-Brood,
For Windsor-*Forrest*, *walks in* Almes-wood:
Bee Hadley *Pond my Sea*; Lambs-bourn *my Thames*;
Lambourn *my* London; Kennet's *silver streams*,
My fruitfull Nile; *my Singers and Musicians*,
The pleasant Birds with warbling repetitions;
My company, pure thoughts, to work thy will;
My Court, a Cottage on a lowely Hill;
Where, without let, I may so sing thy Name,
That times to-come may wonder at the same.
Or, if the new North-star, *my Soveraign* IAMES
(The secret vertue of whose sacred beams
Attracts th' attentive service of all such
Whose mindes did ever Vertue's Load-stone *touch)*
Shall ever daign t' invite mine humble Fate
T' approach the Presence *of his Royall State:*
Or, if my Duty, or the Grace of Nobles,
Shall drive or draw me neer their pleasing-Troubles;
Let not their Favours make me drunk with folly:
In their Commands, still keep my Conscience holy:
Let mee true Honour, *not the false delight;*
And play the Preacher, *not the* Parasite.

So Morne and Evening the Third Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

THE

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THE FOURTH DAY OF THE FIRST WEEKE.

The Argument.

The twinkling Spangles *of the* Firmament:
The wandring Seav'n *(Each in a ſeverall Tent);*
Their Courſe, their Force, their Eſſence is diſputed;
That they (as Beaſts) do eat and drink; refuted.
Heav'ns *(not the* Earth*) with rapid* motion *roule:*
The famous Stars *obſerv'd in either* Pole:
Heav'ns ſloaping Belt: *the* Twelve *celeſtiall* Signes
Where Sol the Seaſons *of the* Year *confines:*
Dayes *glorious* Prince: Nights *gloomy* Patroneſs:
His Light *and Might: Her conſtant* Change-fulneſs.

In the beginning of the fourth booke, calling upon the God of Heaven, our Poet prayeth to be lift up in the Heavens, that he may diſcourſe (as he ought) of the ſtars, fixed and wandring.

PUre Spirit that rapt'ſt above the Firmeſt Sphear,
In fiery Coach, thy faithfull Meſſenger,
Who ſmiting *Jordan* with his pleighted Cloak,
Did yerſt divide the Waters with the ſtroak:
O! take me up; that, far from Earth, I may
From Sphear to Sphear, ſee th'azure heav'ns *To-day*.
Be thou my Coach-man, and now cheek by Joule
With *Phœbus* Chariot let my Chariot roule;
Drive on my Coach by *Mars* his flaming Coach;
Saturn and *Luna* let my wheels approach:
That having learn'd of their Fire breathing Horſes,
Their courſe, their light, their labor, & their forces,
My Muſe may ſing in ſacred Eloquence,
To Vertues Friends, their vertuous Excellence:
And with the Load-ſtone of my conquering Verſe,
Above the Poles attract the moſt perverſe.
And you fair learned Soules, you ſpirits divine,
To whom the Heav'ns ſo nimble quils aſſigne,
As well to mount, as skilfully to limn
The various motion of their Tapers trim;
Lend me your hand; lift me above *Parnaſſus*;
With your loud *Trebbles* help my lowly *Baſſus*.
For ſure, beſides that your wit-gracing Skill
Bears in it ſelfe, it ſelf's rich guerdon ſtill;
Our Nephews, free from ſacrilegious brauls,
Where Horror ſwims in bloud about our wals,
Shall one day ſing that your deer Song did merit
Better Heav'n, hap, and better time to hear-it.
And, though (alas!) my now new-riſing Name
Can hope heer-after none, or little Fame:
The time that moſt part of our better wits
Miſ-ſpent in Flattery, or in Fancy-Fits,
In courting Ladies, or in clawing Lords,
Without affection, in affected words:
I meane to ſpend, in publiſhing the Storie
Of Gods great Works, to his immortall glory.
My rymes begot in pain & born in pleaſure, (ſure):
Thirſt not for Fame (the Heathens hope's chief trea-
'T ſhall me ſuffice, that our deer *France* do breed
(In happy ſeaſon) ſome more learned ſeed,
That may record with more divine dexterity
Than I have done, theſe wonders to Poſterity.
Much leſs may theſe abortive Brats of Mine
Expect reſpect (but in reſpect of Thine):

Yet

Yet sith the Heav'ns have thus entaskt my layes
(As darkly Cynthia *darts her borrow'd rayes)*
To shadow Thine; and to my Countrey render
Some small reflection of thy radiant splendor;
It is enough, if here-by I incite
Some happier sp'rit to doe thy Muse more right;
And with more life give thee thy proper grace,
And better follow great du BARTAS trace.

Here resuming his course, he prosecutes the worke of the Creation.

GOD'S NONE of these faint idle Artizans,
Who at the best abandon their designes,
Working by halfs; as rather a great deal,
To do much quickly, than to do it well:
But rather, as a work-man never weary,
And all-sufficient, he his works doth carry
To happy end; and to perfection,
With sober speed, brings what he hath begun.

In the fourth day, God created the fixed Stars, the two great Lights, (vid.) the Sun & the Moone, together with the other five Planets.

Having therfore the Worlds wide Curten spred
About the circuit of the fruitfull bed;
Where (to fill all with her unnumbred Kin)
Kind Natures selfe each moment lyeth-in:
To make the same for ever admirable,
More stately-pleasant, and more profitable;
He th' Azure Tester trimm'd with golden marks,
And richly spangled with bright glistring-sparks.

Of their Course, Force, Essence, and Substance.

I know, those Tapers, twinkling in the Sky,
Do turn so swiftly from our hand and eye,
That man can never (rightly) reach, to seeing (ing:
Their course and force, & much-much less their be-
But, if conjecture may extend above
To that great Orb, whose moving All doth move,
Th' imperfect Light of the first Day was it,
Which for Heav'ns Eyes did shining matter fit:
For, God, selecting lightest of that Light,
Garnisht heav'ns seeling with those torches bright:
Or else divided it; and pressing close
The parts, did make the Sun and Stars of those.

Opinion of the Greekes touching the matter of the Stars.

But, if thy wits thirst, rather seek these things,
In *Greekish* Cisterns than in *Hebrew* Springs;
I then conclude, that as of moistfull matter,
God made the people that frequent the Water;
And of an Earthy stuff the stubborn droves
That haunt the Hils & Dales, & Downs & Groves:
So, did he make, by his Almighty might,
The Heav'ns & Stars, of one same substance bright;
To th'-end these Lamps, dispersed in the Skies,
Might with their Orb, it with them, sympathize.

Simile.

And as (with us) under the oaked bark
The knurry knot with branching veines, we marke
To be of substance all one with the Tree,
Although far thicker and more rough it bee:
So those gilt studs in th' upper story driv'n,
Are nothing but the thickest part of Heav'n.

Their Substance is of Fire.

When I obserue their Light and Heat yblent
(Meer accidents of th' upper Element)
I think them Fire: but not such Fire as lasts
No longer than the fuell that it wastes:
For then, I think all th' Elements too-little
To furnish them only with one dayes vict'all.

Refutation of such as have thought that the Stars were living creatures that did eat and drinke.

And therefore smile I at those Fable-Forges,
Whose busie-idle stile so stifly urges,
The Heav'ns bright Cressets to be living creatures,
Ranging for food, and hungry fodder-eaters;
Still sucking-up (in their eternall motion)
The Earth for meat, and for their drink, the Ocean.
Sure, I perceive no motion in a Star,
But naturall, certain, and regular;
Whereas, Beasts motions infinitely vary,
Confus'd, uncertain, divers, voluntary.
I see not how so many golden Posts
Should scud so swift about Heav'ns azure coasts,
But that the Heav'ns must ope & shut som-times,
Subject to passions, which our earthly climes
Alter, and tosse the Sea, and th' Aire estrange
From it selfs temper with exceeding change.
I see not how, in those round blazing beams,
One should imagin any food-fit limbs:
Nor can I see how th' Earth, and Sea should feed
So many Stars, whose greatnes doth exceed
So many times (if Star-Divines say troth)
The greatnes of the Earth and Ocean both:
Sith heer our Cattle, in a month will eat
Seav'n-times the bulk of their own bulk in meat.
These Torches then range not at random, o're
The lightsom thickness of an unfirm Floor:
As heer belowe, diversly moving them,
The painted Birds between two Aires do swim;
But, rather fixed unto turning Sphears,
Ay, will-they, nill-they, follow their careers:

Simile.

As Car-nails fastned in a wheel (without
Selfs-motion) turn with others turns about.

A Comparison.

As th' Ague-sick, upon his shivering pallet,
Delayes his health oft to delight his palat;
When wilfully his taste-less Taste delights
In things unsavory to sound appetites:
Even so, some brain-sicks live there now-adaies,
That lose themselves still in contrary waies;
Prepostrous Wits that cannot row at ease,
On the Smooth Channell of our common Seas.
And such are those (in my conceit at least)
Those Clarks that think (think how absurd a jest)
That neither Heav'ns nor Stars do turn at all,
Nor dance about this great round Earthly Ball;
But th' Earth it self, this Massie Globe of ours,
Turns round-about once every twice-twelve hours:
And we resemble Land-bred Novices
New brought aboord to venture on the Seas;
Who, at first lanching from the shoar, suppose
The ship stands still, and that the ground it goes.

Opinion of Copernicus confuted.

So, twinkling Tapers, that Heav'ns Arches fill,
Equally distant should continue still.
So, never should an arrow, shot upright,
In the same place upon the shooter light;
But would doo (rather) as (at Sea) a stone
Aboord a Ship upward uprightly thrown;
Which not within-boord fall's, but in the Flood
A-stern the Ship, if so the Winde be good.
So, should the Fowls that take their nimble flight
From Western Marches towards *Mornings* light;
And *Zephyrus*, that in the Summer time
Delights to visit *Eurus* in his clime;
And bullets thundred from the canons throat (note)
(Whose roaring drowns the Heav'nly thunders
Should seem recoil: sithens the quick career,
That our round Earth should daily gallop heer,
Must needs exceed a hundred-fold (for swift) (drift.
Birds, Bullets, Winds; their wings, their force, their
Arm'd with these reasons, 't were superfluous
T' assaile the reasons of *Copernicus*;

Who,

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Leaving to dispute farther upon the former Paradox, he proceedeth in his discourse, and by a lively comparison representeth the beautifull ornament of the Heavens about the Earth.

Who, to salve better of the Stars th' appearance,
Unto the Earth a three-fold motion warrants:
Making the Sun the Center of this All,
Moon, Earth, and Water, in one only Ball.
But sithence heer, nor time, nor place doth sute,
His *Paradox* at length to prosecu'e;
I will proceed, grounding my next discourse
On the *Heav'ns motions*, and their constant *course*.
I oft admire greatness of mighty Hils,
And pleasant beauty of the flowry Fields,
And countless number of the Ocean sand,
And secret force of sacred Adamant: (course)
But much-much more (the more I marke their
Stars glistering greatness, beauty, number, force.

Simile.

Even as a Peacock, prickt with loves desire,
To woo his Mistress, strowting stately by her,
Spreads round the rich pride of his pompous vail,
His azure wings and Starry-golden tail;
With rattling pinions wheeling still about,
The more to set his beauteous beauty out:
The Firmament (as feeling like above)
Displayes his pomp; pranceth about his Love,
Spreads his blew curtain, mixt with golden marks,
Set with gilt Spangles, sow'n with glistring sparks,
Sprinkled with eyes, specked with Tapers bright,
Poudred with Stars streaming with glorious light,
T' inflame the Earth the more, with Lovers grace,
To take the sweet fruit of his kind imbrace.

The number of the Stars under both the Poles unnumerable.

He that to number all the Stars would seek,
Had need invent som new Arithmetick;
And who, to cast that reck'ning takes in hand,
Had need for Counters take the Ocean's sand:

And why the ancient Astronomers observed 48.

Yet have our wise and learned Elders found
Foure-dozen Figures in the Heav'nly Round,
For aid of memory; and to our eyes
In certain *Howses* to divide the Skies.

Of the Signs in the Zodiacke.

Of those are *Twelve* in that rich *Girdle* greft
Which God gave Nature for her New-years-gift
(When making All, his voyce Almighty most,
Gave so fair Laws unto Heav'ns shining Hoast)
To weare it biaz, buckled over-thwart-her;
Not round about her swelling Waste, to girt-her.
This glorious *Baldrick* of a golden tindge,
Imbost with Rubies, edg'd with Silver Frindge,
Buckled with Gold, with a Bend glistring bright,
Heav'ns biaz-wise environs day and night.

The Zodiacke.

For, from the period, where the *Ram* doth bring
The day and night to equall balancing,
Ninety degrees towards the North it wends,
Thence just as much toward Mid-Heav'n it bends,
As many thence toward the South; and thence
Towards th' Years Portall, the like difference.

Aries in Mid-march begins the Spring.

Nephelian crook-horn, with brass comets crownd,
Thou butt'st bravely 'gainst the *New-years* bound;

Taurus in mid-April.

And richly clad in thy fair golden Fleece, (Meese.
Doost hold the *First Howse* of *Heav'ns* spacious
Thou spy'st anon the *Bull* behinde thy back:
Who, lest that fodder by the way he lack,
Seeing the World so naked; to renew't,
Coats th' infant Earth in a green gallant sute;
And, without Plough or Yoak, doth freely fling
Through fragrant Pastures of the flowry Spring.

Gemini in mid-May.

The Twins, whose heads, arms, shoulders, knees and
God fill'd with Stars to shine in season sweet, (feet,
Contend in Course, who first the *Bull* shall catch,
That neyther will nor may attend their match.

Cancer in mid-June begins the Summer.

Then, Summers-guide, the *Crab* comes rowing soft,
With his eight owres through the Heav'ns azure
To bring us yearly in his starry shell, (loft;
Many long dayes the shaggy Earth to swele.

Leo in mid-July.

Almost with like pace leaps the *Lion* out,
All clad with flames, bristled with beams about;
Who, with contagion of his burning breath,
Both grass and grain to cinders withereth.

Virgo in mid-August.

The *Virgin* next, sweeping Heav'ns azure Globe
With stately train of her bright Golden robe,
Milde-proudly marching in her left hand brings
A sheaf of Corn, and in her right hand wings.

Libra in mid-September begins Autumn.

After the *Maiden*, shines the *Balance* bright,
Equall divider of the Day and Night: (fastens
In whose gold Beam, with three gold rings there
With six gold strings, a pair of golden Basens.

Scorpio in mid-October.

The spitefull *Scorpion*, next the *Scale* addrest,
With two bright Lamps covers his loathsom brest;
And fain, from both ends, with his double sting,
Would spet his venom over every thing;

Sagittarius in mid-November.

But that the brave *Half-horse Phylerian* Scout,
Galloping swift the Heav'nly Belt about,
Ay fiercely threats, with his flame-feath'red arrow
To shoot the sparkling starry Viper thorough.

Capricornus in mid-December beginneth Winter.

And th' hoary *Centaure*, during all his Race,
Is so attentive to this only chase,
That dread-less of his dart, Heav'ns shining *Kid*
Comes jumping light, just at his heels unspid.

Aquarius in mid-January.

Mean-while the *Skinker*, from his starry spout,
After the *Goat*, a silver stream pours-out;
Distilling still out of his radiant Fire
Rivers of Water (who but will admire?)
In whose cleer Channell mought at pleasure swim
Those two bright *Fishes* that do follow him;

Pisces in mid-February.

But that the Torrent slides so swift away,
That it out-runs them ever, even as they
Out-run the *Ram*, who ever them pursues;
And by renewing Yearly, all renues.

The names of the principall Stars of the North Pole.

Besides these *Twelve*, toward the *Artick* side,
A flaming *Dragon* doth *Two-Bears* divide;
After, the *Wainman* comes, the *Crown*, the *Spear*;
The *Kneeling Youth*, the *Harp*, the *Hamperer*
Of th' hatefull *Snake* (whether we call the same
By *Æsculapius*, or *Alcides* name)
Swift *Pegasus*, the Dolphin, loving man;
Joves stately *Eagle*, and the silver *Swan*:
Andromeda, with *Cassiopeia* neer-her,
Her father *Cepheus*, and her *Perseus* deerer:
The shining *Triangle*, *Medusa's Tresse*,
And the bright Coach-man of *Tindarides*.

The names of the Stars of the South Pole.

Toward th' other Pole, *Orion*, *Eridanus*,
The *Whale*, the *Whelp*, and hot-breath't *Sirius*,
The *Hare*, the *Hulk*, the *Hydra*, and the *Boule*,
The *Centaure Wolf*, the *Censer*, and the *Foule*
(The twice-foul *Rav'n*) the *Southern fish* & *Crown*,
Through heav'ns bright arches brandish up & down.

The fixed Stars are in the eighth Heaven.

Thus on *This-Day* working th' *eighth* azure tent,
With Art-less Art, divinely excellent;
Th' Almighties finger fixed many a million
Of golden Scutchions in that rich Pavillion:
But in the rest (under that glorious Heav'n)
But one a-peece, unto the severall * Seav'n;

* And the seaven Planets under them, each in his proper Sphear.

Left,

Left, of those Lamps the number-passing number
Should mortall eyes with such confusion cumber,
That we should never, in the cleerest night,
Stars divers course see or discern aright.
And therefore also, all the fixed Tapers
He made to twinkle with such trembling capers:
But, the *Seaven Lights* that wander under them,
Through various passage, never shake a beam.
Or, he (perhaps) made them not different;
But, th' hoast of Sparks spred in the Firmament
Far from our sense, through distance infinite,
Seems but to twinkle, to our twinkling sight:
Whereas the rest, neerer a thousand fold
To th' Earth and Sea, we do more brim behold.
For, the Heav'ns are not mixtly enterlaced;
But th' undermost by th' upper be imbraced,
And more or lesse their roundels wider are,
As from the Center they be neer or far:
As in an Egge, the shell includes the skin,
The skin the white, the white the yolk with-in.
Now as the Winde, puffing upon a Hill
With roaring breath against a ready Mill,
Whirls with a whiff the sails of swelling clout,
The sails do swing the winged shaft about,
The shaft the wheel, the wheel the trendle turns,
And that the stone which grinds the flowry corns:
Or like as also in a Clock well tended,
Just counter-poize, justly thereon suspended,
Makes the great wheel go round, and that anon
Turns with his turning many a meaner one,
The trembling watch & th' Iron Maule that chimes
The intire Day in twice twelve equall times:
So the grand Heav'n, in foure and twentie hours,
Surveying all this various house of ours,
With his quick motion all the Sphears doth move;
Whose radiant glances gild the World above,
And drives them every day (wch swiftnes strange is)
From *Gange* to *Tagus*; and from *Tay* to *Ganges*.
But, th' under-Orbs, as grudging to be still
So straightly subject to anothers will,
Still without change, still at anothers pleasure
After one pipe to dance one only measure;
They from-ward turn, and traversing aside,
Each by himselfe an oblique course doth slide:
So that they all (although it seeme not so)
Forward and backward in one instant go,
Both up and down, and with contrary paces,
At once they poste to two contrary places:
Like as my selfe, in my lost Merchant-years
(Aloss, alas, that in these lines appears)
Wafting to Brabant, *Englands* golden Fleece
(A richer prize than Jason *brought to* Greece)
While tow'rd the Sea, our (then, Swan-poorer) Thames
Bare down my Bark upon her ebbing streams:
Upon the hatches, from the Prow to Poup
Walking in compass of that narrow Coop,
Maugre the most that Winde and Tide could doo,
Have gone at once tow'rds Lee *and* London *too.*
But now, the neerer any of these Eight,
Approach *th' Empyreall Palace* wals in height,
The more their circuit, and more dayes they spend,
Yer they return unto their Journeys end.
It's therefore thought, That sumptuous Canapy,
The which th' un-niggard hand of Majesty
Poudred so thick with Shields so shining cleer,
Spends in his Voyage nigh seaven thousand yeer.
Ingenious *Saturn*, Spouse of Memory,
Father of th' Age of Gold; though coldly dry,
Silent and sad, bald, hoary, wrinkle-faced,
Yet art thou first among the Planets placed:
And thirty years thy Leaden Coach doth run
Yer it arrive where thy Career begun.
Thou, rich, benign, Ill-chasing *Jupiter*,
Art (worthy) next thy Father sickle-bear:
And while thou dost with thy more milde aspect
His froward beams disastrous frowns correct,
Thy tinnen chariot shod with burning bosses, (crosses,
Through twice-six *Signes* in twice six 12. months
Brave-minded *Mars* (yet Master of mis-order,
Delighting nought but Battails, blood, and murder)
His furions Coursers lasheth night and day,
That he may swiftly passe his course away,
But in the road of his eternall race,
So many rubs hinder his hasty pace,
That thrice, the while, the lively *Liquor-God*
With dabbled heels hath swelling clusters trod,
And thrice hath *Ceres* shav'n her amber tress,
Yer his steel wheels have done their businesse.
Pure goldy-locks, *Sol*, States-friend, Honor giver,
Light-bringer, Laureat, Leach-man, all Reviver,
Thou, in three hundred threescore dayes and five,
Dost to the period of thy Race arrive.
For, with thy proper course thou measur'st th' year,
And measur'st Dayes with thy constrain'd career.
Fair dainty *Venus*, whose free vertues milde
With happy fruit get all the world with-childe
(Whom wanton dalliance, dancing, and delight,
Smiles, witty wiles, youth, love, and beauty bright,
With soft blind *Cupids* evermore consort)
Of lightsom Day opens and shuts the port;
For, hardly dare her silver Doves go far
From bright *Apollo's* glory-beaming Car.
Not much unlike so, *Mercury* the witty,
For ship, for shop, book, bar, or Court, or Citty:
Smooth Orator, swift Pen-man, sweet Musician,
Rare Artizan, deep-reaching Politician,
Fortunate Merchant, fine Prince-humour-pleaser;
To end his course takes neer a twelve-months lea-
For all the while, his nimble winged heels (sure:
Dare little bouge from *Phœbus* golden wheels.
And lastly *Luna*, thou cold Queen of Night,
Regent of humors, parting Months aright,
Chaste Empereſs, to one *Endymion* constant;
Constant in Love, though in thy looks inconstant;
(Unlike our Loves, whose hearts dissemble soonest)
Twelve times a year through all the *Zodiack* rūnest.
Now, if these Lamps, so infinite in number,
Should still stand-still as in a sloathfull slumber,
Then should some places (alwayes in one plight)
Have alwayes Day, and some have alwayes Night:
Then should the Summers Fire, and Winters Frost,
Rest opposite still on the selfe same Coast: (would
Then nought could spring, & nothing prosper
In all the World, for want of Heat or Cold.
Or, without change of distance or of dance,
If all these Lights still in one path should prance,
Th' inconstant parts of this low Worlds contents
Should never feele so sundry accidents,

As

Why the Planets twinkle not, and the fixed stars doe twinkle.

The firmament much farther from the Earth than the Sphears of the Planets.

Simile.

Two similes representing the motion of the eight inferiour heavens, through the swift turning of the ninth, which is the *Primum Mobile*.

Each of the eight Heavens so transported by the *Primum Mobile*, hath also his proper oblique and distinct course each from other.

The same explained by a proper Simile.

Why some of these heavens have a slower course and shorter compasse then other some.

The terme of the revolution of the Firmament.

Of the seventh, which is the Sphear of *Saturne*.

Of the sixth which is the Sphear of *Iupiter*.

Of the fifth which is the Sphear of *Mars*.

Of the fourth which is the Sphear of *Sol*.

Of the third which is the Sphear of *Venus*.

Of the second which is the Sphear of *Mercury*.

Of the first which is the Sphear of *Luna* The lowest Planet neerest the Earth.

Of the necessity of divers motions of the Heavens.

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As the Conjunction of celestiall Features
Incessantly pours upon mortall Creatures.
I'l ne'r beleeve that the Arch-Architect
With all these Fires the Heav'nly Arches deckt
Onely for Shew, and with these glistering shields
T' amaze poor Shepheards watching in the fields.
I'l ne'r beleeve that the least Flowr that pranks
Our Garden borders, or the Common banks,
And the least stone that in her warming Lap
Our kind Nurse Earth doth covetously wrap,
Hath some peculiar vertue of it owne;
And that the glorious Stars of Heav'n have none:
But shine in vain, and have no charge precise,
But to be walking in Heav'ns Galleries,
And through that *Palace* up and down to clamber,
As *golden Gnls about a* PRINCES CHAMBER.
Sens-less is he, who (without blush) denies
What to sound senses most apparent lies:
And 'gainst experience he that spets Fallacians,
Is to be hist from learned Disputations:
And such is he, that doth affirm the Stars
To have no force on these inferiours;
Though Heav'ns effects we most apparent see
In number more than heav'nly Torches be.
I nill alledge the Seasons alteration,
Caus'd by the Sun in shifting Habitation:
I will not urge, that never at noon-dayes
His envious Sister intercepts his Rayes
But som great State eclipseth, and from Hell
Alecto looses all these Furies Fell,
Grim, lean-fac't *Famine*, foule infectious *Plague*;
Blood-thirsty *War*, and *Treason* hatefull Hag:
Heer pouring down Woes universall Flood,
To drown the World in Seas of Tears and Blood.
I'l over-pass how Sea doth Eb and Flowe,
As th' Horned Queen doth either shrink or growe;
And that the more she *Fills* her forked Round,
The more the Marrow doth in Bones abound,
The Blood in Veines, the sap in Plants, the Moisture
And lushious meat, in Crevish, Crab and Oyster:
That Oak, and Elm, and Firr, and Alder, cut
Before the *Crescent* have her Corners shut,
Are never lasting, for the builders turn,
In Ship or House, but rather fit to burn:
And also, that the Sick, while she is filling, (ling.
Feele sharper Fits through all their members thril-
So that, this Lamp alone approves, what powrs,
Heav'ns Tapers have ev'n on these soules of ours:
Temp'ring, or troubling (as they be inclin'd)
Our mind and humours, humours and our minde,
Through Sympathy, which while this flesh we car-
Our Soules & Bodies doth together marry. (ry,
I'l onely say, that sith the hot aspect
Of th' Heav'nly *Dog-Star*, kindles with effect
A thousand unseen Fires, and dries the Fields,
Scorches the Vallies, parches-up the Hils,
And often times into our panting hearts,
The bitter Fits of burning Fevers darts:
And (opposite) the *Cu*[illegible] the dropping *Pleiades*,
Bright glistering *Orion* and the weeping *Hyades*,
Never (almost) look down on our aboad,
But that they stretch the Waters bounds abroad;
With Clowdy horror of their wrathfull frown,
Threatning again the guilty World to drown:
And (to be brief) sith the gilt azure Front
Of Firmest Sphear hath scarce a spark upon't
But poureth down-ward som apparent change,
Towards the Storing of the Worlds great Grange;
We may conjecture what hid powr is given
T' infuse among us from the other Seaven,
From each of those which for their vertue rare
Th' Almighty placed in a proper Sphear.
Not that (as *Stoikes*) I intend to tye
With Iron Chains of strong *Necessity*
Th' Eternal's hands, and his free feet enstock
In *Destinies* hard Diamantine Rock:
I hold, that God (as *The first Cause*) hath giv'n
Light, Course, & Force to all the Lamps of Heav'n:
That still he guides them, and his Providence
Disposeth free, their *Fatall* influence:
And that therefore (the rather) we belowe
Should study all, their Course and Force to knowe:
To th' end that, seeing (through our Parents Fall)
T' how many Tyrants we are wexen thrall,
Ever since first fond Womans blind ambition, (*sion:*
Breaking, made *Adam* break Heav'ns *High-Commis-*
We might unpuff our Heart, and bend our Knee,
T' appease with sighs Gods wrathfull Majestie;
Beseeching him to turn away the storms (Arms,
Of Hail, and Heat, Plague, Dearth, and dreadfull
Which oft the angry Stars, with bad aspects,
Threat to be falling on our stubborn necks:
To give us Curbs to bridle th' ill proclivitie
We are inclin'd-to, by a hard Nativitie:
To pour some Water of his Grace, to quench
Our boyling Fleshes fell Concupiscence,
To calm our many passions (spirituall tumours)
Sprung from corruption of our vicious humours.
Latonian Twins, Parents of Years and Months,
Alas! why hide you so your shining Fronts?
What? nill you shew the splendor of your ray,
But through a Vail of mourning Clouds I pray?
I pray pull-off your mufflers and your mourning,
And let me see you in your native burning:
And my deer Muse by her eternall flight,
Shall spread as far the glory of your Light
As you your selves run, in alternate Ring,
Day after Night, Night after Day to bring.
Thou radiant Coach-man, running endless course,
Fountain of Heat, of Light the lively sourse,
Life of the World, Lamp of this Vniverse, (Verse
Heav'ns richest Gemm: O teach me where my
May but begin thy praise. Alas! I fare
Much like to one that in the Clouds doth stare
To count the Quails, that with their shadow cover
Th' *Italian* Sea, when soaring higher over,
Fain of a milder and more fruitfull Clime,
They come, with us to pass the Summer time:
No sooner he begins one shoal to summ,
But more and more, still greater shoals do com,
Swarm upon Swarm, that with their count-less num-
Break off his purpose, & his sense incumber. (ber
Dayes glorious Eye! Even as a mighty King,
About his Countrey stately Progressing, (*Knights*,
Is compast round with *Dukes*, *Earles*, *Lords*, and
(Orderly marshall'd in their noble Rites)
Esquires and *Gentlemen*, in courtly kinde
And then his *Guard* before him and behinde;

And

Of the force and influence of the celestiall bodies upon the terrestriall.

Sundry proofs of the same. First, The divers Seasons. Secondly, The fearfull accidents that commonly succeed Eclipses.

Thirdly, The ebbing & flowing of the Sea.

Fourthly, The increase & decrease of marrow, blood and humours in divers creatures.

Fiftly, The apparent alterations in the bodies of sick persons.

A particular proofe by the effects of certain notable Stars, ordinarily noted in some Month of the year.

Reiecting the Stoicks, he sheweth that God, as the first Cause, doth order all things, and what use we should make of the Force, Course, and Light of the celestiall bodies.

Heer proceeding to the record part of this book, hee treateth at large of the Sun and Moon.

Of the Sun: entring into the description whereof he confesseth that he knowes not well where to begin.

The Sun as Prince of the Celestiall lights marcheth in the midst of the other six Planets which environ him.

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And there is nought in all his Royall Muſter,
But to his Greatneſs addeth grace and luſtre:
So, while about the World thou rideſt ay,
Which only lives by vertue of thy Ray,
Six Heav'nly Princes, mounted evermore,
Wait on thy Coach, three behinde, three before,
Beſides the Hoaſts of th' upper Twinklers bright,
To whom, for pay, thou giveſt onely Light.
And, ev'n as Man (the little-World of Cares)
Within the Middle of the bodie, beares (on
His heart (the Spring of life) which with proporti-
Supplyeth ſpirits to all, and every portion:
Even ſo (O Sun) thy Golden Chariot marches
Amid the ſix Lamps of the ſix lowe Arches
Which ſeel the World, that equally it might
Richly impart them Beautie, Force, and Light.
Praiſing thy Heat, which ſubtilly doth pearce
The ſolid thickneſs of our Univerſe,
Which in th' Earths kidnyes *Mercury* doth burn,
And pallid *Sulphur* to bright Metall turn;
I do digreſs, to praiſe that light of thine,
Which if it ſhould, but one Day, ceaſe to ſhine,
Th' unpurged Aire to Water would reſolve,
And Water would the mountain tops involve.
Scarce I begin to meaſure thy bright Face,
Whoſe greatneſs doth ſo oft Earths greatneſs paſs,
And with ſtill running the Celeſtiall Ring,
Is ſeen and felt of every living thing;
But that fantaſtickly I change my Theam
To ſing the ſwiftneſs of thy tyer-leſs Teem;
To ſing, how, Riſing from the *Indian* Wave
Thou ſeem'ſt (O *Titan*) like a Bride-groom brave,
Who from his Chamber early iſſuing out
In rich array, with rareſt Gems about;
With pleaſant Countenance, and lovely Face,
With golden treſſes, and attractive grace,
Cheers (at his comming) all the youthfull throng
That for his preſence earneſtly did long,
Bleſſing the day, and with delightfull glee,
Singing aloud his *Epithalamie*.
Then, as a Prince that feeles his Noble heart,
Wounded with *Loves* pure *Honor*-winged dart
(*As* HARDY LÆLIVS, *that great* GARTER-
Tilting in Triumph of ELIZA's *Right* (KNIGHT,
(Yeerly that Day that her deer raign began)
Moſt bravely mounted on proud RABICAN,
All in gilt armour, on his gliſtering Mazor
A ſtately plume, of Orange mixt with Azur,
In gallant Courſe, before ten thouſand eyes,
From all Defendants bore the Princely Prize)
Thou glorious Champion, in thy Heav'nly Race,
Runneſt ſo ſwift we ſcarce conceive thy Pace.
When I record, how fitly thou doſt guide (pride,
Through the fourth Heav'n, thy flaming Courſers
That as they paſs, their fiery breaths may temper
Saturn's and *Cynthia's* cold and moiſt diſtemper
(For, if thou gallopt'ſt in the neather Room
Like *Phaeton*, thou would'ſt the World conſume:
Or, if thy Throne were ſet in *Saturn's* Sky,
For want of heat, then every thing would dy)
In the ſame inſtant I am preſt to ſing,
How thy return reviveth every thing;
How, in thy Preſence, Fear, Sloath, Sleep, & Night,
Snowes, Fogs, & Fancies, take their ſudden Flight.
Th' art (to be briefe) an Ocean wanting bound,
Where (*as full veſſels have the leſſer ſound*)
Plenty of Matter makes the ſpeaker mute;
As wanting words thy worth to proſecute.
Yet glorious Monarch, 'mong ſo many rare
And match-leſs Flowrs as in thy Garland are,
Some one or two ſhall my chaſte ſober *Muſe*
For thine Immortall ſacred Siſters chuſe.
I'l boldly ſing (bright Soverain) thou art none
Of thoſe weak Princes Flatt'ry works upon
(*No ſecond* EDWARD, *nor no* RICHARD *Second,*
Un-kinged both, as Rule-unworthy reckon'd)
Who, to inrich their *Minions* paſt proportion,
Pill all their Subjects with extream extortion;
And charm'd with Pleaſures (O exceeding pity!)
Lie alwaies wallowing in one wanton City;
And, loving only that, to mean Lievtenants
Farm out their Kingdoms care, as unto Tenants:
For, once a day, each Countrey under Heav'n
Thou bidſt *Good-Morow*, & thou bidſt *Good-Ev'n*.
And thy far-ſeeing Eye, as *Cenſor*, views
The rites and faſhions, Fiſh and Foule do uſe,
And our behaviours, worthy (every one)
Th' *Abderian* Laughter, and *Epheſian* Mone.
But true it is, to th' end a fruitfull lew
May every Climat in his time renew,
And that all men may nearer in all Realms
Feel the alternat vertue of thy beams;
Thy ſumptuous Chariot, with the Light returning,
From the ſame Portall mounts not every Morning:
But, to make know'n each-where thy daily drift,
Doo'ſt every day, thy Courſers Stable ſhift:
That while the Spring, prankt in her greeneſt pride,
Raigns heer, elſe-where *Autumn* as long may bide;
And while fair Summers heat our fruits doth ripe,
Cold Winters Ice may other Countries gripe.
No ſooner doth thy ſhining Chariot Roule
From higheſt *Zenith* toward *Northren Pole*,
To ſport thee for three Months in pleaſant Inns
Of *Aries*, *Taurus*, and the gentle *Twinns*,
But that the mealie Mountains (late unſeen)
Change their white garments into luſty green,
The Gardens prank them with their Flowry buds,
The Meads with graſs, with leaves the naked
Sweet *Zephyrus* begins to buſs his *Flora*, (Woods,
Swift-winged Singers to ſalute *Aurora*;
And wanton *Cupid*, through this Univerſe, (pierce.
With pleaſing wounds, all Creatures hearts to
When, backward bent, *Phlegon* thy fiery Steed,
With *Cancer*, *Leo*, and the *Maid*, doth feed;
Th' Earth cracks with heat, & Summer crowns his
With gilded Ears, as yellow as her hair-is: (*Ceres*
The Reaper, panting both for heat and pain,
With crooked Raſor ſhaves the tufted Plain;
And the good Husband, that due ſeaſon takes,
Within a month his year's Proviſion makes. (doth fly
When from the mid-Heav'n thy bright flame
Toward the *Croſs-Stars* in th' *Antartik* Sky,
To be three months, up-riſing, and down-lying
With *Scorpio*, *Libra*, and the *Archer* flying,
Th' Earth by degrees her lovely beauty bates,
Pomona loads her lap with delicates,
Her Apron and her Oſier basket (both)
With dainty fruits for her deer *Autumns* tooth,
(Her

The Sun is in Heaven as the heart in mans body.

His notable effects upon the Earth.

Excellent compariſons borrowed out of the 19. Pſalm.

The ſame exemplified in an honorable perſonage of our time now very aged: but in his young years, the glory of Arms and Chivalrie.

Of Gods wonderfull providence in placing the Sun in the midſt of the other planets, and of the commodities that come thereof.

Of the Suns continuall and daily courſe.

Of his oblique or By-courſe, cauſe of the foure ſeaſons: and of the commodities of all Climats in the World.

A pleaſant and lively deſcription of the foure ſeaſons of the year.

The Spring.

Summer.

Harveſt.

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(Her health-leſs ſpouſe) who bare-foot hops about
To tread the juice of *Bacchus* cluſters out.
And laſt of all, when thy proud-trampling Teem,
For three Months more, to ſojourne ſtill doth ſeem
With *Capricorn*, *Aquarius*, and the *Fiſhes*
Winter. (While we in vain revoke thee with our wiſhes)
Inſtead of Flowrs, chill ſhivering Winter dreſſes
With Iſicles her (ſelf-bald) borrow'd treſſes:
About her brows a Periwig of Snowe,
Her white Freeze Mantle freng'd with Ice belowe,
A payr of Lamb-lyn'd buskins on her feet,
So doth ſhe march *Orythia's* love to meet;
Who with his briſtled, hoary, beugle-beard,
Comming to kiſſe her, makes her lips afear'd;
Where-at, he ſighes a breath ſo cold and keen,
That all the Waters Cryſtallized been;
While in a fury with his boyſtrous wings
Againſt the *Scythian* ſnowie Rocks he flings,
All lusks in ſloath: and till theſe Months do end,
Bacchus and *Vulcan* muſt us both befrend.
Of the Moon and her alterations. O ſecond honour of the Lamps ſupernall,
Sure Calendar of Feſtivals eternall,
Seas Soverainteſs, Sleep-bringer, Pilgrims guide,
Peace-loving Queen: what ſhall I ſay beſide?
What ſhall I ſay of thy inconſtant brow,
Which makes my brain waver, I woat not how?
But, if by th' eye, a mans intelligence
May gheſs of things diſtant ſo far from hence,
Of her roundneſſe and brightneſſe borrowed of the Sun. I think thy body round as any Ball,
Whoſe ſuperfice (nigh equall over all)
As a pure Glaſs, now up, and down anon,
Reflects the bright beams of thy ſpouſe, the Sun.
Simile. For, as a Husbands Nobl'neſs doth luſtre
A mean-born wife: ſo doth the glorious luſtre
Of radiant *Titan*, with his beams, embright
Thy gloomy Front, that ſelfly hath no light.
Of her weaxing and waning when ſhe is in her laſt quarter, & when ſhe renues and commeth to her full. Yet 'tis not alwaies after one ſelf ſort.
For, far thy Cart doth ſwifter thee tranſport,
Than doth thy Brothers, diverſly thou ſhin'ſt,
As more or leſſe thou from his ſight declin'ſt.
Therefore each month, when *Hymen* (bleſt) above
In both your bodies kindles ardent love,
And that the Stars-king all inamoured on thee,
Full of deſire, ſhines down direct upon thee;
Thy neather half-Globe toward th' Earthly Ball
(After it's Nature) is obſerved all.
But, him aſide thou haſt no ſooner got,
But on thy ſide a ſilver file we noat,
A half-bent Bowe; which ſwels the leſſe thy Coach
Doth the bright Chariot of thy ſpouſe approach,
And fils his Circle. When th' Imperiall Star
Beholds thee juſt in one Diameter,
Then by degrees thy *Full* face fals away
And (by degrees) Weſtward thy Horns diſplay;
Till fall'n again betwixt thy Lovers arms, (charms.
Thou wink'ſt again, vanquiſht with pleaſures
Thus doſt thou *Wex* and *Wane*, thee oft renuing;
Delighting *change*: and mortall things, enſuing
(As ſubject to thee) thy ſelfs tranſmutation,
Feel th' unfelt force of ſecret alteration.
Of the cauſe of the diverſe aſpect of the Moon Not, but that *Phœbus* alwaies with his ſhine,
Cleers half (at leaſt) of thine aſpect divine;
But 't ſeems not ſo; becauſe we ſee but heer
Of thy round Globe the lower Hemiſphear:
Tho wexing us-ward, heav'n-ward thou doſt wane;
And waning us-ward, Heav'n-ward grow'ſt again.
Yet, it befals, even when thy face is *Full*,
When at the higheſt thy pale Courſers pull,
When no thick maſk of Clouds can hide away,
From living eyes, thy broad, round gliſtring Ray,
Thy light is darkned, and thine eyes are ſeel'd,
Covered with ſhadow of a ruſty ſhield.
For, thy *Full* face in his oblique deſigne
Confronting *Phœbus* in th' *Ecliptick* line,
And th' Earth between; thou loſeſt, for a ſpace,
Thy ſplendor borrowd of thy Brothers grace:
Of the cauſe of the Eclips of the Sun. But, to revenge thee on the Earth, for this
Fore-ſtalling thee of thy kind Lovers kiſs,
Somtimes thy thick Orb thou dooſt inter-blend
Twixt *Sol* and us, toward the later end:
And then (becauſe his ſplendor cannot paſs
Or pierce the thickneſs of thy gloomy Maſs)
The Sun, as ſubject to Deaths pangs, us ſees-not,
But *ſeems* all Light-leſs, though indeed he is not.
Difference betweene the Eclipſes of the Sun, and of the Moone. Therefore, far differing your *Eclipſes* are;
For thine is often, and thy Brothers rare:
Thine doth indeed deface thy beauty bright;
His doth not him, but us, bereave of Light:
It is the Earth, that thy defect procures;
It is thy ſhadow, that the Sun obſcures:
Eaſt-ward, thy front beginneth firſt to lack;
Weſt-ward, his brows begin there frowning black:
Thine at thy *Full*, when thy moſt glory ſhines;
His, in thy *Wane*, when beauty moſt declines:
Thine's generall, tow'rd Heav'n and Earth together;
His, but to Earth, nor to all places neyther.
Of the admirable & extraordinary Eclipſe of the Sun, on the day that our Saviour ſuffered on the Croſſe, for our redemption. Mat. 27. 45. Mar. 15. 33. Luk. 23. 44. For, th' hideous Cloud, that Cover'd ſo long ſince
With nights black vail th' eies of the Starry-Prince
(When as he ſaw, for our foul ſinfull ſlips,
The Match-leſs Maker of the Light, eclipſe)
Was far, far other: For, the ſwarty *Moores*,
That ſweating toyl on *Guinnés* wealthy ſhoares:
Thoſe whom the *Niles* continuall Cataract
With roaring noyſe for ever deaf doth make:
Thoſe that ſurvaying mighty * *Caſſagale*,
Within the circuit of her ſpacious Wall
Do dry-foot dance on th' Orientall Seas;
And paſs, in all her goodly croſſing waies
And ſtately ſtreets fronted with ſumptuous Bowrs,
Twelve thouſand Bridges, and twelve thouſand
Thoſe that, in *Norway* and in *Finland*, chaſe (Towrs:
The ſoft-skind Martens, for their precious Cace;
Thoſe that in Ivory Sleads on *Ireland* Seas
(Congeal'd to Cryſtall) ſlide about at eaſe;
Were witneſs all of his ſtrange grief; and gheſt,
That God, or Nature was then deep diſtreſt.
Moreover *Cynthia* in that fearfull ſtound,
Full-fild the Compaſs of her Circle round;
And being ſo far off, ſhe could not make
(By Natures courſe) the Sun to be ſo black;
Nor, iſſuing from the Eaſtern part of Heav'n,
Darken that beauty, which her own had giv'n.
In brief, mine eye, confounded with ſuch ſpectacles
In that one wonder ſees a Sea of Miracles. (nour
What could'ſt thou doe leſs, than thy ſelf diſho-
(O chief of Planets!) thy great Lord to honour?
Than for thy Fathers death, a-while to wear
A mourning Roab on th' hatefull *Hemi-ſphear*?

* Quinzay.

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Then at high noon ſhut thy fair eye, to ſhun
A ſight, whoſe ſight did Hell with horror ſtun?
And (pearc't with ſorrow for ſuch injuries)
To pleaſe thy Maker, Nature to diſpleaſe?
So, from the South to North to make apparent,
That God revoak't his Serjeant Death's ſad warrant
'Gainſt *Ezechias*: and that he would give
The godly King fifteen years more to live:
Tranſgreſsing Heav'ns eternall Ordinance; (prance:
Thrice in one Day, thou through one path didſt
And, as deſirous of another nap
In thy Vermilion ſweet *Aurora's* Lap, (Horſe
Thy Coach turn'd back, and thy ſwift ſweating
Full ten degrees lengthned their wonted Courſe:
Dials went falſe, and Forreſts (gloomy black)
Wondred to ſee their mighty ſhades go back.
So, when th' incenſed Heav'ns did fight ſo fell
Under the Standard of deer *Iſrael*,
Againſt the Hoaſt of odious *Ammorites*;
Among a million of ſwift Flaſhing Lights,
Rayning down Bullets from a ſtormy Cloud,
As thick as Hail, upon their Armies proud (der,
(That ſuch as ſcaped from Heav'ns wrathfull thun-
Victorious ſwords might after heaw in-ſunder)
Conjur'd by *Joſuah*, thy brave ſteeds ſtood ſtill,
In full Career ſtopping thy whirling wheel;
And, one whole Day, in one degree they ſtayd
In midſt of Heav'n, for ſacred Armies ayd:
Leſt th' Infidels in their diſordred Flight,
Should ſave themſelves under the wings of Night.
Thoſe, that then liv'd under the other *Pole*,
Seeing the Lamp which doth enlight the Whole,
To hide ſo long his lovely face away,
Thought never more to have re-ſeen the Day;
The wealthy *Indians*, and the men of *Spain*,
Never to ſee Sun Riſe or Set again.
In the ſame place Shadows ſtood ſtill, as ſtone;
And in twelve Hours the Dials ſhew'd but one.

Of the going backe of the Sun in the time of Ezechias. 1 King. 36. 11. Eſay 38.8.

Of the Sunne ſtanding ſtill in the time of Ioſuah. Ioſ. 10.12.

So Morne and Evening the Fourth Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

THE

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THE FIFTH DAY OF THE FIRST WEEKE.

The Argument.

Fiſh *in the Sea,* Fowls *in the Aire abound:*
The Forms *of all things in the Waters found:*
The various Manners *of Sea-Citizens,*
Whoſe conſtant Friendſhip *far exceedeth Mens:*
Arions *ſtrange eſcape: The* Fowls *attend*
On th' onely Phœnix, *to her end-leſs end:*
Their kinds, *their* cuſtomes, *and their* Plumes *variety;*
Some preſidents of Prudence, *ſom of* Piety:
The gratefull Eagle, *burning in the Flame*
With her dead Miſtreſs, the fair Seſtian *Dame.*

After a poeticall manner he craveth time and opportunity to diſcourſe in this day of the creation of Fiſhes and of Fowles.

Latónian Lamps, conducting divers wayes,
About the World, ſucceſſive Nights & Dayes;
Parents of winged Time, haſte, haſte your Cars:
And paſſing ſwiftly both th' oppoſed Bars
Of *Eaſt*, and *Weſt*, by your returning Ray,
Th' imperfect World make elder, by a *Day*.
Ye *Fiſh*, that brightly in Heav'ns Baldrick ſhine,
If you would ſee the Waters waving brine
Abound with Fiſhes, pray *Hyperion*
T' abandon ſoon his liquid Manſion,
If he expect in his prefixt Career,
To hoaſt with you a Month in every yeer.

To which purpoſe eſpecially he calleth on the true God.

And thou eternall Father, at whoſe wink
The wrathfull Ocean's ſwelling pride doth ſink,
And ſtubborn ſtorms of bellowing Winds be dumb,
Their wide mouthes ſtopt, & their wilde pinions numm;
Great Soverain of the Seas, whoſe hooks can draw
A man alive from the Whales monſtrous maw,
Provide me (Lord) of Steers-man, Star, and Boat,
That through the vaſt Seas I may ſafely float:
Or rather teach me dive, that I may view
Deep under water all the Scaly crew;
And dropping wet, when I returne to land
Laden with ſpoyls, extoll thy mighty hand. (ſtuds,

The firſt part of this Booke wherein he handleth how by the Commandement of the Lord, the Fiſhes began to move in the Waters.

In Vain had God ſtor'd Heav'n with gliſtring
The plain with grain, the mountain tops wᵗʰ woods,
Sever'd the Ayre from Fire, the Earth from Water,
Had he not ſoon peopled this large Theatre
With living Creatures: Therefore he began
(*This-Day*) to quicken in the *Ocean*,
In ſtanding *Pools*, and in the ſtraggling *Rivers*
(Whoſe folding Chanell fertill Champain ſevers)
So many *Fiſhes* of ſo many features,
That in the Waters one may ſee all Creatures,
And all that in this All is to be found;
As if the World within the Deeps were drown'd.

The Seas no leſſe ſtored with priviledges and precedents of Gods glorious power, than heaven and earth: and of the ſtrange Fiſhes that live therein.

Seas have (as well as Skies) Sun, Moon, and Stars:
(As well as Ayre) Swallows, and Rooks, and Stares:
(As well as Earth) Vines, Roſes, Nettles, Millions,
Pinks, Gilliflowers, Muſhroms, and many millions
Of other Plants (more rare and ſtrange than theſe)
As very Fiſhes living in the Seas:
And alſo Rams, Calfs, Horſes, Hares, and Hogs,
Wolves, Lions, Urchins, Elephants, and Dogs,

Yea Men and Mayds: and(which I more admire)
The Mytred Bishop,and the Cowled Fryer:
Whereof, examples (but a few years since)
Were shew'n the *Norways*,and *Polonian* Prince.
You divine wits of elder Dayes,from whom
The deep *Invention* of rare Works hath com,
Took you not pattern of your chiefest Tools
Out of the Lap of *Thetis*,*Lakes*,and *Pools*?
Which partly in the Waves,part on the edges
Of craggy rocks,among the ragged sedges,
Bring-forth abundance of Pins,Pincers,Spoaks,
Pikes,percers,nedles,mallets,Pipes & yoaks,(mers,
Ow'rs,sails,& swords,saws,wedges,razors,ram-
Plumes,cornets,knives,wheels,vices,horns,& ham-
And,as if *Neptune*,and fair *Panopé*, (mers.
Palæmon, *Triton*,and *Lucothoé*,
Kept publike Roules,there is the *Calamary*;
Who,ready Pen-knife,Pen and Ink doth carry.
As a rare Painter draws(for pleasure)here
A sweet *Adonis*,a foul *Satyre* there:
Here a huge *Cyclop*,there a *Pigmé* Elf:
Somtimes,no less busying his skilfull self,
Upon some ugly Monster(seldom seen)
Than on the Picture of faire *Beauties Queen*:
Even so the Lord,that,in his Work's varietie,
We might the more admire his powerfull Deitie;
And that we might discern by different features
The various kinds of the vast Oceans creatures;
Forming this mighty Frame,he every kind
With divers and peculiar Signet sign'd.
Som have their heads groveling betwixt their feet
(As th' inky *Cuttles*,and the *Many-feet*):
Som in their breast(as *Crabs*): some head-less are,
Foot-less,and finn-less(as the banefull *Hare*,
And heat-full *Oyster*)in a heap confus'd,
Their parts unparted,in themselves diffus'd.
The *Tyrian* Merchant,or the *Portuguze*
Can hardly build one Ship of many Trees:
But of one *Tortoise*,when he list to float,
Th' *Arabian* Fisher-man can make a Boat:
And one such Shell,him in the stead doth stand
Of Hulk at Sea,and of an House on land.
Shall I omit the monstrous *Whirl-about*,
Which in the Sea another Sea doth spout,
Wherewith huge Vessels (if they happen nigh)
Are over-whelm'd and sunken suddenly?
Shall I omit the *Tunnies*,that durst meet
Th' *Eoan* Monarchs never danted Fleet,
And beard more bravely his victorious powrs
Than the Defendants of the *Tyrian* Towrs;
Or *Porus*,conquered on the *Indian* Coast;
Or great *Darius*,that three Battels lost?
When on the Surges I perceive, from far,
Th' *Ork*, *Whirl-poole*, *Whale*,or huffing *Physeter*,
Me thinks I see the wandring *Ile* again
(*Ortygian Delos*)floating on the Main.
And when in Combat these fell Monsters cross,
Me seems some Tempest all the Seas doth toss.
Our fear-less Saylers,in far Voyages
(More led by Gain's hope than their Compasses)
On th' *Indian* shore,have somtime noted som
Whose bodies covered two broad Acres room:
And in the *South-Seas* they have also seen
Some like high-topped and huge armed Treen;
And other-som whose monstrous backs did bear
Two mighty wheels with whirling spokes,that
Much like the winged &wide spreading sayls(were
Of any Winde-mill turn'd with merry gales.
But God(who Nature in her nature holdes)
Not only cast them in so sundry moldes:
But gave them manners much more differing,
As well our wits as our weak eyes to bring
Int'admiration; that men evermore,
Praising his Works,might praise their Maker more.
Some love fresh Waters,some the salt desire,
Some from the Sea use yearly to retire
To the next Rivers,at their own contenting,
So both the Waters with free Trade frequenting;
Having (like Lords)two Houses of receipt:
For Winter th' one,th' other for Summers heat.
As Citizens,in some intestine braul,
Long cooped up within their Castle wall;
So soon as Peace is made,and Siege remov'd,
Forsake a while their Town so strong approv'd;
And tir'd with toyl,by leashes and by payrs,
Crowned with Garlands,go to take the ayrs:
So,dainty *Salmons*,*Chevins* thunder-scar'd,
Feast-famous *Sturgeons*,*Lampreys* speckle-starr'd,
In the Spring season the rough Seas forsake,
And in the Rivers thousand pleasures take;
And yet the plenty of delicious foods,
Their pleasant lodging in the crystall floods,
The fragrant sents of flowry banks about,
Cannot their Countrey's tender love wipe out
Of their remembrance; but they needs will home,
In th' irefull Ocean to go seek their Tomb:
Like English Gallants, that in Youth do go
To visit Rhine,Sein,Ister,Arn,*and* Po;
Where though their Sense be dandled,dayes & nights,
In sweetest choice of changeable Delights,
They never can forget their Mother-Soyl,
But hourly home their hearts and eyes recoyl,
Long languishing with an extream Desire
To see the smoak of their deer Native Fire.
One(like a Pirat) only lives of prizes,
That in the Deep he desperately surprizes:
Another haunts the shoar,to feed on foam:
Another round about the Rocks doth roam,
Nibbling on Weeds: another,hating theeving,
Eats nought at all,of liquor only living;
For,the salt humor of his Element
Servs him,alone,for perfect nourishment.(torrents,
Some love the clear streams of swift tumbling
Which through the rocks straining their struggling
Break banks & Bridges; and do never stop,(currents
Till thirsty Summer come to drink them up:
Some almost alwaies pudder in the mud
Of sleepy Pools,and never brook the flood
Of Chrystall streams,that in continuall motion
Bend toward the bosom of their Mother Ocean:
As the most part of the Worlds Peers prefer
Broyls before Rest,and place their Peace in War:
And some againe(of a far differing humour)
Hold Rest so deer, that but the only rumour
Of War far off, affrights them at the first;
And wanting *Peace*,they count their States accurst.
O watry Citizens,what Umpeer bounded
Your liquid Livings? O! what Monarch mounded
With

Why God created so many sorts of strange Fishes.

Examples. The Pour-Cuttle. Cuttle. Crab. Sea-Hare. Oyster.

The Tortoise.

The Tunny.

Divers kinds of Whales.

Of their monstrous shape, and huge greatness.

Of the divers qualities of Fishes.

Simile. Describing the custome of certaine Sea-Fishes, frequenting the fresh waters in some seasons of the yeare.

Comparison.

The Fishes feeding.

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Of the providence of God in their divers and notable manner of living: affording many lessons to mankinde.

With wals your City? What severest Law
Keeps your huge Armies in so certain aw,
That you encroach not on the neighbouring Borders
Of your swim-brethren? as (against all Orders)
Men daily practise, joyning Land to Land,
House unto House, Sea to Sea, Strand to Strand,
Mountain to Mountain, and (most-most insaci ble)
World unto World, if they could work it possible.
And you (wise Fishes) that for recreation,
Or for your seeds securer propagation,
Doe somtimes shift your ordinary Dwelling;
What learned *Chaldé* (skild in fortune-telling)
What cunning Prophet your fit time doth show?
What Herralds Trumpet summons you to go? (ons
What Guide conducteth, Day and Night your Legi-
Through path-less paths in unacquainted Regions?
What Captain stout? what Loadston, Steel and Star,
Measures your course in your adventures farre?
Surely, the same that made you first of Nought,
Who in your Nature some *Idéas* wrought
Of Good and Evill; to the end that we,
Following the Good, might from the Evill flee.

Strange nature of the fish Sargus.

Th' adulterous *Sargus* doth not only change
Wives every day, in the deep streams; but (strange)
As if the honey of Sea-loves delights
Could not suffice his ranging appetites,
Courting the Shee-Goats on the grassie shore,
Would horn their Husbands that had horns before;

Of Cantharus.

Contrary to the constant *Cantharus*.
Who, ever faithfull to his deareſt Spouse
In Nuptiall Duties spending all his life,
Loves never other than his onely Wife.

Of the Mullet.

But, for her Love, the *Mullet* hath no Peer;
For, if the Fisher have surpriz'd her Pheer,
As mad with wo to shoar she followeth,
Prest to consort him both in life and death:

Simile.

As yerst those famous, loving *Thracian Dames*
That leapt alive into the funerall flames
Of their dead Husbands; who deceast and gone,
Those loyall Wives hated to live alone.

The Urano-Scopus.

O! who can here sufficiently admire
That *Gaping-Fish* whose glistering eyes aspire
Still toward Heav'n? as if beneath the skies
He found no object worthy of his eyes.
As the Wood-pecker, his long tongue doth lill
Out of the clov'n pipe of his horny bill,
To catch the Emets; when, beguil'd with-all,
The busie swarms about it creep and crawl:
Th' *Urano-scope*, so, hid in mud, doth put
Out of his gullet a long limber gut,
Most like unto a little Worm (at sight)
Where-at eft-soons many small Fishes bite:
Which ther-withall this Angler swallows straight,
Alwaies self-armed with hook, line, and bait.

The Ozena.

The suttle * *Smell-strong-Many-foot*, that fain
A dainty feast of *Oyster-flesh* would gain,
Swims softly down, and to him slily slips,
Wedging with stones his yet wide-yawning lips,
Least else (before that he have had his prey)
The *Oyster* closing, clip his limbs away,
And (where he thought t' have joy'd his victories)
Himselfe become unto his prize a prize.

The Torpedo.

The *Cramp-Fish*, knowing that she harboureth
A plague-full humour, a fell banefull breath,
A secret *Poppy*, and a sensless Winter,
Benumming all that dare too-neer her venter;
Pours forth her poyson, and her chilling Ice
On the next Fishes; charm'd so in a trice,
That she not only stayes them in the Deep,
But stuns their sense, and luls them fast asleep;
And then (at fill) she with their flesh is fed;
Whose frozen limbs (still living) seem but dead.
'Tis this *Torpedo*, that when she hath took
Into her throat the sharp deceitfull hook,
Doth not as other Fish, that wrench and wriggle
When they be prickt, & plunge, & strive, & struggle;
And by their stir, thinking to scape the Angle,
Faster and faster on the hook do tangle:
But, wily clasping close the Fishing Line,
Suddenly spews into the Silver brine
Her secret-spreading, sudden-speeding bane;
Which, up the Line, and all along the Cane,
Creeps to the hand of th' Angler; who, with-all
Benumm'd and senseless, suddenly lets fall
His hurtfull pole, and his more hatefull prize:

Simile.

Becomn like one that (as in bed he lies)
Seems in his sleep to see some gastly Ghost;
In a cold sweat, shaking, and swelt almost,
He cals his wife for ayd, his friends, his folks,
But his stuft stomack his weak clamour choaks:
Then would he strike at that he doth behold;
But sleep and feare his feeble hands do hold:
Then would he run away; but, as he strives,
He feeles his feet fetter'd with heavie Gyves.

The Scolopendra.

But, if the *Scolopendra* have suckt-in
The sowr-sweet morsell with the barded Pin,
She hath as rare a trick to rid her from it:
For instantly, she all her guts doth vomit;
And having clear'd them from the danger, then
She fair and softly sups them in again,
So that not one of them within her womb
Changeth his office, or his wonted room.

The Amia. The Sea-Fox.

The thriving *Amia* (neer *Abydos* breeding)
And suttle *Sea-Fox* (in Steeds-love exceeding)
Without so vent'ring their dear life and lyning,
Can from the Worm-clasp compass their untwi-
For, sucking-in more of the twisted hair, (ning:
Above the hook they it in sunder shear;
So that their foe, who for a Fish did look
Lifts up a bare line, robd of bait and hook.

The Barbel.

But timorous *Barbles* will not taste the bit,
Till with their tails they have unhooked it:
And all the baits the Fisher can devise
Cannot beguile their wary jealousies.

The Cuttle.

Even so almost, the *many spotted Cuttle*
Well-neer insnared, yet escapeth suttle;
For, when she sees her selfe within the Net,
And no way left, but one, from thence to get,
She suddenly a certaine Ink doth spew,
Which dyes the Waters of a sable hew;
That, dazling so the Fishers greedy sight,
She through the clouds of the black Waters night
Might scape with honour the black streams of *Styx*,
Whereof already, almost lost she licks.

Simile.

And, as a Prisoner, (of som great transgression,
Convict by Witness and his own Confession)
Kept in dark Durance full of noysom breath,
Expecting nothing but the Day of Death;

Spies every corner, and pries round about
To finde ſome weak place where he may get out:
The delicate, cud-chewing *Golden-eye*,
Kept in a Weyre, the wideſt ſpace doth ſpy,
And thruſting in his tail, makes th' Oſiars gape
With his oft flapping, and doth ſo eſcape:
But, if his fellow finde him thus beſted,
He lends his tail to the Impriſoned;
That thereby holding faſt with gentle jaw,
Him from his durance, he may friendly draw.
Or, (if before that he were captivate)
He ſee him hooked on the biting bait,
Haſting to help, he leapeth at the line,
And with his teeth ſnaps-off the hairy twine.
You ſtony hearts, within whoſe ſtubborn Center
Could never touch of ſacred friendſhip enter,
Look on theſe Seas my Songs have calmed thus:
Heer's many a *Damon*, many a *Theſeus*.
The gilden *Sparlings*, when cold Winters blaſt
Begins to threat, themſelves together caſt
In heaps like bals, and heating mutually,
Live; that alone, of the keen cold would dye.
Thoſe ſmall white Fiſh to *Venus* conſecrated,
Though without *Venus* ayd they be created
Of th' Ocean ſcum; ſeeing themſelves a prey
Expos'd in every Water-Rovers way,
Swarming by thouſands, with ſo many a fold (hold
Combine themſelves, that their joynt ſtrength doth
Againſt the greedieſt of the Sea-theeves ſallies;
Yea, and to ſtay the courſe of ſwifteſt Gallies.
As a great Carrak, cumbred and oppreſt
With her ſelfs-burthen, wends not Eaſt and Weſt,
Star-boord and Lar-boord, with ſo quick Careers
As a ſmall Fregat, or ſwift Pinnaſs ſteers:
And as a large and mighty limbed Steed,
Eyther of *Friſeland*, or of *German* breed,
Can never manage half ſo readily,
As *Spaniſh* Jennet, or light *Barbarie*:
So the huge *Whale* hath not ſo nimble motion,
As ſmaller Fiſhes that frequent the Ocean;
But ſomtimes rudely 'gainſt a Rock he bruſhes,
Or in ſome roaring ſtraight he blindly ruſhes,
And ſcarce could live a Twelve-month to an end,
But for the little *Muſculus* (his friend)
A little Fiſh, that ſwimming ſtill before,
Directs him ſafe from Rock, from ſhelf and ſhoar:
Much like a Childe that loving leads about
His aged Father when his eyes be out;
Still wafting him through every way ſo right,
That reft of eyes he ſeems not reft of ſight.
Waves-mother *Thetis*, though thine arms embrace
The World about, within thine ample ſpace,
A firmer League of friendſhip is not ſeen
Than is the *Pearl-fiſh* and the *Prawn* between;
Both have but one repaſt, both but one Palace,
But one delight, death, ſorrow, and one ſolace:
That lodgeth this, and this remunerates
His Land-lords kindnes, with all needfull Cates.
For, while the *Pearl-Fiſh* gaping wide doth gliſter,
Much Fry (allur'd with the bright ſilver luſtre
Of her rich Casket) flocks into the *Nacre*;
Then with a prick the *Prawn* a ſign doth make-her
That inſtantly her ſhining ſhell ſhe'll cloſe
(Becauſe the prey worthy the pain he knowes):
Which gladly done, ſhe ev'nly ſhareth-out
The Prey betwixt her, and her faithfull ſcout.
And ſo the *Sponge-Spy*, warily awakes
The *Sponges* dull ſenſe, when repaſt it takes.
But O! what ſtile can worthily declare
(O! *Galley-Fiſh*, and thou *Fiſh-Mariner*,
Thou *Boat-Crab*, and *Sea-Urchin*) your dexterity
In Sailers Art, for ſafeneſs and celerity?
If *Jaffa* Merchants, now Comburgers ſeem
With *Portugals*, and *Portugals* with them:
If Worlds of Wealth, born under other Sky,
Seem born in ours: if without wings we fly
From North to South, and from the Eaſt to Weſt,
Through hundred ſundry way-leſs wayes addreſt:
If (to be brief) this World's rich compaſs round,
Seem as a Common, without hedge or mound,
Where (at his choyce) each may him freely ſtore
With rareſt fruits; You may we thank therefore.
For, whether *Typhis*, or that pride of *Greece*
That ſayl'd to *Colchos* for the *Golden-fleece*,
Or *Belus* Son, firſt builded floating bowrs,
To mate the Windes ſtorms, & the Waters ſtowrs;
What e'r he were, he ſurely learn'd of you
The Art of Rowing and of Sailing too.
Heer would I ceaſe, ſave that this hum'rous ſong
The *Hermit-fiſh* compels me to prolong.
A man of might that builds him a defence
'Gainſt Weathers rigour and Warr's inſolence,
Firſt dearly buyes (for, What good is good-cheap?)
Both the rich Matter and rare Workmanſhip:
But, without buying Timber, Lime, and Stone,
Or hiring men to build his Manſion,
Or borrowing Houſe, or paying Rent therefore,
He lodgeth ſafe: for, finding on the ſhoar
Some handſom ſhell, whoſe Native Lord, of late
Was diſpoſſeſſed by the Doom of Fate;
Therein he enters, and he takes poſſeſſion
Of th' empty Harbour by the free conceſſion
Of natures Law; who *Goods that owner want*
Alwaies allots to the firſt Occupant.
In this new Cace, or in this Cradle (rather)
He ſpends his Youth: then, growing both together
In age and wit, he gets a wider Cell
Wherein at Sea his later daies to dwell.
But *Clio*, wherefore art thou teadious
In numbring *Neptunes* buſie Burgers thus?
If in his Works thou wilt admire the worth
Of the Seas Soveraigne, bring but only forth
One little *Fiſh*, whoſe admirable Story
Sufficeth ſole to ſhew his might and glory.
Let all the Winds in one Winde gather them,
And (ſeconded with *Neptunes* ſtrongeſt ſtream)
Let all at once blowe all their ſtiffeſt gales
A-ſtern a Galley under all her ſails;
Let her be holpen with an hundred Owers,
Each lively handled by five luſty Rowers:
The *Remora*, fixing her feeble horn
Into the tempeſt-beaten veſſels ſtern,
Stayes her ſtone-ſtill, while all her ſtout Conſorts
Saile thence at pleaſure to their wiſhed Ports.
Then looſe they all the ſheats, but to no boot:
For, the charm'd Veſſell bougeth not a foot:
No more than if three fadom under ground,
A ſcore of Anchors held her faſtly bound:

No

The Golden-eye or Guilt-head.

Simdry inſtructions that Fiſhes give to men.

The Sparlings.

Simile.

Another.

Of the Whale and his friend Muſculus.

Simile.

Strange League betweene the Pearl-fiſh and the Prawne.

Alſo betweene the Sponge and his ſpy. The Gally-Fiſh. The Lyle-Fiſh. Boat-Crab. Sea-Vrchin.

The Sea-Hermit.

The ſtrange and ſecret property of the Remora or Stop-ſhip.

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No more than doth an Oak that in the Wood
Hath thousand tempests (thousand times) with-stood,
Spreading as many massie roots belowe,
As mighty Arms above the ground do growe.
O *Stop-ship* say, say how thou canst oppose
Thy selfe alone against so many foes.
O! tell us where thou doo'st thine Anchors hide,
Whence thou resistest Sayls, Ow'rs, Wind, & Tide.
How on the sodain canst thou curb so short
A ship whom all the Elements transport?
Whence is thine Engin and thy secret force
That frustrates Engins, and all force doth force?
I had (in Harbour) heav'd mine Anchor o're,
And ev'n already set one foot a-shore;
Dolphin. When lo, the *Dolphin*, beating 'gainst the bank,
'Gan mine oblivion moodily mis-thank.
Peace, Princely Swimmer; sacred *Fish*, content thee;
For, for thy praise, th' end of this Song I meant-
Brave Admirall of the broad briny Regions, (thee.
Triumphant Tamer of the scaly Legions,
Who living, ever liv'st (for, never sleep,
Deaths lively Image, in thy eyes doth creep)
Lover of Ships, of Men, of Melody, (ply
Thou up & down through the moyst World dost
Swift as a shaft; whose Salt thou lovest so,
That lacking that, thy life thou dost forgoe:
Thou (gentle Fish) wert th' happy Boat, of yore
Which safely brought th' *Amiclean* Harp a-shoar.
The strange adventure of Arion, saved by a Dolphin. *Arion*, match-less for his Musicks skill,
Among the *Latines* having gain'd his fill
Of gold and glory, and exceeding fain
To re-salute his learned *Greece* again;
Unwares, imbarks him in a Pyrates ship:
Who, loath to let so good a booty slip,
Soon waighes his Anchors, packs on all his sail;
And Windes conspiring with a prosperous gale,
His winged Fregat made so speedy flight,
Tarentum Towers were quickly out of sight;
And all, save Skies, and Seas, on every side;
Where, th' onely Compass is the Pylots guide.
The Saylours then (whom many times we finde
Fiercer than Seas, and fiercer than the Winde)
Fall straight to strip him, rifling (at their pleasure)
In every corner to find out his treasure:
And, having found it, all with one accord
Hoist th' Owner up, to heave him over-boord.
Who weeping said, O *Nereus* noble issue,
Not, to restore my little gold, I wish you:
For, my chiefe Treasure in my Musick lyes
(And all *Apollo's* sacred Pupils, prize
The holy Virgins of *Parnassus* so,
That under-foot all worldly wealth they throwe.)
No (brave Triumphers over Winde and Wave,
Who in both Worlds your habitation have,
Who both Heav'ns Hooks in your adventures
'Tis not for That, with broken sighes I sue: (view)
I but beseech you, offer no impieties
Unto a person deer unto the Deities.
So may *Messenian Sirens*, for your sake,
Be ever mute when you your voyage make,
And *Tritons* Trumpet th' angry Surges swage,
When (justly) *Neptune* shall against you rage.
But if (alas!) I cannot this obtaine
(As my faint eye reads in your frowns too plaien)
Suffer, at least, to my sad dying voice,
My dolefull fingers to consort their noise:
That so the Sea Nymphs (rapt in admiration
Of my divine, sweet, sacred lamentation)
Dragging my corps to shoar, with weeping showrs
May deaw the same, and it entoomb in flowrs.
Then play (said they) and give us both togither
Treasure and pleasure by thy comming hither.
His sweetest strokes then sad *Arion* lent
Th' inchanting sinnews of his Instrument:
Wherewith he charm'd the raging Ocean so,
That crook-tooth'd *Lampreys*, & the *Congers* rowe
Friendly together, and their native hate
The *Pike* and *Mullet* (for the time) forgate,
And *Lobstars* floated fear-less all the while
Among the *Polyps* prone to theft and guile.
But among all the Fishes that did throng
To dance the Measures of his Mournefull song,
There was a *Dolphin* did the best accord
His nimble Motions to the trembling Chord:
Who, gently sliding neer the Pinnas side,
Seem'd to invite him on his back to ride.
By this time, twice the Saylours had essayd
To heave him o're; yet twice himselfe he staied:
And now the third time strove they him to cast;
Yet by the shrowds the third time held he fast:
But lastly, seeing Pyrats past remorse,
And him too-feeble to withstand their force,
The trembling *Dolphins* shoulders he bestrid;
Who on the Oceans azure surges slid;
So, that far-off (his charge so cheered him)
One would have thought him rather fly, than swim:
Yet feares he every Shelfe and every Surge
(Not for himselfe, but for his tender charge)
And, sloaping swiftly overthwart those Seas
(Not for his owne but for his Riders ease)
Makes double haste to find some happy strand,
Where his sweet *Phœbus* he may safely land.
Mean-while, *Arion*, with his Musick rare,
Paies his deer Pylot his delightfull Fare.
And heaving eyes to Heav'n (the Hav'n of Pity)
To his sweet Harp he tunes this sacred Ditty;
O thou Almightie! who Mankind to wrack,
Of thousand Seas, didst whilom one Sea make,
And yet didst save, from th' universall Doom,
One sacred Houshold, that in time to com
(From Age to Age) should sing thy glorious praise;
Looke down (O Lord) from thy supernall rayes;
Look, look (alas!) upon a wretched man,
Halfe Toomb'd already in the Ocean:
O! bee my Steers-man, and vouchsafe to guide
The stern-less Boat, and bit-less Horse I ride;
So that, escaping Windes and Waters wrath,
I once again may tread my native path:
And hence-forth, heer with solemn vowes I sacre
Unto thy glory (O my God and Maker)
For this great favours high Memoriall,
My Heart and Art, my Voyce, Hand, Harp, and all.
Heer-with, the Seas their roaring rage refrain,
The Cloudy Welkin waxed cleer again,
And all the Windes did sodainly convert
Their mouths to ears, to heare his wondrous Art.
The *Dolphin* then, discrying Land (at last)
Stormes with himselfe, for having made such haste,

And

And wisht *Laconia* thousand Leagues from thence,
T' have joy'd the while his Musicks excellence.
But, 'fore his owne delight, preferring far
Th' unhoped safety of the Minstrell rare,
Sets him ashoare, & (which most strange may seem)
Where life he took, there life restoreth him.
But now (deere *Muse*) with *Jonas* let us hie
From the Whales belly; and from jeopardy
Of stormfull Seas, of wrackfull Rocks and Sand,
Come, come (my Darling) let us haste to Land.

The second part of this Book, treating of Fowles.

While busie, poaring downward in the Deep,
I sing of *Fishes* (that there Quarter keep)
See how the *Fowles* are from my fancie fled,
And their high prayses quite out of my head:
Their flight out-flies me; and my Muse almost
The better halfe of this bright *Day* hath lost.
But, cheer ye, *Birds*: your shadows (as ye pass)
Seeming to flutter on the Waters face,
Make me remember, by their nimble turns,
Both what my duty, and your due concerns.
But first I pray *(for meed of all my toyl*
In bringing you into this HAPPIE ILE)
Vouchsafe to waken with your various Notes
The sense-less senses of those drowsie Sots,
Whose eye-lids laden with a weight of Lead
Shall fall a-sleep the while these Rymes are read.
But, if they could not close their wakefull eyes
Among the Water's silent Colonies;
How can they sleep among the *Birds*, whose sound
Through Heav'n & Earth & Ocean doth redound?

Of the admirable and Onely Phœnix.

The Heav'nly Phœnix first began to frame
The earthly *Phœnix*, and adorn'd the same
With such a plume, that *Phœbus*, circuiting
From *Fez* to *Cairo*, sees no fairer thing:
Such form, such feathers, & such Fate he gave-her,
That fruitfull Nature breedeth nothing braver:
Two sparkling eyes; upon her crown, a crest
Of starrie Sprigs (more splendent than the rest)

Her description.

A golden doun about her dainty neck,
Her brest deep purple, and a scarlet back,
Her wings and train of feathers (mixed fine)
Of orient azure and incarnadine.
He did appoint her Fate to be her Pheer,
And Deaths cold kisses to restore her heer

Her life.

Her life again, which never shall expire
Untill (as she) the World consume in fire.
For, having passed under divers Climes,
A thousand Winters, and a thousand Primes;
Worn-out with yeers, wishing her endless end,
To shining flames she doth her life commend,
Dies to revive, and goes into her Grave
To rise againe more beautifull and brave.
Perched, therefore, upon a branch of Palm,
With Incense, Cassia, Spiknard, Myrrh, and Balm,
By break of Day shee builds (in narrow room)
Her Urn, her Nest, her Cradle, and her Toomb:
Where, while she sits all gladly-sad expecting
Some flame (against her fragrant heap reflecting)

Her death.

To burn her sacred bones to seedfull cinders
(Wherein, her age, but not her life, she renders)
The *Phrygian* Skinker with his lavish Ewer,
Drowns not the Fields with shower after showr;
The shivering *Coach-man* with his Icy Snowe
Dares not the Forrests of *Phœnicia* strowe:
Auster presumes not *Libyan* shoars to pass
With his moist wings: and gray-beard *Boreas*
(As the most boistrous and rebellious slave)
Is prisoned close in th' *Hyper-Borean* Cave:
For, Nature now propitious to her End,
T' her living Death a helping hand doth lend:
And stopping all those Mouths, doth mildly sted
Her Funeralls, her fruitfull birth, and bed:
And *Sol* himself, glancing his golden eyes
On th' odoriferous Couch wherein she lies,
Kindles the spice, and by degrees consumes
Th' immortall *Phœnix*, both her flesh and plumes.

Her re-generation.

But instantly out of her ashes springs
A Worm, an Egg then, then a Bird with wings,
Just like the first (rather the same indeed)
Which (re-ingendred of it's selfiy seed)
By nobly dying a new Date begins,
And where she loseth, there her life she wins:
End-les by 'r End, eternall by her toomb;
While, by a prosperous Death, she doth becom
(Among the cinders of her sacred Fire)
Her own selfs Heir, Nurse, Nurseling, Dam, & Sire:

The best application.

Teaching us all, in *Adam* heer to dy,
That we in Christ may live eternally.

Birds that follow the Phœnix, and their natures.

The *Phœnix*, cutting th' unfrequented Aire,
Forth-with is followed by a thousand pair
Of wings in th' instant by th' Almighty wrought,
With divers Size, Colour, and Motion fraught.

The Swallow.

The sent-strong *Swallow* sweepeth to and fro,
As swift as shafts fly from a Turkish Bowe,
When (Use and Art, and Strength confedered)
The skilfull Archer draws them to the head:
Flying she sings, and singing seeketh where
She more with cunning, than with cost, may rear
Her round-front Palace in a place secure,
Whose Plot may serve in rarest Arch'tecture:
Her little beak she loads with brittle straws,
Her wings with Water, and with Earth her claws,
Whereof she Morter makes, and there-with-all
Aptly she builds her semi-circle Wall.

The Lark.

The pretty *Lark*, climbing the Welkin cleer,
Chaunts with a cheer, *Heer peer-I neer my Deer*;
Then stooping thence (seeming her fall to rew)
Adieu (she saith) *adieu, deer Deer adieu.*

The Linot. The Finch.

The *Spink*, the *Linot*, and the *Gold Finch* fill
All the fresh Aire with their sweet warbles shrill.

The Nightingale.

But, These are nothing to the *Nightingale*,
Breathing, so sweetly from a breast so small,
So many Tunes, whose Harmony excels
Our Voice, our Violls, and all Musick els.
Good Lord! how oft in a green Oaken Grove,
In the cool shadow have I stood and strove
To marry mine immortall Layes to theirs,
Rapt with delight of their delicious Aiers!
And (yet) me thinks, in a thick thorn I hear
A Nightingale to warble sweetly, cleer.
One while she bears the Base, anon the Tenor,
Anon the Trebble, then the Counter-Tenor:
Then all at once; (as it were) chalenging
The rarest voices with her self to sing.
Thence thirty steps, amid the leafie Sprayes,
Another *Nightingale* repeats her Layes,
Just Note for Note, and adds some Strain at last,
That she hath conned all the Winter past:

The

The first replyes, and descants there-upon;
With divine warbles of Division,
Redoubling Quavers; And so (turn by turn)
Alternatly they sing away the Morn:
So that the conquest in this curious strife
Doth often cost the one her voyce and life:
Then, the glad Victor all the rest admire,
And after count her Mistress of the Quire.
At break of Day, in a Delicious song
She sets the *Gam-ut* to a hundred yong:
And, when as fit for higher Tunes she sees them,
Then learnedly she harder Lessons gives-them;
Which, strain by strain, they studiously recite,
And follow all their Mistres Rules aright.

Divers other delicate, and gentle birds.

The *Colchian Pheasant*, and the *Partridge* rare,
The lustfull *Sparrow*, and the fruitfull *Stare*,
The chattering *Pye*, the chastest *Turtle-Dove*, (love)
The grizel *Quoist*, the *Thrush* (that Grapes doth
The little *Gnat-snap* (worthy Princes Boords)
And the greene *Parrat*, fainer of our Words,
Wait on the *Phœnix*, and admire her tunes,
And gaze themselves in her blew golden plumes.

Ravenous Birds.

The ravening *Kite*, whose train doth well supply
A Rudders place, the *Falcon* mounting high,
The *Marlin*, *Lanar*, and the gentle-*Tercell*,
Th' *Ospray*, and *Saker*, with a nimble sarcell
Follow the *Phœnix*, from the Clouds (almost)
At once discovering many an unknow'n Coast.
In the swift Rank of these fell Rovers, flies
The *Indian Griffin* with the glistring eyes,
Beak *Eagle-like*, back sable, sanguin brest, (prest
White (Swan-like) wings, fierce talons alwaies
For bloody battails; for, with these he tears
Boars, Lions, Horses, Tigres, Bulls, and Bears;
With these, our Grandams fruitfull panch he puls,
Whence many an Ingot of pure Gold he culls,
To floor his proud nest, builded strong and steep
On a high Rock, better his thefts to keep:
With these, he guards against an Army bold
The hollow Mines where first he findeth Gold;
As wroth, that men upon his right should rove,
Or theevish hands usurp his *Tresor-trove*.

Detestation of Avarice, for her execrable and dangerous effects.

O I ever may'st thou fight so (valiant Fowl)
For this dire bane of our seduced soule:
And (with thee) may the *Dardan* Ants so ward
The Gold committed to their carefull Guard, (her
That hence-forth hopeless, mans frail mind may rest-
From seeking that, which doth it's Masters master.
O odious poyson! for the which we dive
To *Pluto's* dark Den: for the which we rive
Our Mother Earth; and, not contented with
Th' abundant gifts she outward offereth,
With sacrilegious Tools we rudely rend-her,
And ransack deeply in her bosom tender,
While under ground wee live in hourly fear
When the frail Mines shall over-whelm us there:
For which, beyond rich *Taproban*, we roule
Through thousand Seas to seek another Pole;
And, maugre Windes and Waters enmity,
We every Day new unknow'n Worlds descry:
For which (alas!) the brother sels his brother,
The Sire his Son, the Son his Sire and Mother,
The Man his Wife, the Wife her wedded Pheer,
The Friend his Friend: O! what not sell we heer,
Sithence to satiat our Gold-thirsty gall,
We sell our selves, our very soules and all? (playes,

Night-Fowles & solitary Birds.

Neer these, the *Crowe* his greedy wings dis-
The long-liv'd *Rav'n*, th' *infamous Bird* that layes
His Bastard Egges within the nests of other,
To have them hatcht by an unkindely Mother:
The *Skrich-Owle*, us'd in falling Towres to lodge,
Th' unlucky *Night-Rav'n*, and thou lasie *Madge*
That fearing light, still seekest where to hide
The hate and scorn of all the Birds beside.

Water fowls.

But (gentle *Muse*) tell me what *Fowls* are those
That but even-now from flaggy Fenns arose?
'Tis th' hungry *Hern*, the greedy *Cormorant*,
The *Coot* and *Curlew*, which the moors doo haunt;
The nimble *Teal*, the *Mallard* strong in flight,
The *Di-dapper*, the *Plover* and the *Snight*:
The silver *Swan*, that dyng singeth best,
And the *Kings-Fisher*; which so builds her nest,
By the Sea-side in midst of Winter Season, (Reason)
That man (in whom shines the bright Lamp of
Cannot devise, with all the wit he ha's,
Her little building how to raise or raze:
So long as there her quiet Couch she keeps;
Sicilian Sea exceeding calmly sleeps;
For, *Æolus*, fearing to drown her brood,
Keeps home the while, & troubles not the Flood.
The Pirat (dwelling alwayes in his Bark)
In's Calendar her building Dayes doth mark:
And the rich Merchant resolutely venters,
So soon as th' *Halcyon* in her brood-bed enters.
Mean-while, the *Langa*, skimming (as it were)
The Oceans surface, seeketh every where
The hugy Whale; where slipping-in (by Art)
In his vast mouth, shee feeds upon his heart.

Strange admirable Birds.

New-Spain's *Cucuio*, in his forhead brings
Two burning Lamps, two underneath his wings:
Whose shining Rayes serve oft, in darkest night,
Th' Imbroderer's hand in royall Works to light:
Th' ingenious Turner, with a wakefull eye,
To polish fair his purest Ivory:
The Usurer to count his glistring treasures:
The learned Scribe to limn his golden measures.
But note we now, towards the rich *Moluques*,
Those passing strange & wondrous (birds) * *Mama-*
(Wond'rous indeed, if Sea, or Earth, or Sky, (ques
Say ever wonder, swim, or go or fly) (breeds them:
None knowes their nest, none knowes the dam that
Food-less they live; for, th' Aire alonely feeds them:
Wing-less they fly; and yet their flight extends,
Till with their flight, their unknow'n lives-date ends.

* With us call'd Birds of Paradise.

Charitable Birds.

The *Stork*, still eying her deer *Thessalie*,
The *Pelican* consorteth cheerfully:
Praise-worthy Payer; with pure examples yeeld
Of faithfull Father, and officious Childe:
Th' one quites (in time) her Parents love exceeding,
From whom she had her birth & tender breeding;
Not onely brooding under her warm brest
Their age-chill'd bodies bed-rid in the nest;
Nor only bearing them upon her back (they lack;
Through th' empty Aire, when their own wings
But also, sparing (This let Children note)
Her daintiest food from her own hungry throat,
To feed at home her feeble Parents, held
From forraging, with heavie Gyves of Eld.

The

The other, kindly, for her tender Brood
Tears her own bowells, trilleth-out her blood
To heal her young, and in a wondrous sort
Unto her Children doth her life transport:
For, finding them by som fell Serpent slain,
She rents her brest, and doth upon them rain
Her vitall humour; whence recovering heat,
They by her death, another life do get:
A Type of *Christ*, who, sin-thrall'd man to free,
Became a captive; and on shamefull Tree (save-us,
(Self-guiltless) shed his blood, by's wounds to
And salve the wounds th' old Serpent firstly gave-
And so became, of meer immortall, mortall; (us:
Thereby to make frail mortall Man, immortall.

Lessons for mankinde, out of the consideration of the natures of divers creatures.

Thus doo'st thou print (O Parent of this All)
In every brest of brutest Animall
A kind instinct, which makes them dread no less
Their Childrens danger, than their owne decease;
That so, each Kinde may last immortally,
Though th' *Individuum* pass successively.
So fights a *Lion*, not for glory (then)
But for his Deer Whelpes taken from his Den
By Hunters fell: He fiercely roareth out,
He wounds, he kils; amid the thickest rout,
He rushes-in, dread-less of spears, and darts, (parts;
Swords, shafts, & staves, though hurt in thousand
And brave-resolved, till his last breath lack,
Never gives-over, nor an inch gives-back:
Wrath salves his wounds: and lastly (to conclude)
When, over-layd with might and Multitude,
He needs must die; dying, he more bemoanes,
Than his own death, his Captive little-Ones.
So, for their young our *Masty Currs* will fight,
Eagerly bark, bristle their backs, and bite.
So, in the *Deep*, the *Dog-Fish* for her Fry
Lucina's throwes a thousand times doth try:
For, seeing when the suttle Fisher followes them,
Again alive into her womb she swallows them;
And when the perill's past, she brings them thence,
As from the Cabins of a safe defence;
And (thousand lives to their deer Parent owing)
As sound as ever in the Seas are rowing.
So doth a *Hen* make of her wings a Targe
To shield her *Chickens* that she hath in charge:
And so, the *Sparrow* with her angry bill
Defends her brood from such as would them ill.

The Crane.

I hear the *Crane* (if I mistake not) cry;
Who in the Clouds forming the forked Y,
By the brave orders practiz'd under her,
Instructeth souldiers in the Art of War.
For when her Troops of wandring Cranes forsake
Frost-firmed *Strymon*, and (in *Autumn*) take
Truce with the *Northren Dwarfs*, to seek adventure
In *Southren Climates* for a milder Winter;
A front each Band a forward Captain flies,
Whose pointed Bill cuts passage through the skies;
Two skilfull Sergeants keep the Ranks aright,
And with their voyce hasten their tardy Flight;
And when the honey of care-charming sleep
Sweetly begins through all their veins to creep,
One keeps the Watch, and ever carefull-most,
Walks many a Round about the sleeping Hoast,
Still holding in his claw a stony clod,
Whose fall may wake him if he hap to nod.

Y

Another doth as much, a third, a fourth,
Untill, by turns, the Night be turned forth.

The Peacock.

There, the fair *Peacock* beautifully brave,
Proud, portly-strouting, stalking, stately-grave,
Wheeling his starry Trayn, in pomp displayes
His glorious eyes to *Phœbus* golden rayes.

The Cock.

Close by his side stands the courageous *Cock*,
Crest-peoples King, the Peasants trusty Clock,
True Morning Watch, *Aurora's* Trumpeter,
The Lyons terror, true Astronomer,
Who daily riseth when the Sun doth rise;
And when *Sol* setteth, then to roost he hies.

The Bittridge.

There, I perceive amid the flowry Plain
The mighty *Estridge*, striving oft in vain
To mount among the flying multitude
(Although with feathers, not with flight indu'd):
Whose greedy stomack steely gads digests;
Whose crisped train adorns triumphant crests.

Thou happy Witness of my happy Watches,
Blush not (my Book) nor think it thee dismatches,
To bear about upon thy paper-Tables,
Flies, Butterflies, Gnats, Bees, and all the rabbles

Of Insects: in the Creation wherof the wisedome of their Maker shineth admirably.

Of other *Insects* (endless to rehearse)
Limn'd with the pencill of my various Verse;
Sith these are also his wise Workmanships
Whose fame did never obscure Work eclipse:
And sith in These he shows us every howr
More wondrous proofs of his Almighty powr
Than in huge Whales, or hideous Elephants,
Or whatsoever other Monster haunts
In storm-less Seas, raising a storm about,
While in the Sea another Sea they spout.
For, if old Times admire *Callicrates*
For Ivory *Emmets*; and *Mermecides*
For framing of a rigged Ship, so small
That with her wings a *Bee* can hide it all
(Though th' Artfull fruits of all their curious pain,
Fit for no use, were but inventions vain)
Admire we then th' all-wise Omnipotence,
Which doth within so narrow space dispence
So stiff a sting, so stout and valiant heart,

Of Flyes.

So loud a voyce, so prudent wit and Art,
For, where's the State beneath the Firmament,

Of Bees.

That doth excell the Bees for Government?
No, no: bright *Phœbus*, whose eternall Race
Once every Day about the World doth pase,
Sees heer no Citie, that in Rites and Laws
(For Equitie) neer to their Justice draws:

* Venice.

Not * That which flying from the furious *Hun*,
In th' *Adrian* Sea another World begun.
Their well-rul'd State my soule so much admires,
That, durst I loose the Rains of my desires,
I gladly could digress from my designe,
To sing a while their sacred Discipline:
But if, of all, whose skilfull Pencils dare
To counterfeit th' Almightie's Models rare,
None yet durst finish that fair Peece, wherein
Learned *Apelles* drew *Love's* wanton Queen;
Shall I presume *Hymettus* Mount to climbe,
And sing the *Bees* praise in mine humble rime?
Which *Latian* Bards inimitable Prince
Hath warbled twice about the banks of *Mince*?

* The Silkworm.

Yet may I not that little * *Worm* pass-by,
Of Fly turn'd Worm, and of a Worm a Fly:

Two

Two births, 2 deaths, heer Nature hath aſſign'd-her;
Leaving a Poſt-hume (dead-live) ſeed behind-her,
Which ſoon transforms the freſh and tender leaves
Of *Thisbes* pale Tree, to thoſe ſlender ſleaves
(On ovall clews) of ſoft, ſmooth, *Silken* flakes,
Which more for us, than for her ſelf, ſhe makes.
O precious fleece! which onely did adorn
The ſacred loyns of Princes heretofom:
But our proud Age, with prodigall abuſe,
Hath ſo profan'd th' old honourable uſe,
That ſhifters now, who ſcarce have bread to eat,
Diſdain plain *Silk*, unleſs it be beſet
With one of thoſe deer Metals, whoſe deſire
Burns greedy ſoules with an immortall fire.
Though laſt, not leaſt; brave *Eagle*, no contempt
Made me ſo long thy ſtory hence exempt
(*Nor* LESS-EX *told ſhall thy true vertues be,*
For th' Eyrie's ſake that ownes my Muſe and mee;
Where Jov's *and* Juno's *ſtately Birds be billing,*
Their azure Field with faireſt Eaglets *filling*
(Azure *they bear three* Eaglets *Argentine,*
A Cheuron *Ermin grailed* Or *between*).
WIt, CHieftie, RICHeſs, *to* THem all *I Wiſh*
In Earth; in Heav'n th' immortall Crown *of Bliſs.*)
For, well I knowe, thou holdeſt (worthily)
That place among the Aëry flocks that fly,
As doth the *Dragon*, or the *Cockatrice*
Among the baneſull Creeping Companies:
The noble *Lion* among ſavage beaſts:
And gentle *Dolphin* 'mong the Dyving gueſts.
I knowe thy courſe; I know, thy conſtant ſight
Can fixly gaze againſt Heav'ns greateſt Light.
But, as the Phœnix on my Front doth gliſter,
Thou ſhalt the Finials of my Frame illuſtre.

A ſtrange and notable ſtory of the love and death of an Eagle.

On *Thracian* ſhoar of the ſame ſtormy ſtream,
Which did inherit both the bones and name
Of *Phryxus* Siſter (and not far from thence
Where love-blind *Heros* hap-leſs diligence,
In ſteed of Loves lamp, lighted Deaths cold brand,
To waſt *Leanders* naked limbs to land)
There dwelt a Maid, as noble, and as rich,
As fair as *Hero*, but more chaſte by much:
For, her ſteel breſt ſtil blutned all the Darts
Of *Paphos* Archer, and eſchew'd his Arts.
One day, this Damſell through a Forreſt thick
Hunting among her Friends (that ſport did ſeek)
Unto a ſteep Rocks thorny-thrummed top
(Where, one (almoſt) would fear to clamber up)
Two tender *Eaglets* in a neſt eſpies;
Which 'gainſt the Sun ſate trying of their eyes;
Whoſe callow backs and bodies round about
With ſoft ſhort quils began to briſtle out;
Who yawning wide, with empty gorge did gape
For wonted fees out of their Parents rape.
Of theſe two *Fowls* the faireſt up ſhe takes
Into her boſom, and great haſte ſhe makes
Down from the Rock, and ſhivering yet for feat
Trips home as faſt as her-light feet can bear:
Even as a Wolf, that hunting for a prey,
And having ſtoln (at laſt) ſome Lamb away;
Flyes with down-hanging head, and leereth back
Whether the Maſtife doo purſue his track.
In time, this *Eagle* was ſo throughly mann'd,
That from the Quarry to her Miſtreſs hand
At the firſt call 't would come; and faun upon-her,
And bill and bow, in ſigne of love and honour:
On th' other ſide, the Maiden makes as much
Of her deer Bird; ſtroking with gentle touch
Her wings and train, and with a wanton voyce
It wantonly doth cheriſh and rejoyce:
And (pretty-fondling) ſhe doth prize it higher
Than her owne beauties; which all elſe admire.
But (as fell Fates mingle our ſingle joyes,
With bitter gall of infinite annoyes)
An extream Fever vext the Virgins bones
(By one diſeaſe to cauſe two deaths at once)
Conſum'd her fleſh, and wanly did diſplace
The Roſe-mixt-Lillies in her lovely face.
Then far'd the *Foul* and *Faireſt* both a-like;
Both like tormented, both like ſhivering ſick;
So that, to note their paſſions, one would gather
That *Lacheſis* ſpun both their lives together.
But oft the *Eagle*, ſtriving with her Fit,
Would fly abroad to ſeek ſome dainty bit,
For her deer Miſtreſs: and with nimble wing,
Some *Rail*, or *Quail*, or *Partridge* would ſhe bring;
Paying with food, the food receiv'd ſo oft,
From thoſe fair Ivory, Virgin-fingers ſoft,
During her nonage, yer ſhe durſt eſſay
To cleave the ſky, and for her ſelfe to prey.
The Fever now with ſpiteſull fits had ſpent
The blood and marrow of this Innocent,
And Life reſign'd to cruell Death her right;
Who three dayes after doth the Eagle cite.
The fearfull Hare durſt now frequent the Down;
And round about the Wals of *Hero's* Town,
The Tercel-gentle, and ſwift Falcon flew,
Dread-leſs of th' *Eagle* that ſo well they knew:
For ſhe (alas!) lies on her Ladies bed,
Still-ſadly mourning; though a-live, yet dead:
For, O! how ſhould ſhe live, ſith Fatall knife
Hath cut the thread of her lives deereſt life? (vers)
O're the deer Corps ſomtimes her wings ſhe ho-
Somtimes the dead breſt with her breſt ſhe covers;
Somtimes her neck doth the pale neck embrace;
Somtimes ſhe kiſſes the cold lips and face;
And with ſad murmurs ſhe lamenteth ſo;
That her ſtrange moan augments the Parents wo.
Thrice had bright *Phœbus* daily Chariot run
Paſt the proud *Pillars* of *Alcmenas* ſon,
Since the fair Virgin paſt the fatall Ferry
Where (laſtly) Mortals leave their burthens weary;
And yet this dolefull Bird, drown'd in her tears,
All comfort-leſs, Reſt and Repaſt forbears:
So much (alas!) ſhe ſeemeth to contend,
Her life and ſorrows both at once to end.
But laſtly, finding all theſe means too-weak,
The quick diſpatch, that ſhe did wiſh, to wreak;
With ire and anguiſh both at once enraged,
Unnaturally her proper breſt ſhe gaged,
And tears her bowels, ſtorming bitterly
That all theſe deaths could yet not make her dy.
But, loe the while, about the lightſom door
Of th' hap-leſs houſe, a mournfull troop, that bore
Black on their back, and Tapers in their fiſts,
Tears on their cheeks, and ſorrow in their breſts;
Who, taking up the ſacred Load (at laſt)
Whoſe happy ſoule already Heav'n embrac't;

With

With shrill, sad cries, march toward the fatall Pile
With solemn pase: The silly Bird, the while,
Following far-off, her bloody entrails trails;
Honouring, with convoy, two sad Funerals.
No sooner had the Ceremonious Flame
Embrac't the body of her tender Dame,
But suddenly, distilling all with blood,
Down soust the *Eagle* on the blazing wood:
Nor boots the *Flamine*, with his sacred wand,
A hundred times to beat her from her stand:
For, to the midst still of the *Pile* she plies;
And, singing sweet her Ladies Obsequies,
There burns her selfe, and blendeth happily
Her bones with hers she lov'd so tenderly.
O happy Pair! upon your sable Toomb,
May *Mel* and *Manna* ever showring come;
May sweetest Myrtles ever shade your Herse,
And evermore live you within my Verse.

So Morne and Evening the Fifth Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

THE

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THE SIXTH DAY OF THE FIRST VVEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Inviting all, which through this world, aſpire
Unto the next, God's glorious Works t' admire;
Heer, on the Stage, our noble Poet brings
Beaſts of the Earth, Cattell, and creeping things:
Their hurt and help to us: The ſtrange events
Between Androdus, *and the Forreſt Prince.*
The little-World *(Commander of the greater)*
Why formed laſt: his admirable feature:
His Heav'n-born Soule; her wondrous operation;
His deareſt Rib: All Creatures generation.

An exhortation to all which through the Pilgrimage of this life, tend toward the everlaſting Citie, to conſider well the excellent works of God, heer repreſented by our Poet.

YOu Pilgrims, which (through this worlds City)
Toward th'happy Citie, where withouten end
True joyes abound; to anchor in the Port
Where Deaths pale horrors never doe reſort:
If you will ſee the fair Amphitheaters,
Th' Arks, Arcenals, Towrs, Temples, and Theaters,
Coloſſes, Cirques, Pyles, Ports, and Palaces
Proudly diſperſed in your Paſſages;
Come, come with me: for, there's not any part
In this great Frame where ſhineth any Art,
But I will ſhow 't you. Are you weary, ſince?
What tyr'd ſo ſoon? Why, wil you not (my friends)
Having already ventur'd forth ſo far (war)
On *Neptun*'s back (through Windes & Waters
Rowe yet a ſtroak, the Harbour to recover,
Whoſe ſhoars already my glad eyes diſcover?
Almighty Father, guide their Guide along,
And pour upon my faint unfluent tongue
The ſweeteſt hony of th' *Hyanthian* Fount,
Which freſhly purleth from the Muſes Mount,
With the ſweet charm of my Victorious Verſe,
Tame furious Lions, Bears, and Tigers fierce;
Make (all the while) Beaſts, laying fury by,
To come with Homage to my Harmony. (build,

OF ALL THE Beaſts which thou *This-Day* didſt
To haunt the Hils, the Forreſt, and the Field,
I ſee (as Vice-Roy of their Brutiſh Band)
The *Elephant* the Vant-guard doth command:
Worthy that Office; whether we regard
His Towred back, where many Souldiers ward;
Or elſe his Prudence, wherewithall he ſeems
T' obſcure the wits of human-kinde ſomtimes:
As ſtudious Scholar, he ſelf-rumineth
His leſſons giv'n, his King he honoureth,
Adores the Moon: moved with ſtrange deſire,
He feels the ſweet flames of th' *Idalian* fire,
And (pierc't with glance of a kinde-cruell eye)
For humane beauty, ſeems to ſigh and dye.
Yea (if the *Gracians* doe not miſ-recite)
With 's crooked trumpet he doth ſomtimes write.
But, his huge ſtrength, or ſubtile wit, cannot
Defend him from the ſly *Rhinocerot*:
Who (never with blinde fury led) doth venter
Upon his Foe, but (yer the Liſts he enter)

The Elephant.

His combat with the Rhinoceros.

Against a Rock he whetteth round about
The dangerous pike upon his armed snout:
Then buckling close, doth not (at randon) hack
On the hard Cuiras's on his Enemies back;
But under's belly (cunning) findes a skin,
Where (and but there) his sharpned blade will in.
The scaly *Dragon*, being else too lowe
For th' *Elephant*, up a thick Tree doth goe;
So, closely ambusht almost every Day,
To watch the Carry-Castle, in his way:
Who, once approching, straight his stand he leaves,
And round about him he so closely cleaves
His com- bat with the Dragon. With 's wrything body; that his Enemy
(His stinging knots unable to un-tie)
Hastes to some Tree, or to some Rock, whereon
To rush and rub-off his detested zone,
The fell embraces of whose dismall clasp
Have almost brought him to his latest gasp.
Then, suddenly, the *Dragon* slips his hold
The true Image of civill War. From th' *Elephant*, and sliding down, doth fold
About his fore-legs, fetter'd in such order,
That stocked there, he now can stir no further;
While th' *Elephant* (but to no purpose) strives
With 's winding Trunk t' undoe his wounding
His furious foe thrusts, in his nose, his nose; (gyves;
Then head & all; and there-withall doth close
His breathing passage: but, his victory
He joyes not long; for his huge Enemy,
Falling down dead, doth with his weighty Fall
Crush him to death, that caus'd his death, withall:
Simile. Like factious *French-men*, whose fell hands pursue
In their own brests their furious blades t' embrew,
While pitie-les, hurried with blinded zeal,
In her own blood they bathe their Common-weal;
When as at *Dreux* S. *Denis*, and *Mountcounter*,
Their parricidiall bloody swords encounter;
Making their Countrey (as a Tragick Tomb)
T' enter th' Earth's terror in her hap-les's womb.
Or, like our own (late) YORK *and* LANCASTER,
Sanne. *Ambitious broachers of that Viper-War,*
Which did the womb of their own Dam devour,
And spoil'd the freshest of fair ENGLAND'S *Flowr;*
*When (*WHITE *&* RED*) *ROSE *against* ROSE, *they*
Brother 'gainst Brother, to the knees in blood: (stood,
While Wakefield, Barnet *&* S. Alban's *streets*
Were drunk with deer blood of PLANTAGENETS:
Where, either Conquer'd, and yet neither won;
Sith, by them both, was but their Owne undon.
Neer th' *Elephant*, comes th' horned * *Hirable*,
Stream-troubling *Camell*, and strong-necked *Bull*,
The lazy-pased (yet laborious) *Asse*,
The quick, proud *Courser*, which the rest doth passe
For apt address; *Mars* and his Master loving,
After his hand with ready lightness moving:
This, out of hand, will self advance, and bound,
Corvet, pase, manage, turn, & trot the Round: (him;
That followes loose behind the Groom that keeps-
This, kneeleth down the while his Master leaps him:
This, runs on Corn-fats, & ne'r bends their quils;
That, on the Water, and ne'r wets his heels.
In a fresh Troup, the fearfull *Hare* I note,
Th' oblivious *Conney*, and the brouzing *Goat*,
The sloathfull *Swine*, the golden-fleeced *Sheep*,
The light-foot *Hart*, which every yeer doth weep
(As a sad Recluse) for his branched head,
That in the Spring-time he before hath shed.
O! what a sport, to see a Heard of them
Take soyl in Summer in some spacious stream!
One swims before; another on his chine,
Nigh half-upright, doth with his brest incline;
On that, another; and so all doe ride
Each after other: and still, when their guide
Growes to be weary, and can leade no more,
He that was hindmost coms and swims before:
Like as in Cities, still one Magistrate
Bears not the Burthen of the common State;
But having past his Yeer, he doth discharge
On others shoulders his sweet-bitter Charge.
But, of all Beasts, none steadeth Man so much
As doth the *Dog*; his diligence is such: Dog.
A faithfull Guard, a watchfull Sentinell,
A painfull Purveyor, that with perfect smell
Provides great Princes many a dainty mess,
A friend till death, a helper in distress,
Dread of the Wolf, Feare of the fearfull Thief,
Fierce Combatant, and of all Hunters chief.
There skips the *Squirrill*, seeming Weather-wise, Squirrill.
Without beholding of Heav'ns twinkling eyes:
For, knowing well which way the winde will
He shifts the portall of his little Grange. (change,
There's th' wanton *Weazell*, and the wily *Fox*, Weazell. Fox.
The witty *Monkey*, that mans action mocks: Monkey.
The sweat-sweet *Civit*, deerly fetcht from far Civit Cat.
For Courtiers nice, past *Indian Tarnassar*.
There, the wise *Bever*, who, pursu'd by foes, Bever, or Bezar.
Tears-off his codlings, and among them throwes;
Knowing that Hunters on the *Pontik* Heath
Doe more desire that ransom, than his death.
There, the rough *Hedg-hog*; who, to shun his thrall, Hedg-hog.
Shrinks up himself as round as any Ball;
And fastning his slowe feet under his chin,
On's thistly bristles rowles him quickly in. (strange
But th' eye of Heav'n beholdeth nought more
Than the *Chameleon*, who with various change Chameleon.
Receives the colour that each object gives,
And (food-les else) of th' Aire alonely lives.
My blood congeales, my sudden swelling brest
Can hardly breathe, with chill cold cakes oppress;
My hair doth stare, my bones for feare doe quake,
My colour changes, my sad heart doth shake:
And, round about, Deaths Image (ghastly-grim)
Before mine eyes all-ready seems to swim.
O! who is he that would not be astound,
To be (as I am) heer environ'd round,
With cruell'st Creatures, which for Mastery, Creatures venemous, and offen- sive to man.
Have vow'd against us end-les Enmity?
Phœbus would faint, *Alcides* self would dread,
Although the first drad *Python* conquered,
And th' other vanquisht th' *Erymanthian* Boar,
The *Nemean* Lion and a many more.
What strength of arm, or Art-full stratagem,
From *Nile*'s fell Rover could deliver them, The Croco- dile.
Who runs, and rowes, warring by Land & Water
'Gainst men and Fishes, subject to his slaughter?
Or from the furious *Dragon*, which alone Dragon.
Set-on a Roman Army; whereupon
Stout *Regulus* as many Engines spent,
As to the ground would *Carthage* walls have rent?

What

* Alias *Giraffe*, alias *Anabulat* an Indian Sheep, or a wilde Sheep. The Hirable. Camell. Bull. Asse. Horse.

The Hare. The Conny. Goat. Swine. Sheep. Deere.

What shot-free Corslet, or what counsell crafty,
'Gainst th' angry *Aspick* could assure them safety,
Who (faithfull husband) over Hill and Plain
Pursues the man that his dear Pheer hath slain;
Whom he can finde amid the thickest throng,
And in an instant, venge him of his wrong?
What shield of *Ajax* could avoid their death
By th' *Basilisk*, whose pestilentiall breath
Doth pearce firm Marble, and whose banefull eye
Wounds with a glance, so that the soundest dye?
Lord! if so be, thou for mankinde didst rear
This rich round Mansion (glorious every where)
Alas! why didst thou on *This-Day* create
These harmfull Beasts, which but exasperate
Our thorny life? O! wert thou pleas'd to form
Th' inammel'd *Scorpion*, and the *Viper*-worm,
Th' horned *Cerastes*, th' *Alexandrian Skink*,
Th' *Adder*, and *Dryas* (full of odious stink)
Th' *Eft*, *Snake*, and *Dipsas* (causing deadly Thirst):
Why hast thou arm'd them with a rage so curst?
Pardon, good God, pardon me; 't was our pride,
Not thou, that troubled our first happy tyde,
And in the Childehood of the World did bring
Th' *Amphisbena*, her double banefull sting.
Before that *Adam* did revolt from Thee,
And (curious) tasted of the *sacred Tree*,
He lived King of *Eden*, and his brow
Was never blankt with pallid fear, as now:
The fiercest Beasts, would at his word, or beck,
Bow to his yoak their self-obedient neck;
As now the ready *Horse* is at command
To the good Rider's spur, or word, or wand;
And doth not wildely his own will perform,
But his that rules him with a steddy arm.
Yea, as forgetfull of so foule offence,
Thou left'st him (yet) sufficient wisdome, whence
He might subdue, and to his service stoop
The stubborn'st heads of all the savage troop.
Of all the creatures through the Welking liding,
Walking on Earth, or in the Waters sliding;
Th' hast armed som with Poyson, som with Paws,
Som with sharp Antlers, som with griping Claws;
Som with keen Tushes, som with crooked Beaks,
Som with thick Cuirets, som with scaly necks;
But mad'st Man naked, and for Weapons fit
Thou gav'st him nothing but a pregnant Wit;
Which rusts and duls, except it subject finde
Worthy it's worth, wherein it self to grinde;
And (as it were) with envious armies great,
Be round about besieged and beset.
For, what boot *Milo's* brawny shoulders broad,
And sinnewie Arms, if but a common load
He alwaies bear? what Bayes, or Olive boughs,
Parsley, or Pine, shall crown his warlike brows,
Except some other *Milo*, entring Lists,
Courageously his boasted strength resists?
" In deepest perils shineth Wisdomes prime:
" Through thousand deaths true Valour seeks to clime;
" Well knowing, Conquest yeelds but little Honour,
" If bloody Danger doe not wait upon her.
O gracious Father! th' hast not onely lent
Prudence to Man, the Perils to prevent,
Wherewith these foes threaten his feeble life:
But (for his sake) hast set at mutuall strife,
Serpents with *Serpents*, and hast rais'd them foes
Which, unprovoked, felly them oppose.
Thou mak'st th' ingratefull *Viper* (at his birth)
His dying Mothers belly to gnaw forth:
Thou mak'st the *Scorpion* (greedy after food)
Unnaturally devour his proper brood;
Whereof, one scaping from the Parents hunger,
With's death doth vengence on his brethrens wronger:
Thou mak'st the *Weazell*, by a secret might,
Murder the *Serpent* with the murdering sight;
Who so surpriz'd, striving in wrathfull manner,
Dying himself, kils with his baen his Baner.
Thou mak'st th' *Ichneumon* (whom the *Memphs*
To rid of Poysons *Nile's* manured shore; (adore)
Although (indeed) he doth not conquer them
So much by strength as subtile stratagem.
As he that (urg'd with deep indignity)
By a proud Chalenge doth his foe defie,
Premeditates his posture and his play,
And arms himself so compleat every way
(With wary hand guided with watchfull eye,
And ready foot to traverse skilfully)
That the Defendant, in the heat of fight,
Findes no part open for his blade to light:
So *Pharaohs* Rat, yet he begin the fray
'Gainst the blinde *Aspick*, with a cleaving Clay
Upon his coat he wraps an Earthen Cake,
Which afterward the Suns hot beams doe bake:
Arm'd with this Plaister, th' *Aspick* he approcheth;
And in his throat his crooked tooth he brocheth;
While th' other boot-less strives to pierce & prick
Through the hard temper of his armour thick:
Yet, knowing himself too-weak (for all his wile)
Alone to match the scaly *Crocodile*;
Hee, with the *Wren*, his ruine doth conspire.
The *Wren*, who seeing (opprest with sleeps desire)
Nile's spoyly Pirate preys the slimy shore,
Suddenly comes, and hopping him before;
Into his mouth he skips, his teeth he pickles;
Cleanseth his palate, and his throat so tickles,
That charm'd with pleasure, the dull *Serpent* gapes
Wider and wider with his ugly chaps:
Then like a shaft, th' *Ichneumon* instantly
Into the Tyrants greedy gorge doth flie,
And feeds upon that Glutton, for whose Riot
All *Nile's* fat maigents scarce could furnish diet.
Nay, more, good Lord, th' hast taught Mankind a Reason
To draw Life out of Death, & Health from Poyson:
So that in equall Balance balancing
The Good and Evill which these Creatures bring
Unto Mans life, we shall perceive, the first
By many grains to over-weigh the worst.
From Serpents scap't, yet am I scarce in saf'ty:
Alas! I see a Legion fierce and lofty
Of *Savages*, whose fleet and furious pase;
Whose horrid roaring, and whose hideous face
Make my sense sense-less, and my speech restrain,
And cast me in my former fears again.
Already howls the waste-full *Wolf*, the *Boar*
Whets foamy Fangs, the hungry *Bear* doth roar,
The Cat-fac't *Ounce*, that doth me much dismay,
With grumbling horror threatens my decay;
The light-foot *Tigre*, spotted *Leopard*,
Foaming with fury doe besiege me hard;

Aspick.

Basilisk.

Why God created such anysome & dangerous creatures: Sin the occasion of the hart they can do us.

Simile.

God hath given us wisdome to avoid and vanquish them.

God hath set them at enmity among themselves.

The Viper and Scorpion with their young.

The Weazell against the Basilisk.

The Ichneumon against the Aspick.

The Ichneumon & the Wren against the Crocodile.

God hath taught us to make great use of them.

Fierce and unreasonable beasts.

The Wolf. Boar. Bear.

Ounce.

Tigre. Leopard.

Then th' *Unicorn*, th' *Hyæna* tearing-tombs,
Swift *Mantichor'*, and *Nubian Cephus* coms:
Of which last three, each hath (as heer they stand)
Man's voice, Man's visage, Man-like foot and hand.
I fear the Beast bred in the bloody Coast
Of *Cannibals*, which thousand times (almost)
Re-whelps her whelps, and in her tender womb
Shee doth as oft her living brood re-tomb.
But O! what Monster's this that bids me battell,
On whose rough back an Hoast of Pikes doth rattle:
Who string-less shoots so many arrows out,
Whose thorny sides are hedged round about
With stiff steel-pointed quils, and all his parts
Brisled with Bodkins, arm'd with Auls & Darts,
Which ay fierce darting, seem still fresh to spring,
And to his aid still new supplies to bring?
O fortunate Shaft-never-wanting Boaw-man!
Who, as thou fleest, canst hit thy following foe-man,
And never missest (or but very narrow)
Th' intended mark of thy selfs-kinred Arrow:
Who, still self-furnisht, needest borrow never
Diana's shafts, nor yet *Apollo*'s quiver,
Nor boaw-strings fetcht from *Cirtan Aleband*,
Brazell from *Peru*, but hast all at hand
Of thine own growth; for in thy Hide doe growe
Thy String, thy Shafts, thy Quiver and thy Boaw:
But (Courage now.) Heer coms the valiant Beast,
The noble *Lion*, King of all the rest;
Who, bravely minded, is as milde to those
That yeeld to him, as fierce unto his foes:
To humble suiters neither stern nor statefull;
To benefactors never found ingratefull.
I call to record that same *Roman* Thrall,
Who (to escape from his mechanicall
And cruell Master, that (for lucre) us'd him
Not as a Man; but, as a Beast, abus'd him)
Fled through the desart, and with travell tir'd,
At length into a mossie cave retir'd:
But there, no sooner 'gan the drowzy wretch
On the soft grass his weary limbs to stretch;
But, comming swift into the cave, he seeth
A ramping Lion gnashing of his teeth.
A thief, to shamefull execution sent
By *Justice*, for his faults just punishment,
Feeling his eyes clout, and his elbows cord,
Waiting for nothing but the fatall Sword;
Dies yer his death, he looks so certainly
Without delay in that drad place to Die:
Even so the Slave, seeing no means to shun
(By flight or fight) his fear'd destruction
(Having no way to flee, nor arms to fight,
But sighs and tears, prayers and wofull plight)
Embraceth Death; abiding, for a strown,
Pale, cold, and senseless, in a deadly swown.
At last, again his courage 'gan to gather,
When he perceiv'd no rage (but pitty rather)
In his new Hoast, who with milde looks & meek
Seem'd (as it were) succour of him to seek,
Shewing him oft one of his paws, wherein
A festering thorn for a long time had been. (nigher,
Then (though still fearfull) did the Slave draw
And from his foot he lightly snatcht the bryer;
And wringing gently with his hand the wound,
Made th' hot impostume run upon the ground.

Thenceforth the *Lion* seeks for Booties best
Through hill & dale, to cheere his new-com Guest,
His new Physician; who, for all his cost,
Soon leaves his Lodging, and his dreadfull Hoast;
And once more wanders through the wildernes,
Whither his froward Fortune would addres,
Untill (re-ta'en) his fell Lord brought him home,
For Spectacle unto Imperiall *Rome*,
To be (according to their barbarous Laws)
Bloodily torn with greedy Lions paws.
Fell *Cannibal*! Flint-hearted *Polyphem*!
If thou would'st needs exactly torture him
(Inhumane Monster, hatefull *Lestrigon*)
Why from thine owne hand hast thou let him gon,
To Bears and Lions to be giv'n for prey,
Thy self more fell, a thousand-fold, than they;
African Panthers, *Hyrcan* Tigres fierce,
Cleonian Lions, and *Pannonian* Bears,
Be not so cruell, as who violates
Sacred Humanity, and cruciates
His loyall subjects; making Recreations
Of Massacres, Combats, and sharp Taxations.
'Bove all the Beasts that fill'd the *Martian Field*
With blood and slaughter, one was most beheld;
One valiant Lion, whose victorious fights
Had conquer'd hundreds of those guilty wights,
Whose feeble skirmish had but striv'n in vain
To scape by combat their deserved pain.
That very Beast, with faint and fearfull feet
This Runnagate (at last) is fore't to meet;
And being entred in the bloody List,
The Lion rowz'd, and ruffles-up his Crest,
Shortens his body, sharpens his grim eye,
And (staring wide) he roareth hideously:
Then often swindging, with his sinnewy train,
Somtimes his sides, somtimes the dusty plain,
He whets his rage, and strongly rampeth on
Against his foe; who, nigh already gon
To drink of *Lethe*, lifteth to the Pole
Religious vows; not for his life, but soule.
After the Beast had marcht some twenty pase,
He sodain stops: and, viewing well the face
Of his pale foe, remembred (rapt with joy)
That this was he that eased his annoy:
Wherefore, converting from his hatefull wildeness,
From pride to pitie, & from rage to mildeness,
On his bleak face he both his eyes doth fix,
Fawning for homage, his lean hands he licks.
The Slave, thus knowing, and thus being knowne,
Lifts to the Heav'ns his front now houry growne,
And (now no more fearing his tearing paws)
He stroaks the Lion, and his poule he claws,
And learns by proof, that *A good turne at need,*
At first or last, shall be assur'd of meed.
THER's under Sun (as *Delphos* God did showe)
No better Knowledge, than *Our selfe to Knowe*:
There is no Theam more plentifull to scan,
Than is the glorious goodly Frame of MAN:
For in Man's self is Fire, Aire, Earth and Sea;
Man's (in a word) the World's *Epitomie*
Or little Map: which heer my Muse doth try
By the grand Pattern to exemplifie.
A witty Mason, doth not (with rare Art)
Into a Palace, *Paros* Rocks convert,

Seel

Vnicorn. Hyæna. Mantichora, a kind of Hyæna. Cephus, a kind of Ape or Munkey Chiurca.

The Percepine.

The Lion King of Beasts.

A memorable History of a Lion, acknowledging the kindness he had received of *Androdus*, a Roman Slave.

Nosce ipsum.

The second part of the sixth book: Wherein is discoursed at large of the creation of Man.

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And of the wonders of Gods wisdome, appearing both in his Body and Soule.

Seel it with gold, and to the Firmament
Rayse the proud Turrets of his Battlement;
And (to be brief) in every part of it,
Beauty to use, use unto beauty fit,
To th' end the Skrich-Owl, & Night-Raven should
In those fair walls their habitations hold:
But rather, for some wise and wealthy Prince
Able to judge of his arts excellence:
Even so, the Lord built not this All-Theater,
For the rude guests of Aire, & Woods, & Waters;
The world made for Man.
But, all for Him, who (whether he survey
The vast salt kingdoms, or th' Earth's fruitfull clay,
Or cast his eyes up to those twinkling Eyes
That with disordered order gild the Skyes)
Can every-where admire with due respect
Th' admired Art of such an Architect.
Now of all Creatures which his Word did make,
Man was created last, and why.
MAN was the last that living breath did take:
Not that he was the least; or that God durst
Not undertake so noble a Work at first:
Rather, because he should have made in vain
So great a Prince, without on whom to Reign.
Fit comparison.
A wise man never brings his bidden Guest
Into his Parlour, till his Room be drest,
Garnisht with Lights, and Tables neatly spred
Be with full dishes well-nigh furnished:
So our great God, who (bounteous) ever keeps
Heer open Court, and th' ever-bound-less Deeps
Of sweetest *Nectar* on us still distills
By twenty-times ten thousand sundry quills;
Would not our Grandsire to his Boord invite,
Yer he with Arras his fair house had dight,
And, under starry State-Cloaths plac't his plates
Fill'd with a thousand sugred delicates.
All other creatures nothing in respect of Man, made to the Image of God, with (as it were) great preparation, not all at once, but by interims, first his Body, & then his reasonable Soule.
All th' admirable Creatures made before,
Which Heav'n and Earth, and Ocean doe Adorn,
Are but Essays, compar'd in every part,
To this divinest Master-Piece of Art.
Therefore the supream peer-less Architect,
When (of meer nothing) he did first erect
Heav'n, Earth & Aire, & Seas; at once his thought,
His word and deed all in an instant wrought:
But, when he would his own selfs Type create,
Th' honour of Nature, th' Earths sole Potentate;
As if he would a Councell hold, he citeth
His sacred Power, his Prudence he inviteth,
Summons his Love, his Justice he adjourns,
Calleth his goodness, and his Grace returns,
To (as it were) consult about the birth
And building of a second God, of Earth;
And each (a-part) with liberall hand to bring
Some excellence unto so rare a thing.
Or rather, he consults with 's only Son
(His own true Pourtrait) what proportion, (stowe
What gifts, what grace, what soule he should be-
Gen. 1. 26. Upon his *Vice-Roy* of this Realm belowe.
When th' other things God fashion'd in their kind,
The Sea t' abound in Fishes he assign'd,
The Earth in Flocks: but, having Man in hand
His very self he seemed to command.
He both at-once both life and body lent
To other things; but when in Man he meant
In mortall limbs immortall life to place,
Hee seem'd to pawse, as in a weighty case:
And so at sundry moments finished
The Soule and Body of Earth's glorious Head,
Admired Artist, Architect divine,
Perfect and peer-less in all Works of thine,
Invocation.
So my rude hand on this rough Table guide
To paint the Prince of all thy Works beside,
That grave Spectators, in his face may spie
Apparent marks of thy Divinity.
Almighty Father, as of watery matter
It pleas'd thee make the people of the Water;
So, of an earthly substance mad'st thou all
Mans body created of the dust of the Earth.
The slimie Burgers of this Earthly Ball;
To th' end each Creature might (by consequent)
Part-sympathize with his own Element.
Therefore, to form thine Earthly Emperour,
Thou tookest Earth, and by thy sacred power
So tempered'st it, that of the very same
Dead shape-less lump didst *Adams* body frame:
Yet, not his face down to the Earth-ward bending
(Like Beasts that but regard their belly, ending
For ever all) but toward th' azure Skyes
Bright golden Lamps lifting his lovely Eyes; (look
That through their nerves, his better part might
Still to that place from whence her birth she took.
His Head the seat of understanding.
Also thou plantedst th' Intellectuall Pow'r
In th' highest stage of all this stately Bowr,
That thence it might (as from a Cittadell)
Command the members that too-oft rebell
Against his Rule: and that our Reason, there
Keeping continuall Garrison (as 't were)
Might, Avarice, Envie, and Pride subdue,
Lust, Gluttony, Wrath, Sloath, and all their Crew
Of factious Commons, that still strive to gaine
The golden Scepter from their Soverain.
The Eyes full of infinite admiration.
Th' Eyes (Bodie's guides) are set for Sentinell
In noblest place of all this Cittadell,
To spie far-off, that no miss-hap befall
At unawares the sacred Animall.
In forming these thy hand (so famous held)
Seemed almost to have it self excell'd,
Them not transpearcing, lest our eyes should be
As theirs, that Heav'n through hollow Canes doe
Yet see small circuit of the welkin bright, (see,
The Canes strict compass doth so clasp their Sight:
And lest so many open holes disgrace
The goodly form of th' Earthly Monarch's face.
These lovely Lamps, whose sweet sparks lively tur-
Wth sodain glance set coldest harts a-burning, (ning,
These windows of the Soule, these starry Twins,
These *Cupids* quivers have so tender skinns (ses)
Through which (as through a pair of shining glas-
Their radiant point of piercing splendor passes,
That they would soon be quenched and put-out
But that the Lord hath Bulwarkt them about;
By seating so their wondrous Orb, betwix
The Front, the Nose, and the vermillion Cheeks:
As in two Vallies pleasantly inclosed
The Browes and Eye-lids.
With pretty Mountains orderly disposed.
And as a Pent-house doth preserve a Wall
From Rain & Hail, & other Storms that fall: (hairs
The twinkling Lids with their quick-trembling
Defend the Eyes from thousand dang'rous fears.
Who fain would see how much a human face
A comely Nose doth beautifie and grace;

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Behold *Zopyrus*, who cut-off his Nose
For 's Princes sake, to circumvent his foes.
The Nose. The Nose, no less for use than beauty makes:
For, as a Conduit, it both gives and takes
Our living breath: it's as a Pipe put-up,
Whereby the moyst Brain's spongy boan doth sup
Sweet smelling fumes: it serveth as a gutter
To void the Excrements of grosseſt matter;
As by the Scull-seams, and the Pory Skin
Evaporate those that are light and thin: (smoak,
As through black Chimneyes flyes the bitter
Which but so vented would the Houshold choak.
And, sith that Time doth with his secret file
Fret and diminish each thing every-while;
And whatsoever heer begins and ends,
Wears every houre and its self-substance spends;
The Mouth. Th' Almighty made the Mouth to recompence
The Stomacks pension, and the Times expence
(Even as the green Trees, by their roots resume
Sap for the sap, that hourely they consume)
And plac't it so, that alwayes by the way,
By sent of meats the Nose might take Essay,
The watchfull Eie might true distinction make
'Twixt Herbs & Weeds, betwixt an Eel & Snake;
The Tongue And then th' impartiall Tongue might (at the last)
Censure their goodnes by their savory taste.
The Teeth. Two equall ranks of Orient Pearls impale (small
The open Throat: which (Quern-like) grinding
Th' imperfect food, soon to the Stomack send-it (it.
(Our Master-Cook) whose due concoctions mend-
But least the Teeth, naked and bare to Light,
Should in the Face present a ghastly sight;
With wondrous Art, over that Mill do meet
The Lips. Two moving Leaves of Corall soft and sweet.
O mouth! by thee, our savage Elders, yerst (perst,
Through way-less Woods, and hollow Rocks dis-
With Acorns fed, with Fells of Feathers clad
Of the excellent use and end of speech. (When neither Traffick, Love, nor Law they had)
Themselves uniting, built them Towns, and bent
Their willing necks to civill Government.
O Mouth! by thee, the rudest Wits have learn'd
The *Noble Arts*, which but the wise discern'd.
By thee, we kindle in the coldest spirits
Heroïk flames affecting glorious merits.
By thee, we wipe the tears of wofull Eyes:
By thee, we stop the stubborn mutinies
Of our rebellious Flesh, whose rest-less Treason
Strives to dis-throne and to dis-scepter Reason.
By thee, our Soules with Heav'n have conversation.
By thee, we calm th' Almighties indignation,
When faithfull sighs from our soules centre fly
About the bright Throne of his Majesty.
By thee, we warble to the King of Kings; (Strings,
Our Tongue's the Bowe, our Teeth the trembling
Our hollow Nostrils (with their double vent)
The hollow Belly of the Instrument;
Our Soule's the sweet Musician, that playes
So divine lessons, and so Heav'nly layes,
As, in deep passion of pure burning zeal,
Joves forked Lightnings from his fingers steal.
The Ears. But O! what member hath more marvails in't,
Than th' Ears round-winding double labyrinth?
The bodie's Scouts, of sounds the Censurers,
Doors of the Soule, and faithfull Messengers
Of divine treasures, when our gracious Lord
Sends us th' Embassage of his sacred Word.
And, sith all Sound seems alwaies to ascend,
God plac't the Ears (where they might best attend)
As in two Turrets, on the buildings top,
Snailling their hollow entries so a-sloap, (ders,
That, while the voyce about those windings wan-
The sound might lengthen in those bow'd *Mean-*
As, from a trumpet, Winde hath longer life, (*ders*;
Or, from a Sagbut, than from Flute or Fife:
Or as a noyse extendeth far and wide
In winding Vales, or by the crooked side
Of crawling Rivers; or with broken trouble
Between the teeth of hollow Rocks doth double;
And that no sodaine sound, with violence
Pearcing direct the Organs of this Sense,
Should stun the brain, but through these Mazie holes
Conveigh the voyce more softly to our Soules:
As th' Ouse, that crooking in and out doth run
From Stony-Stratford *towards* Huntingdon,
By Royall Amptill; *rusheth not so swift,*
As our neer Kennet, *whose Trowt-famous Drift*
From Marleborow, *by* Hungerford *doth hasten*
Through Newbery, *and Prince-grac't* Aldermaston,
Her Silver Nymphs (almost) directly leading,
To meet her Mistress (the great Thames) *at* Reading.
The Hands. But will my Hands, in handling th' human Stature,
Forget the Hands, the handmaids unto *Nature*,
Th' Almighty's Apes, the Instruments of Arts,
The voluntary Champions of our hearts,
Minde's Ministers, the Clarks of quick conceits,
And bodies victuallers, to provide it meats?
Joynts. The Knees & Armes. Will you the Knees and Elbowes springs omit,
Which serve th' whole body by their motions fit?
For, as a Bowe, according as the string,
Is stiff or slack, the shafts doth farther fling,
Our Nerves and Gristles diversly dispense,
To th' human Frame, meet Motion, Might & Sense:
The Sinewes, Gristies and Bones. Knitting the Bones, which be the Pillars strong
The Beams & Rafters, whose firm Joynts may long
(Maugre Deaths malice, till our Maker calls)
Support the Fabrick of these Fleshly Walls?
The Feet. Can you conceal the Feets rare-skilfull feature,
The goodly Bases of this glorious Creature?
But, is't not time now, in his Inner Parts,
To see th' Almightie's admirable Arts?
First, with my Launcet shall I make incision,
To see the Cells of the twin Brains division:
The Treasurer of Arts, the Source of Sense:
The Seat of Reason; and the Fountaine, whence
Our sinewes flowe: whom Natures providence
Arm'd with a helme, whose double lynings fence
The Brain's cold moisture from its boany Armor,
Whose hardnes else might hap to bruise or harm-
A Register, where (with a secret touch) (her:
The studious daily some rare Knowledge couch?
O, how shall I on learned Leaf forth-set
That curious Maze, that admirable Net,
Through whose fine folds the spirit doth rise & fall,
Making its powrs of *Vital, Animal*!
Even as the Blood, and Spirits, wandering
Through the *preparing vessels* crooked Ring,
Are in their winding course concoct and wrought,
And by degrees to fruitfull *Seed* are brought.

Sundry Similies expressing the reason of the round winding Mazes of the Eares.

Another comparison to that purpose.

The Hands.

Shall

Of the Heart.

Shall I the Hearts un-equall ſides explain,
Which equall poiz doth equally ſuſtaine? (bides
Whereof, th' one 's fill'd with blood, in th' other
The vitall Spirit which through the body ſlides:
Whoſe reſt-leſs panting, by the conſtant Pulſe,
Doth witneſs health; or if that take repulſe,
And ſhift the dance and wonted paſe it went,
It ſhews that Nature's wrong'd by Accident.

Of the Lungs.

Or, ſhal I cleave the Lungs, whoſe motions light
Our inward heat doo temper day and night;
Like Summer gales waving, with gentle puffs,
The ſmiling Meadows green and gaudy tuffs:
Light, ſpungy Fans, that ever take and give
Th' æthereall Aire, whereby we breathe and live:
Bellows, whoſe blaſt (breathing by certain pawſes)
A pleaſant ſound through our ſpeech-organs cauſes?

Of the Stomack.

Or, ſhall I rip the Stomacks hollowneſs,
That ready Cook concocting every Meſs,
Which in ſhort time it cunningly converts
Into pure Liquor fit to feed the parts;
And then the ſame doth faithfully deliver
Into the *Port-vain* paſsing to the Liver,

Of the Liver.

Who turns it ſoon to blood; and thence again
Through branching pipes of the great *Hollow-vain*,
Through all the members doth it duly ſcatter:

An apt ſimilitude.

Much like a Fountain, whoſe divided Water
It ſelfe diſperſing into hundred Brooks,
Bathes ſome fair Garden with her winding crooks.
For, as theſe Brooks, thus branching round about,
Make here the Pink, there th' Aconite to ſprout,
Heer the ſweet Plum-tree, the ſharp Mulbery there,
Heer the lowe Vine, and there the lofty Pear,
Heer the hard Almond, there the tender Fig, (Spike:
Heer bitter Worm-wood, there ſweet-ſmelling

Of the Blood and Nouriſhment.

Even ſo the blood (bred of good nouriſhment)
By divers Pipes to all the Body ſent,
Turns here to Bones, there changes into Nerves,
Heer is made Marrow, there for Muſcles ſerves,
Heer ſkin becoms, there crooking veins, there fleſh,
To make our Limbs more forcefull and more freſh.

But, now me liſt no neerer view to take
Of th' inward parts, which God did ſecret make,
Nor pull in pieces all the Human Frame:
That work were fitter for thoſe men of Fame,
Thoſe skilfull ſons of *Æſculapius*:
Hippocrates; or deep *Herophilus*:
Or th' eloquent and artificiall Writ
Of *Galen*, that renowned *Pergamite*.
'T ſufficeth me in ſome ſort to expreſs
By this Eſſay the ſacred mightineſs,
Not of *Japhetus* witty-fained Son,
But of the true *Prometheus*, that begun
And finiſht (with inimitable Art)
The famous Image, I have ſung in part.

Of the creation of the Soule.

Now, this more peer-leſs learned Imager,
Life to his lovely Picture to confer,
Did not extract out of the Elements
A certain ſecret Chymick Quint-eſſence:
But, breathing, ſent as from the lively Spring
Of his Divineneſs ſome ſmall Riverling,
It ſelf diſperſing into every Pipe
Of the frail Engin of this Earthen Type.

Of her eſſence and ſubſtance.

Not, that his own Selfs-Eſſence bleſt he brake,
Or did his *Triple-Unity* partake
Unto his Work; but, without ſelfs expence
Inſpir'd it richly with rare excellence:
And by his powr ſo ſpred his Rayes thereon,
That even as yet appears a portion
Of that pure luſtre of Cæleſtiall Light
Wherewith at firſt it was adorn'd and dight.

Whence it is proceeded.

This *Adam*'s ſpirit did from that Spirit derive
Which made the World: yet did not thence deprive
Of Gods Self-ſubſtance any part at all;

Divers Similes.

As in the Courſe of Nature doth befall,
That from the Eſſence of an Earthly Father,
An Earthly Son eſſentiall parts doth gather:
Or as in Spring-time from one ſappy twig
There ſprouts another conſubſtantiall ſprig.
In brief, it 's but a breath. Now, though the breath
Out of our Stomacks concave iſſueth;
Yet, of our ſubſtance it tranſporteth nought:
Onely it ſeemeth to be ſimply fraught
And to retaine the purer qualities
Of th' inward place whence it derived is:
Inſpired by that Breath, this Breath deſire

Of the excellence of mans Soule.

I to deſcribe. Whoſo doth not admire
His ſpirit, is ſprightleſs; and his ſenſe is paſt,
Who hath no ſenſe of that admired Blaſt.
Yet wot I well, that as the Eye perceives
All but it ſelf, even ſo our Soule conceives
All ſave her own ſelfs-Eſſence; but, the end
Of her own greatnes cannot comprehend.

How ſhe may know her ſelfe.

Yet as a ſound Eye, voyd of vicious matter,
Sees (in a ſort) it ſelf in Glaſs or Water:
So, in her ſacred Works (as in a Glaſs)
Our Soule (almoſt) may ſee her glorious face. (blaſts

Three fit compariſons to that purpoſe.

The boiſtrous Winde, that rents with roaring
The lofty Pines, and to the Welkin caſts
Millions of Mountains from the watry World,
And proudeſt Turrets to the ground hath whurld:
The pleaſing fume that fragrant Roſes yeeld,
When wanton *Zephyr*, ſighing on the field,
Enamels all; and, to delight the Sky,
The Earth puts on her richeſt Lyvory:
Th' accorded Diſcords, that are ſweetly ſent
From th' Ivory ribs of ſom rare Inſtrument,
Cannot be ſeen: but he may well be ſayd
Of Fleſh, and Ears, and Noſe intirely voyd,
Who doth not feel, nor hear, nor ſmel (the powrs)
The ſhock, ſoud, ſent; of ſtorms, of ſtrings, of flowrs.

The Soule not onely vitall, but alſo divine and immortall.

Although our Soule 's pure ſubſtance, to our ſight
Be not ſubjected; yet her motion light
And rich diſcourſe, ſufficient proofs do give,
We have more ſoule than to ſuffice to live;
A Soule divine, pure, ſacred, admirable,
Immortall, end-leſs, ſimple, unpalpable.

The Seat of the Soule.

For, whether that the Soule (the Mint of Art)
Be all in all, or all in every part:
Whether the Brain or Heart do lodge the Soule,
O *Seneca*, where, where could'ſt thou enrotile
Thoſe many hundred words (in Proſe or Verſe)

Notable examples of excellent Memories.

Which at firſt hearing thou could'ſt back reherſe?
Where could great *Cyrus* that great Table ſhut
Wherein the Pictures and the names he put
Of all the Souldiers, that by thouſands wander'd
After the fortunes of his famous Standard?
In what deep veſſell did th' Embaſſader
Of *Pyrrhus* (whom the *Delphian* Oracle

Deluded

Deluded by his double-meaning Measures)
Into what Cisterns did he powr those Treasures
Of learned store, which after (for his use)
In time and place, he could so fit produce?
The Memory, is th' Eyes true Register,
The Peasants Book, Times wealthy Treasurer,
Keeping Records of Acts and Accidents
Whats'ever, subject unto humane sense,
Since first the Lord the Worlds foundations laid,
Or *Phœbus* first his golden locks displaid,
And his pale Sister from his beaming light
Borrow'd her splendor to adorn the Night.
So that our Reason, searching curiously
Through all the Roules of a good Memory,
And fast'ning closely with a *Gordian* knot
To Past Events, what Present Times allot,
Fore-sees the Future, and becoms more sage,
More happily to lead our latter age.

Of the quick swifteresse and lodain motion of the Soule: comprehending all things in Heaven and Earth.

And, though our Soule liveas imprison'd here,
In our frail flesh, or buried (as it were)
In a dark Toomb; yet at one flight she flies
From *Calpé* t' *Imaus*, from the Earth to Skies;
Much swifter than the Chariot of the Sun,
Which in a Day about the World doth run.
For, somtimes, leaving these base slimy heaps,
With cheerfull spring above the Clouds she leaps,
Glides through the Aire, & there she learns to know
Th' Originals of Winde, and Hail, and Snow,
Of Lightning, Thunder, Blazing-Stars and Storms,
Of Rain and Ice, and strange Exhaled Forms.
By th' Aires steep-stairs, she boldly climbs aloft
To the Worlds Chambers; Heav'n she visits oft,
Stage after Stage: she marketh all the Sphears,
And all th' harmonious, various course of theirs;
With sure account, and certain Compasses.
She counts their Stars, she metes their distances,
And differing pases; and, as if she found
No Subject fair enough in all this Round,
She mounts above the Worlds extreamest Wall,
Far, far beyond all things corporeall;
Where she beholds her Maker, face to face,
(His frowns of *Justice*, and his smiles of *Grace*)
The faithfull zeal, the chaste and sober Port
And sacred Pomp of the Celestiall Court.

Of learned, curious, pleasant, marvailous, and more than humane invention of mans wit.

What can be hard to a sloath-shunning Spirit,
Spurr'd with desire of Fames eternall merit?
Look (if thou canst) from East to Occident,
From *Island* to the *Moores* hot Continent;
And thou shalt nought perfectly fair behould,
But Pen, or Pencill, Graving-tool, or Mould,
Hath so resembled, that scarce can our ey
The Counterfait from the true thing descry.

Of Carving and Painting.

The brazen Mare that famous *Myron* cast,
Which Stalions leapt, and for a Mare imbrac't:
The lively picture of that ramping Vine
Which whilom *Zeuxis* limn'd so rarely fine,
That shoals of Birds, beguiled by the shapes,
Peckt at the Table, as at very Grapes:
The Marble Statue, that with strangest fire
Fondly inflam'd th' *Athenian* Youths desire:
Apelles Venus, which allur'd well-neer
As many Loves, as *Venus* selfe had heer;
Are proofs enow that learned Painting can,
Can (Goddess-like) another Nature frame.

But th' Art of Man, not only can compack
Features and forms that life and motion lack;
But also fill the Aire with painted shoals
Of flying Creatures (Artificiall Fowls)
The *Tarentines* valiant and learned Lord,
Archytas, made a wooden Dove, that soar'd
About the Welkin, by th' accorded sleights
And counterpoize of sundry little weights.
Why should I not that wooden Eagle mention,
(A learned *Germanes* late admir'd invention)
Which mounting from his fist that framed her,
Flew far to meet an *Almain* Emperour;
And having met him, with her nimble train,
And weary wings, turning about again,
Follow'd him close unto the Castle Gate
Of *Noremberg*; whom all the Showes of State,
Streets hang'd with Atras; Arches curious built,
Loud-thundring Canons, Columns richly gilt,
Gray-headed Senate, and Youth's gallantise,
Grac't not so much, as only This Device.
Once, as this Artist (more with mirth than meat)
Feasted some friends that he esteemed great,
From under 's hand an iron Fly flew out;
Which having flowne a perfect Round-about,
With weary wings, return'd unto her Master,
And (as judicious) on his arme she plac't her.
O divine wit! that in the narrow womb
Of a small Fly, could finde sufficient room
For all those Springs, wheels, counterpoiz, & chains,
Which stood in stead of life, and spur, and rains.
Yea, you your selves, ye bright Celestiall Orbs,
Although no stop your rest-les Dance disturbs,
Nor stayes your Course; yet can ye not escape
The hands of men that are but men in shape.

Astronomy.

A *Persian* Monarch, not content well-nigh
With the Earths bounds to bound his Empery:
To reign in Heav'n, rais'd not with bold defiance
(Like braving *Nimrod*, or those boisterous *Gyants*)
Another *Babel*, or a heap of *Hils*:
But, without moving from the Earth, he builds
A Heav'n of Glass, so huge, that thereupon
Somtimes erecting his ambitious Throne,
Beneath his proud feet (like a God) he saw
The shining Lamps of th' other Heav'n, to draw
Down to the *Deep*, and thence againe advance
(Like glorious Brides) their golden Radiance:
Yet had the Heav'n no wondrous excellence
(Save Greatnes) worthy of so great a Prince. (mould

The King of Persia his heaven of Glasse.

Admirable Dials and clockes, namely, at this Day, that of Straesbourg

But, who would think, that mortall hands could
New Heav'ns, new Stars, whose whirling courses
With constant windings, tho cõtrary waies, (should
Mark the true mounds of Years, & Months, & Daies?
Yet 't is a story that hath oft been heard,
And by grave Witness hundred times averr'd,
That, that profound *Briareus*, who of yore
(As selfly arm'd with thousand hands and more)
Maintain'd so long the *Syracusian* Towrs
'Gainst great *Marcellus* and his *Roman* Powrs:
Who fir'd his foes Fleet with a wondrous Glass:
Who, hugest Vessels that did ever pass
The *Tirrhen* Seas, turn'd with his only hand
From Shoar to Sea, and from the Sea to Land:
Framed a *Sphear*, where every *Wandring Light*,
Of lower Heav'ns and th' upper *Tapers* bright,

The Engines of Archimedes, & his Sphear.

Whose

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Whose glistering flames the Firmament adorn,
Did (of themselves) with ruled motion turn.
Nor may we smother, or forget (ingrately)
The Heav'n of Silver, that was sent (but lately)
From *Ferdinand* (as a famous Work)
Unto *Bizantium* to the greatest Turk:
Wherein, a spirit, still moving to and fro,
Made all the Engin orderly to go:
And though th'one Sphear did alwaies slowly slide,
And (opposite) the other swiftly glide;
Yet still their Stars kept all their Courses ev'n
With the true Courses of the Stars of Heav'n.
The Sun, there shifting in the *Zodiack*
His shining Houses, never did forsake
His pointed Path: there, in a Month, his Sister
Fulfill'd her course, and changing oft her lustre
And form of Face (now larger, lesser soon)
Follow'd the Changes of the other *Moon*.
O complete Creature! who the starry Sphears
Canst make to move, who 'bove the Heav'nly Bears
Extend'st thy powr, who guidest with thy hand
The Day's bright Chariot, and the nightly Brand:
This curious Lust to imitate the best
And fairest Works of the Almightiest,
By rare effects bears record of thy Linage
And high descent; and that his sacred Image
Was in thy Soule ingrav'n, when first his Spirit
(The Spring of life) did in thy limms inspire-it.
For, as his beauties are past all compare;
So is thy Soule all beautifull and fair.
As hee's immortall; and is never idle:
Thy Soule 's immortall; and can brook no bridle
Of sloath, to curb her busie Intellect:
He ponders all; thou poizest each effect:
And thy mature and settled Sapience
Hath some alliance with his Providence:
He works by Reason; thou by Rule: He's glory
Of th' Heav'nly Stages; thou of th' Earthly story:
Hee 's great High-Priest; thou his great Vicar heer:
He's Soverain Prince; and thou his Vice-Roy deer.
For, soon as ever he had framed thee,
Into thy hands he put this Monarchy;
Made all the Creatures know thee for their Lord,
And com before thee of their own accord:
And gave thee power (as Master) to impose
Fit sense-full Names unto the Hoast that rowes
In watery Regions; and the wandring Heards
Of Forrest people; and the painted Birds.
O too-too happy! had that Fall of thine
Not cancell'd so the Character divine.
But with our Soules now-sin-obscured Light
Shines through the Lanthorn of our flesh so bright;
What sacred splendor will this Star send forth,
When it shall shine without this vail of Earth?
The Soule heer lodg'd, is like a man that dwels
In an ill Aire, annoy'd with noysom smels;
In an old house, open to winde and weather;
Never in health, not half an houre together:
Or (almost) like a Spider, who confin'd
In her Webs centre, shak't with every winde;
Moves in an instant, if the buzzing Flie
Stir but a string of her Lawn Canapie.
You that have seen within this ample Table,
Among so many Modules admirable,
Th'admired beauties of the King of Creatures,
Com, com and see the Womans rapting features:
Without whom (heer) Man were but half a man,
But a wilde Wolfe, but a Barbarian,
Brute, ragefull, fierce, moody, melancholike, (like:
Hating the Light; whom nought but naught could
Born solely for himselfe, bereft of sense,
Of heart, of love, of life, of excellence.
God therefore, not to seem less liberall
To Man, than else to every Animall;
For perfect patern of a holy Love,
To *Adams* halfe another halfe he gave,
Ta'en from his side, to binde (through every Age)
With kinder bonds the sacred Marriage.
Even as a Surgeon, minding off-to-cut
Som cureless limb; before in ure he put
His violent Engins on the vicious member,
Bringeth his Patient in a sense-less slumber,
And grief-less then (guided by Use and Art)
To save the whole, sawes off th' infested part:
So, God empal'd our Grandsires lively look,
Through all his bones a deadly chilness strook,
Siel'd-up his sparkling eyes with Iron bands,
Led down his feet (almost) to *Lethe* Sands;
In briefe, so numm'd his Soule's and Bodie's sense,
That (without pain) opening his side, from thence
He took a rib, which rarely He refin'd,
And thereof made the Mother of Mankinde:
Graving so lively on the living bone
All *Adams* beauties; that, but hardly, one
Could have the Lover from his Love descry'd;
Or known the Bridegroom from his gentle Bride:
Saving that she had a more smiling Eye,
A smoother Chin, a Cheek of purer Dye,
A fainter voyce, a more inticing Face,
A Deeper tress, a more delighting Grace,
And in her bosom (more than Lillie-white)
Two swelling Mounts of Ivory, panting light.
Now, after this profound and pleasing Transe,
No sooner *Adams* ravisht eyes did glance
On the rare beauties of his new-come Half,
But in his heart he gan to leap and laugh,
Kissing her kindly, calling her his Life,
His Love, his Stay, his Rest, his Weal, his Wife,
His other-selfe, his Help (him to refresh)
Bone of his Bone, Flesh of his very Flesh. (One,
Source of all joyes! sweet *Hee-Shee*-Coupled-
Thy sacred Birth I never think upon,
But (ravisht) I admire how God did then
Make Two of One, and One of Two again.
O blessed Bond! O happy Marriage!
Which dost the match 'twixt Christ and us presage!
O chastest friendship, whose pure flames impart
Two Soules in one, two Hearts into one Heart!
O holy knot, in *Eden* instituted
(Not in this Earth with blood & wrongs polluted,
Profan'd with mischiefs, the Pre-Scæne of Hell
To cursed Creatures that 'gainst Heav'n rebell)!
O sacred Cov'nant, which the sin-less Son
Of a pure Virgin (when he first begun
To publish proofs of his drad powr *Divine*,
By turning Water into perfect Wine,
At lesser *Cana*) in a wondrous manner
Did with his presence sanctifie and honour!

The Heaven of silver sent by the Emperor *Ferdinand* to *Solyman* the great Turke.

Of mans resemblance to his first patterne, which is God.

Other testimonies of the excellency of Man, constituted Lord of the World.

Wherein consisteth Mans felicity.

Excellent comparisons

Of the Creation of Woman, made for an aide to man, and without whom Mans life were miserable.

simile.

Their marriage.

Their Epithalamy, or wedding Song.

By

The commodities of Marriage.

By thy deer Favour, after our Decease,
We leave-behinde our living Images,
Change War to Peace, in kindred multiply,
And in our children live eternally.
By thee, we quench the wilde and wanton Fires,
That in our Soule the *Paphian* shot inspires:
And taught (by thee) a love more firm and fitter,
We finde the Mell more sweet, the Gall less bitter,
Which heer (by turns) heap up our humane Life
Ev'n now with joyes, anon with jars and strife.

Propagation by the blessing of God.

This done; the Lord commands the happy Pair
With chaste embraces to repleniſh Fair (dures,
Th' unpeopled World; that, while the World en-
Heer might succeede their living Portraitures.
He had impos'd the like precept before,
On th' irefull Droves that in the Desarts roare,
The feathered Flocks, & fruitfull-spawning legions
That live within the liquid Crystall Regions.
Thence-forth therefore, Bears, Bears ingendered;
The Dolphins, Dolphins; Vulturs, Vulturs bred;
Men, Men: and Nature with a change-less Course,
Still brought forth Children like their Ancestors:

Unnaturall commoſtions produce monſtrous Births.

Tho since indeed, as (when the fire hath mixt-them)
The yellow Gold and Silver pale betwixt them
Another Metall (like to neither) make,
Which yet of eythers riches doth partake:
So, oft, two Creatures of a divers kinde,
Against the common course through All assign'd,
Confounding their lust-burning seeds together,
Beget an Elf, not like in all to eyther,
But (bastard Mongrell) bearing marks apparent
Of mingled members, ta'en from eyther Parent.

Of things ingendered without bred or commixion of sexes.

God, not contented, to each Kinde to give
And to infuse the Vertue Generative,
Made (by his Wisedome) many Creatures breed
Of live-less bodies, without *Venus* deed.
So, the cold humour breeds the *Salamander*,
Who (in effect) like to her births Commander
With child with hundred Winters, with her touch
Quencheth the Fire, though glowing ne'r so much.
So, of the Fire in burning furnace, springs
The Fly *Pyrausta* with the flaming Wings:
Without the Fire, it dyes; within it, joyes;
Living in that, which each thing else destroyes.
So, slowe *Boötes* underneath him sees,
In th' ycie *Iles*, those Goslings hatcht of Trees;
Whose fruitfull leaves, falling into the Water,
Are turn'd (they say) to living Fowls soon after.
So, rotten sides of broken Ships do change
To *Barnacles*; O Transformation strange!
'T was first a green Tree, then a gallant Hull,
Lately a Mushrom, now a flying Gull.

So Morne and Evening the Sixth Day conclude,
And God perceiv'd that All his Works were good.

THE

THE SEVENTH DAY OF THE FIRST WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

In ſacred Reſt, *vpon* This ſacred Day
Th' Eternall doth his glorious Works *ſurvay:*
His only Powr *and* Providence *perſever*
T' vphold, maintain, and rule the World *for ever:*
Maugre Mens *malice and* Hels *raging mood,*
God turneth all things to his childrens good:
Sabbaths *right vſe; From all* Worlds-Works *to ceaſe;*
To pray *(not play) and hear the* Word *of Peace:*
Inſtructions *drawn from dead and living things,*
And for our ſelves; for all Eſtates; for Kings.

By an excellent ſimilitude of a Painter delighted with the ſight of a curious table which he hath lately finiſhed: our Poet (wherein how God reſted the ſeventh day, and ſaw (as ſaith the Scripture) that all that he had made was Good.

THe cunning *Painter*, that with curious care,
Limning a Land-ſcape, various, rich, and rare,
Hath ſet a-work, in all and every part,
Invention, Judgment, Nature, Uſe, and Art;
And hath at length (t' immortallize his name)
With weary Pencill perfected the ſame;
Forgets his pains; and, inly fill'd with glee,
Still on his *Picture* gazeth greedily.
First, in a Mead he marks a friſking Lamb,
Which ſeems, though dumb, to bleat unto the Dam,
Then he obſerves a Wood, ſeeming to wave:
Then th' hollow boſom of ſome hideous Cave:
Heer a High-way, and there a narrow Path:
Heer Pines, there Oaks torn by tempeſtuous wrath:
Heer from a craggy Rocks ſteep-hanging boſs
(Thrumm'd half with Ivie, half with criſped Moſs)
A ſilver Brook in broken ſtreames doth guſh,
And head-long down the horned Cliff doth ruſh;
Then, winding thence above and under ground,
A goodly Garden it be-moateth round:
There on his knee (behinde a Box-Tree ſhrinking)
A skilfull Gunner with his left eye winking,
Levels directly at an Oak hard by;
Whereon a hundred groaning Culvers cry;
Down fals the Cock, up from the Touch-pan flies
A ruddy flaſh that in a moment dyes.
Off goes the Gun, & through the Forreſt rings
The thundring bullet, born on fiery wings.
Heer, on a Green, two Striplings, ſtripped light,
Run for a prize with labourſom delight;
A duſty Cloud about their feet doth flowe
(Their feet, and head, and hands, and all do goe)
They ſwelt in ſweat; and yet the following Rout
Haſtens their haſte with many a cheerfull ſhout.
Heer, ſix pyed Oxen, under painfull yoak,
Rip up the folds of *Ceres* Winter Cloak.
Heer in the ſhade, a pretty Shepheardeſs
Drives ſoftly home her bleating happineſs:
Still as ſhe goes, ſhe ſpins; and as ſhe ſpins,
A man would think ſom Sonnet ſhe begins.
Heer runs a River, there ſprings forth a Fountain;
Heer vales a Valley, there aſcends a Mountain;
Heer ſmokes a Caſtle, there a City fumes,
And heer a Ship upon the Ocean looms.

In

In brief, ſo lively, Art hath Nature ſhap't,
That in his Work the Work-mans ſelfe is rapt,
Unable to look off; for, looking ſtill,
The more he looks, the more he finds his skill:
So th' Architect (whoſe glorious Workmanſhips
My Cloudy Muſe doth but too-much eclipſe)
Having with pain-leſs pain, and care-leſs care,
In theſe *Six-Dayes*, finiſht the Table fair
And infinite of th' *Univerſall Ball*,
Reſteth *This-Day*, t'admire himſelfe in All:
And for a ſeaſon eying nothing els,
Joyes in his Work, ſith all his Work excels
(If my dull, ſtutting, frozen eloquence
May dare conjecture of his high intents).
One while, he ſees how th' ample Sea doth take
The Liquid homage of each other Lake;
And how again the Heav'ns exhale, from it,
Aboundant vapours (for our benefit):
And yet it ſwels not for thoſe tribute ſtreams,
Nor yet it ſhrinks not for thoſe boyling beams.
There ſees he th' Ocean-peoples plenteous broods,
And ſhifting Courſes of the Ebbs and Floods;
Which with inconſtant glaunces night and day
The lower Planets forked front doth ſway.
Anon, upon the flowry Plains he looks,
Laced about with ſnaking ſilver brooks.
Now, he delights to ſee foure Brethrens ſtrife
Cauſe the Worlds peace, & keep the World in life:
Anon, to ſee the whirling Sphears to roule
In reſt-leſs Dances about eyther Pole;
Whereby, their Creſſets (carried divers wayes)
Now viſit us, anon th' *Antipodes*.
It glads him now to note, how th' Orb of Flame,
Which girts this Globe, doth not enfire the Frame:
How th' Airs glib-gliding firmleſs body bears
Such ſtore of Fowls, Hail-ſtorms, & Floods of tears:
How th' heavie Water, proneſt to deſcend,
'Twixt Air and Earth is able to depend:
And how the dull Earth's prop-leſs maſſie Ball
Stands ſteddy ſtill, juſt in the midſt of All.
Anon his noſe is pleas'd with fragrant ſents
Of Balm and Baſill, Myrrh and Frankincenſe,
Thyme, Spiknard, Hyſſop, Savory, Cinnamon,
Pink, Violet, Roſe, and Clove-Carnation.
Anon, his ear's charm'd with the melody
Of winged Conſorts curious Harmony:
For, though each bird, guided with art-leſs Art,
After his kinde, obſerve a ſong a-part,
Yet the ſole burden of their ſeverall Layes
Is nothing but the Heav'n-Kings glorious prayſe.
In briefe, th' Almightie's *eye*, and *noſe*, and *ear*,
In all his works, doth nought *ſee*, *ſent*, or *hear*
But *ſhowes* his greatneſs, *ſavours* of his grace,
And *ſounds* his glory over every place.
But above all, Mans many beauteous features
Detaine the Lord more than all other Creatures:
Man's his own Minion; Man's his ſacred Type:
And for Man's ſake, he loves his Workmanſhip.
Not that I mean to fain an idle God,
That lusks in Heav'n and never looks abroad,
That Crowns not Vertue, and corrects not Vice,
Blinde to our ſervice, deafe unto our ſighs;
A Pagan Idol, voyd of powr and piety,
A ſleeping Dormouſe (rather) a dead Deity.
For though (alas!) ſomtimes I cannot ſhun,
But ſome profane thoughts in my minde will run,
I never think on God, but I conceive (ceive)
(Whence cordiall comforts Chriſtian ſoules re-
In God, Care, Counſell, Juſtice, Mercy, Might,
To puniſh wrongs, and patronize their right:
Sith Man (but Image of th' Almightieſt)
Without theſe gifts is not a Man, but Beaſt.
Fond *Epicure*, thou rather ſlept'ſt, thy ſelf,
When thou didſt forge thee ſuch a ſleep-ſick Elf
For Life's pure Fount: or vainly fraudulent
(Not ſhunning th' *Atheiſts* ſin, but puniſhment)
Imaginedſt a God ſo perfect-leſs,
In Works defying, whom thy words profeſs.
God is not ſitting (like ſome Earthly State)
In proud Theatre, him to recreate
With curious Objects of his eares and eyes
(Without diſpoſing of the Comœdies)
Content t' have made (by his great Word) to move
So many radiant Stars as ſhine above;
And on each thing with his own hand to draw
The ſacred Text of an eternall Law:
Then, boſoming his hand to let them ſlide,
With reans at will, whither that Law ſhall guide:
Like one that having lately forc't ſome Lake,
Through ſome new Chanell a new Courſe to take,
Takes no more care thence-forth to thoſe effects,
But lets the ſtream run where his Ditch directs.
The Lord our God wants neyther Diligence,
Nor Love, nor Care, nor Powr, nor Providence.
He prov'd his Powr, by *Making* All of nought:
His Diligence, by *Ruling* All he wrought:
His Care, by *Ending* it in Six Dayes ſpace:
His Love, in *Building* it for *Adams* Race:
His Providence (maugre Times waſtefull rages)
Preſerving it ſo many Years and Ages.
For, O! how often had this goodly Ball
By his own Greatneſs caus'd his proper Fall?
How often had this World deceaſt, except
Gods mighty arms had it upheld and kept?
God is the ſoule, the life, the ſtrength, and ſinew,
That quickens, moves, and makes this Frame conti-
God's the main ſpring, that maketh every way (nue.
All the ſmall wheels of this great Engin play.
God's the ſtrõg *Atlas*, whoſe unſhrinking ſhoulders
Have bin and are Heav'ns heavie Globes upholders.
God makes the fountains run continually,
The Daies and Nights ſucceed inceſſantly:
The Seaſons in their ſeaſon he doth bring,
Summer and Autumn, Winter, and the Spring:
God makes th'earth fruitful, & he makes the earth's
Large loynes not yet faint for ſo many births.
God makes the Sun & Stars, though wondrous hot,
That yet their heat themſelves inflameth not;
And that their ſparkling beams prevent not ſo,
With wofull flames, the *Laſt* great *Day* of wo:
And that (as mov'd with a contrary wreſt)
They turn at-once both North, & Eaſt, and Weſt:
Heav'ns conſtant courſe, his heaſt doth never break:
The floating Water waiteth at his beck:
Th' Air's at his Call, the Fire at his Command,
The Earth is His: and there is nothing fan'd
In all theſe Kingdoms, but is mov'd each howr
With ſecret touch of his eternall Powr.

God

God reſted the ſeventh day, and contemplates on his workes.

A briefe recapitulation and conſideration of the Workes of God in the whole world, and a learned Expoſition of the words of Moſes, Gen. 1, 31. God ſaw that all that he had made was perfectly good.

Of the providence of God.

Epicurus & his followers, denying the ſame, confuted by ſundry reaſons.

Simile.

1. Gods power, goodnes, and wiſedome, ſhine gloriouſly in governing the world.

2. In him, and through him, all things live, and move, and have their Being.

3. All things particularly are guided by his Ordinance and power, working continually.

4. God is the Iudge of the World: having all creatures visible and invisible, ready armed to execute his Iudgements.

God is the Judge, who keeps continuall Sessions,
In every place to punish all Transgressions;
Who, voyd of Ignorance and Avarice,
Not won with Bribes, nor wrested with Device,
Sans Fear, or Favour; hate, or partiall zeal;
Pronounceth Judgments that are past appeal.
Himself is Judge, Jury, and Witness too,
Well knowing what we all think, speak, or doo:
He sounds the deepest of the doublest hart,
Searcheth the Reines, and sifteth every part:
He sees all secrets, and his *Lynx*-like eye
(Yer it be thought) doth every thought descry:
His sentence giv'n, never returns in vain;
For, all that Heav'n, Earth, Aire, and Sea contain,
Serve him as Sergeants: and the winged Legions,
That soar above the bright Star-spangled Regions,
Are ever prest, his powrfull Ministers:
And (lastly) for his Executioners,
Sathan, assisted with th' infernall band,
Stands ready still to finish his Command.

Yea, he maketh even the wicked his instruments to punish the wicked, and to prove his chosen.

God (to be brief) is a good Artizan
That to his purpose aptly manage can
Good or bad Tools; for, for just punishment,
He arms our sins us sinners to torment:
And to prevent th' ungodly's plot, sometime
He makes his foes (will-nill-they) fight for him.

Againe, against Epicures, who hold that all things happen in the world by chance.

Yet true it is, that humane things (seem) slide
Unbridledly with so uncertain tide,
That in the Ocean of Events so many,
Somtimes Gods Judgments are scarce seen of any:
Rather it seems that giddy *Fortune* guideth
All that beneath the silver Moon betideth.
Yet art thou ever just (O God) though I
Cannot (alas!) thy Judgments depth descry:
My wit's too shallow for the least Designe
Of thy drad Counsails, sacred, and divine:
And thy least-secret Secrets, I confess
Too deep for us, without thy Spirit's address.

1. Gods Iudgements, past our search: yet ever iust in themselves.

Yet oftentimes, what seemeth (at first sight)
Unjust to us, and past our reason quite,
Thou mak'st us (Lord) acknowledge (in due season)
To have been done with equity and reason. (ther,

Gen. 45. 6, 7. & Gen. 50. 20.

So, suffring th' *Hebrew* Tribes to sell their bro-
Thy eternall Justice thou didst seem to smoother.
But *Joseph* (when, through such rare hap it chanced
Him of a slave to be so high advanced,
To rule the Land where *Nilus* fertill flood
Dry Heav'ns defects endevours to make good)
Learn'd, that his envious brethrens trecherous drift,
Him to the Stern of *Memphian* State had lift,
That he might there provide Reliefe and Room
For *Abraham's Seed*, against (then) time to com.

2. In executing his iudgements on the rebellious, he sheweth mercy on his Servants

When thy strong arm, which plagues the Repro-
The World and *Sodom* did exterminate, (bate,
With flood and flame: because there lived then
Some small remaines of good and righteous men,
Thou seem'dst unjust: but when thou savedst *Lot*
From Fire, from Water *Noah* and his Boat,
'Twas plainly seen, thy Justice stands propitious
To th' Innocent, and smiteth but the vitious.

3. He shewetth his power in the commission of the mightest: and in the deliverance of his Church.

He wilfull winks against the shining Sun,
That sees not *Pharaoh* as a mean begun
For th' *Hebrews* good; and that his hardned heart
Smoothed the passage for their soon-depart:
To th' end the Lord, when Tyrants will not yeeld,
Might for his glory finde the larger field.

Who sees not also, that th' unjust Decree
Of a proud Judge, and *Judas* trecherie,
The Peoples fury and the Prelates gall,
Serv'd all as Organs to repair the Fall
Of *Edens* old Prince, whose luxurious pride
Made on his seed his sin for ever slide?

4. Hee turnes the malice of Satan and his instruments, to his owne glory, and the good of his: of whom hee hath alwaies speciall care.

Th' Almighties Care, doth diversly dispersse
Ore all the parts of all this Universe:
But more precisely, his wide wings protect
The race of *Adam*, chiefly his Elect.
For, aye he watcheth for his Children choice,
That lift to him their hearts, their hands, and voyce:
For them, he built th' ay-turning Heavens Theater;
For them he made the Fire, Aire, Earth, and Water:
He counts their hairs, their steps he measureth,
Handles their hands, & speaketh with their breath;
Dwels in their hearts, and plants his Regiments
Of watchfull Angels round about their Tents.

A remedy for temptation of the godly, seeing the prosperity of the wicked, and the afflictions of Gods children.

But heer, what heare I? Faithless, God-less men,
I marvell not, that you impugn my pen:
But (O!) it grieves me, and I am amaz'd, (blaz'd
That those, whose faith, like glistring Stars have
Even in our darkest nights, should so object
Against a doctrine of so sweet effect;
Because (alas!) with weeping eyes they see
Th' ungodly-most in most Prosperity,
Clothed in Purple, crown'd with Diadems,
Handling bright Scepters, hoording Gold & Gems,
Croucht-to, and courted with all kinde affection,
As priviledged by the Heav'ns protection;
So that, their goods, their honours, their delights
Excell their hopes, exceede their appetites:
And (opposite) the godly (in the storms
Of this worlds Sea) tost in continuall harms:
In Earth, less rest than *Euripus* they finde,
Gods heavie Rods still hanging them behinde:
Them, shame, and blame, trouble and loss pursues;
As shadows bodies, and as night the dewes.

The same comforted in divers sorts with apt similitudes, confirming the reason, and declaring the right end of Gods divers dealing with men.

Peace, peace, deer friends: I hope to cancell quite
This profane thought from your unsettled Sp'rit.
Know then, that God (to th' end he be not thought
A powr-less Judge) heer plagueth many a fault;
And many a fault leaves heer unpunished,
That men may also his last judgment dread.

On th' other side, note that the Crosse becomes
A ladder leading to Heav'ns glorious rooms:
A Royall Path, the Heav'nly *Milken way*,
Which doth the Saints to *Joves* high Court convay.
O! see you not, how that a Father grave,
Curbing his Son much shorter than his Slave,
Doth th' one but rare, the other rife reprove,
Th' one but for lucre, th' other all for love?
As skilfull Quirry, that commands the Stable
Of some great Prince, or Person honourable,
Gives oftest to that Horse the teaching Spur,
Which he finds fittest for the Use of War.
A painfull School-master, that hath in hand
To institute the flowr of all a Land,
Gives longest Lessons unto those, where Heav'n
The ablest wits and aptest wills hath giv'n.
And a wise Chieftain never trusts the waight
Of th' execution of a brave Exploit,

But unto thoſe whom he moſt honoureth,
For often proof of their firm force and faith:
Such ſends he firſt t' aſſault his eager foes:
Such 'gainſt the Canon on a Breach beſtowes:
Such he commands naked to ſcale a Fort,
And with ſmall number to re-gain a Port.
Afflictions profitable to the faithfull. God beats his Dear, from birth to buriall,
To make them know him, and their pride appall,
To draw devout ſighs from calamity,
And by the touch to try their Conſtancie,
T' awake their ſloath, their minds to exerciſe
To travell cheer'ly for th' immortall Prize.
They are neceſſary to cure the diſeaſes of the ſoule. A good Phyſician, that Arts excellence
Can help with practice and experience,
Applies diſcreetly all his *Recipés*,
Unto the nature of each fell-diſeaſe;
Curing this Patient with a bitter potion
That, with ſtrict Diet, th' other with a Lotion,
And ſomtime cutteth off a leg or arm,
So (ſharply-ſweet) to ſave the whole from harm:
Even ſo the Lord (according to th' ill humours
That vex his moſt-Saints with ſoul-tainting tumors)
Sends ſomtimes Exile, ſomtimes lingring Languor,
Somtimes Diſhonour, ſomtimes pining Hunger,
Somtimes long Law-ſuits, ſometime Loſs of good,
Somtimes a Childs death, or a Widow-hood:
But ay he holdeth, for the good of His,
In one hand Rods; in th' other, Remedies.
Without them Gods children decline. The Souldier, ſlugging long at home in Peace,
His wonted courage quickly doth decreaſe:
The ruſt doth fret the blade hangd up at reſt:
The Moath doth eat the garment in the Cheſt:
The ſtanding Water ſtinks with putrefaction:
And Vertue hath no Vertue but in action.
All that is faireſt in the world, we finde
Subject to travell. So, with ſtorms and winde
Th' Aire ſtill is toſt: the Fire and Water tend,
This, ſtill to mount; that, ever to deſcend:
The ſpirit is ſpright-leſs if it want diſcourſe,
Heav'n 's no more heav'n if it once ceaſe his Courſe.
The Croſſe an honourable mark. The valiant Knight is known by many ſcars:
But he that ſteals-home wound-leſs, from the Wars,
Is held a Coward, voyd of Valours proof,
That for Deaths fear hath fled, or fought a-loof.
God will be glorified in the conſtant ſufferings of his Servants. The Lord therefore, to give Humanity
Rare Preſidents of dauntleſs Conſtancy,
And crown his deer Sons with victorious Laurels
Won from a thouſand foes in glorious quarrels;
Pours down more evils on their hap-leſs head,
Than yerſt *Pandora's* odious Box did ſhead;
Yet ſtrengthning ſtil their harts with ſuch a plaiſter,
That though the Fleſh ſtoop, ſtill the Spirit is Maſter.
There is nothing evill in mans life, but ſinne: and vertue is beſt perceived in the proofe. But, wrongly I theſe evils Evill call:
Sole Vice is ill; ſole Vertue good: and all,
Beſides the ſame, is ſelfly, ſimply, had
And held indifferent, neyther good nor bad.
Let envious Fortune all her forces wage
Againſt a conſtant Man, her felleſt rage
Can never change his godly reſolution,
Though heav'n it ſelf ſhould threaten his confuſion.
True conſtancy lively repreſented by two comparisons. A conſtant Man is like the Sea, whoſe breſt
Lies ever open unto every gueſt;
Yet all the Waters that ſhe drinks, cannot
Make her to change her qualities a jot:
Or, like a good ſound ſtomach, not ſoon caſting
For a light ſurfeit, or a ſmall diſtaſting;
But, that, untroubled, can incontinent
Convert all meats to perfect nouriſhment.
God, reſting on the ſeventh day, and bleſſing it, teacheth us that in reſting one day of the Weeke, we ſhould principally employ it in his ſervice: That wee ſhould ceaſe from our worldly and wicked workes, to give place to his grace, and to ſuffer his Spirit to worke in us by the inſtrument of his holy word. Though then, the Lords deep Wiſdom, to this day,
Work in the Worlds uncertain-certain Sway:
Yet muſt we credit, that his hand compos'd
All in ſix Dayes, and that He then *Repos'd*;
By his example, giving us beheſt
On the Seventh Day for evermore to Reſt.
For, God remembred that he made not Man
Of ſtone, or Steele, or Braſs *Corinthian*:
But lodg'd our Soul in a frail earthen Maſs,
Thinner than Water, Brittler than the Glaſs;
He knows, our life is by nought ſooner ſpent,
Than having ſtill our minds and bodies bent.
A Field, left lay for ſome few years, will yeeld
The richer crop, when it again is till'd:
A River ſtopped by a ſluce a ſpace,
Runs (after) rougher, and a ſwifter pace:
A Bowe, awhile unbent, will after caſt
His ſhafts the farther, and them fix more faſt;
A Souldier, that a ſeaſon ſtill hath lain,
Coms with more fury to the Field again:
Even ſo, this Body, when (to gather breath)
One Day in Sev'n *at Reſt* it ſojourneth;
It recollects his Powrs, and with more cheer
Fals the next morrow to his firſt Career.
But the chief End this Precept aymes at, is
To quench in us the coals of Covetize;
That, while we reſt from all profaner Arts,
Gods Spirit may work in our retired hearts:
That we, down-treading *earthly* cogitations,
May mount our thoughts to *heav'nly* meditations:
Simile. Following good Archers guiſe, who ſhut one ey,
That they the better may their mark eſpy.
Againſt profaners of the Sabbath. For, by th' Almighty, this great Holy-day
Was not ordain'd to dance, to maſk, and play,
To ſlug in ſloth, and languiſh in delights,
And looſe the Reines to raging appetites:
To turn Gods Feaſts to filthy *Lupercals*,
To frantick *Orgies*, and fond *Saturnals*:
To dazle eyes with Prides vaine-glorious ſplendor,
To ſerve ſtrange gods, or our ambition tender;
As th' irreligion of looſe Times hath ſince
Chang'd the *Prime-Churches* chaſter innocence.
We ought on the Lords day attend his ſervice, and meditate on the everlaſting Reſt, and on the works of God. God would, that men ſhould in a certain place
This-Day aſſemble as before his face,
Lending an humble and attentive ear
To learn his great Name 's dear-drad-Loving-Fear:
He would, that there the faithfull Paſtor ſhould
The Scriptures marrow from the bones unfould,
That we might touch with fingers (as it were)
The ſacred ſecrets that are hidden there.
For, though the *reading* of thoſe holy lines
In private Houſes ſom-what move our minds;
Doubtleſs, the Doctrin *preacht* doth deeper pearce,
Proves more effectuall, and more weight it bears.
The practice of the faithfull, in all reformed Churches, on the Sabbath day. He would, that there in holy Pſalms we ſing
Shrill prayſe and thanks to our immortall King,
For all the liberall bounties he beſtow'th
On us and ours, in ſoule and body both:
He would, that there wee ſhould confeſs his Chriſt
Our onely Saviour, Prophet, Prince, and Prieſt;

Solemnizing

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Solemnizing (with ſober preparation)
His bleſſed Seals of Reconciliation:
And, in his Name, beg boldly what we need
(After his will) and bee aſſur'd to ſpeed;
Sith in th' Exchequer of his Clemency
All goods of Fortune, Soule, and Body ly.
He would, this Sabbath ſhould a figure be
Of the bleſt Sabbath of Eternity.
The Corporall Reſt, a figure of the Spirituall.
But th' one (as Legall) heeds but outward things;
Th' other to Reſt both Soule and Body brings:
Th' one but a Day endures; th' others Dare
Eternity ſhall not exterminate:
Shadows the one, th' other doth truth include:
This ſtands in freedom, that in ſervitude:
With cloudy cares th'ones muffled up ſom-whiles;
The others face is full of pleaſing ſmiles:
For, never grief, nor fear of any Fit
Of the leaſt care, ſhall dare come neer to it.
'Tis the grand *Jubilé*, th' Feaſt of all Feaſts,
Sabbath of Sabbaths, end-leſs Reſt of Reſts;
Which, with the Prophets, and Apoſtles zealous,
The conſtant Martyrs, and our Chriſtian Fellows,
Gods faithfull Servants, and his choſen Sheep,
In Heav'n we hope (within ſhort time) to keep.
Meditations on the works of God, eſpecially on the day of Reſt.
He would this Day, our Soule (ſequeſtered
From buſie thoughts of worldly cares) ſhould read
In Heav'ns bow'd Arches, and the Elements,
His bound-leſs Bounty, Powr and Providence;
That every part may (as a Maſter) teach
Th' illiterate, Rules paſt a vulgar reach.
Exhortations to this Meditation, with the uſe and profit thereof.
Come (Reader) ſit, come ſit thee down by mee;
Think with my thoughts, and ſee what I doe ſee:
Hear this dumb Doctor: ſtudy in this Book,
Where day and night thou maiſt at pleaſure look,
And thereby learn uprightly how to live:
For every part doth ſpeciall Leſſons give,
Even from the gilt ſtuds of the Firmament,
To the baſe Centre of our Element. (call,
The Planets teach us to follow the will of God.
Seeſt thou thoſe Stars we (wrongly) *Wandring*
Though divers wayes they dance about this Ball,
Yet evermore their manifold Career
Follows the Courſe of the *Firſt Moving* Sphear?
This teacheth thee, that though thine own Deſires
Be oppoſite to what Heav'ns will requires,
Thou muſt ſtill ſtrive to follow (all thy Dayes)
God (the firſt Mover) in his holy waies. (witches,
The Moon teacheth that we have not any thing that we have not received.
Vain puff of winde, whom vaunting pride be-
For Bodies Beauties, or Minds (richer) Riches;
The Moon, whoſe ſplendor frō her brother ſprings,
May by Example make thee vail thy wings:
For thou, no leſs than the pale Queen of Nights,
Borrow'ſt all goodneſs from the Prince of Lights.
The Elementary fire and ours, where our happineſſe, and where our miſery conſiſts.
Wilt thou, from Orb to Orb, to th' Earth deſcend?
Behold the Fire which God did round extend:
As neer to Heav'n, the ſame is cleer and pure;
Ours heer below, ſad, ſmoakie, and obſcure:
So, while thy Soule doth with the heav'ns converſe,
It 's ſure and ſafe from every thought perverſe;
And though thou won heer in this world of ſin,
Thou art as happy as Heav'ns Angels bin:
But if thy minde be alwaies fixed all
On the foul dunghill of this darkſome vale,
It will partake in the contagious ſmels
Of th' unclean houſe wherein it droops and dwels.

If envious Fortune be thy bitter foe,
And day and night doe toſs thee to and fro;
Remember, th' Air corrupteth ſoon, except
With ſundry Winds it oft be ſwing'd and ſwept.
The Aire, that afflictions are profitable for us.
The Sea, ſhewes a froathy Mount to Heav'n,
Yet never breaks the bounds of her precinct,
Wherein the Lord her boiſtrous armes hath linkt;
Inſtructeth thee, that neither Tyrants rage,
Ambition's winds, nor golden vaſſallage
Of Avarice, nor any love, nor fear, (hair.
From Gods Command ſhould make thee ſhrink a
The Sea, that wee ought for no reſpect to tranſgreſſe the Law of God.
The Earth, which never all at once doth move,
Through her rich Orb received, from above,
No firmer baſe her burthen to ſuſtent
Than ſlippery props of ſofteſt Element;
By her example doth propoſe to thee
A needfull Leſſon of true conſtancy.
The Earth, that wee ſhould be conſtant.
Nay, there is nought in our dear Mother found,
But pithily ſome Vertue doth propound.
O! let the Noble, Wiſe, Rich, Valiant,
Be as the baſe, poor, faint and ignorant:
And, looking on the fields when *Autumn* ſhears,
There let them learn among the bearded ears;
Which ſtill, the fuller of the flowry grain,
Bow down the more their humble heads again;
And ay the lighter and the leſs their ſtore,
They lift aloft their chaffie Creſts the more.
The Ears of Corn, that we ſhould be humble.
Let her, that (bound-leſs in her wanton wiſhes)
Dares ſpot the Spouſe-bed with unlawfull kiſſes,
Bluſh (at the leaſt) at Palm-Trees loyalty,
Which never bears unleſs her Male be by.
The Palm-tree, that we ſhould be chaſte.
Thou, thou that pranceſt after Honors prize
(While by the way thy ſtrength and ſtomach dies)
Remember, Honor is like Cinnamon,
Which Nature mounds with many a million
Of thorny pricks; that none may danger-leſs
Approach the Plant, much leſs the Fruit poſſeſs.
Cinnamon teacheth diligence and prudence.
Canſt thou the ſecret Sympathy behold
Betwixt the bright Sun and the Marigold;
And not conſider, that we muſt no leſs
Follow in life the Sun of righteouſneſs?
The Sun & the Marigold direct us unto Chriſt the Sun of righteouſneſſe.
O Earth! the Treaſures of thy hollow breſt
Are no leſs fruitfull Teachers than the reſt.
For, as the Lime doth break and burn in Water,
And ſwell, and ſmoak, crackle, and skip, and ſcatter;
Waking that Fire, whoſe dull heat ſleeping was
Under the cold Cruſt of a Chalky Maſs:
He that (to march amid the Chriſtian Hoaſt)
Yeelds his hearts Kingdom to the Holy-Ghoſt;
And, for brave Service under Chriſt his Banner,
Looks to be crown'd with his chief Champions ho-
Muſt in affliction wake his zeal, which oft (nour,
In calmer times ſleeps too-ſecurely ſoft.
Lime in water, teacheth us to ſhew our vertue in extremity.
And, oppoſite, as the rich Diamond
The Fire and Steel doth ſtoutly both withſtand:
So the true Chriſtian ſhould, till life expire,
Contemn proud Tyrants raging Sword and Fire.
Or, if fell Rigour with ſome ruth-leſs ſmart
A little ſhake the ſinnews of his heart,
He muſt be like the richeſt Minerall,
Whoſe Ingots bow, but never break at all;
Nor in the Furnace ſuffer any loſs
Of weight, but Lees; not of the Gold, but droſs.
The Diamond exhorts to conſtancy.
Gold in the furnace, to magnanimity & purity.

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The stone frus, to edification of our neighbour.

The precious ſtone, that bears the rainbows name,
Receives the bright face of *Sols* burniſht flame;
And by reflection, after, it diſplayes
On the next object all thoſe pointed rayes:
So, whoſo hath from the Empyreall Pole,
Within the centre of his happy Soule,
Receiv'd ſome ſplendor of the beams divine,
Muſt to his Neighbour make the ſame to ſhine;
Not burying Talents which our God hath giv'n
To be employ'd in a rich trade for Heav'n,
That in his Church he may receive his Gold
With thirty, ſixty, and an hundred fold.

The Needle in the Mariners compaſſe ſhewes that wee ſhould inſtantly look on Chriſt our onely Loadſtar.

As th' Iron, toucht by th' Adamant 's effect,
To the North Pole doth ever point direct:
So the Soule, toucht once by the ſecret powr
Of a true lively Faith, looks every howr
To the bright Lamp which ſerves for *Cynoſure*
To all that ſaile upon the Sea obſcure.

Leſſons from living Creatures.

Theſe preſidents, from live-leſs things collected,
Breed good effects in ſpirits well affected:
But leſſons, taken from the things that live,
A livelier touch unto all ſorts doe give.

Bees, to Subiects and to Princes.

Up, up, ye Princes: Prince and People, riſe,
And run to Schoole among the Honey-Flies:
There ſhall you learn, that an eternall Law
Subjects the Subject under Princes aw:
There ſhall you learn, that a courageous King
To vex his humble Vaſſals hath no ſting.

The Marlin, to the unthankfull.

The *Perſian* Prince, that Princely did conclude
So ſevere laws againſt Ingratitude,
Knew that the Marlin, having kept her warm
With a live Lark, remits it without harm;
And left her friend-bird ſhe ſhould after ſlay,
She takes her flight a quite contrary way.

The Eigle, to Parents.

Fathers, if you deſire your Children ſage
Should by their bleſſings bleſs your crooked age;
Train them betimes unto true Vertues Lore
By Aw, Inſtruction, and Example (more):
So the old Eagle flutters in and out,
To teach his young to follow him about.
If his example cannot timely bring
His backward birds to uſe their feeble wing,
He leaves them then ſome Dayes unfed, whereby
Sharp hunger may at length conſtrain them fly.
If that prevaile not, then he beats them, both
With beak and wings, to ſtir their fearfull ſloth.

The Turtle, to wedlock-breakers.

You, that to haſte your hated Spouſes end,
Black deadly poyſon in his diſh doo blend;
O! can you ſee with un-relenting eyes
The Turtle-Dove? fith, when her husband dyes,
Dyes all her joy: for, never loves ſhe more;
But on dry boughs doth her dead Spouſe deplore.

Wild-geeſe, to babblers.

Thou, whom the freedom of a fooliſh tongue
Brings oft in danger for thy neighbours wrong;
Diſcreetly ſet a hatch before the door:
As the wiſe Wilde-geeſe, when they over-ſoar
Cicilian Mounts, within their bils do bear
A pebble-ſtone both day and night; for feare
Leſt ravenous Eagles of the North deſcry
Their Armies paſſage, by their cackling Cry.

Divers fiſhes to unnaturall Mothers, that will not nurſe their owne Children.

O! Mothers, can you? can you (O unkinde!)
Deny your Babes your breaſts? and call to minde
That many Fiſhes many times are fain
Receive their ſeed into their wombs again;
Lucina's ſad throes, for the ſelf-ſame birth,
Enduring oft, it often bringing forth.

Dolphins, to the cnell.

O! why embrace not we with Charity
The living, and the dead with Piety?
Giving theſe ſuccour, ſepulture to thoſe:
Even as the Dolphins do themſelves expoſe,
For their live-fellows, and beneath the Waves
Cover their dead-ones under ſandy Graves. (nignity

The wilde Kid, to children.

You Children, whom (paſt hope) the Heav'ns be-
Hath heapt with wealth, and heaved-up to dignity,
Doe not forget your Parents: but behold
Th' officious Kids, who (when their Parents old,
With heavie Gyves, Elds trembling Fever ſtops,
And fetters-faſt upon the Mountain-tops)
As carefull purveiours, bring them home to brouz
The tendreſt tops of all the ſlendreſt boughs;
And ſip (ſelf-thirſt-leſs) of the Rivers brink, (drink.
Which in their mouthes they bring them home to

The Spiders, to Man and Wife.

For houſe-hold Rules, read not the learned Writs
Of the *Stagirian* (glory of good Wits):
Nor his, whom, for his hony-ſteeped ſtile,
They Proverbiz'd the *Attick Muſe* yer-while:
Sith th' only Spider teacheth every one
The Husbands and the Huſwifes function.
For, for their food the valiant Male doth roam;
The cunning Female tends her work at home:
Out of her bowels wooll and yarn ſhe ſpitteth,
And all that elſe her learned labour fitteth:
Her weight 's the ſpindle that doth twiſt the twine,
Which her ſmall fingers draw ſo ev'n and fine.
Still at the Centre ſhe her warp begins,
Then round (at length) her little threds ſhe pins,
And equall diſtance to their compaſs leaves:
Then, neat and nimbly her new web ſhe weaves,
With her fine ſhuttle circularly drawn
Through all the circuit of her open lawn;
Open, leſt elſe th' ungentle Winds ſhould tear
Her cipres Tent (weaker than any hair)
And that the fooliſh Fly might eaſier get
Within the meſhes of her curious Net:
Which he no ſooner doth begin to ſhake,
But ſtraight the Male doth to the Center make,
That he may conquer more ſecurely there
The humming Creature hampred in his ſnare.

The Lion, to Kings.

You Kings (that bear the ſword of juſt hoſtility)
Purſue the Proud, and pardon true Humility;
Like noble Lions that do never ſhowe
Their ſtrength and ſtomach on a yeelding Foe,
But rather through the ſtouteſt throngs do forrage,
'Mid thouſand Deaths to ſhew their daunt-leſs cou-

The Emmet and Hedgehogs, to the ſlothfull.

Thou ſluggard, if thou liſt to learn thy part, (rage.
Go learn the Emmets and the Urchins Art;
In Summer th' one, in Autumn th' other takes
The Seaſons fruits, and thence proviſion makes,
Each in his Lodging laying up a hoord
Againſt cold Winter, which doth nought affoord.

Man may finde in himſelfe excellent inſtructions.

But, Reader, we reſemble one that windes
From *Saba*, *Bandan*, and the wealthy *Indes*
(Through threatning Seas, and dangers manifold)
To ſeek far-off for Incenſe, Spice and Gold;
Sith we, not looſing from our proper Strand,
Finde all wherein a happy life doth ſtand;
And our own Bodies ſelf-contained motions
Give the moſt groſs a hundred goodly Notions.

You

The head teacheth all persons in authority.

You Princes, Pastors, and ye Chiefs of War,
Do not your Laws, Sermons and Orders mar;
Lest your examples banefull leprosies
Infect your Subjects, Flocks, and Companies;
Beware, your evill make not others like:
For, no part 's sound if once the Head be sick.

The Eyes instruct Princes and Noblemen.

You Peers, O do not, through self-partiall zeale,
With light-brain'd Counsels vex your Common-weale:
But, as both Eys do but one thing behold,
Let each his Countries common good up-hold.

The Teeth, such as travell for others.

You that for Others travell day and night,
With much-much labour, and small benefit,
Behold the teeth, which Toul-free grinde the food,
From whence themselves do reap more griefe than good.

The Heart, the Ministers of the Word

Even as the Heart hath not a Moments rest,
But night and day moves in our panting brest,
That by his beating it may still impart
The lively spirits about to every part:
So those, to whom God doth his Flock betake,
Ought alwaies study, alwaies work, and wake,
To breathe (by Doctrin and good Conversation)
The quickning spirit into their Congregation.

The Stomack, the same.

And as the Stomack from the wholesom food
Divides the grosser part (which is not good)
They ought from false the truth to separate,
Error from Faith, & Cockle from the Wheat,
To make the best receiv'd for nourishment,
The bad cast forth as filthy excrement.

If Bat or Blade doe threaten sudden harm
To belly, brest, or leg, or head, or arm,
With dread-less dread the Hand doth ward the blow,
Taking her self her brethrens bleeding woe:
Then 'mid the shock of sacrilegious Arms
That fil the world with blood and boistrous storms,
Shall we not lend our helping hands to others,
Whom faith hath made more neer & deer than brothers?

The Hands, all Christians to Charity.

Nor can I see, where underneath the Sky
A man may finde a juster Policy,
Or truer Image of a calme Estate
Exempt from Faction, Discord and Debate,
Than in th' harmonious Order that maintains
Our Bodies life, through Members mutuall pains:
Where, one no sooner feeles the least offence,
But all the rest have of the same a sense.
The foot strives not to smell, the Nose to walk,
The Tongue to combat, nor the Hand to talk:
But, without troubling of their Common-weal
With mutinies, they (voluntary) deal
Each in his Office and Heav'n-pointed place,
Be 't vile or honest, honoured or base.

The whole body, the whole society of mankinde, that every one ought to stand in his owne vocation.

But, soft my Muse: what? wilt thou re-repeat
The Little-Worlds admired Modulet?
If twice or thrice one and the same we bring,
'Tis teadious; how-ever sweet we sing.
Therefore a-shoar: Mates, let our Anchor fall:
Heer blowes no Winde: heer are we Welcom all.
Besides, consider and conceive (I pray)
W' have row'd sufficient for a *Sabbath Day*.

The End of the First VVeek.

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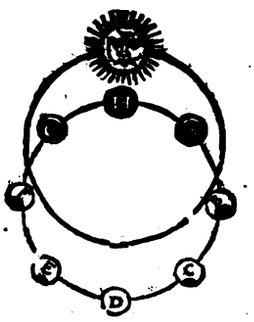
DU BARTAS
HIS
SECOND WEEKE,
DISPOSED
(After the proportion of his First)
Into SEAVEN DAYES:

(viz.)

The { I. ADAM,
II. NOAH,
III. ABRAHAM,
IV. DAVID. }

The { V. ZEDECHIAS,
VI. MESSIAS,
VII. Th' ETERNALL SABBATH. }

But, of the three last, Death (preventing Our NOBLE POET) hath deprived Us.



Acceptam refero.

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*
**

TO
THE
MOST
ROYAL
PATTERN
AND PATRON
OF LEARNING
AND RELIGION,
THE HIGH
AND
MIGHTY PRINCE,
JAMES
(By The Grace Of God)
KING
OF GREAT BRITAINE,
FRANCE, AND IRELAND:
TRUE DEFENDER OF
THE TRUE ANCIENT
CHRISTIAN,
CATHOLICKE, AND
APOSTOLICK FAITH,

&c.

I. SONNET.

FRom ZEAL-Land, *sayling with the Winde of* Love,
In the Bark LABOUR, *steer'd by* Theorems,
Laden with Hope, *and with* DESIRE *t' approve,*
*Bound for Cape-*Comfort *in the* Ile *of* JEMMES;
In such a Miſt *we fell upon the* Coaſt,
That ſuddenly upon the Rock Neglect
(Unhappily) our Ship *and* Goods *we loſt,*
Even in a Place *that we did leaſt ſuſpect.*
So, Caſt-away (*my* LIEGE) *and quite un-don,*
We Orphan-*remnants of a woefull* Wrack,
Heer caſt a-ſhore, to Thee *for* ſuccour *run:*
O Pittie *us, for our deer Parents ſake,*
Who Honour'd *Thee, both in his Life and Death,*
And to thy guard *his* POSTHUMES *did bequeath.*

II. SONNET.

THeſe *glorious* WORKES, *and gratefull* Monuments
Built by Du BARTAS, *on the* Pyrenæis
(Your *Royall Vertues* to immortalize,
And magnifie your rich Munificence)
Have prov'd ſo Charge-full to Tranſ-port *from thence,*
That our ſmall Art's-ſtock *hardly could ſuffize*
To under-goe ſo great an Enterprize;
But, is even beggerd with th' un-caſt *Expenſe.*
So *that, except our* Muſes SOVERAIN
With gracious Eye regard her ſpent Eſtate;
And, with a hand of Princely Favour, *daign*
To ſtay her fall (before it be too-late)
She needs muſt fail: as (lending Light about)
Self-ſpending Lamps, for lack of Oyl, go-out.

Voy (Sire) Saluſte.

TO THE RIGHT EXCELLENT, AND MOST HOPEFULL YOUNG PRINCE, HENRY, *Prince of* WALES.

ANAGR. Henricus Stuartus. / *Hic ſtrenuus ratus.*

THE TROPHEIS, and MAGNIFICENCE.

THe gracious Welcome You vouchſaft yer-while
To my grave PIBRAC *(though but meanly clad)*
Makes BARTAS *(now, no Stranger in this* Iſle*)*
More bold to come (though ſuited even as bad)
To kiſs Your HIGHNES *Hand; and, with Your Smile,*
To Crown His Haps, and our faint Hopes to glad
(Whoſe weary longings languiſh in our Stile:
For in our Wants, *our very* Songs *be ſad)*
He brings for Preſent *to ſo great a* PRINCE,
A Princely GLASSE, *made firſt for* SALOMON:
The fitter therefore for your EXCELLENCE
As oft to look-in, as you look upon.
Some Glaſſes flatter: other-ſome deforme:
This, ay, preſents You a true PRINCE's Form.

Voy (Sire) Saluſte.

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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE LORD HIGH CHANCELlor of ENGLAND

ANAGR. Thomas Egerton.
1. *Geſtat Honorem.*
2. *Age mett Honori.*
3. *Honor s mett Age.*

THE LAWE.

Most humbly

Shewes to thy Great Worthineſs,
(*Grave* MODERATOR *of our* Britain LAWES)
The Muſes *Abject* (*ſubject of* Diſtreſs)
How long Wrong-vext, *in a not*-Need-*leſs* Cauſe,
Not at the Kings-Bench, *but the* Penny-leſs,
By one, I want (*the ſon of* Simpleneſs);
Unable, more to greaze *the ſcraping paw*
Of his Attorney Shift, *or oyl the jaw*
Of his (dear) *Counſell, Serjeant* Penſiveneſs;
He is compell'd, in forma pauperis,
To Plead, *himſelfe* (*and ſhewe his* (*litle*) LAW)
In the free Court *of thy milde* Courteſies.
Pleaſe it thee therefore an Injunction *grant*,
To ſtay the Suit *between himſelfe and* Want.

For Thee and Thine, for ay,
So He and His ſhall pray.

I. S.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, THE EARLE OF SALISBURY, Lord high Treasurer of *England*.

ANAGR. { Robertus Cecilius. / *Cui ortus celebris?* (vel) / Robertus Comes Sari. } { Robertus Cecillius. / *Cerebro fit Tullius.* / *Carus est Orbi sermo.* }

THE CAPTAINES.

ARms *yeeld to* Arts: *the* Trumpet *to the* Tongue:
Stout Ajax *Prize the wise* Ulysses wan:
It will not seem then that we have mis-sung,
To sing of CAPTAINES *to a* Counsail-*man*:
Sith without Counsaile, Courage *is but rage*;
Rude in Resolving, rash in Acting it:
In which respect those of the Antique *Age*
Fain PALLAS Goddess *both of* War *and* Wit:
Therefore, to Thee, *whose* Wit *so much hath sted*
(*In* War *and* Peace) *our Princes and our* STATE:
To Thee, *whose* Vertue *hath now triumphed*
Of Cause-less Envie, *and mis-grounded* Hate:
To Thee (Witt's-*WORTHIE*) *had it not been wrong,*
Not to have sounded my War-*WORTHIE's Song?*

I. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE The Earle of *Dorset* (late) Lord high *Treasurer of* ENGLAND.

ANAGR. { Sacvilus. / *Vas lucis.* / *Sacris Musis celo devotus.* } { Comes Dorserius. / *Esto decor Musis.* }

THE SCHISME.

NOt *with-out* Error, *and apparent* Wrong
To Thee, *the* Muses, *and my* Self (*the most*)
Could I omit, amid this Noble *Hoast*
Of learned *Friends to* Learning, *and our Song;*
To muster Thee, Thee, *that hast lov'd so long*
The sacred Sisters, *and* (*sad-sweetly-most*)
Thy Selfe *hast sung* (*under a fayned Ghost*)
The tragick Falls *of our* Ambitious *Throng.*
Therefore, in honour of Thy *younger* Art,
And of the Muses, *honour'd by the same,*
And to expresse my Thankfull *thoughts* (*in part*)
This Tract *I sacre unto* SACKVIL's *Name,*
No less renown'd *for Numbers of* Thine Owne;
Than for thy Love, *to Other's Labours, show'n:*

I. S.

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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE EARLE OF PEMBROKE.

ANAGR. { William Harbert. / with liberall arm. }

THE DECAY.

FAr be the Title of this tragick page
From Thee (rare Modale of Heroïk minds)
Whose noble Bountie all the Muses bindes
To honour Thee; but mine doth most engage:
And yet, to Thee, and to Thy Patronage
(For present lack of other gratefull signes)
Needs must I Offer these DECAYed lines
(Lyned with Horrors of ISAACIAN rage).
Where-in, to keep decorum with my Theam,
And with my Fortunes (ruin'd every-way)
My Care-clogd Muse (still carried down the stream)
In singing Other's, sighes her Own DECAY
In stile, in state, in hap, in hope, in all:
For, Vines, unpropped, on the ground do craul.

I.S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE The Earle of Essex, Earle Marshall of ENGLAND, &c.

EDEN.

GReat Strong-bowe's heir, no self-conceit doth cause
Mine humble wings aspire to you, unknowne:
But, knowing this, that your renown alone
(As th' Adamant, and as the Amber drawes:
That, hardest steel; this, easie-yeelding strawes)
Atterrs the stubborn, and attracts the prone:
I have presum'd (O Honors Paragon!)
To grave your Name (which all Iberia awes)
Heer, on the fore-front of this little Pile;
T' invite the vertuous to a sacred feast,
And chase-away the vitious and the vile;
Or stop their lothsom envious tongues, at least.
If I have err'd, let my submission scuse:
And daign to grace my yet ungraced Muse.

I.S.

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TO THE SAME RIGHT HONOURABLE EARLE OF ESSEX, &c.

THE ARK.

FRom th' ARK of Hope, *still toss'd in distresse*
On th' angry Deluge *of disastrous plight;*
My silly Dove *heer takes her second flight,*
To view (great Lord) thy World *of worthinesse:*
Vouchsafe (rare plant of perfect Nobleness)
Some branch *of safety, whereon she may light;*
Some Olive leaf, *that may presage me right;*
A safe escape from this wee wilderness.
So, when the Flood *of my deep cares shall* fall,
And I be landed *on sweet* Comfort's Hill;
First, my pure thoughts to Heav'n present I shall;
Then, on thy favours meditating still,
My Zealous Muse *shall daily strive to frame*
Some fairer Tropheis *to thy glorious* Name.

I. S.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE CHARLES LORD Mount-joy, Earle of Devonshire.

THE IMPOSTURE.

THough *in thy* Brook *(great* Charles*) there swim a Swan,*
Whose happy, sweet, immortall tunes can raise
The vertuous greatness of thy Noble praise
To higher notes, than my faint Numbers can;
Yet, while thy Lucan *doth in silence scan*
Unto himselfe new meditated laies,
To finish up his sad Pharsalian *fraies;*
Lend ear to BARTAS *(now our Countrey-man).*
For, though his English be not yet so good
(As French-men *hardly doe our tongue attain)*
He hopeth yet to be well understood;
The rather, if you (worthy Lord) shall daign
His bashfulness a litle to advance,
With the milde favours of your countenance.

 I. S.

TO THE SAME RIGHT HONOURABLE The Earle of DEVONSHIRE, &c.

THE HANDY-CRAFTS.

THE Mome-free Passage, that my Muse hath found
Under Safe-Conduct of thy Patronage,
Through carping Censures of this curious Age
(Where high conceited happy wits abound)
Makes her presume (O Mount-ioy, most Renownd!)
To bear again, in her re-Pilgrimage,
The noble Pasport of thy Tutelage,
To salve her still from sullen Envies wound.
Let thy (true Eagle) Sun-beholding Eyes
Glance on our Glowe-worme's scarce discerned spark:
And while Witt's towring Falcons touch the skies,
Observe a while our tender-imped Lark.
Such sparks may flame, and such light Larks may flie
A higher pitch, than dross-full Vanity.

I. S.

TO THE SAME RIGHT HONOURABLE EARLE OF *DEVONSHIRE, &c.*

THE COLONIES.

RENowned Scipio, though thine Ennius
Still merit best the best of thy regard:
Though (worthily) his Trumpet be pre-ferr'd
To sound the Triumphs thou hast won for vs;
Yet sith one Pen, how-ever plenteous
(Were it the Mantuan or Meonian Bard)
Sufficeth not to give Fame's full Reward
To thy great Deeds, admir'd and glorious:
Though Hee, thy Homer be; Thou, his Achilles;
Both by Each other Happy: Thou (heer-in)
T' have such a Trump as his immortall Quill-is;
He such a Theam as thy High Vertues bin:
It shall (Great Worthy) no Dis-Honour be,
That (English) Bartas hath Sung (thrice) to thee.

I. S.

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TO THE HONOURABLE, LEARNED, AND RELIGIOUS Gentleman, Sir *Peter Young* of Seton, KNIGHT, Almoner of *Scotland*, and one of his Majesties Privie COUNCELL there.

THE COLUMNS.

YOUNG, *Ancient Servant of our Soveraign Lord,*
Grave Master of thy Masters minor-years;
Whose Prudence and whose Pietie appears
In his Perfection, which doth thine record:
Whose loyall Truth, His royall Trusts approve
By oft Embassage to the greatest Peers:
Whose Duty and Devotion hee endters
With present favours of his Princely Love:
In Honour of these Honours many-fold,
And for memoriall of Thy kinde regard
Of these poor Orphanes (pyn'd in Hopeless cold)
Accept these Thanks for thy firm Loves reward;
Where-in (so Heav'ns prosper what we have sung)
Through everie Age thou shalt live ever YOUNG. J. S.

TO THE RIGHT VERTUOUS (Favourer of Vertue, Furtherer of Learning) Sir THOMAS SMITH (of London) Knight, (late) Lord Embassadour for his Majestie, to the Emperour of RUSSIA.

JONAS.

THO *thee, long tost in a fell* Storm *of* State;
Cast out, and swallowed *in a Gulfe of* Death,
On false-suspect *of thine* unspotted Faith,
And flying from thy (*heav'n-given*) Charge *of late:*
For much resemblance of thy troublous Fate
(*Much like in* Case *to that hee suffereth,*
Though (in effect) thy Cause *far differeth)*
I send my JONAS; *to congratulate*
Thy (*happy*) Rescue, *and thy holy* Triall:
Where-by (as Fire doth purifie the Gold)
Thy Loyalty *is more notorious* Loyall,
And worthy th' Honours *which thou now doo'st hold.*
Thus, Vertue's Palms, *oppressed,* mount *the more:*
And Spices, *bruiz'd, smell* sweeter *than before.* J. S.

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TO THE MOST HONOURABLE, LEARNED, AND RELIGIOUS Gentleman, Mr. *Anthonie Bacone.*

THE FURIES.

Bound by thy Bounty, and mine owne Desire,
To tender still new Tribute of my Zeal
To Thee, whose favour did the first repeal
*My proto-*BARTAS *from Self-doomed Fire:*
Having new tuned to du BARTAS *Lyre,*
These tragick murmurs of his FURIES *fell,*
Which (with the Horrors of an Earthly Hell)
The Sin-curst life of wretched Mortals tire:
To whom, but Thee, should I present the same?
Sith, by the Breath of Thine encouragement,
My sacred-furie thou didst first inflame
To prosecute This sacred Argument.
Such as it is, accept it, as a signe
Of thankfull Love, from Him, whose all is Thine.

J.S.

TO THE SAME MOST HONORABLE GENTLEMAN, Mr. Anthonie Bacone.

BABYLON.

Thy friendly censure of my first ESSAY
(Du Bartas FURIES, *and his* BABYLON)
My faint Endevours hath so cheared on,
That both His WEEKS *are also* Ours, *to-day.*
Thy gracious hand, repriving from decay
My fame-lesse Name doom'd to oblivion,
Hath so stirr'd-up my Soule's devotion,
That in my Songs thy Name *shall live for ay.*
Thy milde acceptance of my simple myte
(Pattern and Patron of all vertuous drifts)
Doth heer again my gratefull Muse *invite*
To re-salute thee with mine humble gifts;
Indeed, no Gifts, but Debts to thy Desart:
To whom I owe my hand, my head, my heart.

J.S.

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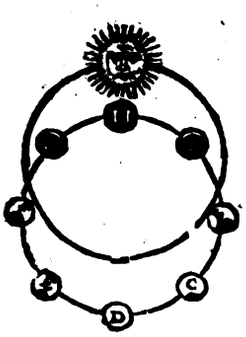
ADAM.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE SECOND VVEEK;

Containing

I. EDEN,
II. The IMPOSTURE,
III. The FURIES,
IV. The HANDY-CRAFTS.



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EDEN.

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Eden.

THE FIRST PART
OF THE
FIRST DAY OF
THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Our Poet first, doth Gods assistance seek:
The Scope and Subject of his Second Week.
Adam *in* Eden: Edens *beauties rare;*
A reall place, not now discerned where:
The Tree of Life; *and* Knowledge-Tree *withall:*
Knowledge of Man, before and since his Fall:
His exercise, and excellent Delights,
In's Innocence: of Dreams and Ghostly Sights:
Nice Questions curb'd: Death, Sins effect; whereby
Man (else Immortall) mortall now, must Dy.

Invocation of the true God, for assistance in description of the infancy and first estate of the World.

GReat God, which hast this *World's Birth* made
Unfold his Cradle, shew his Infancy: (me see,
Walk thou, my spirit, through al the flowring alleys
Of that sweet Garden, where through winding val-
IV. lively floods crauld: tel me what mis-deed (leys
Banisht both *Edens*, *Adam* and his seed:
Tell who (immortall) mortalizing, brought us
The balm frō heav'n wch hoped health hath wrought
Grant me the story of thy Church to sing, (us:
And gests of Kings: Let me this Totall bring
From thy first Sabbath to his fatall Toomb,
My stile extending to the Day of Doome.
Lord, I acknowledge and confess, before,
This Ocean hath no bottom, nor no shore;
But (sacred Pilot) thou canst safely steer
My vent'rous Pinnasse to her wished Peer;
Where once arriv'd, all dropping wet I will
Extoll thy favours, and my vows fulfill.

And gracious Guide, which dost all grace infuse,
Since it hath pleas'd thee task my tardy Muse (Pen
With these high Theames, that through mine Arts-less
This holy Lamp may light my Country-men:
Ah, teach my hand, touch mine unlearned lips;
Lest, as the Earths grosse body doth Eclipse
Bright Cynthia's *beams, when it is interpos'd*
'Twixt her and Phœbus: *so mine ill-dispos'd,*
Dark gloomy Ignorance, obscure the rayes
Of this divine Sun of these learned dayes.
O! furnish me with an un-vulgar stile,
That I by this may wain our wanton ILE
From Ovids *heirs, and their un-hallowed spell*
Heer charming senses, chaining soules in Hell.
Let this provoke our modern Wits to sacre
Their wondrous gifts to honour thee, their Maker:
That our mysterious & ELFINE Oracle,
Deep, morall, grave, Inventions miracle;

The Translator, considering his own weakneſſe and insufficiency for a worke so rare and excellent, as all the world hath worthily admired: craveth also the assistance of the Highest, that (at leaſt) his endevour may both stir-up some abler spirit to undertake this Taske: and also provoke all other good wits to take in hand som holy Argument: and with-all, that himselfe may be for ever sin-

My

cerely affected, and (as it were) throughly seasoned with the sweet rellish of these sacred and religious discourses.

My deer sweet DANIEL, *sharp conceipted, brief,*
Civill, sententious, for pure accents chief:
And our new NASO, *that so passionates*
Th' Heroick sighes of love-sick Potentates:
May change their subject, and advance their wings
Up to these higher and more holy things,
And if (sufficient rich in selfe-invention)
They scorn (as I) to live of Strangers Pension,
Let them devise new Weeks, *new works, new wayes*
To celebrate the supreme Prince of praise.

Simile.

And let not me (good Lord) be like the Lead
Which to some Citie from some Conduit-head
Brings wholsome water; yet (self-wanting sense)
It self receives no drop of comfort thence:

Simile.

But rather, as the thorough seasoned But
Wherein the tears of death-prest Grapes are put,
Retains (long after all the wine is spent)
Within it selfe the liquors lively scent:
Let me still savour of these sacred sweets
Till Death fold-up mine earth in earthen sheets;
Lest, my young layes, now prone to preach thy glory
To BRUTUS *heirs, blush at mine elder Story.*

Narration. God, having created & established Man Lord of the creatures, lodgeth him in the faire Garden of Eden.

GOD (*supreme Lord*) committed not alone
T' our Father *Adam*, this inferiour Throne;
Ranging beneath his rule the scaly Nation
That in the Ocean have their habitation:
Those that in horror of the Deserts lurk:
And those that capering in the Welkin work;
But also chose him for a happy Seat
A climate temperate both for cold and heat,
Which dainty *Flora* paveth sumptuously
With flowry VER 's inameld tapistry;
Pomona pranks with fruits, whose taste excels;
And *Zephyr* fils with Musk and Amber smels:
Where God himselfe (as Gardner) treads the allies,
With Trees and Corn covers the hils and valleyes,
Sūmons sweet sleep with noise of hundred brooks,
And Sun-proof Arbours mākes in sundry nooks:
He plants, he proins, he pares, he trimmeth round
Th' ever green beauties of a fruitfull ground;
Heer-there the course of th' holy Lakes he leads,
With thousand Dies he motleys all the Meades.

The *Elysian* fields of the Heathen Poets are but dreams.

Ye Pagan Poets that audaciously
Have sought to dark the ever-Memory (dum
Of Gods great Works; from henceforth still be
Your fabled prayses of *Elysium*,
Which by this goodly module you have wrought,
Through deaf tradition, that your Fathers taught:
For, the Almighty made his blissfull Bowrs
Better indeed than you have fained yours.

A large description of the rich beauties of the Garden of *Eden*, or earthly Paradise.

For, should I say that still, with smiling face,
Th' all-clasping Heav'ns beheld this happy place;
That honey sweet, from hollow rocks did drain;
That softring milk flow'd up and down the Plain;
That sweet as Roses smelt th' ill savory Rew:
That in all soyls, all seasons, all things grew:
That still there dangled on the self same treen
A thousand fruits, nor over-ripe, nor green:
That eagrest fruits, and bitterest hearbs did mock
Madera Sugars, and the Apricock;
Yeelding more wholesom food than all the messes,
That now taste-curious, wanton Plenty dresses,
Disguising (in a thousand costly dishes)
The various store of dainty Fowls and Fishes,
Which far and neer we seek by Land and Seas,
More to provoke than hunger to appease;
Or should I say, each morning, on the ground
Not common deaw, but *Manna* did abound:
That never gutter-gorging durty muds
Defil'd the crystall of smooth-sliding floods,
Whose waters past, in pleasant taste, the drink
That now in *Candia* decks *Cerathus* brink:
That shady Groves of noble Palm-tree sprays,
Of amorous Myrtles, and immortall Bays
Never un-leav'd; but evermore, their new
Self-arching arms in thousand Arbours grew:
Where thousand sorts of birds, both night and day,
Did bill and woo, and hop about, and play;
And, marrying their sweet tunes to th' Angels laies,
Sung *Adams* bliss, and their great Makers praise.
For then, the Crowes, night-Rav'ns, & Howlets
Was like the Nightingals sweet tuned voice; (noise
And Nightingals sung like divine *Arion*,
Like *Thracian Orpheus*, *Linus*, and *Amphion*.
Th' Air's daughter Eccho, haunting woods among,
A blab that will not (cannot) keep her tongue,
Who never asks, but only answers all,
Who lets not any her in vain to call;
She bore her part; and full of curious skill,
They ceasing sung, they singing ceased still:
There Musick raign'd, and ever on the Plain,
A sweet sound rais'd the dead-live voyce again.

Excellent estate of the Earth, and especially of *Eden* before *Adams* fall.

All discommodities far from *Eden* before Sinne.

If there I say the Sun (the Seasons stinter)
Made no hot Sommer, nor no hoary Winter,
But lovely VER kept still in lively lustre
The fragrant Valleys, smiling Meads, and Pasture:
That boistrous *Adams* body did not shrink
For Northren Windes, nor for the Southren wink:
But *Zephyr* did sweet musky sighes afford,
Which breathing through the Garden of the Lord,
Gave bodies vigour, verdure to the field, (yeeld:
That verdure flowrs, those flowrs sweet savor
That Day did gladly lend his sister, Night,
For half her moisture, half his shining Light:
That never hail did Harvest prejudice,
That never frost, nor snowe, nor slippery ice
The fields en-ag'd: nor any stormy stowr
Disinounted Mountains, nor no violent showr
Pov'risht the Land, which frankly did produce
All fruitfull vapours for delight and use:
I think I lye not, rather I confess
My stammering Muses poore unlearnedness.

Eden principall and most excellent beauty.

If in two words thou wilt her praise comprise,
Say 'twas the type of th' upper Paradise;
Where *Adam* had (O wondrous strange!) discourse
With God himselfe, with Angels intercourse.

Of the place where the Garden of *Eden* was situate.

Yet (over-curious) question not the site,
Where God did plant this Garden of delight:
Whether beneath the Equinoctiall line,
Or on a Mountain neer *Latona's* shine,
Nigh *Babylon*, or in the radiant East.
Humble content thee that thou know'st (at least)
That, that rare, plenteous, pleasant, happy thing
Whereof th' Almighty made our Grand-sire King,
Was a choice soil, through which did rowling slide
Swift *Ghion*, *Pishon*, and rich *Tigris* tide,
And that fair stream whose silver waves do kiss
The Monarch Towrs of proud *Semiramis*.

Now

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It was a certaine materiall place, howsoever now a-daies we can exactly observe neither the circuit, nor extent of it.

Now, if that (roaming round about the earth)
Thou finde no place that answers (now) in worth
This beauteous place, nor Country that can showe
Where now-adayes, those noted flouds do flowe:
Include not all within this Close confin'd,
That labouring *Neptunes* liquid Belt doth binde.
A certain place it was (now sought in vain)
Where set by grace, for sin remov'd again,
Our Elders were: whereof the Thunder-darter
Made a bright Sword the gate, an Angel Porter.

It was no allegoricall nor mysticall Garden.

Nor think that *Moses* paints fantastick-wise,
A mystike tale of fained Paradise.
('Twas a true Garden, happy Plenties horn,
And seat of graces) lest thou make (forlorn)
An Ideall *Adams* food fantastically,
His sin suppos'd, his pain Poetically:
Such Allegories serve for shelter fit
To curious Idiots of erroneous wit;
And chiefly then, when reading Histories,
Seeking the Spirit, they do the body leese.

It was defaced by the generall Flood.

But if thou list to gheese by likelihood,
Think that the wreakfull nature-drowning flood
Spar'd not this beauteous place, which formost saw
The first foul breach of Gods eternall law:
Think that the most part of the plants it pull'd,
And of the sweeteſt flowrs the spirits dull'd,
Spoyl'd the fair Gardens, made the fat fields lean,
And chang'd (perchance) the rivers channell clean:

Why the Situation of the Garden of Eden is now hard to finde.

And think, that Time (whose slippery wheel doth
In humane causes with inconstant sway, (play
Who exiles, alters, and disguises words)
Hath now transform'd the names of all these Fords.
For, as through sin we lost that place, I feare
(Forgetfull) we have lost the knowledge where
'T was situate, and of the fugred dainties
Wherewith God fed us in those sacred plenties.

Of the two trees serving as Sacraments to Adam.

Now of the Trees wherwith th' immortal Powr
Adorn'd the quarters of that bliss full Bowr,
All serv'd the mouth, save two sustain'd the mind:
All serv'd for food, save two for seals assign'd.

Whereof the tree of life was a Sacrament.

God gave the first, for honourable stile,
The tree of Life: true name; (alas the while!)
Not for th' effect it had, but should have kept,
If Man from duty never had mis-stept.
For, as the ayre of those fresh dales and hils
Preserved him from *Epidemick* ills,
This fruit had ever-calm'd all insurrections,
All civill quarrels of the crosse complexions;
Had barr'd the passage of twice-childish age,
And ever-more excluded all the rage
Of painfull griefes, whose swift-slow posting pase
At first or last our dying life doth chase.

The excellency of that Tree.

Strong counter-bane! O sacred Plant divine!
What metall, stone, stalk, fruit, flowr, root, or ryne;
Shall I presume in these rude rymes to sute
Unto thy wondrous World-adorning Fruit?
The rarest Simples that our fields present-us
Heale but one hurt, and healing too torment-us:
And with the torment, lingring our reliefe,
Our bags of Gold voyd, yet our bulks of griefe.
But thy rare fruits hid powr admired most,
Salveth all sores, *sans* pain, delay, or cost:
Or rather, man from yawning Death to stay,
Thou didst not cure, but keep all ils away.

O holy, peerless, rich preservative!
Whether wert thou the strange restorative
That suddenly did age with youth repair,
And made old *Æson* younger than his heir?
Or holy *Nectar*, that in Heav'nly bowrs,
Eternally self-pouring *Hebé* pours?
Or blest *Ambrosia* (Gods immortall fare)?
Or else the rich fruit of the Garden rare,
Where, for three Ladies (as assured guard)
A fire-arm'd Dragon day and night did ward?
Or precious *Moly*, which *Joves* Pursuivan
Wing-footed *Hermes* brought to th' *Ithacan*?
Or else *Nepenthé*, enemy to sadnes,
Repelling sorrows, and repealing gladnes?
Or *Mummie*? or *Elixir* (that excels
Save men and Angels every Creature els)?
No, none of these! these are but forgeries,
But toyes, but tales, but dreams, deceits, and lies.
But thou art true, although our shallow sense
May honour more, than sound thine Excellence.

Of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evill.

The Tree of Knowledge, th' other Tree behight:
Not that it selfly had such special might,
As mens dull wits could whet and sharpen so
That in a moment they might all things knowe.
'T was a sure pledge, a sacred signe, and seal;
Which, being ta'en, should to light man reveal
What ods there is between still peace, and strife;
Gods wrath, and love; drad death, and dearest life;
Solace, and sorrow; guile, and innocence;
Rebellious pride, humble obedience.

Of the excellence of mans knowledge before Sin.

For, God had not depriv'd that primer season
The sacred lamp and light of learned Reason:
Mankinde was then a thousand fold more wise
Than now: blinde Error had not bleard his eyes,
With mists which make th' *Athenian Sage* suppose
That *nought he knows, save this, that nought he knows.*
That even light *Pirrhons* wavering fantasies
Reave him the skill his un-skill to agnize.
And th' *Abderite*, within a Well obscure,
As deep as dark, the Truth of things immure.

How hee knew good and evill before Sin.

He (happy) knew the Good, by th' use of it:
He knew the Bad, but not by proof as yet:
But as they say of great *Hippocrates*, (ceas,
Who (though his limbs were numm'd with no ex-
Nor stopt his throat, nor vext his fantasie)
Knew the cold Cramp, th' Angine and Lunacy,
And hundred elf-pains, whence in lusty flowr
He liv'd exempt an hundred years and foure.
Or like the pure heav'n-prompted Prophets rather,
Whose sight so cleerly future things did gather,
Because the World's Soule in their soule enseal'd
The holy stamp of secrets most conceal'd.

Of mans knowledge since his Fall.

But our now-*knowledge* hath, for tedious train,
A drooping life, and over-racked brain,
A face forlorn, a sad and sullen fashion,
A restles toyl, and Cares self-pining passion.
Knowledge was then even the soules soul for light,
The spirits calm Port, and Lanthorn shining bright
To strait-stept feet: cleer knowledge; not confus'd:
Not sowr, but sweet: not gotten, but infus'd.

Why the Lord put man in the Garden of Eden.

Now Heav'ns eternall all-fore-seeing King,
Who never rashly ordereth any thing, (stated)
Thought good, that man (having yet spirit sound-
Should dwell elsewhere, than where he was created;

That

That he might know, he did not hold this place
By Natures right, but by meer gift and grace;
That he should never taste fruits un-permitted,
But keep the sacred pledge to him committed,
And dress that Park, which, God without all tearm,
On these conditions gave him as in Farm.
Of his exercise there. God would, that (voyd of painfull labour) he
Should live in *Eden*; but not idlely:
For, Idleness pure Innocence subverts,
Defiles our bodie, and our soule perverts:
Yea, sobrest men it makes delicious,
To vertue dull, to vice ingenious.
But that first travell had no sympathy
With our since-travails wretched cruelty,
Distilling sweat, and panting, wanting winde,
Which was a scourge for *Adams* sin assign'd.
Foure comparisons. For, *Edens* Earth was then so fertill fat,
That he made only sweet Essayes in that,
Of skilfull industry, and naked wrought
More for delight, than for the gaine he sought.
In brief, it was a pleasant exercise,
A labour lik't, a pain much like the guise
1 Of cunning dancers; who, although they skip,
Run, caper, vault, traverse, and turn, and trip,
From Morn till Even, at night again full merry,
Renew their dance, of dancing never weary.
2 Or else of Hunters, that with happy luck
Rousing betimes som often breathed Buck,
Or goodly Stagge, their yelping Hounds uncouple,
Winde lowd their horns, their whoops & halloos
Spur-on & spare not, following their desire, (double,
Themselves un-weary, though their Hackneys tyre.
But, for the end of all their jollity,
There 's found much stifnes, sweat and vanity:
I rather match it to the pleasing pain
3 Of Angels pure, who ever sloath disdain:
4 Or to the Suns calm course, who pain-les ay
About the Welkin posteth night and day.
Adam admires the beauties of the World in generall. Doubtless when *Adam* saw our common aire,
He did admire the Mansion rich and faire
Of his Successors. For, frosts keenly cold
The shady locks of Forrests had not powl'd:
Heav'n had not thundred on our heads as yet,
Nor giv'n the Earth her sad Divorces Writ.
But most especially of the Garden of *Eden*. But when he once had entred Paradise,
The remnant World he justly did despise:
[Much like a Boor far in the Countrey born,
Who, never having seen but Kine and Corn,
Oxen, and Sheep and homely Hamlets thatcht
(Wch, fond, he counts as Kingdoms; hardly matcht)
In this comparison my Author setteth downe the famous Cite of *Paris*: but I have presumed to apply it to our owne City of *London*, that it might be more familiar to my meere English and un-travail'd Readers. *When afterward he happens to behold*
Our wealthy London's *wonders manifold,*
The silly peasant thinks himselfe to be
In a new World; and gazing greedily,
One while he Art-lesse, all the Arts admires,
Then the fair Temples, and their top-les spires,
Their firm foundations, and the massie pride
Of all their sacred ornaments beside:
Anon he wonders at the differing graces,
Tongues, gests, attires, the fashions and the faces,
Of busie-buzzing swarms, which still he meets
Ebbing and flowing over all the streets;
Then at the signes, the shops, the weights, the measures,
The handy-crafts, the rumours, trades, and treasures.
But, of all sights, none seems him yet more strange
Than the rare, beauteous, stately, rich Exchange.
Another while he marvels at the Thames,
Which seems to bear huge Mountains on her streams:
Then at the fair-built Bridge; which he doth judge
More like a tradefull City than a Bridge,
And glancing thence along the Northren shore,
That Princely Prospect doth amaze him more.]
For in that Garden man delighted so,
That (rapt) he wist not if he wak't or no;
If he beheld a true thing or a fable;
Or Earth, or Heav'n: all more than admirable.
For such excess his extasie was small:
Not having spirit enough to muse withall,
He wisht him hundred-fold redoubled senses,
The more to taste so rare sweet excellences;
Not knowing, whether nose, or ears, or eyes,
Smelt, heard, or saw, more savours, sounds, or Dies.
Happinesse of the first man before his fall. But, *Adams* best and supreme delectation,
Was th' often haunt and holy conversation
His soule and body had so many wayes
With God; who lightned *Eden* with his Rays.
For spirits, by faith religiously refin'd,
'Twixt God and man retain a middle kinde:
And (Umpires) mortall to th' immortall joyne;
And th' infinite in narrow clay confine.
Of the visions of the Spirit. Somtimes by you, O you all-faining Dreams,
We gain this good; but not when *Bacchus* streames
And glutton vapours over-flowe the Brain,
And drown our spirits, presenting fancies vain:
Nor when pale *Phlegm*, or saffron coulour'd *Choler*,
In feeble stomacks belch their divers dolor,
And print upon our Understandings Tables;
That, Water-wracks; this other, flamefull fables:
Nor when the Spirit of lies, our spirits deceives,
And guilefull visions in our fancy leaves:
Nor when the pencill of Cares over-deep
Our day-bred thoughts depainteth in our sleep.
But when no more the soules chiefe faculties,
Are sperst to serve the body many wayes,
When all self-uned, free from days disturber,
Through such sweet Transe, she finds a quiet harbor;
Where some in riddles, some more plain expresst,
She sees things future in th' almighties brest.
Of the certainty of the visions of the spirit, the body being at rest And yet far higher is this holy Fit,
When (not from flesh, but from flesh cares, acquit)
The wakefull soule it selfe assembling so,
All selfly dies; while that the body though
Lives motion-les: for, sanctified wholly,
It takes th' impression of Gods Signet solely;
And in his sacred Crystall Map, doth see
Heav'ns Oracles, and Angels glorious glee:
Made more than spirit, Now, Morrow, Yesterday,
To it, all one, are all as present ay.
And though it seem not (when the dream's expir'd)
Like that it was; yet is it much admir'd
Of rarest men, and shines among them bright
Like glistring stars, through gloomy shades of night.
Of divine and extraordinary visions and revelations. But above all, that 's the divinest Transe,
When the Souls eye beholds Gods countenance;
When mouth to mouth familiarly he deales,
And in our face his drad-sweet face he seales.
As when S. *Paul* on his deer Masters wings,
Was rapt alive up to th' eternall things:

And

And he that whilom for the chosen flock,
Made wals of waters, waters of a rock.
O sacred flight! sweet rape! loves soverain bliss!
Which very loves deer lips dost make us kiss:
Hymen, of *Manna*, and of *Mel* compact,
Which for a time doth Heav'n with earth contract:
Fire, that in Limbeck of pure thoughts divine
Dost purge our thoughts, and our dull earth refine:
And mounting us to Heav'n, un-moving hence,
Man (in a trice) in God doost quintessence:
O! madst thou man divine in habitude,
As for a space; O sweetest solitude,
Thy bliss were equall with that happy Rest
Which after death shall make us ever-blest.
Now, I believe that in this later guise
Man did converse in Pleasant Paradise
With Heav'ns great Architect, and (happy) there
His body saw (or bodie as it were)
Gloriously compast with the blessed Legions
That raign above the azure-spangled Regions.
ADAM, quoth He, the beauties manifold
That in this Eden thou dost here behold,
Are all thine, onely: enter (sacred Race)
Come, take possession of this wealthy place,
The Earth's sole glory: take (deer Son) to thee,
This Farm's demains, leave the Chief right to me;
And th' only Rent that of it I reserve, is
One Trees fair fruit, to shew thy sute and service:
Be thou the Liege, and I Lord Paramount,
Ile not exact hard fines (as men shall woont).
For signe of Homage, and for seal of Faith,
Of all the Profits this Possession hath,
I only ask one Tree; whose fruit I will
For Sacrament shall stand of *Good* and *Ill*.
Take all the rest, I bid thee: but I vow
By th' un-nam'd name, where-to all knees doe bow,
And by the keen Darts of my kindled ire
(More fiercely burning than consuming fire)
That of the fruit of *Knowledge* if thou feed,
Death, dreadful Death shal plague Thee & thy Seed.
If then, the happy state thou holdst of me,
My holy mildness, nor high Majestie,
If faith nor honour curb thy bold ambition,
Yet weigh thy selfe, and thy own Seeds condition.
Most mighty Lord (quoth *Adam*) heer I tender
All thanks I can, not all I should thee render
For all thy liberall favours far surmounting (ting.
My harts conceit, much more my tongues recoun-
At thy command, I would with boystrous shock
Go run my self against the hardest rock:
Or cast me headlong from som Mountain steep,
Down to the whirling bottom of the Deep:
Yea, at thy beck, I would not spare the life
Of my deer *Phœnix*, *sister-daughter-wife*:
Obeying thee, I find the things impossible,
Cruell, and painfull; pleasant, kinde, and possible.
But since thy first Law doth more grace afford
Unto the Subject, than the Soverain Lord:
Since (bounteous Prince) on me and my Descent,
Thou dost impose no other tax, nor rent,
But one sole precept, of most just condition
(No Precept neyther, but a Prohibition);
And since (good God) of all the fruits in EDEN
There's but one Apple that I am forbidden,
Even only that which bitter Death doth threat,
(Better, perhaps, to look on than to eat)
I honour in my soule, and humbly kiss
Thy just Edict (as Author of my bliss):
Which, once transgrest, deserves the rigor rather
Of sharpest Judge, than mildness of a Father.
The Firmament shall retrograde his course,
Swift *Euphrates* goe hide him in his source,
Firm Mountains skip like Lambs; beneath the Deep
Eagles shall dive; Whales in the Air shall keep,
Yer I presume, with fingers ends to touch
(Much less with lips) the Fruit forbod so much.
Thus, yet in league, with Heav'n & Earth he lives;
Enjoying all the Goods th' Almighty gives:
And, yet not treading Sins false mazy measures,
Sails on smooth surges of a Sea of pleasures.
Heer, underneath a fragrant Hedge reposes,
Full of all kinds of sweet all-coloured Roses,
Which (one would think) the Angels daily dress
In trie-love-knots, tri-angles, lozenges.
Anon he walketh in a levell lane
On eyther side beset with shady Plane,
Whose arched boughs, for *Frize* and *Cornich* beut
Thick Groves, to shield from future change of air:
Then in a path impal'd, in pleasant wise,
With sharp-sweet Orange, Limon, Citron trees;
Whose leavie twigs, that intricately tangle,
Seem painted wals whereon true fruits doe dangle.
Now in a plenteous Orchard planted are
With un-graft Trees, in checker, round and square:
Whose goodly fruits so on his will do wait,
That plucking one another's ready straight:
And having tasted all (with due satiety)
Findes all one goodness, but in taste variety.
Anon he stalketh with an easie stride,
By some cleer River's lilly-paved side, (Gemms,
Whose sand 's pure gold, whose pebbles precious
And liquid silver all the curling streams:
Whose gliding murmur, mazing in and out,
With Crystall cisterns moats a mead about:
And th' art-less Bridges, over-thwart this Torrent,
Are rocks self-arched by the eating current:
Or loving *Palms*, whose lusty Femals willing
Their marrow-boyling loves to be fulfilling,
(And reach their Husband-trees on th' other banks)
Bow their stiffe backs, and serve for passing-planks.
Then in a goodly Garden 's alleys smooth
Where Prodig Nature sets abroad her booth
Of richest beauties, where each bed and border
Is like pide Posies divers dyes and order.
Now, far from noyse, he creepeth covertly
Into a Cave of kindly *Porphyry*,
Which, rock-fall'n spowts, congeald by colder air,
Seem with smooth anticks to have seeled fair:
There layd at ease, a cubit from the ground,
Upon a Jaspir fring'd with yvie round, (Bever,
Purfled with veins, thick thrumm'd with mossie
He fals asleep fast by a silent River; (rushing,
Whose captive streams, through crooked pipes still
Make sweeter musick with their gentle gushing,
Than now at *Tivoli*, th' *Hydrantick* Braul
Of rich *Ferrara*'s stately Cardinall:
Or *Cteſibes* rare engins, framed there
Whereas they made of *Ibis*, *Jupiter*.

Of the excellency of such visions and revelations.

What manner of vision the first man had in Eden.

Man is put in possession of Eden, under a condition.

Before Sin, Man was an humble and zealous servant of God.

Description of the beauties of the Garden of Eden.

The Orchard.

The Brooks.

The Bridges.

The Alleis, Beds and Borders.

The Caves.

The pleasant murmur of the Waters.

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The Maze.

Musing, anon through crooked Walks he wanders,
Round-winding rings, and intricate Meanders,
False-guiding paths, doubtfull beguiling strays,
And right-wrong errors of an end-less Maze:
Not simply hedged with a single border
Of *Rosemary*, cut-out with curious order,

The wonderfull Plants.

In *Satyrs*, *Centaurs*, *Whales*, and *half-men-horses*!
And thousand other counterfaited corses;
But with true Beasts, fast in the ground stil sticking,
Feeding on grass, and th' Airy moysture licking:

The Bonarets.

Such as those *Bonarets*, in *Scythia* bred
Of slender seeds, and with green fodder fed;
Although their bodies, noses, mouthes and eys,
Of new-yeand Lambs have full the form and guise;
And should be very Lambs, save that (for foot)
Within the ground they fix a living root,
Which at their navell grows, and dyes that day
That they have brouz'd the neighbour-grass away.
O wondrous vertue of God only good!
The Beast hath root, the Plant hath flesh and blood:
The nimble Plant can turn it to and fro;
The nummed Beast can neither stir nor go:
The Plant is leaf-less, branchless, voyd of fruit;
The Beast is lust-less, sex-less, fire-less, mute:
The Plant with Plants his hungry panch doth feed;
Th' admired Beast is sow'n a slender seed.

The trees of the Garden of Eden.

Then up and down a Forrest thick he paseth;
Which, selfly op'ning in his presence, 'baseth
Her trembling tresses never-vading spring;
For humble homage to her mighty King:
Where thousand Trees, waving with gentle puffs
Their plumy tops, sweep the celestiall roofs:

The Cerbas.

Yet envying all the massie *Cerbas* fame,
Sith fifty paces can but clasp the same.

The Balm.

There springs the Shrub 3. foot above the grass,
Which fears the keen edge of the Curtelace,
Whereof the rich *Egyptian* so endears
Root, bark and fruit, & much-much more the tears.

The Sea-Oake. The Cochenel. The Chermez.

There lives the *Sea-Oak* in a little shel;
There grows untill'd the ruddy *Cochenel*:
And there the *Chermez*, which on each side arms
With pointed prickles all his precious arms;
Rich Trees, and fruitfull in those Worms of Price,
Which pressed, yeeld a *crimsin*-coloured juice,
Whence thousand Lambs are died so deep *in grain*,
That their own Mothers know them not again.

The admirable Melt.

There mounts the *Melt*, which serves in *Mexico*
For weapon, wood, needle, and threed (to sowe)
Brick, hony, sugar, sucket, balm and wine,
Parchment, perfume, apparell, cord and line:
His wood for fire, his harder leaves are fit
For thousand uses of inventive wit.
Somtimes thereon they grave their holy things,
Laws, lauds of Idols, and the gests of Kings;
Somtimes, conjoyned by a cunning hand,
Upon their roofs for rowes of tile they stand:
Somtimes they twine them into equall threeds;
Small ends make needles; greater, arrow-heads:
His upper sap the sting of Serpents cures:
His new-sprung bud a rare Conserve indures:
His burned stalks, with strong fumosities
Of piercing vapours, purge the *French* disease:
And they extract, from liquor of his feet,
Sharp vinegar, pure hony, sugar sweet.

The Shamefaced.

There quakes the Plant; which in *Pudefeuil*
Is call'd the *shamefac't*: for, asham'd of man,
If towards it one do approach too much,
It shrinks his boughs, to shun our hatefull touch;
As if it had a soule, a sense, a sight,
Subject to shame, feare, sorrow and despight.

A Tree whose leaves transforme to fowle and fish.

And there, that Tree from off whose trembling (top
Both swimming shoals, & flying troops doe drop:
I mean the Tree now in *Iuuerna* growing,
Whose leaves, disperst by *Zephyr*'s wanton blowing,
Are metamorphos'd both in form and matter;
On land to Fowls, to Fishes in the water.

A modest correction of our Poet unwilling to wade further in curious search of hidden secrets.

But, seest thou not (dear *Muse*) thou treadst the (same
Too-curious path thou dost in others blame?
And striv'st in vain to paint This Work of choice,
The which no humane spirit, nor hand, nor voice,
Can once conceive, less pourtray, least express,
All over-whelm'd in guifs so bottomless.
Who (matching Art with Nature) likeneth
Our grounds to EDEN, fondly measureth
By painted Butter-flies th' imperiall Eagle;
And th' Elephant by every little Beagle.
This fear to fail, shall serve me for a bridle;
Lest (lacking wings and guide) too busie-idle,
And over-bold, Gods Cabinet I climbe;
To seeke the place, and search the very time,
When both our *Parents*, or but one was ta'en
Out of our Earth, into that fruitfull Plain:
How long they had that Garden in possession,
Before their proud and insolent Transgression:
What children there they earned, and how many,
Of whether sex: or, whether none or any:
Or how (at least) they should have propagated,
If the fly malice of the Serpent hated,
Causing their fall, had not defil'd their kin,
And unborn seed, with leprosie of sin.

Or to wander unprofitably in nice questions, concerning the Garden of Eden and mans abode there.

If voyd of *Venus*; sith unlike it is,
Such blessed state the noble flowr should miss
Of Virgin-head; or, folk so perfect chaste
Should furious feel, when they their loves imbrac't,
Such tickling flames as our fond soule surprise
(That dead a-while in *Epilepsie* lyes)
And slack our sinews all, by little and little
Drowning our reason in foul pleasure brittle.
Or whether else as men ingender now,
Sith Spouse-bed spot-less laws of God allow,
If no excess command: sith else again
The Lord had made the double sex in vain.
Whether their Infants should have had the powr
We now perceive in fresh youths lusty flowr,
As nimble feet, limbs strong and vigorous,
Industrious hands, and hearts courageous;
Sith before Sin, Man ought not less appear
In Natures gifts, than his then servants were:
And lo the Partridge, which new-hatched bears
On her weak back her parent-house, and wears
(In stead of wings) a bever-supple Down,
Follows her Dam through furrows up and down.
Or else as now; sith in the womb of *Eve*
A man of thirty years could never live:
Nor may we judge 'gainst Natures course apparent,
Without the sacred Scriptures speciall warrant:
Which for our good (as Heav'ns dear babe) hath
To countermand our reason and our sight. (right

Whether

Whether their ſeed ſhould with their birth have
Deep knowledg, reaſō, underſtāding-thought; (brought
Sith now we ſee the new-fall'n feeble Lamb
Yet ſtain'd with blood of his diſtreſſed Dam,
Knows well the Wolf, at whoſe fell ſight he ſhakes,
And right the teat of th' unknown Ewe he takes:
And ſith a dull Dunce, which no knowledge can,
Is a dead image, and no living man.
Or the thick vail of ignorance's night
Had hooded-up their iſſues inward ſight;
Sith the much moyſture of an Infant brain
Receives ſo many ſhapes, that over-lain
New daſh the old; and the trim commixation
Of confus'd fancies, full of alteration,
Makes th' underſtanding dull, which ſettle would,
And finds no firm ground for his Anchors hould.
Whether old ADAM ſhould have left the place
Unto his Sons; they, to their after-race:
Or whether all together at the laſt
Should glorioufly from thence to Heav'n have paſt;
Search whoſo liſt: who liſt let vaunt in pride
T' have hit the White, and let him (ſage) decide
The many other doubts that vainly riſe.
For mine own part I will not ſeem ſo wiſe:
I will not waſte my travell and my ſeed
To reap an empty ſtraw, or fruit-leſs reed.
Alas! we know what *Orion* of grief
Rain'd on the curſt head of the Creatures *Chief*,
After that God againſt him war proclaim'd,
And Satan Princedom of the earth had claim'd.
But none can know preciſely, how at all
Our Elders liv'd before their odious Fall:
An unknown Cifer, and deep Pit it is,
Where *Dircean Oedipus* his marks would miſs:
Sith *Adam's* ſelf, if now he liv'd anew,
Could ſcant unwinde the knotty ſnarled clew
Of double doubts and queſtions intricate
That Schools diſpute about this priſtin ſtate.
But this ſole point I reſt reſolved in,
That, ſeeing Death 's the meer effect of ſin,
Man had not dreaded Death 's all-ſlaying might,
Had he ſtill ſtood in Innocence upright.
For, as two Bellows, blowing turn by turn,
By little and little make cold coals to burn,
And then their fire inflames with glowing heat
An iron bar; which, on the Anvill beat,
Seems no more iron, but flies almoſt all
In hiſſing ſparks, and quick bright cindars ſmall:
So, the World's Soule ſhould in our ſoule inſpire
Th' eternall force of an eternall fire,
And then our Soule (as form) breathe in our corſe
Her countleſs numbers, and Heav'n-tuned force,
Wherewith our bodies beauty beautifi'd,
Should (like our death-leſs ſoule) have never dy'd.
Heer (wot I well) ſome wranglers will preſume
To ſay, Small fire will by degrees conſume
Our humor radicall: and, how-be-it
The differing vertues of thoſe fruits, as yet
Had no agreement with the harmfull ſpight
Of the fell Perſian dangerous *Aconite*;
And notwithſtanding that then ADAM's taſte
Could well have uſed all, without all waſte,
Yet could they not reſtore him every day
Unto his body that which did decay;
Becauſe the food cannot (as being ſtrange)
So perfectly in humane ſubſtance change:
For it reſembleth Wine, wherein too rife
Water is brew'd, whereby the pleaſant life
Is over-cool'd; and ſo there reſts, in fine,
Nought of the ſtrength, ſavour, or taſte of Wine.
Beſides, in time the naturall faculties
Are tyr'd with toyl; and th' Humour-enemies,
Our death conſpiring, undermine at laſt,
Of our Soules priſons the foundations faſt.
I, but the Tree of life the ſtrife did ſtay
Which th' humours cauſed in this houſe of clay;
And ſtopping th' evill, changed (perfect good)
In body fed, the body of the food:
Only the Soules contagious malady
Had force to fruſtrate this high remedy.
Immortall then, and mortall, Man was made;
Mortall he liv'd, and did immortall vade:
For, 'fore th' effects of his rebellious ill,
To dy or live, was in his power and will:
But ſince his Sin, and proud Apoſtaſie,
Ah! dy he may, but not (alas!) not-dye;
As after his new-birth, he ſhall attain
Only a powr to never-dy again.

The deciſion of ſuch queſtions is a buſie idleneſſe.

Sin makes us perceive more than ſufficiently what happineſſe our Grand-fire loſt, and what miſery he got, by his ſhamefull fall.

But for ſin, man had not borne ſubiect to death.

Similie.

Similie.

Obiections againſt the eſtate of man, who had not been ſubiect to death but for ſin.

Anſwer to thoſe obiections.

Concluſion.

FINIS.

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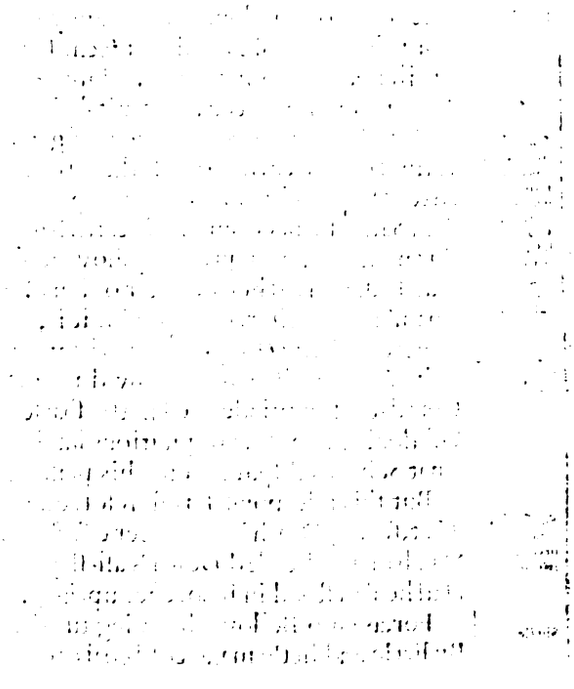

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The Impoſture.

THE SECOND PART OF THE FIRST DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Juſtice *and* Mercy *modul'd in their kinde:*
Satans *proud Hate, and Envie to Mankinde:*
His many Engins, and malitious Wiles,
Whereby the beſt he many-times beguiles:
Why he aſſum'd a Body, and began
With Eve; *by Her to undermine her Man:*
Their dreadfull Fall: *Their drouzie* Conſcience:
Gods righteous Sentence, *for their foul Offence,*
On them (and theirs): Their Exile: Eden *barr'd*
With flaming *Sword, and* Seraphin *for guard.*

O Who ſhall lend me light and nimble wings,
That (paſſing Swallows, & the ſwifteſt things)
Even in a moment, boldly-daring, I
From Heav'n to Hell, from Hell to Heav'n may fly?
O! who ſhall ſhew the countenance and geſtures
Of *Mercy* and *Juſtice?* which fair ſacred ſiſters,
With equall poiz, doe ever balance ev'n
Th' unchanging Projects of the King of Heav'n.
Th' one ſtern of look, the other milde-aſpecting:
Th' one pleaſd with tears, the other blood affecting.
Th' one bears the ſword of vengeance un-relenting:
Th' other brings Pardon for the true-repenting.
Th' one, from Earths-*Eden*, *Adam* did diſmiſs:
Th' other hath rais'd him to a higher Bliſs.
Who ſhall direct my Pen to paint the Story
Of wretched mans forbidden-Bit-loſt glory?
What ſpell ſhall charm th' attentive Readers ſenſe?
What Fount ſhall fill my voyce with eloquence?
So that I, *rapt, may raviſh all this* ILE
With grave-ſweet warbles of my ſacred ſtile;
Though *Adams* Doom, in every Sermon common,
And founded on the error of a *woman,*
Weary the Vulgar, and be judg'd a jeſt
Of the profane zeal-ſcoffing *Atheiſt.*
Ah! Thou my God, even Thou (my ſoule refining
In holy *Faiths* pure Furnace, cleerly ſhining)
Shalt make my hap far to ſurmount my hope,
Inſtruct my ſpirit, & give my tongue ſmooth ſcope:
Thou (bounteous) in my bold attempts ſhalt grace-me,
And in the rank of holieſt Poets place-me;
And frankly grant, that (ſoaring neer the ſky)
Among our Authors, Eagle-like I fly:
Or, at the leaſt (if Heav'n ſuch hap denay)
I may point others, Honours beauteous way.
WHILE *Adam* bathes in theſe felicities,
Hell's Prince (ſly parent of revolt and lies)

He hath recourſe to God, the onely giver of all ſufficiency and dexterity in good and holy things.

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The enemy of God envieth man, and plotteth his destruction.

Feels a pestiferous busie-swarming nest
Of never-dying Dragons in his brest,
Sucking his blood, tyring upon his lungs,
Pinching his entrails with ten thousand tongues,
His cursed soule still most extreamly racking,
Too frank in giving torments, and in taking:
But above all, *Hate*, *Pride*, and *Envious* spight,
His hellish life do torture day and night.
For, th' Hate he bears to God, who hath him driv'n
Justly for ever from the glittering Heav'n,
To dwell in darkness of a sulph'ry clowd
(Though still his brethrens service be allow'd):
The Proud desire to have in his subjection
Mankind inchain'd in gyves of Sins infection:
And th' Envious heart-break to see yet to shine
In *Adams* face Gods image all divine,
Which he had lost; and that Man might atchieve
The glorious bliss, his Pride did him deprive;
Grown barbarous Tyrants of his treacherous will,
Spur-on his course, his rage redoubling still.
Or rather (as the prudent Hebrue notes)
'Tis that old *Python* wch through hundred throats
Doth proudly hiss, and (past his wont) doth fire
A hell of Furies in his fell desire:
His envious heart, self-swoln with sullen spight,
Brooks neither greater, like, nor lesser wight:
Dreads th' one, as Lord; as equall, hates another;
And (jealous) doubts the rising of the other.

His subtilty in executing his designes.

To vent his poyson, this notorious Tempter
(Meer spirit) assails not *Eve*, but doth attempt her
In fained form: for else, the soule divine,
Which rul'd (as Queen) that Little-worlds designe,
So purely kept her Vow of Chastity,
That he in vain should tempt her Constancy.
Therefore he fleshly doth the flesh assay
(Suborning that) her Mistress to betray;
A subtle Pandar with more ticing sleights
Than Sea hath Fish, or Heav'n hath twinkling lights.

Why he hid him in a body.

For, had he been of an ethereall matter,
Of fiery substance, or ayereall nature;
The needfull help of language had he wanted, (ted:
Whereby Faiths ground-work was to be supplan-
Sith such pure bodies have nor teeth, nor tongues,
Lips, artires, nose, palate, nor panting lungs,
Which rightly plac't are properly created
True instruments of sounds articulated.

Why he appeared not in his owne likenesse: nor transformed him into an Angell of light.

And furthermore, though from his birth h' had had
Heart-charming cunning smoothly to perswade,
He fear'd (malitious) if he, careless, came
Un-masked (like himselfe, in his own name)
In deep distrust man entring, suddenly,
Would stop his ears, and his foul presence fly:
As (opposite) taking the shining face
Of sacred Angels full of glorious grace,
He then suspected, lest th' Omnipotent
Should think mans fall scarce worthy punishment.

simile.

Much like (therefore) some theef that doth con-
From travellers both life & goods to reave, (ceive
And in the twi-light (while the Moon doth play
In *Thetis* Palace) neer the Kings high-way
Himself doth ambush in a bushy Thorn,
Then in a Cave, then in a field of Corn,
Creeps to and fro, and fisketh in and out,
And yet the safety of each place doth doubt;
Till, resolute at last (upon his knee
Taking his levell) from a hollow Tree,
He swiftly sends his fire-wing'd messenger,
At his false sute t' arrest the passenger:
Our freedoms felon, fountain of our sorrow,
Thinks now the beauty of a Horse to borrow;

He hides him under divers figures.

Anon to creep into a Haifers side;
Then in a Cock, or in a Dog to hide;
Then in a nimble Hart himself to shroud;
Then in the starr'd plumes of a Peacock proud;
And lest he miss a mischiefe to effect,
Oft changeth minde, and varies oft aspect.

Why hee chose the Serpent.

At last, remembring that of all the broods
In Mountains, Plains, Airs, waters, wilds & woods,
The knotty Serpents spotty generation
Are filled with infectious inflammation: (paws,
And tho they want Dogs teeth, Boars tusks, Bears
The Vultures bill, Buls horns, and Griphins claws;
Yea, seem so weak, as if they had not might
To hurt us once, much less to kill us quite:
Yet, many times they trecherously betray us,
And with their breath, look, tongue or train they
He crafty cloaks him in a Dragons skin (slay us;
All bright-bespect; that, speaking so within
That hollow Sagbuts supple-wreathing plies,
The mover might with th' Organ sympathize.
For, yet the faith-less Serpent (as they say)
With horror crawl'd not groveling on the clay,
Nor to Mankinde (as yet) was held for hatefull,
Sith that 's the hire of his offence ingratefull.

Sundry opinions hereupon.

But now, to censure how this change befell
Our wits com short, our words suffice not well
To utter it: much less our feeble Art
Can imitate this sly malitious part. (Fiend
Somtimes me seems (troubling *Eves* spirit) the
Made her this speaking fancy apprehend. 1
For, as in liquid clouds (exhaled thickly)
Water and Air (as moyst) doe mingle quickly;
The evill Angels slide too easily,
As subtle Spirits into our fantasie.
Somtimes me seems She saw (wo-worth the hap) 2
No very Serpent, but a Serpents shape:
Whether that, Satan playd the Juggler there,
Who tender eys with charmed Tapers blear,
Transforming so, by subtile vapoury gleams,
Mens heads to Monsters, into Eels the beams:
Or whether, Divels having bodies light,
Quick, nimble, active, apt to change with sleight,
In shapes or shews, they guilefull have propos'd;
In brief, like th' Aire whereof they are compos'd.
For, as the Air, with scattred clouds bespred,
Is heer and there black, yellow, white and red,
Resembling Armies, Monsters, Mountains, Dragons,
Rocks, fiery Castles, Forrests, Ships and Wagons,
And such to us through glass transparent clear
From form to form varying it doth appear:
So, these seducers can grow great, or small,
Or round, or square, or straight, or short, or tall,
As fits the passions they are moved by,
And such our soule receives them from our ey.
Somtimes; that Satan (only for this work) 3
Fain'd him a Serpents shape, wherein to lurk.
For, Nature framing our soules enemies,
Of bodies light, and in experience wise,

In

In malice crafty; curious they assemble
Small Elements, which (as of kin) resemble,
Whereof a Mass is made, and thereunto
They soon give growth and lively motion too.
Not, that they be Creators: for, th' Almighty,
Who first of nothing made vaste *Amphitrite*,
The Worlds dul Centre, Heav'ns ay-turning Frame,
And whirling Air, sole merits that high Name:
Who (onely *Beeing*) Being gives to all,
And of all things the seeds substantiall
Within their first-born bodies hath inclos'd,
To be in time by Natures hand dispos'd:
Not those, who (taught by curious Art or Nature)
Have giv'n to things Heav'n-pointed form & stature,
Hastned their growth, or wak'ned learnedly
The forms that formless in the Lump did ly.

4 But (to conclude) I thinke 't was no conceipt,
No feined Idoll, nor no juggling sleight,
Nor body borrowed for this uses sake,
But the self Serpent which the Lord did make
In the beginning: for, his hatefull breed
Bears yet the pain of this pernicious deed.

5 Yet 'tis a doubt whether the Divell did
Govern the Dragon (not there selfly hid)
To raise his courage, and his tongue direct,
Locally absent, present by effect:
As when the sweet strings of a Lute we strike,
Another Lute laid neer it, sounds the like,
Nay, the same note, through secret sympathie
(Untoucht) receiving Life and Harmony:
Or, as a star, which (though far distant) pours,
Upon our heads, hap-less or happy showrs.

6 Or, whether for a time he did abide
Within the doubling Serpents damask hide,
Holding a place-less place: as our soule dear,
Through the dim lanthorn of our flesh, shines clear;
And bound-less bounds it self in so straight space,
As form in body, not as body in place.

But this stands sure, how-ever else it went;
Th' old Serpent serv'd as Satans instrument
To charm in *Eden*, with a strong illusion,
Our silly Grandam to her selfs confusion.
For, as an old, rude, rotten, tune-less Kit;
If famous Dowland *daign to finger it*,
Makes sweeter Musick than the choicest Lute
In the gross handling of a clownish Brute:
So, whiles a learned Fiend with skilfull hand
Doth the dull motions of his mouth command,
This self-dumb Creature's glozing Rhetorike
With bashfull shame great Orators would strike.
So, Fairy Trunks within *Epyrus* Grove,
Mov'd by the spirit that was inspir'd by *Jove*,
With fluent voyce (to every one that seeks)
Fore-tell the Fates of light-beleeving Greeks:
So, all incenst, the pale *Engastromith*
(Rul'd by the furious spirit he 's haunted with)
Speaks in his womb; So, well a workmans skill
Supplies the want of any organ ill:
So doth the *Phantike* (lifting up his thought
On Satans wing) tell with a tongue distraught
Strange Oracles, and his sick spirit doth plead
Even of those Arts that he did never reade.

O ruth-less murd'rer of immortall Soules!
Alas! to pull us from the happy Poles,
And plunge us headlong in thy yawning hell,
Thy ceas-less frauds and fetches who can tell?

Thou play'st the Lion, when thou dost engage
Bloud-thirsty *Nero*'s barbarous heart with rage,
While flesht in murders (butcher-like) he paints
The Saint-poor world wth the dear bloud of Saints.

Thou play'st the Dog, when by the mouth profane
Of some false Prophet thou dost belch thy bane,
While from the Pulpit barkingly he rings
Bold blasphemies against the King of kings. (vile,

Thou play'st the Swine, when plung'd in pleasures
Some Epicure doth sober mindes defile;
Transforming lewdly, by his loose impiety,
Strict *Lacedæmon* to a soft society.

Thou play'st the Nightingale, or else the Swan,
When any famous Rhetorician,
With captious wit and curious language, draws
Seduced hearers; and subverts the laws.

Thou play'st the Fox, when thou dost fain a-right
The face & phrase of some deep Hypocrite, (quick;
True painted Toomb, dead-seeming coals, but
A Scorpion fell, whose hidden tail doth prick.

Yet, this were little, if thy spite audacious
Spar'd (at the least) the face of Angels gracious,
And if thou didst not (Ape-like) imitate
Th' Almighties Works, the wariest Wits to mate.

But (without numbring all thy subtle baits,
And nimble juggling with a thousand sleights)
Timely returning where I first digrest,
I'le onely heer thy first DECEIT digest.

The Dragon then, Mans Fortress to surprise;
Follows some Captains martiall policies,
Who, yer too neer an adverse place he pitch,
The situation marks, and sounds the ditch,
With his eyes levell the steep wall he metes;
Surveies the flanks, his Camp in order sets;
And then approaching, batters sore the side
Which Art and Nature have least fortifi'd:
So, this old Souldier, having marked rife
The first-born payrs yet danger-dreadless life;
Mounting his Canons, subtly he assaults
The part he findes in evident defaults:
Namely, poor Woman, wavering, weak, unwise,
Light, credulous, news-lover, giv'n to lies.

Eve, Second honour of this Universe!
Is 't true (I pray) that jealous God, perverse,
Forbids (quoth he) both you and all your race
All the fair Fruits these silver Brooks embrace;
So oft bequeath'd you, and by you possest,
And day and night by your own labour drest?

With th' air of these sweet words, the wily Snake
A poysoned air inspired (as it spake)
In *Eves* frail brest; who thus replies: O! knowe,
What e'r thou be (but, thy kinde care doth showe
A gentle friend) that all the fruits and flowrs
In this earths-heav'n are in our hands and powrs,
Except alone that goodly fruit divine, (shine;
Which in the midst of this green ground doth
But, all-good God (alas! I wot not why)
Forbad us touch that Tree, on pain to dy.
She ceast; already brooding in her heart
A curious wish, that will her weal subvert.

As a false Lover, that thick snares hath laid
T' intrap the honour of a fair young Maid,

When

The sundry subtle and horrible endevours of the Divell, putting on divers forms to overthrowe man-kinde.

The Poet resumeth his Discourse touching the temptation of Eve.

Comparison.

Conclusion of the former opinions. A comparison.

Sathans Oration.

Eves answer

A fit comparison.

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When she (though little) listning ear affords
To his sweet, courting, deep-affected words,
Feels some asswaging of his freezing flame,
And sooths himselfe with hope to gain his game;
And rapt with joy, upon this point persists,
That parley'ng Citie never long resists:
Ev'n so the Serpent, that doth counterfeit
A guilefull Call t' allure us to his net;
Perceiving *Eve* his flattering gloze digest,
He prosecutes, and jocund, doth not rest,
Till he have try'd foot, hand, and head, and all,
Upon the Breach of this new-battered wall.

The Divels reply.

No, fair (quoth he) beleeve not, that the care
God hath, mankinde from spoyling death to spare,
Makes him forbid you (on so strict condition)
This purest, fairest, rarest Fruits fruition:
A double fear, an envie, and a hate,
His jealous heart for ever cruciate;
Sith the suspected vertue of This Tree
Shall soon dispersе the cloud of Idiocy,
Which dims your eyes; & further, make you seem
(Excelling us) even *equall* Gods to him.
O Worlds rare glory! reach thy happy hand,
Reach, reach, I say: why dost thou stop or stand?
Begin thy Bliss, and do not fear the threat
Of an uncertain God-head, onely great
Through self-aw'd zeal: put on the glistring Pall
Of immortality: doe not fore-stall
(As envious stepdame) thy posteritie
The soverain honour of *Divinitie*.

His audacious impudency.

This parley ended, our ambitious Grandam,
Who only yet did heart and eye abandon
Against the Lord, now farther doth proceed,
And hand and mouth makes guiltie of the deed.

The Apostasie of Eve.

A novice Thief (that in a Closet spies
A heap of Gold, that on the Table lies)
Pale, fearfull shivering, twice or thrice extends,
And twice or thrice retires his fingers ends,
And yet again returns; the booty takes,
And faintly-bold, up in his cloak it makes,
Scarce findes the door, with faultring foot he flies,
And still lookes back for fear of *Hu-on cries:*
Even so doth *Eve* shew by like fear-full fashions
The doubtfull combat of contending Passions;
She would, she should not; glad, sad; coms & goes:
And long she marts about a Match of Woes:
But (out alas!) at last she toucheth it,
And (having toucht) tastes the *Forbidden bit*.

A comparison.

Another comparison lively expressing the Fall of Man, by the provocation of his wife.

Then as a man that from a lofty Clift,
Or steepy Mountain doth descend too swift,
Stumbling at somwhat, quickly clips some lim
Of some deer kinsman walking next to him,
And by his headlong fall, so brings his friend
To an untimely, sad, and sudden end;
Our Mother, falling, hales her Spouse anon
Down to the gulf of pitchy *Acheron*.
For, to the wisht Fruits beautifull aspect,
Sweet *Nectar*-taste, and wonderfull effect,
Cunningly adding her quaint smiling glances,
Her witty speech, and pretty countenances,
She so prevails, that her blind Lord, at last,
A morsell of the sharp-sweet fruit doth taste.
Now suddenly wide-open feel they might
(Siel'd for their good) both soules and bodies sight;
But the sad Soule hath lost the Character,
And sacred Image that did honour her:
The wretched Body, full of shame and sorrow
To see it naked, is inforc't to borrow
The Trees broad leaves, wherof they aprons frame,
From Heav'ns faire eye to hide their filthy shame.

The effects of their disobedience.

Alas, fond death-lings! O! behold how cleer
The *knowledge* is that you have bought so deer:
In heav'nly things yee are more blinde than Moals,
In earthly Owls. O! thinke ye (silly soules) (ters
The sight that swiftly through th'Earth's solid cen-
(As globes of pure transparent crystall) enters,
Cannot transpearce your leaves? or doe ye ween,
Covering your shame so to conceal your sin?
Or that, a part thus clouded, all doth lie
Safe from the search of Heav'ns all-seeing eye?
Thus yet, mans troubled dull Intelligence
Had of his fault but a confused sense:
As in a dream, after much drink it chances,
Disturbed spirits are vext with raving fancies.

The extraordinary presence of God, awakes their drowsie soules twallowed up of Sin: and begins to arraign them.

Therefore, the Lord, within the Garden fair,
Moving betimes I wot not I what ayre,
But supernaturall; whose breath divine
Brings of his presence a most certain signe:
Awakes their *Lethargie*, and to the quick, (prick:
Their self-doom'd soules doth sharply press and
Now more and more making their pride to fear
The frowning visage of their Judge severe:
To seek new-refuge in more secret harbors
Among the dark shade of those tufting arbors.
Adam, quoth God, (with thundring majesty) (me
Where art thou (wretch!) what dost thou answer
Thy God and Father; from whose hand, thy health
Thou hold'st, thine honour, and all sorts of wealth.

Description of the horrible effects of a guilty Conscience, summoned to the presence of God.

At this sad summons, wofull man resembles
A bearded rush that in a river trembles:
His rosie cheeks are chang'd to earthen hew;
His dying body drops in ycie deaw;
His tear-drown'd eyes, a night of clouds bedims;
About his ears, a buzzing horror swims;
His fainted knees, with feebleness, are humble;
His faultring feet doe slide away and stumble:
He hath not (now) his free, bold, stately port;
But down-cast looks, in fearfull slavish sort;
Now, nought of *Adam*, doth in *Adam* rest;
He feeles his senses pain'd, his soule oppreſt:
A confus'd hoast of violent passions jar;
His flesh and spirit are in continuall war:
And now no more (through conscience of his error)
He hears or sees th' Almighty, but with terror:
And loth he answers (as with tongue distraught)
Confessing (thus) his fear, but not his fault.

Adams answer.

O Lord thy voyce, thy dreadfull voyce hath made
Me (fearfull) hide me in this covert shade.
For, naked as I am (O most of might!)
I dare not come before thine awfull sight.

God urgeth the cause of his deiection and fear.

Naked (quoth God)? why (faith-less renegate,
Apostate Pagan!) who hath told thee that? (to run
Whence springs thy shame? what makes thee thus
From shade to shade, my presence still to shun?
Hast thou not tasted of the learned Tree,
Whereof (on pain of death) I warned thee?

* Adams reply, excusing himselfe, and covertly imputing his Guilt to God.

O righteous God (quoth * *Adam*) I am free
From this offence: the wife thou gavest me,

For

For my companion and my comforter,
She made me eat that deadly meat with her. (Bride,
Examination of Eve, who excuseth her selfe likewise on another.
And thou (quoth God) O thou frail treacherous
Why, with thy self, hast thou seduc'd thy Guide?
Lord (answers *Eve*) the Serpent did intice
My simple frailty to this sinfull vice.
An example for Iudges and Magistrates.
Mark heer, how He, who fears not who reform
His high Decrees, not subject unto form,
Or stile of Court: who, all-wise, hath no need
T' examine proof or witness of the deed:
Who for sustayning of unequall Scale,
Dreads not the Doom of a *Mercuriall*;
Yer Sentence pass, doth publikely convent,
Confront, and hear with eare indifferent
Th' Offenders sad: then with just indignation,
Pronounceth thus their dreadfull Condemnation.
The Sentence of the supreme Iudge against the guilty Prisoners: and first of all against the Serpent.
Ah curst Serpent, which my fingers made
To serve mankinde: th' hast made thy selfe a blade
Wherewith vain Man and his inveigled wife
(Self-parricides) have reft their proper life.
For this thy fault (true Fountain of all ill)
Thou shalt be hatefull 'mong all creatures still:
Groveling in dust, on dust thou ay shalt feed:
I'le kindle war between the Womans seed,
And thy fell race; hers on the head shall ding
Thine: thine againe hers in the heel shall sting.
Against the Woman.
Rebell to me, unto thy kindred curst,
False to thy husband, to thy self the worst:
Hope not, thy fruit so eas'ly to bring-forth
As now thou slay'st it: hence-forth, every Birth
Shall torture thee with thousand sorts of pain;
Each artire, sinew, muscle, joynt and vein,
Shall feel his part: besides foul vomitings,
Prodigious longings, thought-full languishings,
With change of colours, swouns, and many others,
Eternall fellows of all future mothers:
Under his yoak, thy husband thee shall have,
Tyrant, by thee made the Arch-tyrants slave.
Against Man.
And thou disloyall, which hast hearkned more
T' a wanton fondling, than my sacred lore,
Henceforth the sweat shall bubble on thy brow:
Thy hands shall blister, and thy back shall bow:
Ne'r shalt thou send into thy branchie veines
A bit, but bought with price of thousand pains.
For, the earth feeling (even in her) th' effect
Of the doom thundred 'gainst thy foul defect;
In stead of sweet fruits which she selfly yeelds
Seed-less, and Art-less over all thy fields,
With thorns and burs shall bristle up her brest:
(In short) thou shalt not taste the sweets of rest,
Till ruth-less Death by his extreamest pain
Thy dust-born bodie turn to dust again.
Objections to excuse the Sin of Man.
1
Heer I conceive, that flesh & bloud will brangle,
And murmuring Reason with th' Almighty wrangle,
Who did our parents with *Free-will* indue,
Though he fore-saw, that that would be the clew
Should lead their steps into the wofull way
Where life is death ten thousand times a-day:
Now all that he fore-sees; befals: and further,
He all events by his free powr doth order.
2
Man taxeth God of too-unjust severity,
For plaguing *Adams* sin in his posterity:
So that th' old yeers renewed generations
Cannot asswage his venging indignations,
Which have no other ground to prosecute,
But the mis-eating of a certain fruit.
Answers to the first objection.
1
O dusty wormling! dar'st thou strive & stand (mand
With Heav'ns high Monarch? wilt thou (wretch) de-
Count of his deeds? Ah! shall the Potter make
His clay, such fashion, as him list, to take? (ther)
And shall not God (Worlds Founder, Natures Fa-
Dispose of man (his own meer creature) rather?
The supreme King, who (Judge of greatest Kings)
By number, weight and measure, acts all things,
Vice-loathing Lord, pure Justice, Patron strong,
Law's life, Right's rule; will he do any wrong?
2
Man, holdest thou of God thy frank *Free-will*,
But free t' obey his sacred goodness still?
Freely to follow him, and do his hest,
Not *Philtre*-charm'd, nor by *Bufris* prest?
God arms thee with discourse: but thou (O wretch!)
By the keen edge the wound-soule sword dost
Killing thy selfe, and in thy loins thy line. (catch;
O banefull Spider (weaving wofull twine)
All Heav'ns pure flowrs thou turnest into poyson:
Thy sense reaves sense: thy reason robs thy reason.
For, thou complainest of Gods grace, whose Still
Extracts from dross of thine audacious ill;
3
Three unexpected goods; praise for his Name;
Bliss for thy self; for Satan endless-shame:
Sith, but for sin, *Justice* and *Mercy* were
But idle names: and but that thou didst erre,
CHRIST had not come to conquer and to quell,
Upon the Cross, Sin, Satan, Death, and Hell;
Making thee blessed more since thine offence,
Than in thy primer happy innocence. (doubt:
Then, might'st thou die; now, death thou dost not
Now, in the Heav'n; then, didst thou ride without:
In Earth, thou liv'dst then; now in Heav'n thou beest:
Then, thou didst hear Gods word; it, now thou seest:
Then, pleasant fruits; now, *Christ* is thy repast:
Then might'st thou fall; but now thou standest fast.
4
Now, *Adams* fault was not in deed so light,
As seemes to Reason's sin-bleard Owlie sight:
But 't was a chain where all the greatest sins
Were one in other linked fast, as Twins:
Ingratitude, pride, treason, gluttony,
Too-curious skill-thirst, envie, felony,
Too-light, too-late belief; were the sweet baits
That made him wander from Heav'ns holy straights.
What wouldst thou (Father) say unto a Son
Of perfect age, to whom for portion
(Witting and willing, while thy self yet livest)
All thy possessions in the earth thou givest:
And yet th' ungratefull, grace-less, insolent,
In thine own Land, rebellion doth invent?
Map now an *Adam* in thy memory;
By Gods own hand made with great majesty;
Not poor, nor pined; but at whose command
The rich abundance of the world doth stand;
Not slave to sense, but having freely might
To bridle it, and range it still aright:
No idiot fool, nor drunk with vaine opinion;
But Gods Disciple and his deerest Minion:
Who rashly growes for little, nay for nought,
His deadly foe that all his good had wrought:
So mayst thou gheſs, what whip, what rope, what
What fire, were fit to punish *Adams* lack. (rack;

Then,

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A nſwers to the ſecond obiection.

1 Then, ſith Mans ſin by little and little runs
End-leſs, through every Age from Sires to Sons;
And ſtill the farther this foule ſin-ſpring flowes,
It ſtill more muddy and more filthy growes:
Thou ought'ſt not marvail, if (even yet) his ſeed
Feel the juſt wages of this wicked deed.
For, though the keen ſting of concupiſcence
Cannot, yer birth, his fell effect commence;
The unborn Babe, hid in the Mothers womb,
Is ſorrow's ſervant, and Sin's ſervile groom,
As a frail Mote from the firſt Maſs extract,
Which *Adam* baen'd by his rebellious fact.
Sound off-ſpring comes not of a Kinde infected:
Parts are not fair, if totall be defected:
And a defiled ſtinking ſink doth yeeld
More durt than water to the neighbour field.

2 Simile. While nights black muffler hoodeth up the skies,
The ſilly blind-man miſſeth not his eyes:
But when the day ſummons to work again,
His night, eternall then he doth complain,
That he goes groping, and his hand (alas!)
Is fain to guide his foot, and guard his face:
So man, that liveth in the wombs obſcurity,
Knowes not, nor maketh known his luſts impurity:
Which, for 'tis ſown in a too-plenteous ground,
Takes root already in the Caves profound
Of his infected Heart: with 's birth, it peers,
And growes in ſtrength, as he doth grow in years;
And waxt a Tree (though proin'd with thouſand cares)
An execrable deadly fruit it bears.

3 Simile. Thou ſeeſt, no wheat *Helleborus* can bring:
Nor barley, from the madding Morrell ſpring:
The bleating Lambs brave Lions doe not breed:
The leprous Parents raiſe a leprous ſeed:
Even ſo our Grand-ſire, living Innocent,
Had ſtockt the whole world with a Saint-deſcent:
But ſuffering ſin in EDEN him invade,
His ſons, the Sons of Sin and Wrath he made.

4 For, God did ſeem t' indow, with glory and grace,
Not the firſt Man ſo much, as all mans race;
And after reave again thoſe gifts divine,
Not him ſo much, as in him all his line.

Simile. For, if an odious Traitour that conſpires,
Againſt a Prince, or to his ſtate aſpires,
Feel not alone the laws extremity;
But his ſons ſons (although ſomtimes they be
Honeſt and vertuous) for their Fathers blame,
Are hap-leſs ſcarr'd with an eternall ſhame:
May not th' Eternall with a righteous terror,
In *Adams* iſſue puniſh *Adams* error?
May he not thrall them under Deaths command,
And ſear their brows with everlaſting brand
Of infamy, who in his ſtock (accurſt)
Have graft worſe ſlips than *Adam* ſet at firſt?
Mans ſeed then juſtly, by ſucceſſion,
Bears the hard penance of his high tranſgreſſion:
And *Adam* heer, from *Eden* baniſhed,
As firſt offender is firſt puniſhed.

Conclusion of the former diſputations, and execution of Gods Decree againſt *Adam* & *Eve*: They are driven out of *Eden*.

Hence (quoth the Lord) hence, hence (accurſed race)
Out of my Garden: quick, avoyd the place,
This beauteous place, pride of this Univerſe,
A houſe unworthy Maſters ſo perverſe.

Simile. *Thoſe that (in quarrell of the Strong of Strongs,*
And juſt revenge of Queen, and Countries wrongs)
Were witneſſes to all the wofull plaints,
The ſighes, and tears, and pitifull complaints,
Of braving Spaniards *(chiefly brave in word)*
When by the valiant Heav'n-aſſiſted ſword
Of Mars-*like* ESSEX, Englands *Marſhall-Earle*
(Then Albions *Patron, and* Eliza's *Pearle)*
They were expulſt from Cad'z, *their deereſt pleaſure,*
Loſing their Town, their honour, and their treaſure:
Wo worth (ſayd they) wo worth our Kings ambition;
Wo worth our Cleargie, and their Inquiſition:
He ſeeks new Kingdoms, and doth loſe his old;
They burne for conſcience, but their thirſt is gold:
Wo, and alas, wo to the vain bravado's
Of Typhon-*like invincible* ARMADO'S,
Which like the vaunting Monſter-man of Gath,
Have ſtirr'd againſt us little Davids *wrath:*
Wo-worth our ſins: wo-worth our ſelves, and all
Accurſed cauſes of our ſudden fall.

Thoſe well may gheſs the bitter agonies,
And luke-warm Rivers guſhing down the eyes
Of our firſt *Parents*, out of *Eden* driv'n
(Of Repeal hope-leſs) by the hand of Heav'n;
For, the Almightie ſet before the dore
Of th' holy Park, a *Seraphin* that bore
A waving ſword, whoſe body ſhined bright,
Like flaming Comet in the midſt of night;
A body meerly *Metaphyſicall*,
Which (differing little from th' ONE unicall,
Th' *Act-ſimply-pure*, the onely-beeing BEING)
Approacheth matter; ne'rtheleſs, not being
Of matter mixt: or rather is ſo made
So meerly ſpirit, that not the murdering blade,
His joyned quantity can part in two:
For (pure) it cannot *Suffer* ought, but *Doo*.

The earthly *Eden* ſhut up for ever from Mankinde.

FINIS.

THE

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The Furies.

THE THIRD PART OF THE FIRST DAY OF THE II. WEEKE.

The Argument.

The World's transform'd *from what it was at first:*
For Adams *sin, all creatures else accurst:*
Their Harmony distuned by His jar:
Yet all againe consent, to make him war;
As, th' Elements, and above all, the Earth:
Three ghastly Furies; Sickness, War, *and* Dearth,
A gen'rall Muster *of the Bodies* Griefs:
The Soules Diseases, *under sundry Chiefs:*
Both, full of Horror, but the later most,
Where vgly Vice *in* Vertues *Mask doth boast.*

Sin hath changed & disfigured the face of the World.

THis's not the World. O! whither am I brought?
This Earth I tread, this hollow-hanging Vault,
Which Dayes reducing, and renewing Nights,
Renews the grief of mine afflicted sprights;
This Sea I sail, this troubled Aire I sip,
Are not *The First-weekes* glorious Workmanship:
This wretched Round is not the goodly Globe
Th' Eternall trimmed in so various Robe:
'Tis but a Dungeon and a dreadfull Cave,
Of that first World the Miserable Grave. (strange,

Invocation.

All-quickning Spirit, great God, that (justly-
Judge-turned-Father) wrought'st this wondrous-
Change & new-mould me, let thy hand assist, (change,
That in my Muse appear no earthly mist:
Make me thine organ, give my voyce dexterity
Sadly to sing this sad Change to Posterity.
And, bounteous Giver of each perfect gift,
So tune my voyce to his sweet-sacred Clift,
That in each strain my rude unready tongue
Be lively Eccho of his learned Song.
And, hence-forth, let our holy Musick ravish
All well-born Soules, from fancies lewdly-lavish
(Of charming Sin the deep inchaunting Syrens;
The snares of vertue, valour-softning Hyrens)
That toucht with terror of thine indignation,
Presented in this wofull Alteration,
We all may seek, by prayer and true repentance,
To shun the rigour of thy wrathfull Sentence.
* *But, yet we farther pass, our slender Bark*
Must heer strike top-sails to a Princely Ark
Which keeps these straights: He hails us threatfully,
Star-boord our helm; Come underneath his Lee.
Ho, whence your Bark? *of Zeal-land:* whither bound?
For Vertues Cape: What lading? *Hope.* This *Sound*
You should not pass; save that your voyage tends
To benefit our Neighbours and our Friends.
Thanks, Kingly Captain; daign us then (we pray)
Some skilfull Pylot through this Furious *Bay;*
Or,

* The Translator heer humbly waiteth homes to the Kings Majesty; who many yeares since (for his Princely exercise) translated these FVRIES, the VRANIA, and some other pieces of Du BARTAS.

Or, in this Chancell, ſith we are to learn,
Vouchſafe to togh us at your Royall Stern.

YER THAT our Sire (O too too proudly-baſe)
Turn'd tail to God, and to the Fiend his face,
Happy eſtate of the World, before Sin: ſet forth by a Similitude.
This mighty World did ſeem an Inſtrument
True-ſtrung, well-tun'd, and handled excellent,
Whoſe ſymphony reſounded ſweetly-ſhrill
Th' Almighties praiſe, who play'd upon it ſtill.
While Man ſerv'd God, the World ſerv'd him, the
And live-leſs creatures ſeemed all to ſtrive (live
To nurſe this league; and, loving zealouſly
Theſe too deer Heads, embraced mutually:
In ſweet accord, the baſe with high rejoyc't,
The hot with cold, the ſolid with the moiſt;
And innocent *Aſtræa* did combine
All with the maſtick of a love divine.

The Sympathy yet appearing between certain Creatures, is but as a little ſhadow of the perfect union which was among all Creatures, before Mans Fall.
For, th' hidden love that now-adayes doth hold
The Steel and Load-ſtone, *Hydrargire* and Gold,
Th' Amber and ſtraw; that lodgeth in one ſhell
Pearle-fiſh and *Sharpling*: and unites ſo well
Sargons and *Goats*, the *Sperage* and the *Ruſh*,
Th' *Elm* and the *Vine*, th' *Olive* and *Myrtle-buſh*,
Is but a ſpark or ſhadow of that Love
Which at the firſt in every thing did move,
When as th' Earth's *Muſes* with harmonious ſound
To Heav'ns ſweet *Muſick* humbly did reſound.
But *Adam*, being chief of all the ſtrings
Of this large Lute, o'r-retched, quickly brings
All out of tune: and now for melody
Of warbling Charms, it yels ſo hideouſly,
That it affrights fell *Enyon*, who turmoils
To raiſe again th' old *Chaos* antick broils:

Of the Diſcord that Sin hath brought among all things.
Heav'n, that ſtill ſmiling on his Paramour,
Still in her lap did *Mel* and *Manna* pour,
Now with his hail, his rain, his froſt and heat,
Doth parch, and pinch, and over-whelm, and beat,
And hoars her head with Snowes, & (jealous) daſhes
Againſt her brows his fiery lightning flaſhes:

Sundry notable Antipathies.
On th' other ſide, the ſullen, envious Earth
From blackeſt Cels of her foule breſt ſends forth
A thouſand foggy fumes, which every-where
With cloudy miſts Heav'ns cryſtall front beſmear.
Since that, the Wolf the trembling Sheep purſues;
The crowing Cock, the Lion ſtout eſchews:
The Pullein hide them from the Puttock's flight,
The Maſtiffe's mute at the *Hyæna's* ſight:
Yea (who would thinke it?) theſe fell enmities,
Rage in the ſenſe-leſs trunks of Plants and Trees:
The *Vine*, the *Cole*; the *Cole-wort Swines-bread*
The *Fearn* abhors the hollow waving *Reeds*: (dreads,
The *Olive* and the *Oake* participate,
Even to their earth, ſignes of their ancient hate,
Which ſuffers not (O date-leſs diſcord!) th' one
Live in that ground where th' other firſt hath
O ſtrange inſtinct! O deep immortal rage, (grown.
Whoſe fiery fewd no *Lethè* floud can ſwage!

So, at the ſound of Wolf-Drums rattling thunder
Th' affrighted Sheep-skin-Drum doth rent in ſunder:
So, that fell Monſters twiſted entrails cuts
(By ſecret powr) the poor Lambs twined guts,
Which (after death) in ſtead of bleating mute,
Are taught to ſpeak upon an Yvorie Lute:
And ſo the Princely Eagles ravening plumes
The feathers of all other Fowls conſumes.

The *firſt-mov'd heav'n* (in 't ſelf it ſelf ſtil ſtirring)
Rapts with his courſe (quicker than windes ſwift
All th' other Sphears, & to *Alcides* Spyres (whirring)
From *Alexanders* Altars drives their Fires:
But mortall *Adam*, Monarch heer beneath,
Erring, draws all into the paths of death;
And on rough Seas, as a blinde Pilot raſh,
Againſt the rock of Heav'ns juſt wrath doth daſh
The Worlds great Veſſell, ſayling yerſt at eaſe,
With gentle gales, good guide, on quiet Seas.

The eſtate of Man before Sin.
For (yer his Fall) which way ſo e'r he rowl'd
His wondering eyes God every-where behold;
In Heav'n, in Earth, in Ocean, and in Aire,
He ſees, and feels, and findes him every-where.
The World was like a large and ſumptuous Shop
Where God his goodly treaſures did unwrap:
Or Cryſtall glaſs moſt lively repreſenting,
His ſacred goodneſs, every-where frequenting.

His eſtate after Sin.
But, ſince his ſin, the wofull wretch findes none
Herb, garden, grove, field, fountain, ſtream or ſtone,
Beaſt, mountain, valley, ſea-gate, ſhoar or haven,
But bears his Deaths-doom openly ingraven:
In brief, the whole ſcope this round Centre hath,
Is a true ſtore-houſe of Heav'ns righteous wrath.

All creatures from the higheſt to the loweſt, enemies to Man.
Rebellious *Adam*, from his God revolting,
Findes his yerſt-ſubjects 'gainſt himſelfe inſulting:
The tumbling Sea, the Aire with tempeſts driv'n,
Thorn-briſtled Earth, the ſad and lowring Heav'n
(As from the oath of their allegeance free)
Revenge on him th' Almighties injury.

The Heavens with all therein.
The Stars conjur'd through envious influence,
By ſecret Hang-men puniſh his offence: (him,
The Sun with heat, the Moon with cold doth vex-
Th' Air with unlookt-for ſudden changes checks-him,
With fogs & froſts, hails, ſnowes, & ſulph'ry thun-
Blaſting, & ſtorms, & more prodigious wōders. (ders,

All the Elements. Fire. Aire.
Fire, fall'n from Heav'n, or elſe by Art incited,
Or by miſchance in ſome rich building lighted,
Or from ſome Mountains-burning bowels throw'n,
Repleat with Sulphur, Pitch, and Pumy ſtone,
With ſparkling fury ſpreads, and in few hours
The labour of a thouſand years devours.

Sea.
The greedy Ocean, breaking wonted bounds,
Uſurps his Heards, his wealthy Iles and Towns.

Earth.
The grieved Earth, to eaſe her (as it ſeems)
Of ſuch profane accurſed weight, ſomtimes
Swallowes whole Countries, and the ayrie tops
Of Prince-proud towrs, in her black womb ſhe
And in deſpight of him, abhord & hatefull (wraps.

Earth brings forth weeds.
She many wayes proves barren and ingratefull:
Mocking our hopes, turning our ſeed-Wheat-kernel
To burn-grain Thiſtle, & to vaporie Darnel, (Tares,
Cockle, wilde Oats, rough Burs, Corn-cumbring
Short Recompence for all our coſtly cares.

Venemous plants.
Yet this were little, if ſhe more malicious, (ous:
Fell ſtepdame, brought us not Plants more pernici-
As, fable *Henbane*; *Morell*, making mad:
Cold poyſoning *Poppy*, itching, drowſie, ſad:
The ſtifling *Carpeſe*, th' eyes-foe *Hemlock* ſtinking,
Limb-numming belching: and the ſinew-ſhrinking
Dead-laughing *Apium*, weeping *Aconite*
(Which in our Vulgar deadly *Wolfs-bane* hight)
The dropſie-breeding, ſorrow-bringing *Pſylly*
(Heer called *Flea-wurt*) *Colchis* baneſull Lilly,
(With

(With us *Wilde-Saffron*) bliſtring byting fell:
Hot *Napell*, making lips and tongue to ſwell:
Bloud-boyling *Yew*, and coſtive *Miſſeltoe*:
With yce-cold *Mandrake*, and a many moe
Such fatall plants; whoſe fruit, ſeed, ſap, or root,
T' untimely Grave doe bring our heed-leſs foot.
Beſides, ſhe knowes, we (brutiſh) value more,
Than Lives or Honours, her rich glittering Ore:
That *Avarice* our bound-leſs thought ſtill vexes:
Therefore among her wreakfull baits ſhe mixes
Quick-ſilver, *Lethargie* and *Orpiment*,
Wherewith our entrails are oft gnawn and rent:
So that ſomtimes; for Body, and for Minde,
Torture and torment, in one Mine we finde.
What reſteth more? The Maſters skilfull moſt,
With gentle gales driv'n to the wiſhed Coaſt,
Not with leſs labour guide their winged wayns
On th' azure fore-head of the liquid plains:
Nor crafty Jugglers, can more eas'ly make
Their ſelfe-liv'd Puppets (for their lucres ſake)
To skip, and ſcud, and play, and prate, and prannce,
And fight, and fall, and trip, and turn, and daunce:
Than happy we did rule the ſcaly Legions
That dumbly dwell in ſtormy water-Regions;
Than feathered ſingers, and the ſtubborn droves
That haunt the Deſarts and the ſhady Groves:
At every word they trembled then for aw,
And every wink then ſerv'd them as a law;
And alwayes bent all dutie to obſerve-us,
Without command, ſtood ready ſtill to ſerve-us.
But now (alas!) through our fond Parents fall,
They (of our ſlaves) are grown our tyrants all.
Wend we by Sea? the drad *Leviathan*
Turns upſide-down the boyling Ocean,
And on the ſuddain ſadly doth intoomb
Our floating Caſtle in deep *Thetis* womb;
Yerſt in the welkin like an Eagle towring,
And on the water like a Dolphin ſcowring.
Walk we by Land? how many loathſome ſwarms
Of ſpeckled poyſons, with peſtiferous arms,
In every corner in cloſe Ambuſh lurk
With ſecret bands our ſuddain banes to work?
Beſides, the Lion and the Leopard,
Boar, Bear, and Wolf to death purſue us hard;
And, jealous vengers of the wrongs divine,
In peeces pull their Soverains ſinfull line.
The huge thicke Forreſts have nor buſh nor brake
But hides ſome Hang-man our loath'd life to take:
In every hedge and ditch both day and night
We fear our death, of every leafe affright.
Reſt we at home? the Maſty fierce in force,
Th' untamed Bull, the hot courageous Horſe,
With teeth, with horns, & hooffes beſiege us round,
As griev'd to ſee ſuch tyrants tread the ground:
And ther's no Fly ſo ſmall but now dares bring
Her little wrath againſt her *quondam* King.
What hideous ſights? what horror-boading ſhows?
Alas, what yels? what howls? what thund'ring throws?
O! Am I not neer roaring *Phlegeton*? (den
Alecto, ſad *Meger* and *Theſiphon*?
What ſpels have charm'd ye from your dreadfull
Of darkeſt Hell? Monſters abhord of men;
O Nights black daughters, grim-fac't *Furies* ſad,
Stern *Pluto's* Poſtes, what make ye heer ſo mad?
O! feels not man a world of wofull terrors,
Beſides your goaring wounds and ghaſtly horrors?
So ſoon as God from *Eden* *Adam* drave,
To live in this Earth (rather in this Grave,
Where raign a thouſand deaths) he ſummon'd up
With thund'ring call the damned Crew, that ſup
Of Sulph'ry *Styx*, and fiery *Phlegeton*,
Bloody *Cocytus*, muddy *Acheron*.
Come ſnake-treſt Siſters, come ye diſmall Elves,
Ceaſe now to curſe and cruciate your ſelves:
Come, leave the horror of your houſes pale,
Come, parbreak heer your foul, black, banefull gall:
Let lack of work no more from hence-forth fear-you.
Man by his ſin a hundred hells doth rear-you. (you,
This eccho made whole hell to tremble troubled,
The drowſie Night her deep dark horrors doubled,
And ſuddainly *Avernus* Gulf did ſwim
With Rozin, Pitch, and Brimſtone to the brim,
And th' ugly *Gorgons*, and the *Sphinxes* fell,
Hydra's and *Harpies* 'gan to yawn and yell.
As the heat, hidden in a vapoury Cloud,
Striving for iſſue with ſtrange murmurs loud, (der,
Like Guns aſtuns, with round, round-rumbling thun-
Filling the Ayr with noyſe, the Earth with wonder:
So the three Siſters, the three hideous *Rages*,
Raiſe thouſand ſtorms, leaving th' infernall ſtages.
Already all rowle-on their ſteely Cars
On th' ever-ſhaking nine-fould ſteely bars
Of *Stygian* Bridge, and in that fearfull Cave
They jumble, tumble, rumble, rage and rave:
Then dreadfull *Hydra*, and dire *Cerberus*
Which on one body, beareth (monſterous)
The heads of Dragon, Dog, Ounſe, Bear, and Bull,
Wolfe, Lion, Horſe (of ſtrength and ſtomack full)
Lifting his lungs, he hiſſes, barks and brays,
He howls, he yels, he bellows, roars, and neighs:
Such a black Sant, ſuch a confuſed ſound
From many-headed bodies doth rebound.
Having attain'd to our calm Hav'n of light,
With ſwifter courſe than *Boreas* nimble flight,
All fly at Man, all at inteſtine ſtriſe,
Who moſt may torture his deteſted life. (Death;
Heer firſt coms DEARTH, the lively form of
Still yawning wide, with loathſom ſtinking breath;
With hollow eys, with meager cheeks and chin,
With ſharp lean bones pearcing her ſable skin:
Her empty bowels may be plainly ſpy'd
Clean through the wrinkles of her withered hide:
She hath no belly, but the bellies ſeat,
Her knees and knuckles ſwelling hugely great:
Inſatiate Orque, that even at one repaſt,
Almoſt all creatures in the World would waſte;
Whoſe greedy gorge, diſh after diſh doth draw,
Seeks meat in meat. For, ſtill her monſtrous maw
Voyds in devouring, and ſomtimes ſhe eates
Her own deer Babes for lack of other meats:
Nay more, ſomtimes (O ſtrangeſt gluttony!)
She eats her ſelfe, her ſelfe to ſatisfie;
Leſſening her ſelfe; her ſelfe ſo to inlarge:
And cruell thus ſhe doth our Grand-ſire charge;
And brings beſides from *Limbo*, to aſſiſt-her,
Rage, *Feebleneſs*, and *Thirſt*, her ruth-leſs ſiſter.
Next marcheth WAR; the miſtriſs of enormity;
Mother of miſchiefe, monſter of Deformity:

Poyſon hidden among the Metals.

The excellencie of Mans Dominion over the Creatures before his Fall.

The Creatures now become Tyrants and Traitors to Him, whoſe ſlaves and ſervants they were before Sin.

An admirable deſcription of Mans miſerable Puniſhments, tortured by himſelfe.

The FURIES with their furniture and traine, repreſenting the Horror of Sinne, and the curſed eſtate of an evill conſcience.

The deſcription of Famine with her traine.

Secondly, Of Warre and her traine.

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Laws, Maners, Arts, she breaks, she mars, she chaces:
Bloud, tears, bowrs, towrs; she spils, swils, burns, and
Her brazen feet shake all the Earth asunder, (razes:
Her mouth 's a fire-brand, and her voice a thunder,
Her looks are lightnings, every glaunce a flash:
Her fingers guns, that all to powder pash.
Feare and *Despaire*, *Flight* and *Disorder*, coast
With hasty march, before her murderous hoast:
As, *Burning*, *Waste*, *Rape*, *Wrong*, *Impiety*,
Rage, *Ruine*, *Discord*, *Horror*, *Cruelty*,
Sack, *Sacriledge*, *Impunity*, and *Pride*,
Are still stern consorts by her barbarous side:
And *Poverty*, *Sorrow*, and *Desolation*,
Follow her Armies bloudy transmigration.

Thirdly, Sickness exactly described with all her partakers and dependers.

Heer's th' other FURIE (or my judgement fails)
Which furiously mans wofull life assails
With thousand Canons, sooner felt than seen, (teen:
Where weakest strongest; fraught with deadly
Blinde, crooked, cripple, maymed, deaf, and mad,
Cold-burning, blistered, melancholike, sad,
Many-nam'd poyson, minister of Death,
Which from us creeps, but to us gallopeth:
Foule, trouble-rest, fantastick, greedy-gut,
Bloud-sweating, hearts-theef, wretched, filthy Slut,
The Childe of Surfeit, and Ayrs-temper vicious,
Perillous know'n, but unknowne most pernicious.

Innumerable kindes of diseases.

Th' inammeld meads, in Summer cannot showe
More Grashoppers above, nor Frogs belowe,
Than hellish murmurs heer about doe ring:
Nor never did the pretty little King
Of *Hony-people*, in a Sun-shine day
Lead to the field in orderly array
More busie buzzers, when he casteth (witty)
The first foundations of his waxen Citie;
Than this fierce Monster musters in her train
Fell Souldiers, charging poor mankind amain.

The first Regiment sent to assaile the Head, Mans chiefest Fortresse. Simile.

Loe, first a rough and furious Regiment
T' assault the Fort of *Adams* head is sent,
Reasons best Bulwark, and the holy Cell
Wherein the soules most sacred powers dwell.
A King that ayms his neighbours Crown to win,
Before the bruite of open wars begin,
Corrupts his Councell with rich recompences;
For, in good Councell *stands the strength of Princes:*
So this fell *Fury*, for fore-runners, sends
Manie and *Phrenzie* to suborne her friends:
Whereof, th' one drying, th' other over-warming
The feeble brain (the edge of judgement harming)
Within the Soule fantastickly they fain
A confus'd hoast of strange *Chimeraes* vain,
The *Karos*, th' *Apoplexe*, and *Lethargie*,
As forlorn hope, assault the enemy
On the same side; but yet with weapons others:
For, they freez-up the brain and all his brothers;
Making a live-man like a live-less carcass,
Save that again he scapeth from the *Parcas*.
And now the *Palsie*, and the *Cramp* dispose
Their angry darts; this bindes, and that doth lose
Mans feeble sinews, shutting up the way
Whereby before the vitall spirits did play.

A similitude of the effects and endeavours of sickness.

Then as a man, that fronts in single Fight
His suddain foe, his ground doth traverse light,
Thrusts, wards, avoids, and best advantage spies,
At last (to daze his Rivals sparkling eyes)
He casts his Cloak, and then with coward knife,
In crimsin streams he makes him strain his life:
So SICKNES, *Adam* to subdue the better
(Whom thousand Gyves al-ready fastly fetter)
Brings to the field the faith-less *Ophthalmy*
With scalding bloud to blinde her enemy,
Darting a thousand thrusts; then she is back't
By th' *Amafrose* and cloudy *Cataract*,
That (gathering-up gros humors inwardly
In th' *Optike* sinnew) clean puts out the eye:
This other caseth in an envious caul
The Crystall humour shining in the ball.
This past: in-steps that insolent insulter,
The cruell *Quincy*, leaping like a Vulture
At *Adams* throat, his hollow weasand swelling
Among the muscles, through thick blouds congealing;
Leaving him onely this Essay, for signe
Of's might and malice to his future-line:
Like *Hercules*, that in his infant-browes
Bore glorious marks of his undaunted prow's,
When wth his hands (like steely tongs) he strangled
His spightfull stepdams Dragon spotty-spangled;
A proof, presaging the triumphant spoyls
That he atchiev'd by his *Twelue* famous *Toyls*.

The second Regiment affaulting the vitall Parts.

The second Regiment with deadly darts
Assaulteth fiercely *Adam's* vitall parts:
Al-ready th' *Asthma*, panting, breathing tough,
With humors gros the lifting Lungs doth stuff:
The pining *Phthisik* fills them all with pushes,
Whence a slowe spowt of cor'sie matter gushes:
A wasting flame the *Peripneumony*
Within those spunges kindles cruelly:
The spawling *Empiem*, ruth-less as the rest,
With foule impostumes fils his hollow chest:
The *Pleurisie* stabs him with desperate foyl
Beneath the ribs, where scalding bloud doth boyl:
Then th' *Incubus* (by some suppos'd a spright)
With a thick phlegm doth stop his breath by night.

The Ague with her train, her kinds and cruell effects.

Deer *Muse*, my guide; cleer-truth that nought dissē-
Name me that Champion that wth fury trēbles, (bles,
Who arm'd with blazing fire-brands, fiercely flings
At th' Armies heart, not at our feeble wings:
Having for Aids, *Cough*, *Head-ache*, *Horror*, *Heat*,
Pulse-beating, *Burning*, *cold-distilling-Sweat*,
Thirst, *Yawning*, *Yolking*, *Casting*, *Shivering*, *Shaking*,
Fantastick *Raving*, and continuall *Aking*,
With many moe: O! is not this the *Fury*
We call the *Fever*? whose inconstant fury
Transforms her ofter than *Vertumnus* can,
To *Tertian*, *Quartan*, *and Quotidian*,
And *Second* too; now posting, somtimes pawsing,
Even as the matter, all these changes causing,
Is rommidged with motions slowe or quick
In feeble bodies of the *Ague-sick*, (best:
Ah trecherous beast! needs must I knowe thee
For foure whole years thou wert my poor hearts
And to this day in body and in minde (guest,
I beare the marks of thy despight unkinde:
For yet (besides my veins and bones bereft
Of bloud and marrow) through thy secret theft
I feel the vertue of my spirit decayd,
Th' *Enthousiasmos* of my *Muse* allaid:
My memory (which hath been meetly good)
Is now (alas!) much like the fleeting flood;

Our Poet, having been himself for many years grievously afflicted with the Fever, complaineth bitterly of her rude violence.

Whereon

Whereon no ſooner have we drawn a line
But it is canceld, leaving there no ſigne:
For, the deere fruit of all my care and coſt,
My former ſtudy (almoſt all) is loſt,
And oft in ſecret have I bluſhed at
Mine ignorance: like *Corvine*, who forgat
His proper name; or like *George Trapezunce*
(Learned in youth, and in his age a Dunce).
And thence it growes, that maugre my endeavour
My Numbers ſtill by habite have the Fever;
One-while with heat of heavenly fire enſoul'd;
Shivering anon, through faint un-learned cold.

The third Regiment warring on the naturall Powers.

Now, the third Regiment with ſtormy ſtours
Sets on the Squadron of our *Nat'rall Powrs*,
Which happily maintain us (duly) both
With needfull food, and with ſufficient growth.
One-while the *Boulimè*, then the *Anorexid*,
Then the *Dog-hunger*, or the *Bradypepſie*,
And childe-great *Pica* (of prodigious diet)
In ſtraighteſt ſtomacks rage with monſtrous ryot:
Then on the Liver doth the *Jaundize* fall,
Stopping the paſſage of the cholerick Gall;
Which then, for good bloud, ſcatters all about
Her fiery poyſon, yellowing all without:
But the ſad *Dropſie* freezeth it extreame,
Till all the bloud be turned into fleam.
But ſee (alas!) by far more cruell foes
The ſlippery bowels thrill'd with thouſand throes:
With priſoned winds the wringing *Colick* pains-the,
The *Iliack* paſſion with more rigour ſtrains-them,
Streightens their Conduits, & (dereſted) makes
Mans mouth (alas!) even like a lothſome Jakes.
Then, the *Dyſentery* with fretting pains
Extorteth pure bloud from the flayed veins.
On th' other ſide, the *Stone* and *Strangury*,
Tort'ring the Reins with deadly tyranny,
With heat-concreted ſand-heaps ſtrangely ſtop
The burning urine, ſtrained drop by drop:
As oppoſite, the *Diabete* by melting
Our bodies ſubſtance in our Urine ſwelting,
Diſtills us ſtill, as long as any matter
Unto the ſpout can ſend ſupply of water.
Unto thoſe parts, whereby we leave behind-us
Types of our ſelves in after-times to mind-us,
There fiercely flies defective *Venery*,
And the foule, feeble, fruit-leſs *Gonorrhè*
(An impotence for Generations-deed,
And luſt-leſs Iſſue of th' uncocted ſeed)
Remorſe-leſs tyrants, that to ſpoile aſpire
Babes unconceiv'd, in hatred of their Sire.

The fourth Regiment forrageth, and defaceth the body outwardly.

The fell fourth Regiment, is outward Tumours,
Begot of vicious indigeſted humours:
As *Phlegmons*, *Oedems*, *Schyrrhes*, *Eryſipiles*,
Kings-evils, *Cankers*, cruell *Gouts*, and *Byles*,
Wens, *Ring-worms*, *Tetters*: theſe from every part
With thouſand pangs brave the beſieged heart:
And their blinde fury, wanting force and courage
To hurt the Fort, the champain Country forrage.
O tyrants! ſheath your feeble ſwords again:
For, Death al-ready thouſand-times hath ſlain
Your Enemy; and yet your envious rigour
Doth mar his feature and his limbs disfigure.
And with a dull and ragged inſtrument
His joynts and skin are ſaw'd, and torn, and rent.

Comparison.

Me thinks moſt rightly to a coward Crew
Of *Wolves* and *Foxes* I reſemble you,
Who in a Forreſt (finding on the ſand
The Lyon dead, that did alive command
The Land about, whoſe awfull Countenance
Melted, far off, their yce-like arrogance)
Mangle the members of their live-leſs Prince,
With feeble ſignes of daſtard inſolence.

The Lowzie Diſtaſe.

But, with the Griefs that charge our outward (places,
Shall I account the loathſome *Phthiriaſis*?
O ſhamefull Plague! O foule infirmitie!
Which makes proud Kings, fouler than Beggers be
(That wrapt in rags, and wrung with vermin ſore,
Their itching backs ſit ſhrugging evermore)
To ſwarm with *Lice*, that rubbing cannot rid,
Nor often ſhift of ſhirts, and ſheets, and bed:
For, as in ſprings, ſtream ſtream purſueth freſh,
Swarm follows ſwarm, and their too fruitfull fleſh
Breeds her own eaters, and (till Death's arreſt)
Makes of it ſelfe an execrable feaſt.

Diſeaſes proper to certain Climats and Nations.

Nor may we think, that *Chance* confuſedly
Conducts the Camp of our *Third Enemy*:
For, of her Souldiers, ſome (as led by reaſon)
Can make their choyce of *Country*, *Age*, and *Seaſon*.
So *Portugal* hath *Phthiſiks* moſt of all;
Eber, *Kings-evils*; *Arne*, the *Suddain-Fall*;
Savoy, the *Mumps*; *Weſt-India*, *Pox*; and *Nyle*,
The *Leproſie*; *Plague*, the *Sardinian-Ile*,
After the influence of the Heav'ns all ruling,
Or *Countries* manners. So, ſoft *Child-hood* puling

To ſome ages of man.

Is wrung with Worms, begot of crudity,
Are apt to Laske through much humidity: (*ſkalls*,
Through their ſalt phlegms, their heads are hid with
Their Limbs with *Red-gums* and with bloudy balls
Of *Menſtruall* humour, which (like Muſt) within
Their bodies boyling buttoneth all their Skin.
To *bloudy-Flixes*, *Youth* is apt inclining,
Continuall-Fevers, *Phrenzies*, *Phthiſik-pyning*.
And feeble *Age* is ſeldom-times without
Her tedious gueſts, the *Palſie* and the *Gout*,

To the Seaſons of the yeare.

Coughes and *Catarrhs*. And ſo the *Peſtilence*,
The *quartan-Ague* with her accidents,
The *Flix*, the *Hip-gout*, and the *Watry-Tumour*,
Are bred with us of an *Autumnall* humour:
The *Itch*, the *Murrein*, and *Alcides-grief*,
In *Ver's* hot-moyſture doe moleſt us chief:
The *Diarrhæa* and the *Burning-Fever*,
In *Summer-ſeaſon* doe their fell endeavour:
And *Pleuriſies*, the rotten-*Coughes*, and *Rheums*,
Wear curled flakes of white celeſtiall plumes:
Like ſluggiſh Souldiers, keeping Garriſon
In th' ycie Bulwarks of the Years gelt Son.

Some diſeaſes contagious.

Some, ſeeming moſt in multitudes delighting,
Bane one by other, not the firſt acquiting:
As *Meaſels*, *Mange*, and filthy *Leproſie*,
The *Plague*, the *Pox*, and *Phthiſik-maladie*.

Some hereditarie.

And ſome (alas!) we leave as in ſucceſſion,
Unto our Children, for a ſad poſſeſſion:
Such are *Kings-evils*, *Dropſie*, *Gout*, and *Stone*,
Bloud-boyling *Lepry*, and *Conſumption*,
The ſwelling *Throat-ache*, th' *Epilepſie* ſad,
And cruell *Rupture*, paining too-too bad:
For, their hid poyſons after-comming harm
Is faſt combin'd unto the Parents ſperm.

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Some not known by their Cauſe, but by their Effects only.

But O! what arms, what ſhield ſhall we oppoſe,
What ſtratagems againſt thoſe treacherous foes,
Thoſe treacherous griefs, that our frail Art detects
Not by their cauſe, but by their ſole effects?
Such are the fruitfull *Matrix-ſuffocation*,
The *Falling-ſickneſs*, & pale *Swouning-paſſion*; (pauſe,
The which, I wot not what ſtrange windes long
I wot not where, I wot not how doth cauſe.

Some by ſundry Cauſes increaſing & waxing worſe.

Or who (alas!) can ſcape the cruell wile
Of thoſe fell Pangs that *Phyſicks* pains beguile?
Which beeing baniſht from a body, yet
(Under new names) return again to it:
Or rather, taught the ſtrange *Metempſychoſis*
Of the wiſe *Samian*, one it ſelf tranſpoſes
Into ſome worſe *Griefs*; either through the kindred
Of th' humour vicious, or the member hindred:
Or through their ignorance or avarice
That doe profeſs *Apollo's* exerciſe.
So, *Melancholy* turned into *Madneſs*:
Into the *Palſie*, deep-affrighted *Sadneſs*;
Th' *Il-habitude* into the *Dropſie* chill:
And *Megrim* growes to the *Comitial-Ill*.

Compariſon.

In brief, poor *Adam* in this piteous caſe
Is like a Stag, that long purſu'd in chaſe,
Flying for ſuccour to ſome neighbour wood,
Sinks on the ſuddain in the yeelding mud;
And ſticking faſt amid the rotten grounds,
Is over-taken by the eager Hounds:
One bites his back, his neck another nips,
One puls his breſt, at 's throat another skips,
One tugs his flank, his haunch another tears,
Another lugs him by the bleeding ears;
And laſt of all, the *Wood-man* with his knife
Cuts off his head, and ſo concludes his life.

Another compariſon.

Or like a luſty Bull, whoſe horned Creſt
Awakes fell Hornets from their drowſie neſt,
Who buzzing forth, aſſaile him on each ſide,
And pitch their valiant Bands about his Hide;
With fisking train, with forked head, and foot,
Himſelfe, th' ayre, th' earth, he beateth (to no boot)
Flying (through woods, hils, dales, & roaring rivers)
His place of grief, but not his painfull grievers:
And in the end, ſtitcht full of ſtings he dies,
Or on the ground as dead (at leaſt) he lies.

An amplification of Mans miſeries, compared with other Creatures, ſeldomer ſick, and ſooner healed: and that by naturall Remedies of their own: having alſo taught Men many practices of Phyſick.

For, Man is loaden with ten thouſand languors:
All other Creatures, onely feele the angors
Of few *Diſeaſes*: as, the gleaning Quail
Onely the *Falling-ſickneſs* doth aſſail:
The *Turn-about* and *Murrain* trouble Cattell,
Madneſs and *Quincie* bid the Maſty battell.
Yet each of them can naturally find
What Simples cure the ſickneſs of their kind;
Feeling no ſooner their diſeaſe begin,
But they as ſoon have ready medicine.
The Ram for Phyſick takes ſtrong-ſenting *Rue*,
The Tortois ſlowe, cold *Hemlock* doth renue:
The Partridge, Black-bird, and rich painted Jay
Have th' oylie liquor of the ſacred *Bay*.
The ſickly Beare, the *Mandrake* cures again;
And *Mountain-Siler* helpeth Goats to yean:
But, we know nothing, till by poaring ſtill
On Books, we get us a Sophiſtick skill;
A doubtfull Art, a Knowledge ſtill unknowne:
Which enters but the hoary heads (alone)
Of thoſe, that (broken with unthankfull toyl)
Seek others Health, and loſe their own the-while:
Or rather thoſe (ſuch are the greateſt part)
That waxing rich at others coſt and ſmart,
Grow famous *Doctors*, purchaſing promotions, (ons;
While the church-yards ſwel wth their hurtful poti-
Who (hang-man like) fear-leſs, and ſhame-leſs too,
Are prayd and payd for murders that they do.
I ſpeak not of the good, the wiſe, and learned,
Within whoſe hearts Gods fear is well diſcerned;
Who to our bodies can again unite
Our parting ſoules, ready to take their flight.
For, theſe I honour as Heav'ns gifts excelling,
Pillars of Health, Death and Diſeaſe repelling:
Th' Almighties Agents, Natures Counſellers,
And flowring Youths wiſe faithfull Governours;
Yet if their Art can eaſe ſome kinde of dolors,
They learn'd it firſt of Natures ſilent Schollers:
For, from the *Sea-Horſe* came *Phlebotomies*,
From the wilde *Goat* the healing of the eyes;
From *Stork* and *Hearn*, our *Glyſters* laxative,
From *Beares* and *Lions Diets* we derive.
'Gainſt th' onely Body, all theſe Champions ſtout
Strive; ſome, within: and other ſome, without.
Or, if that any th' all-fair Soule have ſtriken,
'Tis not directly; but, in that they weaken
Her Officers, and ſpoyle the Inſtruments
Wherewith ſhe works ſuch wonderous preſidents.

Of foure Diſeaſes of the Soule, under them comprehending all the reſt.

But, lo! foure *Captains* far more fierce and eager,
That on all ſides the Spirit it ſelfe beleaguer,
Whoſe Conſtancy they ſhake, and ſoon by treaſon
Draw the blind Judgement from the rule of Rea-
Opinions iſſue; which (though ſelfe unſeen) (ſon:
Make through the Body their fell motions ſeen.

Firſt, Sorrow deſcribed with her company.

Sorrow 's firſt Leader of this furious Crowd,
Muffled all-over in a ſable cloud,
Old before Age, afflicted night and day,
Her face with wrinkles warped every-way,
Creeping in corners, where ſhe ſits and vies (eyes;
Sighes from her heart, tears from her blubbered
Accompani'd with ſelfe-conſuming *Care*,
With weeping *Pity*, *Thought*, and mad *Deſpaire*
That bears, about her, burning Coales and Cords,
Aſps, Poyſons, Piſtols, Halters, Knives, and Swords:
Foule ſquinting *Envie*, that ſelf-eating Elf,
Through others leaneneſs fatting up her ſelf,
Joying in miſchiefe, feeding but with languor
And bitter tears her Toad-like-ſwelling anger:
And *Jelouſie* that never ſleeps, for feare
(Suſpicious Flea ſtill nibbling in her eare)
That leaves repaſt and reſt, neer pin'd and blinde
With ſeeking what ſhe would be loth to finde.

Secondly, Joy with her Traine.

The ſecond Captain is exceſſive Joy:
Who leaps and tickles, finding th' *Apian-way*
Too-ſtreight for her: whoſe ſenſes all poſſeſs
All wiſhed pleaſures in all plenteouſneſs.
She hath in conduct falſe vain-glorious *Vaunting*,
Bold, ſoothing, ſhameleſs, lowd, injurious, taunting:
The winged Gyant lofty-ſtaring *Pride*,
That in the clouds her braving Creſt doth hide:
And many other, like the empty bubbles
That riſe when raine the liquid Cryſtall troubles.

Thirdly, Fear and her Followers.

The third, is blond-leſs, heart-leſs, witleſs *Feare*,
That like an Aſp-tree trembles every-where:

She

She leads black *Terror*, and baſe clowniſh *Shame*,
And drowſie *Sloath*, that counterfeiteth lame,
With Snail-like motion meaſuring the ground,
Having her arms in willing fetters bound,
Foule, ſluggiſh Drone, barren (but, ſin to breed)
Diſeaſed, begger, ſtarv'd with wilfull need.

Fourthly, Deſire, a moſt violent Paſſion, accompanied with others like: as Ambition, Avarice, Anger, and Fooliſh Love.

And thou *Deſire*, whom nor the Firmament,
Nor Ayre, nor Earth, nor Ocean can conten: : (leſs,
Whoſe-lookes are hooks, whoſe belly's bottom-
Whoſe hands are gripes to ſcrape with greedineſs,
Thou art the Fourth: and under thy Command,
Thou bring'ſt to field a rough unruly Band:
Firſt, ſecret-burning, mighty-ſwoln *Ambition*
Pent in no limits, pleas'd with no Condition,
Whom *Epicurus* many Worlds ſuffice not,
Whoſe furious thirſt of proud aſpiring dies not,
Whoſe hands (tranſported with fantaſtick paſſion)
Bear painted Scepters in imagination:
Then *Avarice* all-arm'd in hooking Tenters
And clad in Bird-lime; without bridge ſhe venters
Through fell *Charybdis*, and falſe *Syrtes* Neſs;
The more her wealth, the more her wretchedneſs:
Cruell, reſpect-leſs, friend-leſs, faith-leſs Elf,
That hurts her neighbour, but much more her ſelf:
Whoſe foule baſe fingers in each dunghill poar
(Like *Tantalus*) ſtarv'd in the midſt of ſtore:
Not what ſhe hath, but what ſhe wants ſhe counts:
A wel-wing'd Bird that never lofty mounts.
Then, boyling *Wrath*, ſtern, cruell, ſwift, & raſh,
That like a Boar her teeth doth grinde and gnaſh:
Whoſe hair doth ſtare, like briſtled Porcupine;
Who ſom-times rowles her ghaſtly-glowing eyn,
And ſom-time fixtly on the ground doth glaunce,
Now bleak, then bloudy in her Countenance;
Raving and rayling with a hideous ſound,
Clapping her hands, ſtamping againſt the ground;
Bearing *Bocconi*, fire and ſword to ſlay,
And murder all that for her pitty pray;
Baning her ſelf, to bane her Enemy;
Diſdaining Death, provided others dye:
Like falling Towers o'rturned by the winde,
That break themſelves on that they under-grinde.
And then that Tyrant, all-controuling *Love*:
(Whom heer to paint doth little me behoove,
After ſo many rare Apelleſes
As in this Age our Albion nouriſhes)
And to be ſhort, thou doeſt to battail bring
As many Souldiers 'gainſt the Creatures King,
(Yet not his owne) as in this life, Mankinde
True very *Goods*, or ſeeming-*Goods* doth finde.
Now, if (but like the Lightning in the ſky)
Theſe ſudden *Paſſions* paſt but ſwiftly by,
The fear were leſs: but, O! too-oft they leave
Keen ſtings behinde in Soules that they deceive.
From this foule Fountain, all theſe poyſons riſe,
Rapes, Treaſons, Murders, Inceſts, Sodomies,
Blaſpheaming, Bibbing, Theeving, Falſe-contracting,
Church-chaffering, Cheating, Bribing, and Exacting.

The horrible effects of the Paſſions of the ſoule, far more dangerous than the diſeaſes of the body.

Alas! how theſe (far-worſe than death) *Diſeaſes*
Exceed each *Sickneſs* that our body ſeiſes;
Which makes us open war, and by his ſpight
Gives to the Patient many a wholſome light,
Now by the colour, or the Pulſes beating,
Or by ſome Fit, ſome ſharper dolor threat'ing;
Whereby, the Leach neer-gheſſing at our grief,
Not ſeldome findes ſure meanes for our relief.
But for the *Ills* raign in our Intellect
(Which onely, them both can and ought detect)
They reſt unknown, or rather ſelf-conceal'd;
And ſoule-ſick *Patients* care not to be heal'd.
Beſides, we plainly call the *Fever*, *Fever*:
The *Dropſie*, *Dropſie*: over-gliding never,
With guile-full flouriſh of a fained phraze,
The cruell Languors that our bodies craze:
Whereas, our fond ſelf-ſoothing Soule, thus ſick,
Rubs her own ſore; with glozing Rhetorick
Cloaking her vice: and makes the blinded Blain
Not fear the touch of *Reaſons* Cautere vain.
And ſure, if ever filthy *Vice* did jet
In ſacred *Vertues* ſpot-leſs mantle neat,
'Tis in our dayes, more hatefull and unhallow'd,
Than when the World the Waters wholly ſwal-
Ile ſpare to ſpeak of fouleſt Sins, that ſpot (low'd.
Th' infamous beds of men of mighty lot;
Leſt I the Saints chaſte tender ears offend,
And ſeem them more to teach, than reprehend.

The miſerable corruption of our Times, worſe than all former Ages.

Who bear upon their *French-ſick* backs about,
Farms, Caſtles, Fees, in golden ſhreads cut-out;
Whoſe laviſh hand, at one *Primero-reſt*,
One Mask, one Turney, or one pampering Feaſt,
Spend treaſures, ſcrap't by th' *Uſurie* and *Care*
Of miſer-Parents; *Liberall* counted are.

All rioteus Prodigality diſguiſed with the name of Liberality.

Who, with a maiden voice, and mincing paſe,
Quaint looks, curl'd locks, perfumes, and painted (face,
Baſe coward-heart, and wanton ſoft array,
Their man-hood onely by their Beard bewray;
Are *Cleanly* call'd. Who like Luſt-greedy Goates,
Brothell from bed to bed; whoſe *Syren*-notes
Inchaunt chaſte *Suſans*, and like hungry Kite
Fly at all game, they *Lovers* are behight.

Effeminate Curioſity & luxurious Pride, miſcalled Cleanlineſs.

Who, by falſe bargains, and unlawfull meaſures
Robbing the World, have heaped kingly treaſures:
Who cheat the ſimple; lend for fifty fifty,
Hundred for hundred, are eſteemed *Thrifty*.

Inſatiate Luſt and Beaſt-like Looſeneſs, ſurnamed Love.

Who alwaies murder and revenge affect,
Who feed on bloud, who never doe reſpect
State, *Sex*, or *Age*: but in all humane lives
In cold bloud, bathe their parricidiall knives;
Are ſtiled *Valiant*. Grant, good Lord, our Land
May want ſuch valour whoſe ſelf-cruell hand
Fights for our foes, our proper life-bloud ſpils,
Our Cities ſacks, and our owne Kindred kils.
Lord, let the *Lance*, the *Gun*, the *Sword*, and *Shield*,
Be turn'd to tools to furrow up the field,
And let us ſee the Spiders buſie task
Wov'n in the belly of the plumed Cask.

Extreme Extortion counted Thrift.

Blaſphemous Quarrels, braveſt Courage.

Inhumane Murder, higheſt Manhood.

But if (brave *Lands-men*) your war-thirſt be ſuch,
If in your breſts ſad *Enyon* boyl ſo much,
What holds you heer? alas! what hope of crowns?
Our fields are flock-leſs, treaſure-leſs our Towns.
Goe then, nay run, renowned *Martialiſts*,
Re-found *French-Greece*, in now-*Natolian* liſts;
Hy, hy to *Flanders*; free with conquering ſtroak
Your *Belgian* brethren from th' *Iberians* yoak:
To *Portugal*; people *Galizian-Spain*,
And grave your names on *Lyſbon's* gates again.

FINIS.

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The Handie-Crafts.

THE FOURTH PART OF THE FIRST DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

The Argument.

The Praise of Peace, *the miserable states*
Of Edens *Exiles: their un-curious* Cates,
Their simple habit, *silly* habitation:
They finde out Fire: *Their formost* Propagation:
Their Childrens trades, *their* offerings; *envious* Cain
His (better) Brother doth unkindly brain:
With inward horror hurried up and down,
He breaks a Horse, *he builds a homely* Town:
Iron *'s invented, and sweet* Instruments:
Adam *foretels of After-Worlds* events.

The Poet here welcomes peace which (after long absence) seems about this time to have returned unto France. The benefits she brings with her.

HEav'ns sacred Imp, fair Goddess that renew'st
Th' old golden age, & brightly now re-blew'st
Our cloudy sky, making our fields to smile:
Hope of the vertuous, horror of the vile:
Virgin, unseen in *France* this many a yeer,
O blessed *Peace!* we bid thee welcom heer.
Lo, at thy presence, how who late were prest
To spur their Steeds, and couch their staves in rest
For fierce incounter; cast away their spears,
And rapt with joy, them enter-bathe with tears.
Lo, how our Merchant-vessels to and fro
Freely about our trade-full waters go:
How the grave *Senate*, with just-gentle rigour,
Resumes his Robe; the Laws their ancient vigour.
Lo, how *Oblivions* Seas our strifes do drown:
How wals are built that war had thundred down:
Lo, how the Shops with busie Crafts-men swarm;
How Sheep and Cattell cover every Farm:
Behold the Bonfires waving to the skies:
Hark, hark the cheerfull and re-chanting cries
Of old and young; singing this joyfull Ditty,
Iõ, rejoyce, rejoyce through Town and City,
Let all our Air, re-eccho with the praises
Of th' everlasting glorious God, who raises
Our ruin'd State: who giveth us a good
We sought not for (or rather, we with-stood):
So that to hear and see these consequences
Of wonders strange, we scarce beleeve our senses.
O! let the *King*, let *Mounsieur* and the *Sover'n*
That doth *Navarras Spain* wrongd Scepter govern,
Be all, by all, their Countries Fathers cleapt:
O! let the honour of their names be kept,

Thankf-giving to God for peace.

Gratefull remembrance of the meanes thereof.

And

And on brass leaves ingrav'n eternally
In the bright Temple of fair *Memory*,
For having quencht, so soon, so many fires,
Disarm'd our arms, appeas'd the Heav'nly ires,
Calm'd the pale horror of intestine hates,
And dammed-up the bifront Fathers gates.
Much more, let us (deer, World-divided land)
Extoll the mercies of Heav'ns mighty hand,
That (while the World, War's bloody rage hath rent)
To us so long, so happy Peace *hath lent*
(Maugre the malice of th' Italian Priest,
And Indian Pluto *(prop of Antichrist)*
Whose Hoast, like Pharaoh's *threatning* Israel,
Our gaping Seas have swallowed quick to hell)
Making our Ile a holy safe retrait
For Saints exil'd in persecutions heat.
Much more, let us with true-heart-tuned breath,
Record the praises of ELIZABETH
(Our martiall Pallas *and our milde* Astræa,
Of grace and wisedome the divine Idea*)*
Whose prudent Rule, with rich religious rest,
Well-neer nine Lustres hath this Kingdome blest.
O! pray we him that from home plotted dangers
And bloody threats of proud ambitious strangers,
So many years hath so securely kept her,
In just possession of this flowring Scepter;
That (to his glory, and his deer-Sons honour)
All happy length of life may wait upon her:
That we her Subjects, whom he blesseth by her,
Psalming his praise, may sound the same the higher.
But waiting (Lord) in som more learned Layes,
To sing thy glory, and my Soveraigns prayse;
I sing the young Worlds Cradle, as a Proëm
Unto so rare and so divine a Poëm.

An imitation thereof, by the translator, in honour of our late gracious Soveraigne *Elizab th*: in whose happy reign God hath given this kingdome so long peace and rich prosperity.

(ment,
WHO, FULL OF wealth & honours blandish-
Among great Lords his younger years hath spent;
And quaffing deeply of the Court-delights,
Us'd nought but Tilts, Turneis, & Masks, & Sights:
If in his age, his Princes angry doom
With deep disgrace drive him to live at home
In homely Cottage, where continually
The bitter smoak exhales abundantly
From his before-un-sorrow-drained-brain
The brackish vapours of a silver rain:
Where Usher-less, both day and night, the *North*,
South, *East*, and *West* windes, enter and goe forth:
Where round-about, the lowe rooft broken wals
(In stead of Arras) hang with Spiders cauls:
Where all at once he reacheth, as he stands, (hands:
With brows the roof, both wals with both his
He weeps and sighs, and (shunning comforts ay)
Wisheth pale Death a thousand times a day:
And, yet at length falling to work, is glad
To bite a brown crust that the Mouse hath had,
And in a Dish (for want of Plate or Glass)
Sups Oaten drink in stead of *Hippocras*.
So (or much like) our rebell Elders, driv'n
For ay from *Eden* (earthly Type of Heav'n)
Lye languishing neer *Tigris* grassie side,
With nummed limbs, and spirits stupefied. (per,

An elegant comparison repeteienting the lamentable condition of Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise.

But powrfull NEED (Arts ancient Dame & Kee-
The early watch-clock of the sloathfull sleeper)
Among the Mountains makes them seek their living,
And foaming rivers through the Champain driving:

The first manner of life.

For yet the Trees with thousand fruits yfraught
In formall Checkers were not fairly brought:
The Pear and Apple lived Dwarf-like there,
With Oakes and Ashes shadowed every-where:
And yet (alas!) their meanest simple cheer
Our wretched Parents bought full hard and deer.
To get a Plum, somtimes poor *Adam* rushes
With thousand wounds among a thousand bushes.
If they desire a Medlar for their food,
They must goe seek it through a fearfull wood;
Or a brown Mulbery, then the ragged Bramble (ble.
With thousand scratches doth their skin bescram-
Wherefore (as yet) more led by th' appetite
Of th' hungry belly than the tastes delight,
Living from hand to mouth, soon satisfi'd,
To earn their supper, th' afternoon they ply'd,
Unstor'd of dinner till the morrow-day;
Pleas'd with an Apple, or some lesser prey.
Then, taught by *Her* (richer in flowrs than fruit)
And hoary Winter, of both destitute,
Nuts, Filberds, Almonds, wisely up they hoord,
The best provisions that the woods affoord.

Great simplicity in their kinde of life.

Touching their garments: for the shining wooll
Whence the robe-spinning precious Worms are ful,
For gold and silver wov'n in drapery,
For Cloth dipt double in the scarlet Dy,
For Gems bright-lustre, with excessive cost
On rich embroideries by rare Art emboss;
Somtimes they do the far-spread Gourd unleave,
Sometime the Fig-tree of his branch bereave:
Somtimes the Plane, somtimes the Vine they shear,
Choosing their faireſt tresses here and there:
And with their sundry locks, thorn'd each to other,
Their tender limbs they hide fro *Cynthia's* brother.

Their Clothing.

Somtimes the *Ivie's* climing stems they strip,
Which lovingly his lively prop doth clip:
And with green lace in artificiall order,
The wrinkled bark of th' Acorn-tree doth border,
And with his arms th' Oaks slender twigs entwi-
A many branches in one tissue joyning, ning,
Frames a loose Jacquet, whose light nimble quaking,
Wagg'd by the winds, is like the wanton shaking
Of golden spangles, that in stately pride
Dance on the tresses of a noble Bride.
But, while that *Adam* (waxen diligent)
Wearies his limbs for mutuall nourishment:
While craggy Mountains, Rocks, and thorny Plains,
And bristly Woods be witness of his pains:
Eve, walking forth about the Forrests, gathers
Speights, *Parrots*, *Peacocks*, *Estrich* scattred feathers,
And then with wax the smaller plumes she fears,
And sows the greater with long white Horse hairs,
(For they as yet did serve her in the stead
Of Hemp, and Towe, and Flax, and Silk, and Threed)
And thereof makes a medly coat so rare
That it resembles *Nature's* Mantle faire,
When in the Sun, in pomp all glistering,
She seems with smiles to woo the gawdy Spring.
When (by stoln moments) this she had contri'd,
Leaping for joy, her cheerfull looks reviv'd,
Sh' admires her cunning; and incontinent
'Sayes on her selfe her manly ornament;
And then through path-less paths she runs apace,
To meet her husband comming from the Chase.

Sweet-

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Sweet-heart, quoth she (and then she kisseth him)
My Love, my Life, my Bliss, my Joy, my Gem,
My souls deer Soule, take in good part (I pree-thee)
This pretty Present that I gladly give-thee.
Thanks my deer All (quoth *Adam* then) for this,
And with three kisses he requites her kis.
Then on he puts his painted garment new,
And Peacock-like himselfe doth often view,
Looks on his shadow, and in proud amaze
Admires the hand that had the Art to cause
So many severall parts to meet in one,
To fashion thus the quaint Mandilion.
But, when the Winters keener breath began
To crystallize the *Baltike* Ocean,
To glaze the Lakes, and bridle-up the Floods,
And perriwig with wooll the bald-pate Woods;
Our Grand-sire, shrinking, gan to shake and shiver,
His teeth to chatter, and his beard to quiver.
Spying therfore a flock of Muttons coming (ming)
(Whose freez-clad bodies feele not Winters num-
He takes the fairest, and he knocks it down:
Then by good-hap, finding upon the Down
A sharp great fish-bone (which long time before
The roaring floud had cast upon the shore)
He cuts the throat, flayes it, and spreads the fell,
Then dries it, pares it, and he scrapes it well,
Then cloathes his wife therewith; & of such Hides
Slops, Hats, and Doublets for himselfe provides.
A vaulted Rock, a hollow Tree, a Cave,
Were the first buildings that them shelter gave:
But, finding th' one to be too-moist a hold,
Th' other too-narrow, th' other over-cold;
Like Carpenters, within a Wood they choose
Sixteen fair Trees that never leaves doe loose,
Whose equall front in *quadran* form prospected,
As if of purpose Nature them erected;
Their shady boughs first bowe they tenderly,
Then enterbraid, and binde them curiously;
That one would think that had this Arbor seen,
'T had been true seeling painted-over green.
After this triall, better yet to fence
Their tender flesh from th' airie violence,
Upon the top of their fit-forked stems,
They lay a-crosse bare Oken boughs for beams
(Such as dispersed in the Woods they finde,
Torn-off in tempests by the stormy winde)
Then these again with leavie boughs they load,
So covering close their sorry cold abode,
And then they ply from th' eaves unto the ground,
With mud-mixt Reed to wal their mansion round,
All save a hole to th' Eastward situate,
Where straight they clap a hurdle for a gate
(In stead of hinges hanged on a With)
Which with a sleight both shuts and openeth.
Yet fire they lackt: but lo, the winds, that whistle
Amid the Groves, so oft the *Laurell* justle
Against the *Mulberry*, that their angry claps
Do kindle fire, that burns the neighbour Cops.
When *Adam* saw a ruddy vapour rise
In glowing streame; astund with feare he flyes,
It follows him, untill a naked Plain
The greedy fury of the flame restrain:
Then back he turns, and comming somwhat nigher
The kindled shrubs, perceiving that the fire
Dries his dank Cloathes, his colour doth refresh,
And un-benums his sinews and his flesh;
By th' unburnt end, a good big brand he takes,
And hying home a fire he quickly makes,
And still maintains it, till the starry *Twins*
Celestiall breath another fire begins.
But, Winter being comn again it griev'd him;
T' have lost so fondly what so much reliev'd him,
Trying a thousand wayes, sith now no more
The justling Trees his damage would restore.
While (else-where musing) one day he sate down
Upon a steep Rocks craggy-forked crown,
A foaming beast come toward him he spies,
Within whose head stood burning coals for eyes;
Then suddenly with boystrous armes he throwes
A knobby flint, that hummeth as it goes; (ding
Hence flies the beast, th' ill-aimed flint-shaft groun-
Against the rock, and on it oft rebounding,
Shivers to cinders, whence there issued
Small sparks of fire no sooner born than dead.
This happy chance made *Adam* leap for glee:
And quickly calling his cold company,
In his left hand a shining flint he locks,
Which with another in his right he knocks
So up and down, that from the coldest stone
At every stroke small fiery sparkles shone.
Then with the dry leaves of a withered Bay
The which together handsomly they lay,
They take the falling fire, which like a Sun
Shines cleer and sinoak-less in the leaf begun.
Eve, kneeling down, with hand her head sustaining,
And on the low ground with her elbow leaning,
Blows with her mouth: & with her gentle blowing
Stirs up the heat, that from the dry leaves glowing
Kindles the Reed, and then that hollow kix
First fires the small, and they the greater sticks.
And now, Man-kind with fruitfull Race began
A little corner of the World to man:
First *Cain* is born, to tillage all addicted;
Then *Abel*, most to keeping flocks affected.
Abel, desirous still at hand to keep
His Milk and Cheese, unwildes the gentle Sheep
To make a flock; that when it tame became
For guard and guide should have a Dog and Ram.
Cain, more ambitious, gives but little ease
To 's boistrous limbs: and seeing that the Pease,
And other Pulse, Beans, Lentils, Lupins, Rice,
Burnt in the Copses as not held in price,
Some grains he gathers: and with busie toyl,
A-part he sows them in a better soyl;
Which first he rids of stones, and thorns, and weeds,
Then buries there his dying-living seeds.
By the next Harvest, finding that his pain
On this small plot was not ingrately vain;
To break more ground, that bigger Crop may bring
Without so often weary labouring,
He tames a Heifer, and on eyther side,
On eyther horn a three-fold twist he ty'd
Of Osier twigs, and for a Plough he got
The horn or tooth of some Rhinocerot.
Now, th' one in Cattle, th' other rich in grain,
On two steep Mountains build they Altars twain;
Where (humbly-sacred) th' one with zealous cry
Cleaves bright *Olympus* starry Canopy:

With

Bees sudsetry in making a garment for her husband.

Their winter sacs.

Their lodging and first building.

A building somewhat more exact.

The invention of fire

How the first man invented fire for the use of himselfe and his posterity.

Beginning of Families.

The severall occupations of *Abel* & *Cain*.

Their Sacrifice.

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With fained lips, the other lowd-resounded
Heart-wanting Hymns, on self-deserving founded:
Each on his Altar offereth to the Lord
The best that eyther flocks, or fields affoord. (tries
Rein-searching God, thought-sounding Judge, that
The will and heart more than the work and guise,
Accepts good *Abels* gift: but hates the other
Profane oblation of his furious brother;
Who feeling, deep th' effects of Gods displeasure,
Raves, frets, and fumes, & murmurs out of measure.
What boots it, *Cain*, O wretch! what boots it thee
T' have opened first the fruitfull womb (quoth he)
Of the first mother; and first born the rather
T' have honour'd *Adam* first, with name of Father?
Unfortunate, what boots thee to be wealthy,
Wise, active, valiant, strongly-limb'd, and healthy,
If this weak Girl-boy, in mans shape disguis'd,
To Heav'n and Earth be dear, and thou despis'd?
What boots it thee, for others night and day
In painfull toyl to wear thy self away:
And (more for others than thine own reliefe)
To have devised of all Arts the chiefe;
If this dull Infant, of thy labour nurst,
Shall reap the glory of thy deeds (accurst)?
Nay, rather quickly rid thee of the fool,
Down with his climbing hill, and timely cool
This kindling flame: and that none over-crow thee,
Re-seise the right that Birth and Vertue owe-thee.
Ay in his minde this counsail he revolves:
And hundred times to act it he resolves,
And yet as oft relents; stopt worthily
By the pains horror, and sins tyranny.
But, one day drawing with dissembled love
His harm-less brother far into a Grove,
Upon the verdure of whose Virgin-boughs
Bird had not pearcht, nor never Beast did brouz;
With both his hands he takes a stone so huge,
That in our age three men could hardly bouge,
And just upon his tender brothers crown,
With all his might he cruell casts it down.
The murdred face lies printed in the mud,
And lowd for vengeance cryes the martyr'd blood:
The batt'red brains flye in the murd'rers face.
The Sun, to shun this Tragick sight, a-pace
Turns back his Teem: the amazed fratricide
Doth all the *Furies* scourging whips abide:
Externall terrors, and th' internall Worm
A thousand kinds of living deaths do form:
All day he hides him, wanders all the night,
Flies his own friends, of his own shade affright,
Scarr'd with a leaf, and starting at a Sparrow,
And all the World seems for his fear too-narrow.
But for his Children, born by three and three,
Produce him Nephews that still multiply
With new increase; who yer their age be rife
Become great-Grand-sires in their Grand-sires life;
Staying at length, he chose him out a dwelling,
For woods and floods, and ayr, and soyl excelling.
One fels down Firs, another of the same
With crossed Poles a little lodge doth frame:
Another mounds it with dry wals about
(And leaves a breach for passage in and out)
With Turf and Furse: some others yet more grosse
Their homely Sties in stead of wals inclose:
Some (like the Swallow) mud and hay do mix,
And that about their silly Cotes they fix:
Som make their roofs with fearn, or reeds, or rushes,
And some with hides, with oase, with boughs, and
He, that still fearfull, seeketh still defence, (bushes.
Shortly this Hamlet to a Town augments.
For, with keen Coultar having bounded (witty)
The four-fac't Rampire of his simple City;
With stones soon gathered on the neighbour strand,
And clayie mortar ready there at hand,
Well trod and tempered, he immures his Fort,
A stately Towr erecting on the Port:
Which awes his own, and threats his enemies;
Securing som-what his pale tyrannies.
O Tigre! think'st thou (hellish fratricide)
Because with stone-heaps thou art fortifi'd,
Prince of some Peasants trained in thy tillage,
And silly Kingling of a simple Village;
Think'st thou to scape the storm of vengeance dread,
That hangs already o'r thy hatefull head:
No: wert thou (wretch) incamped at thy will
On strongest top of any steepest Hill:
Wert thou immur'd in triple brazen Wall,
Having for ayd all Creatures in this All:
If skin and heart, of steel and yron were,
Thy pain thou couldst not, less avoid thy fear (veins,
Which chils thy bones, & runs through all thy
Racking thy soule with twenty thousand pains.
Cain (as they say) by this deep fear disturbed,
The first of all th' untamed Courser curbed;
That while about on others feet he run
With dusty speed he might his Deaths-man shun.
Among a hundred brave, light, lusty Horses
(With curious eye marking their comly forces)
He chooseth one for his industrious proof, (hoof.
With round, high, hollow, smooth, brown, jetty
With Pasterns short, upright (but yet in mean);
Dry sinewy shanks; strong, flesh-less knees, & lean;
With Hart-like legs, broad brest, and large behinde,
With body large, smooth flanks, and double-chin'd;
A crest-d neck bow'd like a half-bent Bowe,
Whereon a long, thin, curled mane doth flowe;
A firm full tail, touching the lowly ground,
With dock between two fair fat buttocks drownd;
A pricked ear, that rests as little space,
As his light foot; a lean, bare bonny face,
Thin joule, and head but of a middle size,
Full, lively-flaming, quickly rowling eyes,
Great foaming mouth, hot-fuming nostrill wide,
Of Chest-nut hair, his fore-head starrifi'd,
Three milky feet, a feather on his brest,
Whom seven-years-old at the next grass he ghest.
This goodly Jennet gently first he wins,
And then to back him actively begins:
Steady and straight he sits, turning his sight
Still to the fore-part of his Palfrey light.
The chafed Horse, such thrall ill-suffering,
Begins to snuff, and snort, and leap, and fling;
And flying swift, his fearfull Rider makes
Like some unskilfull Lad that under-takes
To hold some ships helm, while the head-long tyde
Carries away the Vessell and her Guide;
Who neer devoured in the jaws of Death,
Pale, fearfull, shivering, faint, and out of breath,

God regardeth *Abel* and his sacrifice, and reiecteth *Cain* and his: whereat *Cain* envieth, and finally kils his brother; whose bloud God revengeth.

By reason of the multiplying of Mankinde, the children of Adam begin to build houses for their commodity and retreat.

Cain thinking to find some quiet for the tempests of his conscience, begins to fortifie and build a Towne.

Supposeth to secure himself by the strength and swiftnesse of a horse, which he begins to tame.

Description of a gallant horse.

The manner how to back to break, and to make a good horse.

Simile.

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A thousand times (with Heav'n erected eyes)
Repents him of so bold an enterprise.
But, sitting fast, less hurt than feared; *Cain*
Boldens himself and his brave Beast again:
Brings him to pase, from pasing to the trot,
From trot to gallop: after runs him hot
In full career? and at his courage smiles;
And sitting still to run so many miles.

The ready speed of a swift horse presented to the reader, in a pleasant & lively description.

His pase is fair and free; his trot as light
As Tigres course; as Swallows nimble flight:
And his brave gallop seems as swift to goe
As *Biscan* Darts, or Shafts from *Russian* bowe:
But, roaring Canon, from his smoaking throat,
Never so speedy spews the thundring shot
(That in an Army mowes whole squadrons down,
And batters Bulwarks of a summon'd Town)
As this light Horse scuds, if he do but feel
His bridle slack, and in his side the heel:
Shunning himself, his sinewie strength he stretches;
Flying the earth, the flying ayre he catches, (ground
Born whirl-winde-like: hee makes the trampled
Shrink under him, and shake with doubling sound:
And when the sight no more pursue him may,
In fieldy clouds he vanisheth away.

Good horsemanship.

The wise-wext Rider, not esteeming best
To take too much now of his lusty Beast,
Restraines his fury: then with learned wand
The triple Corvet makes him understand:
With skilfull voyce he gently cheers his pride,
And on his neck his flattering palm doth slide:
He stops him steady still, new breath to take,
And in the same path brings him softly back.

The countenance, pride & port of a courageous horse, when he is chased.

But th' angry Steed, rising and reaning proudly,
Striking the stones, stamping and neighing loudly,
Cals for the Combat, plunges, leaps and praunces,
Befoams the path, with sparkling eyes hee glaunces,
Champs on his burnisht bit, and gloriously
His nimble fetlocks lifteth belly-high,
All side-long jaunts, on eyther side he justles,
And 's waving Crest courageously he bristles,
Making the gazers glad on every side
To give more room unto his portly Pride.

The dexterity of a skilfull Rider.

Cain gently stroaks him, and now sure in seat,
Ambitiously seeks still some fresher feat
To be more famous; one while trots the Ring,
Another while he doth him backward bring,
Then of all foure he makes him lightly bound;
And to each hand to manage rightly round;
To stoop, to stop, to caper, and to swim,
To dance, to leap, to hold-up any lim:
And all, so done, with time-grace-ordered skill,
As both had but one body and one will.
Th' one for his Art no little glory gains:
Th' other through practice by degrees attains
Grace in his gallop, in his pase agility,
Lightness of head, and in his stop facility,
Strength in his leap, and stedfast managings,
Aptnes in all, and in his course new wings.
The Use of Horses thus discovered,
Each to his work more cheerly setteled,
Each plies his trade, and travels for his age,
Following the paths of painfull *Tubal* sage.

The invention of Iron.

While through a Forrest *Tubal* (with his *Yew*
And ready quiver) did a Boar pursue,
A burning Mountain from his fiery vain
An yron River rowls along the Plain:
The witty Huntsman, musing, thither hies,
And of the wonder deeply 'gan devise.
And first perceiving, that this scalding mettle,
Becomming cold, in any shape would settle,
And grow so hard, that with his sharpned side
The firmest substance it would soon divide;
He casts a hundred plots, and yet he parts
He moulds the ground-work of a hundred Arts:
Like as a Hound, that (following loose, behinde
His pensive Master) a quick Hare doth finde;
Leaves whom he loves, upon the seat doth ply,
Figs to and fro, and fals in cheerfull cry;
And with up-lifted head, and nostrill wide
Winding his game, snuffs-up the winde, his guide:
A hundred wayes he measures Vale and Hill:
Ears, eyes, nor nose, nor foot, nor tail are still,
Till in her hot Form he have found the prey
That he so long hath sought for every way.

Comparison.

Casting of the first instruments of Iron.

For, now the way to thousand works reveal'd,
Which long shall live maugre the rage of Eld:
In two square creases of unequall sises
To turn to yron streamlings he devises;
Cold, takes them thence: then off the dross he rakes,
And this a Hammer, that an Anvill makes;
And, adding tongs to these two instruments,
He stores his house with yron implements: (ples,
As, forks, rakes, hatchets, plough-shares, coultars, sta-
Bolts, hindges, hooks, nails, whittls, spoks & grappls;
And grown more cunning, hollow things he for-
He hatcheth files, & winding vices wormeth, (meth,
He shapeth Sheers, and then a Saw indents,
Then beats a Blade, and then a Lock invents.

The excellent uses & commodities of Iron.

Happy device! we might as well want all
The Elements, as this hard minerall.
This, to the Plough-man for great uses serves:
This, for the Builder, Wood and Marble carves:
This arms our bodies against adverse force:
This clothes our backs: this rules th' unruly horse:
This makes us dry-shod daunce in *Neptunes* Hall:
This brightens gold: this conquers self and all;
Fift Element, of Instruments the haft;
The Tool of Tools, & Hand of Handy-Craft. (rude,
While (compast round with smoaking *Cyclops*
Half-naked *Bronts*, and *Sterops* swarthy-hewd,
All well-neer weary) sweating *Tubal* stands,
Haftning the hot work in their sounding hands,
No time lost *Jubal*: th' un-full Harmony
Of uneven Hammers, beating diversly,
Wakens the tunes that his sweet numbery soule
Yer birth (some think) learn'd of the warbling *Pole*.
Thereon he harps, and ponders in his minde,
And glad and fain some Instrument would finde
That in accord those discords might renew,
And th' iron Anvils rattling sound ensew,
And iterate the beating Hammers noyse
In milder notes, and with a sweeter voyce.

Invocation of Musick.

Invention of the Lute and other Instruments.

It chanc't, that passing by a Pond, he found
An open *Tortoise* lying on the ground,
Within the which there nothing else remained
Save three dry sinews on the shell stiff-strained:
This empty house *Jubal* doth gladly bear,
Strikes on those strings, and lends attentive ear;

And

And by this mould frames the melodious Lute,
That makes woods hearken, and the winds be mute,
The Hils to dance, the Heav'ns to re-trograde,
Lions be tame, and tempests quickly vade.
His Art, still wexing, sweetly marrieth
His quavering fingers to his warbling breath:
More little tongues to's charm-care Lute he brings,
More Instruments he makes: no Eccho rings
'Mid rocky concaves of the babbling vales,
And bubbling Rivers rowl'd with gentle gales,
But wiery *Cymbals*, *Rebecks* sinews twin'd,
Sweet *Virginals*, and *Cornets* curled winde.

While *Cain* and his children are busie for the world, *Adam* and his other sons exercise themselves in piety and justice, and in searching the godly secrets of Nature.

But *Adam* guides, through paths but seldom gone,
His other Sons to *Vertues* sacred Throne:
And chiefly *Seth* (set in good *Abel*'s place)
Staff of his age, and glory of his race:
Him he instructeth in the wayes of *Verity*,
To worship God in spirit and sincerity:
To honour Parents with a reverent aw,
To train his children in religious law:
To love his friends, his Country to defend,
And helpfull hands to all mankinde to lend: (swaies
To know Heav'ns course, and how their constant
Divide the year in months, the months in dayes:
What Star brings Winter, what is Summers guide;
What signe foul Weather, what doth fair betide;
What Creature's kinde, and what is curst to us;
What Plant is wholesome, and what venimous.
No sooner he his lessons can commence,
But *Seth* hath hit the White of his intents,
Draws rule from rule, and of his short collations
In a short time a perfect Art he fashions.
The more he knows, the more he craves; as fewell
Kils not a fire, but kindles it more cruell.

Seth questions his father concerning the state of the world from the Beginning to the End.

While on a day by a cleer Brook they travell,
Whose gurgling streams frizado'd on the gravell,
He thus bespake: If that I did not see
The zeal (dear Father) that you bear to mee,
How still you watch me with your carefull ein,
How still your voyce with prudent discipline
My Prentice ear doth oft reverberate;
I should misdoubt to seem importunate;
And should content me to have learned, how
The Lord the Heav'ns about this *All* did bow;
What things have hot, and what have cold effect;
And how my life and manners to direct.
But your milde Love my studious heart advances
To ask you further of the various chances
Of future times: what off-spring spreading wide
Shall fill this World: What shal the World betide;
How long to last: What Magistrates, what Kings
With *Justice* Mace shall govern mortall things?

Adams answer.

Son (quoth the Sire) our thoughts internall ey
Things past and present may by means descry;
But not the future, if by speciall grace
It read it not in th' *One-Trine*'s glorious face.
Thou then, that (only) things to come dost know,
Not by Heav'ns course, nor gheese of things below,
Nor coupled points, nor flight of fatall Birds,
Nor trembling tripes of sacrificed Heards,
But by a clear and certain prescience
As *Seer* and *Agent* of all accidents,
With whom at once the three-fold times do fly,
And but a moment lasts Eternity;
O God, behold me, that I may behold
Thy Crystall face: O *Sun*, reflect thy gold
On my pale *Moon*; that now my veiled eyes,
Earth-ward eclipst, may shine unto the skies.
Ravish me, Lord, O (my soules life) revive
My spirit a-space, that I may see (alive)
Heav'n yer I dy: and make me now (good Lord)
The Eccho of thy all-celestiall Word.

The power of Gods spirit in his Prophets: and the difference between such, and the distracted frantike ministers of Satan.

With sacred fury suddenly he glowes,
Not like the Bedlam *Bacchanalian* froes,
Who, dancing, foaming, rowling furious-wise
Under their twinkling lids their torch-like eyes
With ghastly voyce, with visage grizly grim;
Toss't by the Fiend that fiercely tortures them,
Bleaking & blushing, panting, shreeking, swouning,
With wrathless wounds their senseless members
But as th' Imperial airy peoples Prince, (wounding:
With stately pinions soaring-hy from hence, (think
Cleaves through the clouds, and bravely-bold doth
With his firm ey to make the Suns ey wink:
So *Adam*, mounted on the burning wings
Of a *Seraphick* love, leaves earthly things,
Feeds on sweet Æther, cleaves the starry Sphears,
And on Gods face his eyes he fixtly bears:
His brows seem brandisht with a Sun-like fire,
And his purg'd body seems a cubit higher.

Adam declares to his soone in how many dayes the world was created.

Then thus began he: Th' ever-trembling field
Of scaly folk, the Arches starry seel'd,
Where th' All-Creator hath disposed well
The Sun and Moon by turns for Sentinell;
The cleer cloud-bounding Air (the Camp assign'd
Where angry *Auster*, and the rough North-winde,
Meeting in battell, throwe down to the soil
The Woods that middling stand to part the broil);
The Diapry Mansions, where man-kind doth trade,
Were built in *Six Dayes*: & the Seav'nth was made
The sacred *Sabbath*. So, Sea, Earth and Air,
And azure-gilded Heav'ns Pavilions fair,
Shall stand *Six dayes*; but longer diversly
Than the dayes bounded by the Worlds bright eye.

How many Ages it shall endure. 1. *Adam*. 2. *Noah*. 3. *Abraham*.

The *First* begins with me: the *Seconds* morn
Is the first Ship-wright, who doth first adorn
The Hils with Vines: that Shepheard is the *Third*,
That after God through strange lands leads his
And, past mans reason, crediting Gods word, (Heard,
His onely Son slayes with a willing sword:
The *Fourth*'s another valiant Shepheardling,
That for a Canon takes his silly sling,
And to a Scepter turns his Shepheards staff,
Great Prince, great Prophet, Poet, Psalmograph:
The *Fift* begins from that sad Princes night
That sees his children murdred in his sight,
And on the banks of fruitfull *Euphrates*,
Poor *Juda* led in Captive heavines:
Hoped *Messias* shineth in the *Sixt*;
Who, mockt, beat, banisht, buried, cruci-fixt,
For our foule sins (still-selfly innocent)
Hath fully born the hatefull punishment:
The *Last* shall be the very *Resting-day*,
Th' Air shall be mute, the Waters works shall stay;
The Earth her store, the Stars shall leave their mea-
The Sun his shine: and in eternall pleasures (sures,
We plung'd, in Heav'n shall ay solemnize, all,
Th' eternall *Sabbaths* end-les *Festivall*.

4. *David*.

5. *Zedechias*.

6. *Messias*.

7. *The eternall Sabbath*.

Alas!

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Considerations of *Adam* upon that which should befall his posterity, unto the end of the first World destroyed by the Floud: according to the relation of *Moses* in Genesis, in the 4. 5. 6. and 7. chapters.

Alas! what may I of that race presume
Next th' ireful Flame that shal this Frame consume,
Whose gut their god, whose lust their law shall be,
Who shall not heare of God, nor yet of me?
Sith those outrageous, that began their birth
On th' holy grounsill of sweet *Edens* earth,
And (yet) the sound of Heav'ns drad Sentence hear,
And as ey-witnes of mine Exile were,
Seeme to despight God. Did it not suffize
(O lustfull Soule!) first to *polygamize?*
Suffiz'd it not (O *Lamech*) to distain
Thy Nuptiall bed? but that thou must ingrain
In thy *great-Grand-sires Grand-sires* reeking gore
Thy cruell blade? respecting nought (before)
The prohibition, and the threatning vow
Of him to whom infernall Powrs do bow:
Neither his Pasports sealed Character
Set in the fore-head of the Murderer.
Courage, good *Enos:* re-advance the Standard
Of holy *Faith*, by humane reason slander'd,
And troden-down: Invoke th' immortall Powr;
Upon his Altar warm bloud-offrings pour:
His sacred nose perfume with pleasing vapor,
And teend again *Truths* neer-extinguisht Taper.
Thy pupil *Henoch*, selfly-dying wholly,
(Earths ornament) to God he liveth solely.
Lo, how he labours to endure the light
Which in th' *Arch-essence* shineth glorious-bright:
How rapt from sense, and free from fleshly lets,
Somtimes he climbs the sacred Cabinets
Of the divine *Ideas* everlasting,
Having for wings, *Faith*, fervent *Prayer* & *Fasting:*
How at somtimes, though clad in earthly clod,
He (sacred) sees, feels, all enjoyes in God:
How at somtimes, mounting from form to form,
In form of God he happy doth transform.
Lo, how th' All-fair, as burning all in love
With his rare beauties, not content above
T' have half, but all, and ever; sets the stairs
That lead from hence to Heav'n his chosen heirs:
Lo, how he climbeth the supernall stories.
Adieu, dear *Henoch:* in eternall glories
Dwel there with God: thy body chang'd in quality
Of Spirit or Angel, puts-on immortality:
Thine eys already (now no longer eyes,
But new bright stars) do brandish in the skyes:
Thou drinkest deep of the celestiall wine:
Thy *Sabbath's* end-less: without vail (in fine)
Thou seest God face to face; and neer unite
To th' ONE-TRINE *God*, thou liv'st in th' Infinite.
But here the while (new Angel) thou dost leave
Fell wicked folk, whose hands are apt to reave,
Whose Scorpion tongues delight in sowing strife,
Whose guts are gulfs, incestuous all their life.
O strange to be beleev'd! the blessed Race,
The sacred Flock, whom God by speciall grace
Adopts for his, ev'n they (alas!) most shame-less
Do follow sin, most beastly-brute and tame-less,
With lustfull eyes choosing for wanton Spouses
Mens wicked daughters; mingling so the houses
Of *Seth* and *Cain*; preferring foolishly
Frail beauties blaze to vertuous modesty.
From these profane, foul, curs'd kisses sprung
A cruell brood, feeding on blood and wrong;
Fell Gyants strange, of haughty hand and minde,
Plagues of the World, and scourges of Mankinde.
Then, righteous God (tho ever prone to pardon)
Seeing his mildness but their malice harden,
List pleade no longer, but resolves the Fall
Of man forth-with, and (for mans sake) of all:
Of all (at least) the living creatures gliding
Along the ayr, or on the earth abiding.
Heav'ns crystall windows with one hand he opes,
Whence on the World a thousand Seas he drops:
With th' other hand hee gripes, and wringeth forth
The spungie Globe of th' execrable Earth,
So straightly prest, that it doth straight restore
All liquid floods that it had drunk before:
In every Rock new Rivers doe begin;
And to his ayd the snowes come tumbling in:
The Pines and Cedars have but boughs to show,
The shoars do shrink, the swelling waters grow.
Alas! so many Nephews lose I heer
Amid these deeps, that but for mountains neer,
Upon the rising of whose ridges lofty,
The lusty climb on every side for safety,
I should be seed-less: but (alas!) the Water
Swallows those Hils, and all this wide Theater
Is all one Pond. O children, whither fly-you?
Alas! Heav'ns wrath pursues you to destroy-you:
The stormy waters strangely rage and roar,
Rivers and Seas have all one common shoar,
(To wit) a sable, water-loaden Sky
Ready to rain new Oceans instantly.
O Son-less Father! O too fruitfull hanches!
O wretched root! O hurtfull, hatefull branches!
O gulfs unknown! O dungeons deep and black!
O worlds decay! O Universall wrack!
O Heav'ns! O Seas! O Earth (now Earth no more)
O flesh! O bloud! Here, sorrow stopt the door
Of his sad voyce; and, almost dead for wo,
The prophetizing spirit forsook him so.

FINIS.

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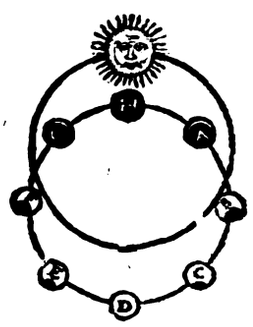
NOAH.

THE SECOND DAY OF THE SECOND VVEEK.

Containing,

I. The Ark,
II. Babylon,
III. The Colonies,
IIII. The Columnes.



Acceptam refero.

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The Ark.

THE FIRST PART
Of The
SECOND DAY OF
THE II. WEEK.

The Argument.

Noah *prepares the* Ark: *and thither brings*
(With him) a Seed-pair of all living things:
His exercise a-ship-board: Atheist Cham
His holy Fathers humble Zeal doth blame;
And diversly impugns Gods Providence:
Noah *refels his faith-less arguments:*
The Flood *surceast: Th'* Ark *landed:* Blood *forbid:*
The Rain-bowe *bent; what is prefigured:*
Wine drowneth Wit: Cham *scoffs the Nakednes*
Of 's sleeping Sire: the Map of Drunkennes.

A Preamble, wherein by a modeſt complaint the Poet ſtirs up the Readers attention, and makes himſelfe way to the invocation of the Name of God.

IF now no more my ſacred rimes diſtill
With Art-leſs eaſe from my diſcuſtom'd quill:
If now the *Laurell*, that but lately ſhaded
My beating Temples, be diſ-leav'd and vaded:
And if now, baniſht from the learned Fount,
And caſt down head-long from the lofty Mount
Where ſweet *Urania* ſitteth to endite,
Mine humbled *Muſe* flag in a lowely flight;
Blame theſe ſad Times ingratefull cruelty,
My houſhold cares, my healths infirmity,
My drooping ſorrows for (late) grievous loſſes,
My buſie ſuits, and other bitter croſſes.
Lo, there the clogs that weigh down heavily
My beſt endevours, whilom ſoaring high:
My harveſt 's hail: the pricking thorns and weeds
That in my ſoule choak thoſe diviner ſeeds.
O gracious God! remove my great incumbers,
Kindle again my faiths neer-dying imbers:
Aſſwage thine anger (for thine own Sons merit)
And from me (Lord) take not thy holy Spirit:
Comb, gild and poliſh, more than ever yet,
This later iſſue of my labouring wit:
And let not me be like the winde, that proudly
Begins at firſt to roar and murmur loudly
Againſt the next hils, over-turns the woods,
With furious tempeſts tumbles-up the floods,
And (fiercely-fell) with ſtormy puffs conſtrains
The ſparkling flints to roul about the Plains;
But flying, faints; and every league it goes,
One nimble feather of his wing doth loſe:
But rather like a River poorly-breeding
In barren Rocks, thence drop by drop proceeding:

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Which, toward the sea, the more he flees his source,
With growing streams strengthens his gliding course,
Rowls, roars, & foams, raging with rest-less motion,
And proudly scorns the greatnes of the Ocean.
THE DOOMS of *Adam* lackt not long effect.
For th' angry Heav'ns (that can without respect
Of persons, plague the stubborn Reprobate)
In Waters buried th' *Universall state:*
And never more the nimble painted Legions
With hardy wings had cleft the airie Regions:
We all had perisht, and the Earth in vain
Had brought such store of fruits, and gras, & grain,
If *Lamech*'s Son (by new-found Art directed)
That huge vaste vessell had not first erected,
Which (sacred refuge) kept the parent-pairs
Of all things moving in the Earth and Airs.
Now, while the Worlds-re-colonizing Boat
Doth on the Waters over mountains float,
Noe passeth not, with tales and idle play,
The tedious length of daies and nights away:
But, as the Summers sweet distilling drops
Upon the medows thirsty yawning chops,
Re-greens the Greens, & doth the flowrs re-flowr,
All scorcht and burnt with *Auster*'s parching powr:
So, the care-charming hony that distils
From his wise lips, his house with comfort fils,
Flatters despair, dryes tears, calms inward smarts,
And re-advanceth sorrow-daunted hearts.
Cheer ye, my children: God doth now retire
These murdering Seas, which the revenging ire
Of his strict *Justice* holy indignation
Hath brought upon this wicked generation;
Arming a season, to destroy mankinde,
The angry Heav'ns, the water, and the winde:
As, soon again his gracious *Mercy* will
Clear cloudy Heav'ns, calm winds, and waters still.
His wrath and mercy follow turn by turn;
That (like the lightning) doth not lightly burn
Long in a place: and this from age to age
Hides with her wings the faithfull heritage. (sure,
Our gracious God makes scant weight of displea-
And spreads his mercy without weight or measure:
Somtimes he strikes us (to especiall ends)
Upon our selves, our children, or our friends,
In soule or body, goods, or else good names,
But soon he casts his rods in burning flames:
Not with the fist, but finger he doth beat-us;
Nor doth he thrill so oft as he doth threat-us:
And (prudent Steward) gives his faithfull Bees
Wine of his Wrath, to rebell Drones the Lees.
And thus the deeds of Heav'ns Just-gentle King,
The Second Worlds good Patriarch did sing.
But, brutish *Cham*, that in his brest accurst
The secret roots of sinfull *Atheisme* nurst;
Wishing already to dis-throne th' *Eternall*,
And self-usurp the Majesty supernall:
And to himself, by name of *Jupiter*,
On *Afrik* sands a sumptuous *Temple* rear:
With bended brows, with stout and stern aspect,
In scornfull teams his Father thus be-checkt:
O! how it grieves me, that these servile terrors
(The scourge of Cowards, and base vulgars errors)
Have ta'en such deep root in your feeble brest!
Why, Father, alwayes selfly thus depresst?
Will you thus alwayes make your self a drudge,
Fearing the fury of a fained Judge?
And will you alwayes forge your self a Censor
That weighs your words, & doth your silence cen-
A sly Controuler, that doth count your hairs, (sure?
That in his hand your hearts keys ever bears,
Records your sighs, and all your thoughts descries,
And all your sins present and past espies?
A barbarous Butcher, that with bloody knife
Threats night and day your grievous-guilty life?
O! see you not the superstitious heat
Of this blinde zeale, doth in your mind beget
A thousand errors? light credulity
Doth drive you still to each extremity,
Faining a God (with thousand storms oppresst)
Fainter than Women, fiercer than a Beast.
Who (tender-hearted) weeps at others weeping,
Wails others woes, and at the onely peeping
Of others blood, in sudden swoun deceases,
In manly brest a womans heart possesses:
And who (remorse-lesse) lets at any season
The stormy tide of rage transport his reason,
And thunders threats of horror and mis-hap,
Hides a Bears heart under a humane shape.
Yet, of your God, you one-while thus pretend;
He melts in tears, if that your fingers end
But ake a-while: anon, he frets, hee frowns,
He burns, he brains, he kils, he dams, he drowns.
The wildest Boar doth but one Wood destroy;
A cruell Tyrant but one Land annoy:
And yet this Gods outrageous tyranny
Spoyls all the World, his onely Empery.
O goodly *Justice*! one or two of us
Have sinn'd perhaps, and mov'd his anger thus;
All bear the pain, yea even the Innocent
Poor Birds and Beasts incur the punishment.
No, Father, no: ('t is folly to infer it)
God is no varying, light, inconstant spirit,
Full of revenge, and wrath, and moody hate,
Nor savage fell, nor sudden passionate,
Nor such as will for som small fault undoo
This goodly World, and his own nature too.
All wandring clouds, all humid exhalations,
All Seas (which Heav'n through many generations
Hath hoorded up) with selfs-weight enter-crusht,
Now all at once upon the earth have rusht:
And th' end-lesse, thin ayre (which by secret quils
Had lost it selfe within the winds-but hils.
Dark hollow Caves, and in that gloomy hold
To ycie Crystall turned by the cold)
Now swiftly surging towards Heav'n again,
Hath not alone drown'd all the lowly Plain,
But in few dayes with raging *Floods* o'r-flown
The top-lesse Cedars of Mount *Libanon*.
Then, with just grief the godly Father, gall'd,
A deep, sad sigh from his hearts Centre hal'd,
And thus reply'd: O false, rebellious *Cham*;
Mine ages sorrow, and my houses shame;
Through self-conceipt contemning th' holy Ghost,
Thy sense is baend, thine understanding lost:
And O I fear (Lord, falsifie my fear)
The heavie hand of the high Thunderer
Shall light on thee; and thou (I doubt) shalt be
His furies object, and shalt testifie

By

The comming of the Flood, and building of the Ark.

Noahs exercises a-boord the Ark.

Cham, full of impiety, is brought-in, answering his father, and diversly impugning the wisedome and irreprehensible providence of God Almighty and All-mercifull: and the humble and religious zeale of *Noah*.

Answer of *Noah* to all the blasphemies of *Cham*, and his fellow-Atheists.

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By thine infamous lifes accurſed ſtate,
What now thy ſhame-leſs lips ſophiſticate. (CLE
I (God be prays'd) know that the perfect CIR-
Whoſe Center's every-where, of all his circle
Exceeds the circuit; I conceive aright
Th' Almighty-moſt to be moſt infinite:
That th' only ESSENCE feels not in his minde
The furious tempeſts of fell paſſions winde:
That moveleſs, all he moves: that with one thought
He can build Heav'n; and, builded, bring to nought:
That his high Throne 's inclos'd in glorious Fire
Paſt our approach: that our faint ſoule doth tire,
Our ſpirit growes ſpright-leſs, when it ſeeks by
To ſound his infinit Omni-potence. (ſenſe
I ſurely know the Cherubins doe hover
With flaming wings his ſtarry face to cover.
None ſees the *Great*, th' *Almighty*, *Holy*-ONE,
But paſſing by, and by the back alone.
To us, his Eſſence is in-explicable,
Wondrous his wayes, his name un-utterable;
So that concerning his high Majeſty
Our feeble tongues ſpeak but improperly.
For, if we call him ſtrong, the praiſe is ſmall:
If bleſſed ſpirit, ſo are his Angels All:
If Great of greats, he 's voide of quantity:
If good, faire, holy, he wants quality;
Sith in his *Eſſence* fully excellent,
All is pure ſubſtance, free from accident.
Therefore our voice, too-faint in ſuch a ſubject
T' enſue our ſoule, and our weak ſoule her object,
Doth alwayes ſtammer; ſo that ever when
'T would make Gods name redoubted among men
(In humane phraze) it calls him pitifull,
Repentant, jealous, fierce, and angerfull.
Yet is not God by this repentance, thus,
Of ignorance and error taxt, like us:
His jealous hatred doth not make him curious,
His pittie wretched, nor his anger furious,
Th' immortall Spirit is ever calmly-cleer:
And all the beſt that feeble man doth heer,
With vehemence of ſome hot paſſion driv'n;
That, with ripe judgment doth the King of Heav'n.
Shall a Phyſician comfortably-bold,
Fear-leſs, and tear-leſs, conſtantly behold
His ſickly friend vext with exceeding pain,
And feel his pulſe, and give him health again?
And ſhall not th' *Ever-ſelfe-reſembling* God
Look down from Heav'n upon a wretched clod,
Without he weep, and melt for griefe and anguiſh;
Nor cure his creature, but himſelfe muſt languiſh?
And ſhall a Judge, ſelf-angerleſs, prefer
To ſhamefull death the ſtrange adulterer;
As onely looking fixtly all the time
Not on the ſinner, but the ſinfull crime?
And ſhall not then th' Eternall *Juſticer*
Condemn the Atheiſt and the Murderer,
Without ſelfs-fury? O! ſhall *Juſtice* then
Be blam'd in God, and magnifi'd in men?
Or ſhall his ſacred Will, and ſoverain Might
Be chayn'd ſo faſt to mans frail appetite,
That filthy ſin he cannot freely hate,
But wrathfull Rage him ſelfly cruciate?
Gods ſacred vengeance, ſerves not for defence
Of his own *Eſſence* from our violence
(For in the Heav'ns, above all reach of ours,
He dwels immur'd in diamantine Towrs);
But, to direct our lives, and laws maintain,
Guard Innocence, and Injurie reſtrain.
Th' Almighty paſt not mean, when-he ſubverted
Neer all the World from holy paths departed.
For *Adams* Trunk (of both-our Worlds the Tree)
In two faire Branches forking fruitfully,
Of *Cain* and *Seth*; the firſt brought forth a ſute
Of bitter, wilde, and moſt deteſted fruit:
Th' other, firſt rich in goodneſs, afterward
With thoſe baſe Scions beeing graft, was marr'd:
And ſo produced execrable cluſters
Worthy ſo wicked and inceſtuous luſters:
And then (alas!) what was there to be found
Pure, juſt, or good, in all this Earthly Round?
Cain's Line poſſeſt ſin, as an heritage;
Seth's as a dowry got by mariage:
So that (alas!) among all humane-kinde
Thoſe Mongrell kiſſes marr'd the pureſt minde.
And we (even we, that have eſcaped here
This cruell wrack) within our conſcience bear
A thouſand Records of a thouſand things
Convincing us before the King of kings;
Whereof not one (for all our ſelf-affection)
We can defend with any juſt objection.
God playd no Tyrant, choaking with the floods
The earthly Bands and all the ayrie broods:
For, ſith they liv'd but for mans ſervice ſole,
Man, raz'd for ſin out of the *Living Roule*,
Thoſe wondrous tools, and organs excellent,
Their Work-man reft, remain'd impertinent.
Man's only head of all that draweth breath.
Who lacks a member, yet perſevereth
To live (we ſee): but, members cut away
From their owne head, doe by and by decay.
Nor was God cruell, when he drown'd the Earth:
For, ſithence man had from his very birth
Rebeld againſt him; was 't not equity,
That for his fault, his houſe ſhould utterly
Be rent and raz'd? that ſalt ſhould there be ſow'n,
That in the ruins (for inſtruction)
We for a time might reade and underſtand
The righteous vengeance of Heav'ns wrathful hand,
That wrought this *Deluge*: and no hoorded waves
Of ayrie clouds, or under-earthly caves?
If all blew Curtains mixt of ayre and water,
Round over-ſpreading this wide All-Theater,
To ſome one Climate all at once ſhould flie,
One Countrey they might drown undoubtedly:
But our great Galley having gone ſo far,
So many months, in ſight of either *Star*,
From Pole to Pole through ſundry Climats whurl'd,
Showes that this *Flood* hath drowned all the world.
Now *non-pluſt*, if to re-inforce thy Camp,
Thou fly for ſuccour to thine Ayrie Damp:
Showe, in the concave of what Mountains ſteep
We may imagine Dens ſufficient deep
For ſo much ayr as guſhing out in fountains, (tains;
Should hide the proud tops of the higheſt Moun-
Sith a whole tun of ayr ſcarce yeelds (in triall)
Water enough to fill one little Viall.
And what ſhould then betide thoſe empty ſpaces?
What ſhould ſucceed in the forſaken places

Of

Anſwer 1. God is infinite, immutable, Almighty and incomprehenſible.

So that men cannot ſpeak of Him but improperly.

Why wee cannot ſpeake of God but after the manner of men.

Anſwer 2. The Repentance and the change which the Scripture attributeth to God, is far from Error and Defect.

Two compariſons explaining the ſame.

Anſwer 3. Juſtice being a vertue in Man, cannot be a vice in God.

Anſwer 4. God doth not puniſh Offenders for defence of his own Eſtate: but to maintain vertue and confound vice.

Anſwer 5. The iniquitie of the world deſerved extreme puniſhment.

Anſwer 6. When all are generally depraved, all merit to be deſtroyed.

Anſwer 7. The leaſt imperfect paſſe condemnation, euen then when they are moſt lively chaſtiſed.

Anſwer 8. God deſtroying the workman, doth no wrong to the Tools, if, he break, and batter them with their Maſter.

Anſwer 9. A Traytor deſerves to have his houſe raſed to the ground.

Anſwer 10. The Flood was no naturall accident, but a moſt juſt iudgement of God.

Anſwer 11. The waters of the Flood ſprang not from a naturall motion only, but proceeded from other than naturall Cauſes, which cannot produce ſuch effects.

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Of th' ayre's thin parts(in swift springs shrinking
Sith there's no void in th' Al-circūference?(thence)
Whence(wilt thou say) then coms this raging
That over-flows the windy *Ryphean* Wood,(flood,
Mount Libanus, and enviously aspires
To quench the light of the celestial fires? (it, *Cham*,
Whence(shall I say) then, whence-from comes
That Wolves, and Panthers wexing meek & tame,
Leaving the horror of their shady home,
Adjourn'd by Heav'n, did in my presence come,
Who holding subject under my command
So many creatures humbled at my hand,
Am now restor'd to th' honour and estate
Whence *Adam* fell through sin and Satans hate?
Whence doth it come, or by what reason is't,
That unmann'd Haggards to mine empty fist
Come without call? Whence comes it, that so little
Fresh water, fodder, meal, and other victuall,
Should serve so long so many a greedy-gut
As in the dark-holds of this *Ark* is shut?
That heer the Partridge doth not dread the Hauk?
Nor fearfull Hare the spotted Tiger baulk?
That all these storms our Vessell have not broak?
That all this while we doe not joyntly choak
With noysom breath, and excrementall stink
Of such a common and continuall sink?
And that our selves, 'mid all these deaths, are sav'd
From these All-Seas, where all the rest are Grav'd?
In all the compass of our floating Inns,
Are not so many planks, and boords, and pins,
As wonders strange, and miracles that ground
Mans wrangling Reason, and his wits confound:
And God, no less his mighty powr displayd
When he restor'd, than when the World he made.
O sacred Patron! pacifie thine ire,
Bring home our Hulk: these angry floods retire;
Alive and dead, let us perceive and prove
Thy wrath on others, on our selves thy love.
Thus *Noah* sweetens his Captivity,
Beguiles the time, and charms his misery,
Hoping in God alone: who, in the Mountains
Now stopping close the veins of all the Fountains,
Shutting Heav'ns sluces, causing th'ayr (controul'd)
Close-up his chanels, and his Seas with-hold, (he,
Cals forth the windes. O Heav'ns fresh fans, quoth
Earths sweeping Brooms, O Forrests enmity,
O you my Heralds and my Harbengers
My nimble Postes and speedy Messengers,
Mine arms, my sinews, and mine Eagles swift
That through the ayre my rowling Chariot lift,
When from my mouth in my just-kindled ire
Fly Sulph'ry fumes, and hot consuming fire, (der
When with my Lightning Scepters dreadfull won-
I muster horror, darkness, clouds and thunder:
Wake, rise, and run, and drink these waters dry,
That hills and dales have hidden from the sky.
Th' *Æolian* Crowd obeys his mighty call,
The surly surges of the waters fall,
The Sea retreateth: and the sacred *Keel*
Lands on a Hill, at whose proud feet doe kneel
A thousand Hils, his lofty horn adoring
That cleaves the clouds, the starry welkin goaring.
Then hope-cheer'd *Noah*, first of all (for scout)
Sends forth the Crowe, who flutters neer-about;
And finding yet no landing place at all,
Returns a-boord to his great Admirall.
Some few dayes after from the window flyes
The harm-less Dove for new discoveries:
But seeing yet no shoar, she (almost tyr'd)
A-boord the Carrack back again retir'd.
But yer the Sun had seav'n Heav'n-Circuits rode;
To view the World a-fresh she flyes abroad;
And brings a-boord (at evening) in her bill
An Olive branch with water pearled still.
O happy presage! O deer pledge of love!
O wel-com newes! behold the peacefull Dove
Brings in her beak the Peace-branch, boading weal
And truce with God; who by this sacred seal
Kindly confirms his holy Covenant,
That first in fight the Tiger rage shall want,
Lions be cowards, Hares courageous,
Yer he be false in word or deed to us.
O sacred Olive! firstling of the fruits,
Health-boading branch, be it thy tender roots
Have lived still, while this strange *Deluge* lasted,
I doe rejoyce it hath not all things wasted:
Or be it, since the Ebb, thou newly spring,
Prays'd be the bounty of th' immortall King
That quickens thus these dead, the World induing
With beauty fresh so suddainly renuing.
Thus *Noah* spake: And though the World 'gan lift
Most of his Iles above the waters drift:
Though wexen old in his long weary night,
He see a friendly Sun to brandish bright:
Though choak't with ill ayre in his stinking stall,
Hee'l not a-shoar till God be pleas'd with-all;
And till (devout) from Heav'n he understand
Some Oracle to licence him to land. (Cave,
But, warn'd by Heav'n, he commeth from his
(Or rather from a foule infectious Grave) (Brides,
With *Sem*, *Cham*, *Japheth*, and their twice-two
And thousand pairs of living things besides,
Unclean and clean: for th' holy *Patriarch*
Had of all kinds inclosed in the Ark.
But, heer I hear th' ungodly (that for fear
Late whispered softly in each others ear,
With silent murmurs muttering secretly)
Now trumpet thus their filthy blasphemie;
Who will beleeve (but shallow-brained Sheep)
That such a ship scarce thirty Cubits deep,
Thrice fifty long, and but once fifty large,
So many months could bear so great a charge?
Sith the proud Horse, the rough-skinn'd Elephant,
The lusty Bull, the Camell water-want,
And the Rhinocerot, would, with their fodder,
Fill-up a Hulk farre deeper, longer, broader?
O profane mockers! if I but exclude
Out of this Vessell a vast multitude
Of since-born mongrels, that derive their birth
From monstrous medly of *Venerean* mirth;
Fantastick Mules, and spotted Leopards,
Of incest-heat ingendred afterwards:
So many sorts of Dogs, of Cocks and Doves,
Since, daily sprung from strange and mingled loves
Wherein from time to time in various sort,
Dedalian Nature seems her to disport:
If playner, yet I prove you space by space,
And foot by foot, that all this ample place,

By

Answer 12. The consideration of the power of God in subiecting the Creatures to *Noah*: in sustaining and feeding them so long in the *Ark* (which was as a sepulchre) confuteth all the objections of Atheists.

Answer 13. The Ark full of Miracles, which confound the wits, & stop the mouthes of profane wranglers.

God causeth the Flood to cease.

The Ark resteth on the Mountain *Ararat* in *Armenia*.

What *Noah* did before he went forth.

He expecteth Gods commandement to goe forth: whereby, at the first he was shut up in the *Ark*.

New objection of Atheists, concerning the capacitie of the *Ark*.

Answer.

By subtile judgement made and *Symmetrie*,
Might lodge so many creatures handsomely,
Sith every brace was *Geometricall*:
Nought resteth (*Momes*) for your reply at all;
If, who dispute with God, may be content
To take for current, Reasons argument.
An un-answerable answer to all profane questions.
But heer t' admire th' Almighties powrful hand
I rather love, and silence to command
To mans discourse: what he hath said, is done:
For, evermore his word and deed are one.
By his sole arm, the *Gallions* Masters saw
Themselves safe resc'u'd from deaths yawning jaw;
And offers up to him in zealous wise,
The Peace-full sent of sweet burnt-sacrifice;
And sends withall above the starry Pole
These winged sighes from a religious soule; (Seas,
World-shaking Father, Winds King, calming-
With milde aspect behold us; Lord appease
Thine Angers tempest, and to safety bring
The planks escapt from this sad Perishing:
And bound for ever in their ancient Caves
These stormy Seas deep World-devouring waves.
Commandements, Prohibitions, & Promises of God to *Noah* and his Posteritie.
Increase (quoth God) and quickly multiply,
And fill the World with fruitfull Progeny:
Resume your Scepter, and with new beheasts
Bridle againe the late revolted Beasts,
Re-exercise your wonted rule again,
It is your office over them to reign:
Deer Children, use them all: take, kill, and eate:
But yet abstain, and do not take for meat
Their ruddy soule: and leave (O sacred seed!)
To rav'ning Fowls, of strangled flesh to feed.
I, I am holy: be you holy then,
I deeply hate all cruell bloudy men:
Therefore defile not in your brothers blood
Your guilty hands; refraine from cruell mood;
Fly homicide: doe not in any case,
In man, mine Image brutishly deface:
The cruell man a cruell death shall taste;
And blood with blood be venged first or last;
For evermore upon the murderers head
My roaring storms of fury shall be shed.
The Rainbowe given for a Pledge of the Promise, that there shall be no more generall Flood.
From hence-forth, fear no second *Flood* that shall
Cover the whole face of this earthly Ball:
I assure ye no; no, no, I sweare to you
(And who hath ever found mine Oath untrue?)
Again, I swear by my thrice sacred *Name*:
And to confirme it, in the Clouds I frame (black
This coloured Bowe. When then som tempest
Shall threat again the fearefull World to wrack,
When water-loaden-Heav'ns your Hils shal touch,
When th'air wth midnight shal your noon be-pitch,
Your cheerfull looks up to this Rain-bowe cast.
For, though the same on moystfull Clouds be plac't,
Though hemm'd wth showrs, & though it seem to
(To drown the world) all th' oceans waters up, (sup
Yet shall it (when you seem in danger sink)
Make you, of me; me, of my promise, think.
Description of the Rain-bowe.
Noah looks-up, and in the Ayre he views
A semi-Circle of a hundred hews: (thrones,
Which, bright ascending toward th' ethereall
Hath a line drawn between two *Orizons*.
For just *Diameter*: an even-bent bowe
Contriv'd of three; whereof the one doth showe
To be all painted of a golden hew,
The second green, the third an orient blew;
Yet so, that in this pure blew-golden-green
Still (*Opal*-like) some changeable is seen.
A bowe bright-shining in th' Arch-Archers hand,
Whose subtill string seems levell with the Land,
Half-parting Heav'n; and over us it bends,
Within two Seas wetting his horned ends;
A temporall beauty of the lampfull skies,
Where powrfull Nature shewes her freshest Dies.
What it signifieth.
And if you onely blew and red perceive,
The same as signes of Sea, and Fire conceive;
Of both the flowing and the flaming *Doom*,
The *Judgement* past, and *Judgement* yet to come.
Noah falls to Husbandry, & tills the Earth, as he had done before the Flood.
Then, having call'd on God, our second Father
Suffers not sloth his arms together gather,
But fals to work, and wisely now renew'th
The Trade he learn'd to practise in his youth.
For, the proud issue of that Tyrant rude
That first his hand in brothers bloud imbrewd,
As scorning Ploughs, and hating harm-less tillage,
And (wantons) prising less the homely village,
With fields & Woods, then th' idle Cities shades;
Imbraced Laws, Scepters, and Arts, and Trades.
But *Seth's* Sons, knowing Nature soberly
Content with little, fell to Husbandry,
Thereto reducing, with industrious care,
The Flocks and Droves cover'd with wool & hair;
As praise-full gain, and profit void of strife,
Art nurse of Arts, and very life of life.
So the bright honour of the Heav'nly Tapers
Had scarcely boxed all th' Earths dropsie vapours,
When he that sav'd the store-seed-World from
Began to delve his fruitfull Mothers back, (wrack,
And there soon-after planteth heedfully
The brittle branches of the *Nectar*-tree.
He plants a vine.
For, 'mong the pebbles of a pretty hill
To the warm Suns eye lying open still,
He sets in furrows or in shallow trenches (ches:
The crooked Vines choice scyons, shoots, & bran-
In March he delves them, re-re-delves, and dresses:
Cuts, props, and proins; & God his work so blesses,
That in the third *September* for his meed
The plenteous Vintage doth his hopes exceed.
He is over-taken with Wine.
Then *Noah*, willing to beguile the rage
Of bitter griefs that vext his feeble age,
To see with mud so many Roofs o're-grow'n,
And him left almost in the World alone;
One-day a little from his strictness shrunk,
And making merry, drinking, over-drunk:
And, silly, thinking in that hony-gall
To drown his woes, he drowns his wits and all.
Description of a drunken-man.
His head growes giddy, and his foot indents,
A mighty fume his troubled brain torments,
His idle prattle from the purpose quite,
Is abrupt, stuttering, all confus'd, and light:
His wine-stuft stomack wrung with wind he feels:
His trembling Tent all topsie turvie wheels:
At last, not able on his legs to stand,
More like a foule Swine than a sober man,
Oppress't with sleep, he wallows on the ground
His shame-less snorting trunk, so deeply drown'd
In self-oblivion, that he did not hide
Those parts that *Cæsar* covered when he died.

Ev'n

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Fit Comparisons to set forth the nature and property of Slanderers, and Detracters imitating *Cham*.

Ev'n as the Rav'ns with windy wings o'r-fly
The weeping Woods of *Happy Araby*,
Despise sweet Gardens and delicious Bowrs
Perfuming Heav'n with odoriferous flowres,
And greedy, light upon the loathsom quarters
Of some late *Lopez*, or such *Romish* Martyrs:
Or as a young, unskilfull Painter raw,
Doth carelesly the fairest features draw
In any face, and yet too neerly marks
Th' unpleasing blemish of deformed marks,
As lips too great, or hollowness of eyes,
Or sinking nose, or such indecencies:
Even so th' ungodly Sons of Leasings Father
With black Oblivions sponge ingrately smother
Faire Vertues draughts, and cast despightfully
On the least sins the venom of the eye,
Frump others faults, and trumpet in all ages
The lightest trips of greatest Personages:
Like scoffing *Cham* that impudently view'd
His Fathers shame, and most profanely-lewd,
With scornfull laughter (grace-less) thus began
To infamize the poor old drunken man,

His speech to his Brethren, seeing his Fathers nakedness.

Come (brethren) come, come quickly and behold
This pure controuler that so oft contrould
Us without cause: see how his bed he soyls:
See, how the wine (his master) now recoyls
By 's mouth, and eyes, and nose: and brutely so
To all that come his naked shame doth showe.

Their discreet behaviour.

Ah shame-less beast (both brethren him reprov'd,
Both chiding thus, both with just anger mov'd)
Unnaturall villain, monster pestilent,
Unworthy to behold the firmament;
Where (absent we) thou ought'st have hid before
With thine own Cloak, but with thy silence more,
Thy Fathers shame, whom age, strong wine, and (grief,
Have made to fall, but once in all his life;
Thou barkest first, and sporting at the matter
Proclaim'st his fault on Infamies Theater.
And saying this (turning their sight a-side)
Their hoary Fathers nakedness they hide.

Noah awaked, curseth *Cham* & his posterity: and blesseth *Sem* and *Iephet* and their issue.

When wine had wrought, this good old-man a-
Agniz'd his crime, ashamed, wonder-strook (wook,
At strength of wine, & toucht with true repentance,
Wth Prophet-mouth'gan thus his Sons fore-setence:
Curst be thou *Cham*, and curst be (for thy scorn)
Thy darling *Canaan*: let the pearly Morn,
The radiant *Noon*, and rheumy *Evening* see
Thy neck still yoaked with Captivity.
God be with *Sem*: and let his gracious speed
Spread-wide my *Japheth's* fruitfull-swarming seed.

An execration of Drunkenness, described with its shamefull, dangerous, and detestable effects.

Error, no error, but a wilfull badness:
O foule defect! O short, O dangerous madness!
That in thy rage, dost harm-less *Clytus* smother,
By his deer friend; *Pentheus* by his Mother.
Phrenzie, that makes the vaunter insolent;
The talk-full, blab; cruell, the violent:
The fornicator, wex adulterous;
Th' adulterer, become incestuous:
With thy plagues leaven swelling all our crimes;
Blinde, shame-less, sense-less, quenching oftentimes
The soule within it selfe: and oft defames
The holiest men with execrable blames.
And as the Must, beginning to re-boyl,
Makes his new vessels wooden bands re-coyl,
Lifts-up his lees, and spews with fuming vent
From his Tubs ground his scummy excrement:
So min'st thou thine hoast, and foolishly
From his hearts bottom driv'st all secrecie.
But, hadst thou never done (O filthy poyson!)
More mischief heer, but thus bereft of reason
This Vertues Module (rather Vertues best)
We ought thee more than Death it selfe detest.

FINIS.

BABY-

Babylon.

THE SECOND PART OF THE SECOND DAY OF THE II. WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Th' Antitheſis *of Bleſt and Curſed States,*
Subject to Good and Evill Magiſtrates:
Nimrod *vſurps: His prow's-full Policy,*
To gain himſelfe the Goal of Soverainty:
BABEL *begun: To ſtop ſuch out-rages,*
There, God confounds *the builders* Languages:
Tongues excellent: the Hebrew, *Firſt and Beſt:*
Then Greek *and* Latin: *and (above the reſt)*
Th' Arabian, Toſcan, Spaniſh, French, *and* Dutch,
And Ours, *are honour'd by our Author much.*

A preface, repreſenting the felicity and happy eſtate of Common weales governed by good and prudent Princes: and the miſery of thoſe that live in ſubiection unto Tyrants: which the Poet very fitly propoſeth as his introduction to the Life & Manners of *Nimrod*.

O Happy people, where good Princes raign,
Who tender publike more than private gain!
Who (vertu's patrons, and the plagues of vice)
Hate Paraſites, and hearken to the wiſe:
Who (ſelf-commanders) rather ſin ſuppreſs
By ſelf-examples, than by rigorouſneſs:
Whoſe inward-humble, outward Majeſty
With Subjects love is guarded loyally:
Who Idol-not their pearly Scepters glory;
But know themſelves ſet on a lofty ſtory
For all the world to ſee and cenſure too:
So, not their luſt, but what is juſt they do.
But, 'tis a hell, in hateſull vaſſallage,
Under a Tyrant to conſume ones age:
A ſelf-ſhav'n *Dennis*, or a *Nero* fell,
Whoſe curſed Courts with blood & inceſt ſwell:
An Owle, that flies the light of Parliaments
And State-aſſemblies, jealous of th' intents
Of private tongues; who (for a paſtime) ſets
His Peers at oddes; and on their fury whets:
Who neither faith, honour, nor right reſpects:
Who every day new Officers erects:
Who brooks no learned, wiſe, nor valiant ſubjects,
But daily crops ſuch vice-upbraiding objects,
Who (worſe than Beaſts, or ſavage monſters been)
Spares neither mother, brother, kiſſ, nor kin:
Who, though round fenc't with guard of armed Knights,
A-many moe he fears, than he affrights:
Who taxes ſtrange extorts; and (Caniball)
Gnawes to the bones his wretched Subjects all.

Print

A Prayer fitted to the former diſcourſe, and giving entry to that which followeth.

Print (O Heav'ns King!) in our Kings hearts a
Firſt, of thy lawes; then of their publick weal: (zeal,
And if our Countries now-*Po*-poiſoned phraſe,
Or now-contagion of corrupted dayes
Leave any tract of *Nimrodizing* there;
O! cancell it, that they may every where,
In ſtead of *Babel*, build *Jeruſalem*:
That lowd my *Muſe* may eccho under them.

Nimrods exerciſes & eſſayes to make himſelfe Maſter of the reſt.

YER *Nimrod* had attain'd to twice ſix yeers,
He tyrannizd among his ſtripling-peers,
Out-ſtript his equals, and in happy houre,
Layd the foundations of his after-pow'r;
And bearing reeds for Scepters, firſt he rains
In Prentice-Princedome over ſheep-heard Swains.
Then knowing well, that whoſo ayms (illuſter)
At fancied bliſs of Empires awfull luſtre;
In valiant acts muſt paſs the vulgar ſort,
Or maſk (at leaſt) in lovely Vertues Port:
He ſpends not night on beds of down or feathers
Nor day in tents, but hardens to all weathers.
His youthfull limbs: and takes ambitiouſly
A rock for Pillow, Heav'n for Canapey:
In ſtead of ſoftlings jeſts, and jollities,
He joyes in Jouſts, and manly exerciſe:
His dainty cates, a fat Kids trembling fleſh,
Scarce fully ſlain, luke-warm and bleeding freſh.

Perſeverance in painfull & laborious exerciſes of *Nimrod* growne gracious with the people.

Then, with one breath, he ſtriveth to attain
A Mountains top, that over-peers the Plain:
Againſt the ſtream to cleave the rowling ridges
Of Nymph ſtrong floods, that have born down their brid-
Running unrean'd with ſwift rebounding ſallies (*ges,*
A-croſs the rocks within the narrow vallies:
To overtake the dart himſelfe did throwe,
And in plain courſe to catch the Hinde or Roe.
But, when five luſtres of his age expir'd,
Feeling his ſtomach and his ſtrength aſpir'd
To worthier wars, perceiv'd he any-where,
Boar, Leopard, Lyon, Tiger, Ounſe, or Beare,
Him dread-leſs combats; and in combat foyls,
And rears high Tropheis of his bloody ſpoyls.
The people, ſeeing by his war-like deed
From theeves, and robbers every paſſage freed:
From hideous yels, the Deſarts round about:
From fear, their flocks; this monſter-maſter ſtout,
This *Hercules*, this hammer-ill, they tender,
And call him (all) their Father and Defender.

He abandons his firſt petty Chaſe, and hunteth wilier for a more pretious Prey.

Then *Nimrod* (ſnatching Fortune by the treſſes)
Strikes the hot ſteel; ſues, ſooths, importunes, preſſes
Now theſe, then thoſe, and (haſtning his good Hap)
Leaves hunting Beaſts, and hunteth Men to trap.
For, like as He, in former queſts did uſe
Cals, pit-fals, toyls, ſprenges, and baits, and glews:
And (in the end) againſt the wilder game,
Clubs, darts, & ſhafts, & ſwords, their rage to tame:
So, ſome he wins with promiſe-full intreats,
With preſents ſome, & ſome with rougher threats:
And boldly (breaking bounds of equity)
Uſurps the Child-World's maiden Monarchy;
Whereas, before each kindred had for guide
Their proper Chief, yer that the youthfull pride
Of upſtart State, ambitious, boyling fickle,
Did thruſt (as now) in others corn his ſickle.
In-throniz'd thus, this Tyrant 'gan deviſe
To penetrate a thouſand cruelties,
Pel-mel ſubverting for his appetite
God's, Man's, and Natures triple ſacred Right.

Tyrannicall rule of *Nimrod*, & his proud enterprize.

He braves th' Almighty, lifting to his noſe
His flowring Scepter: and for fear he loſe
The peoples aw; who (idle) in the end
Might ſlip their yoak; he ſubtle makes them ſpend,
Drawes dry their wealth, and buſies them to build
A lofty Towr, or rather *Atlas* wilde. (Grooms:
W' have liv'd (quoth he) too-long like pilgrim
Leave we theſe rowling tents, & wandring rooms:
Let's raiſe a Palace, whoſe proud front and feet
With Heav'n and Hell may in an inſtant meet;
A ſure *Aſylum*, and a ſafe retrait, (threat:
If th' irefull ſtorm of yet-more Floods ſhould
Let's found a Citie, and united there,
Under a King let's lead our lives; for fear
Leſt ſever'd thus, in Princes and in Tents,
We be diſperſt o'r all the Regiments,
That in his courſe the Dayes bright Champion eies,
Might-leſs our ſelves to ſuccour, or adviſe.
But, if the fire of ſome inteſtine war,
Or other miſchief ſhould divide us far,
Brethren (at leaſt) let's leave memorials (wals.
Of our great names on theſe cloud-neighbouring
Now, as a ſpark, that Shepheards (uneſpi'd)
Have falⁿ by chance upon a forreſt ſide,
Among dry leaves; a-while in ſecret ſhrowds,
Lifting a-loft ſmall, ſmoaky-waving clouds,
Till fanned by the fawning windes, it bluſhes,
With angry rage; and riſing through the buſhes,
Climbs fragrant Hauthorns, thence the Oak, & then
The Pine, and Firre, that bridge the Ocean:
It ſtill gets ground, and (running) doth augment,
And never leaves till all neer Woods be brent:
So, this ſweet ſpeech (firſt broacht by certain Mini-
Is ſoon applauded 'mong the light opinions: (ons)
And by degrees from hand to hand renu'd,
To all the baſe confuſed multitude;
Who longing now to ſee this Caſtle rear'd,
Them night and day, in differing crafts beſtirr'd.

A compariſon, ſhewing lively, the efficacy of the attempts of Tyrants, the Rods of Gods righteous vengeance upon ungodly people.

Some fall to felling with a thouſand ſtroaks
Adventurous Alders, Aſhes, long-liv'd Oaks;
Degrading Forreſts, that the Sun might view
Fields that before his bright rayes never knew.
Ha'ye ſeen a Town expos'd to ſpoyl & ſlaughter
(At victors pleaſure) where laments and laughter
Mixtly reſound; ſome carry, ſome convey,
Some lug, ſome load; 'gainſt Souldiers ſeeking Prey
No place is ſure, and yer a day be done,
Out at her gate the ranſack't Town doth run:
So (in a trice) theſe Carpenters diſrobe
Th' *Aſſyrian* hils of all their leafie robe,
Strip the ſteep Mountains of their ghaſtly ſhades,
And powle the broad Plains, of their branchy glades:
Carts, Sleds, and Mules, thick juſtling meet abroad,
And bending axles groan beneath their load.

Lively Deſcription of the people occupied in ſome great buſineſs.

Heer, for hard Cement, heap they night and day
The gummy ſlime of chalkie waters gray:
There, buſie Kil-men ply their occupations
For brick and tyle: there for their firm foundations,
They dig to hell; and damned Ghoſts again
(Paſt hope) behold the Suns bright glorious wain:
Their hammers noyſe, through Heav'ns rebounding
Affrights the fiſh that in fair *Tigris* ſwim. (brim,

Theſe

These ruddy wals in height, and compasse growe;
They cast long shadow, and far-off do showe: (mise
All swarms with work-men, that (poor sots) sur-
Even the first day to touch the very skies. (frowns,
Which, God perceiving, bending wrathfull
And with a noyse that roaring thunder drowns;
'Mid cloudy fields, hils by the roots he rakes,
And th' unmov'd hinges of the Heav'ns he shakes.
See, see (quoth he) these dust-spawn, feeble dwarfs,
See their huge Castles, Wals, and Counter-scarfs:
O strength-full peece, impregnable! and sure
All my just angers batt'ries to endure.
I swore to them, the fruitfull earth, no more
Hence-forth should fear the raging Oceans roar;
Yet build they Towrs: I will'd that scattered wide
They should go mann the World; and lo they bide
Self-prisoned heer: I meant to be their Master,
My self alone, their Law, their Prince, and Pastor;
And they, for Lord, a Tyrant fell have ta'en them;
Who (to their cost, wil roughly curb & rean them;
Who scorns mine arm, & with these braving Towrs
Attempts to scale this Crystall Throne of Ours.
Com, com, let's dash their drift; & sith, combin'd
As well in voyce, as blood, and law, and minde,
In ill they harden, and with language bold
Incourage on themselves their worke to hold,
Let's cast a let 'gainst their quick diligence:
Let's strike them straight with spirit of difference;
Let's all confound their speech: let's make the Bro-
The Sire, and Son, not understand each other. (ther,
This said, as soon confusedly did bound (sound,
Through all the worke I wot not what strange
A jangling noyse; not much unlike the rumors
Of *Bacchus* Swains amid their drunken humors:
Some speak between the teeth, some in the nose,
Some in the throat their words doe ill dispose,
Some howl, some halloo, some doe stut and strain,
Each hath his gibb'rish, and all strive in vain
To finde again their know'n beloved tongue,
That with their milke they suckt in cradle, young.
Arise betimes, while th' *Opal*-colour'd Morn,
In golden pomp doth *May-dayes* door adorn:
And patient heare th' all-differing voyces sweet
Of painted Singers, that in Groves do greet
Their Love-*Bon-jours*, each in his phrase & fashion
From trembling Pearch uttering his earnest passion;
And so thou maist conceit what mingle-mangle
Among this people every where did jangle.
Bring me (quoth one) a trowell, quickly, quick;
One brings him up a hammer: hew this brick
(Another bids) and then they cleave a Tree:
Make fast this rope, and then they let it flee:
One cals for planks, another mortar lacks:
They bear the first, a stone; the last, an ax:
One would have spikes, and him a spade they give:
Another asks a saw, and gets a sieve:
Thus crosly-crost, they prate and point in vaine;
What one hath made, another mars again:
Nigh breath-less all, with their confused yawling,
In boot-less labour, now begins appawling.
In brief, as those, that in some channell deep,
Begin to build a Bridge with Arches steep,
Perceiving once (in thousand streames extending)
The course-chang'd River from the hils descending,
With watry Mountains bearing down their Bay,
As if it scorn'd such bondage to obey;
Abandon quickly all their work begun,
And heer and there for swifter safety run:
These Masons so, seeing the storm arriv'd
Of Gods just Wrath, all weak, and heart-depriv'd,
Forsake their purpose, and like frantick fools
Scatter their stuffe, and tumble down their tools.
O proud revolt! O traiterous felony!
See in what sort the Lord hath punisht thee
By this Confusion: Ah! that language sweet,
Sure bond of Cities, friendships mastick meet,
Strong curb of anger yerst united, now
In thousand dry Brooks strays, I wot not how:
That rare-rich gold, that charm-grief fancy-mover,
That calm-rage hearts-thief, quel-pride conjure-lo-
That purest coyn, then currant in each coast, (ver:
Now mingled, hath sound, weight, and colour lost,
'Tis counterfeit: and over every shoar
The confus'd fall of *Babel* yet doth roar.
Then, *Finland*-folk might visit *Africa*,
The Spaniard *Inde*, and ours *America*,
Without a truch-man: now, the banks that bound
Our Towns about, our tongues doe also mound:
For, who from home but halfe a furlong goes,
As dumb (alas!) his Reason's tool doth lose:
Or if we talk but with our neer confines,
We borrow mouthes, or else we work by signes.
Un-toyld, un-tutord, sucking tender food,
We learn'd a language all men understood;
And (seav'n-years old) in glass-dust did commence
To draw the round Earths fair circumference:
To cipher well, and climbing Art by Art,
We reacht betimes that Castles highest part,
Where th' *Encyclopedie* her darling crowns,
In signe of conquest, with etern renowns.
Now (ever-boys) we wex old while we seek
The Hebrew tongue, the Latin, and the Greek:
We can but babble, and for knowledge whole
Of Natures secrets, and of th' *Essence* sole
Which Essence gives to all, we tire our minde
To vary Verbs, and finest words to finde;
Our letters and our syllables to weigh:
At Tutors lips we hang with heads all gray,
Who teach us yet to read, and give us (raw)
An *A. B. C.* for great *Justinians* law,
Hippocrates, or that *Diviner lore*,
Where God appears to whom him right adore.
What shall I more say? Then, all spake the speech
Of God himself, th' old sacred *Idiom* rich,
Rich perfect language, where 's no point, nor signe,
But hides some rare deep mystery divine:
But since that pride, each people hath a-part
A bastard gibberish, harsh, and over-thwart;
Which daily chang'd, and losing light, wel-neer
Nothing retains of that first language cleer.
The *Phrygians* once, and that renowned Nation
Fed with fair *Nilus* fruitfull inundation,
Longing to know their Languages priority,
Fondly impos'd the censuring authority
To silly Judges, voyd of judging sense
(Dumb stammerers to treat of Eloquence)
To wit, two Infants nurst by Mothers dumb,
In silent Cels, where never noyse should come

God displeased with the audacious enterprise of *Nimrod* and his, resolveth to break their Designes by confounding their Language.

Execution of Gods decree.

A fit comparison.

Another elegant comparison shewing that there is no counsell, no endevour, no diligence, no might nor multitude, that can resist God.

Discommodities proceeding from the confusion of Tongues.

The Hebrew Tongue in all Mens mouthes before the confusion of Languages.

A conclusion tried, whereby appeareth that children are naturally apt to learn to speak; not able of themselves to speak without example.

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Of charming humane voyce, to eccho there,
Till triple-twelve months full expired were.
Then brought before the *Memphians*, and the men
That dwell at *Zant*, the faint-breath'd childeren,
Cry often *Bek*; *Bek*, *Bek* is all the words (fords.
That their tongue forms, or their dumb mouth af-
Then *Phrygians*, knowing, that in *Phrygian*
Bek meaneth bread, much to rejoyce began,
Glad that kinde Nature had now grac't them so,
To grant this Sentence on their side to go. (flocks
Fools, which perceiv'd not, that the bleating
Wch powl'd the neighbour Mountains motly locks
Had taught this tearm, and that no tearms of *Rome*,
Greece, *Egypt*, *England*, *France*, *Troy*, *Jewry*, come,
Come born with us: but every Countries tongue
Is learnt by much use, and frequenting long.
Only, we haye peculiar to our race,
Aptness to speak; as that same other grace
Which, richly-divers, makes us differ more
From dull, dumb wretches that in Desarts roar.

Answer to the objection taken from the confused voice of Beasts.

Now, that buls bellow (if that any say)
That Lyons roar, and slothfull Asses bray,
Now lowe, now lowd; and by such languages
Distinctly seem to shew their courages:
Those are not words, but bare expressions
Of violent fits of certain passions:
Confused signes of sorrow, or annoy,
Of hunger, thirst, of anger, love, or joy.

To another Objection, of the chirping of Birds.

And so I say of all the winged quiers,
Which mornly warble, on green trembling briers,
Ear-tickling tunes: for, though they seem to prattle
A part by payrs, and three to three to tattle;
To winde their voyce a hundred thousand wayes,
In curious descant of a thousand layes:
T' have taught *Apollo*, in their School, his skill;
Their sounds want sense; their notes are word-less
Their song, repeated thousand times a-day, (still:
As dumb discourse, flies in the Woods away.

Advantage of Man endued with Reason above the rest of the Creatures.

But, onely Man can talke of his Creator,
Of Heav'n, and Earth, and Fire, and Ayr, and Water,
Of Justice, Temperance, Wisedom, Fortitude,
In choise sweet tearms, that various sense include.
And not in one sole tongue his thoughts dis-sunder;
But like to *Scaliger*, our ages wonder,

Iosephus Scaliger, skilfull in thirteene Languages.

The Learned's Sun: who eloquently can,
Speak Spanish, French, Italian, Nubian,
Dutch, Chaldee, Syriak, English, Arabik,
(Besides) the Persian, Hebrew, Latin, Greek.
O rich quick spirit! O wits Chameleon!
Which any Authors colour can put on:
Great *Julius* Son, and *Sylvius* worthy brother,
Th' immortall grace of *Gascony*, their mother.

Answer to a third objection touching Parot-resembling Echo, and speaking without speech.

And, as for Jayes, that in their wyerie gail
Can ask for victuals, and unjictual'd rail;
Who, daring us for eloquences meed,
Can plain pronounce the holy Christian Creed,
Say the Lords Prayer, and oft repeat it all,
And name by name a good great houshold call:
Th' are like that voice, which (by our voyce begot)
From hollow vale babbles it wots not what:
In vain the ayr they beat, it vainly cleaving,
And dumbly speak, their own speech not conceiving,
Deaf to themselves: for, speech is nothing (sure)
But th' unseen soules resounding portraiture:
And chiefly when 'tis short, sweet, painted-plain,
As it was all, yer that rough hunters raign.

The Hebrew tongue the principall.

Now, when I note, how th' Hebrew brevity,
Even with few words expresseth happily
Deepest conceits; and leads the hearing part
Through all the closets of the mazy heart:
Better than Greek with her *Synonimaes*,

First reason.

Fit *Epithets*, and fine *Metaphoraes*,
Her apt Conjunctions, Tenses, Moods, and Cases,
And many other much esteemed graces.

Second reason.

When I remember, how the *Rabbins* fet
Out of the sacred Hebrew Alphabet
All that our faith beleeves, or eyes behold;
That in the Law the Arts are all inrold:
Whether (with curious pain) we doe transport
Her letters turn'd in many-various sort
(For, as in ciphering, th' onely transportation
Of figures, still varies their valuation:

Simile.

So th' *Anagram* strengthens or slacks a name,
Giving a secret twist unto the same:)
Or whether we (even as in gross) bestowing (ing,
The numbers, which, from one words letters flow-
Unfold a secret; and that word again
Another of like number doth contain:
Whether one letter for a word be put;
Or all a sentence in one word be shut:
As *Egypts* silence sealed-up (mysterious)
In one Character a long sentence serious.

Third reason.

When I observe, that from the *Indian* Dawning,
Even to our *Irish Ætna's* fiery yawning:
And from hot *Tambut*, to the Sea *Tartarian*,
Thou seest (O Sun!) no Nation so barbarian,
Nor ignorant in all the Laws divine,
But yet retains some tearms of *Palestine*,
Whose Elements (how-so disguiz'd) draw-nigh
The sacred names of th' old Orthography.

Fourth reason.

When I consider that Gods ancient WILL
Was first enrowled by an *Hebrew* quill:
That never *Urim*, *Dream*, or *Vision* sung
Their Oracles, but all in *Isaaks* tongue:
That in the same, the Lord himselfe did draw
Upon two Tables his eternall Law:
And that (long since) in *Sions* Languages,
His Heav'nly Postes brought down his messages.

Fifth reason.

And (to conclude) when I conceive, how then
They gave not idle, casuall names to men,
But such as (rich in sense) before th' event,
Markt in their lives some speciall accident;
And yet, we see that all those words of old
Of Hebrew still the sound and sense do hold.
For, *Adam* (meaneth) made of clay: his wife
Eva (translated) signifieth life:
Cain, first begot, *Abel*, as vain: and *Seth*,
Put in his place: and he that, underneath
The generall Deluge, saw the World distrest,
In true interpretation, soundeth Rest. (grudge)
To th' Hebrew Tongue (how-ever *Greece* doe
The sacred right of Eldership I judge.

Praise of the Hebrew Tongue, Mother and Queene of all the Rest.

All hail, therefore, O sempiternall spring
Of spirituall pictures speech of Heav'ns high King,
Mother, and Mistress, of all Tongues the Prime:
Which (pure) hast past such vast deep gulfs of Time:
Which hast no word but weighs, whose Elements
Flowe with hid sense, thy points with Sacraments.

O

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O ſacred *Dialect!* in thee the names
Of Men, Towns, Countries regiſter their fames
In brief abridgements: and the names of Birds,
Of Water-gueſts, and Forreſt-haunting Heards,
Are open Books where every man might read
Their natures ſtory; till th' Heav'n-ſhaker dread,
In his juſt wrath, the flaming ſword had ſet,
The paſſage into Paradiſe to let.

Adam gave Hebrew names to all the Creatures.

For, *Adam* then (in ſigne of maſt'ry) giving
Peculiar names unto all creatures living,
When in a generall muſter ranged right,
They marcht by couples in his awfull ſight,
He framed them ſo fit, that learned ears
Bearing the ſoule the ſound, the marvails bears,
Wherewith th' All-forming voyce adorned fair
Th' inhabitants of Sea, and Earth, and Ayre.
And, for each body acts, or ſuffers ought,
Having made Nowns, his Verbs he alſo wrought:
And then, the more t' inrich his ſpeech, he brings
Small particles, which ſtand in lieu of ſtrings,
The maſter members fitly to combine
(As two great boards, a little glew doth joyn)
And ſerve as plumes, which ever dancing light
Deck the proud creſts of helmets burniſht bright:
Frenges to mantles; ears, and rings to veſſels:
To marble ſtatues, baſes, feet, and treſſels.

He inricht the Language with the compoſition of Verbs & Clauſes.

This (*Adams* language) pure perſiſted ſince,
Till th' iron Age of that cloud-climbing Prince;
Reſounding onely, through all mortall tents,
The peer-leſs accents of rich eloquence;
But then (as partiall) it it ſelf retir'd
To *Hebers* houſe: whether, of the conſpir'd
Rebels, he were not; but in ſober quiet,
Dwelt far from *Shinar*, and their furious ryot:
Or whether, thither by compulſion brought,
With ſecret ſighes he oft his God beſought,
So with unwilling hands helping to make
The wals he wiſht deep ſunk in *Stygian* Lake:
As wretched Galley-ſlaves (beating the Seas
With forced oars, fighting againſt their eaſe
And liberty) curſe in their grieved ſpright,
Thoſe, for whoſe ſake they labour day and night;
Or whether elſe Gods liberall hand, for ever
(As it were) meeting holy mens indevour,
For his owne ſake, of his free grace and pleaſure,
To th' Hebrew race depoſited this treaſure;
While the proud remnant of thoſe ſcattered Maſons
Had falſed it in hundred thouſand faſhions,
When every one, where fate him called, flew,
Bearing new words into his Countrey new.

The Hebrew Tongue continued from *Adam* to the time of *Nimrod*: Since when it reſted in the houſe of *Heber*, of whom it is called Hebrew.

Simile.

But ſlipp'ry Time, enviouſly waſting all,
Diſfigur'd ſoon thoſe Tongues authenticall,
Which 'mid the *Babel*-builders thunder, bred
On *Tigris* banks, o're all the earth were ſpread:
And, ay the world the more confus'd to leave,
The leaſt of them in many Tongues did cleave.

A ſub-diviſion of the Languages firſt divided.

Each language alters, either by occaſion
Of trade, which (cauſing mutuall commutation
Of th' Earths and Oceans wares) with hardy luck
Doth words for words barter, exchange and truck:
Or elſe, becauſe Fame-thirſting wits, that toyl
In golden tearms to trick their gratious ſtile,
With new-found beauties pranck each circumſtance,
Or (at the leaſt) doe new-coyn'd words inhance
With current freedome: and againe reſtore (yore.
Th' old, ruſty, mouldy, worm-gnawn words of

Whereof proceed the ſundry changes in one ſelfe ſame Language.

For, as in Forreſts, leaves doe fall and ſpring:
Even ſo the words, which whilom flouriſhing,
In ſweet Orations ſhin'd with pleaſing luſtre
(Like ſnow-white Lillies in a freſh green paſture)
Paſs now no more; but, baniſht from the Court,
Dwell with diſgrace among the Countrey ſort:
And thoſe, which Eld's ſtrict doom did diſallow,
And damn for bullion, goe for current now.

Simile.

A happy wit, with gratious judgement joyn'd
May give a paſport to the words new coyn'd
In his own ſhop: alſo adopt the ſtrange:
Ingraft the wilde: enriching, with ſuch change
His powerfull ſtile; and with ſuch ſundry ammell
Painting his phraſe, his Proſe or Verſe enamell.

The liberty of a witty, learned and iudicious Writer.

One language hath no law but uſe: and ſtill
Runs blinde, unbridled, at the vulgars will.
Anothers courſe is curiouſly inclos'd
In liſts of Art; of choyce fit words compos'd.
One, in the feeble birth, becomming old,
Is cradle-toomb'd: another warreth bold
With the yeer-ſpinners. One, unhappy-founded,
Lives in a narrow valley ever bounded:
Another 'mong the learned troop doth preſſe
From *Alexanders* Altars, even to *Fez*.

Excellency of the *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Latin* Tongues above the reſt.

And ſuch are now, the *Hebrew*, *Greek*, and *Latin*:
Th' *Hebrew*, becauſe of it we hold the Paten
Of *Thrice-Eternals* ever ſacred Word:
And of his Law, That is the firſt Record.
The *Greek*, as having cunningly compriz'd
All kinde of knowledge that may be devis'd.
And manly *Roman*, ſith the ſword undaunted
Through all the world her eloquence hath planted.

A pleaſant introduction to his following Diſcourſe, wherein Poetically he deſcribeth and bringeth in the principall Languages, together with ſuch as have excelled in each of them.

Writing theſe later lines, weary wel-neer
Of ſacred *Pallas* pleaſing labours deer;
Mine humble chin ſaluteth oft my breſt;
With an *Ambroſial* deaw mine eyes poſſeſt
By peece-meal cloſe; all moving powrs be ſtill;
From my dull-fingers drops my fainting quill;
Down in my ſloath-lov'd bed again I ſhrink;
And in dark *Lethe* all deep cares I ſink:
Yea, all my cares, except a zeal to ſen
A gainfull pleaſure to my Countrymen.
For, th' holy loves-charm, burning for their ſake,
When I am ſleeping, keeps my ſoule awake.

The God of Dreams.

Gold-winged *Morpheus*, Eaſt-ward iſſuing
By 's cryſtall gate (it earlier opening
Than dayes bright door) fantaſtick leads the way
Down to a vale, where moiſt-cool night, and day
Still calms and ſtorms, keen cold, & ſultry ſmother,
Rain, and fair weather follow not each other:
But *May* ſtill raigns, and roſe-crown'd *Zephyrus*
With wanton ſighes makes the green trees to buſs,
Whoſe whiſpering boughs, in Ovall form do fence
This flowrie field 's delightfull excellence.

Deſcription of the Houſe, and Image of Eloquence: and of the principall Languages.

Juſt in the midſt of this enammeld vale
Roſe a huge Rock, cut like a Pedeſtall;
And on the Comich a Coloſſus ſtands
Of during braſſe, which beareth in his hands
Both fire and water: from his golden tongue
Grow thouſand chains, which all the mead a-long
Draw worlds of hearers with alluring Art,
Bound faſt by th' ears, but faſter by the heart.

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Before his feet, Boars, Bears, and Tigers lie
As meek as Lambs, reclaim'd from crueltie.
Neer hils do hop, and neighbour Forrests bound,
Seeming to dance at his sweet voyces sound.
Of *Carian* pillars rais'd with curious Art
On bases firm, a double rowe doth girt
The soule-charm Image of sweet Eloquence:
And these fair Piles (with great magnificence)
Bear, foure by foure, one of the Tongues which now
Our learned Age for fairest doth allow. (heer
The Hebrew supported by 4 Pillars, (viz.)
Now, 'mong the Heav'n-deer spirits supporting
The *Hebrew* tongue, that Prince whose brows appear
Like daunt-Earth Comet's Heav'n-adorning brand,
Moses. Who holds a green-dry, withr'd-springing wand,
And in his armes the sacred Register
Of Gods eternall ten-fold Law doth bear;
Is *Israels* guide: first Author, he that first
Unto his heirs his Writings offer durst:
Whose hallowed Pages not alone preceed
All *Grecian* Writ, but every *Grecian* Deed.
David. *David*'s the next, who, with the melody
Of voyce-matcht fingers, draws sphears harmony,
To his Heav'n-tuned harp, which shall resound
While the bright day-star rides his glorious Round:
Yea (happily) when both the whirling *Poles*
Shall cease their Galliard, th' ever-blessed soules
Of *Christ* his chāpions (cheer'd wth his sweet songs)
Shall dance to th' honour of the *Strong* of *strongs*;
And all the Angels glorie-winged Hostes
Sing *Holy, Holy, Holy, God of Hoastes.*
Salomon. The third, his Son, wit-wondrous *Salomon*,
Who in his lines hath more wise lessons sow'n,
More golden words, than in his Crown there shin'd
Pearls, Diamonds, and other Gemms of *Inde*.
Esay. Then, *Amos* Son, in threatnings vehement,
Grace-fellowed, grave, holy and eloquent.
Secondly, The Greeke by Homer. Sweet-numbred *Homer* here the *Greek* supports,
Whose Schoole hath bred the many-differing sorts
Of ancient Sages: and, through every Realm,
Made (like a Sea) his eloquence to stream:
Plato. *Plato*, the all-divine, who like the *Fowl*
(They call) of *Paradise*; doth never foul
His foot on Earth or Sea, but lofty flies
Higher than Heav'n from Hell, above the skies:
Herodotus. Demosthenes. Cleer-styl'd *Herodotus*, and *Demosthen*,
Gold-mouthed hearts-king, law of learned men.
Thirdly, The Latine by Cicero. Th' Arch-Foe to factious *Catiline* and (since)
To *Anthony*, whose thundring eloquence (tion)
Yeelds thousand streames, whence (rapt in admira-
The rarest wits are drunk in every Nation:
Cæsar. *Cæsar*, who knowes as well to write, as war:
Sallust. The Sinnewie *Salust*: and that Heav'n-fall'n star,
Virgil. Which straggling *Ilium* brings to *Tybers* brink,
Who never seems in all his Works to wink;
Who never stumbled, ever cleer and grave;
Bashfully-bold, and blushing modest-brave:
Still like himselfe; and else, still like to no-man:
Sustain the stately, grave-sweet ancient *Roman*.
Fourthly, The Italian by Boccace, Petrarch, Ariosto. On mirthfull *Boccace* is the *Tuscan* plac't: (grac't:
Bold, choice-tearm'd *Petrarch*, in deep passions
Tasso. The fluent fainer of *Orlando's* error,
Smooth, pithy, various, quick affection-stirrer:
And witty *Tasso*, worthy to indite
Heroïk numbers, full of life and light;
Short, sharp-conceited, rich in language cleer,
Though last in age, in honour formost heer.
Fifthly, The Arabik by Aben-Rois. Eldebag. Avicen. Ibnu-farid. Th' *Arabian* language hath for pillars sound,
Great *Aben-Rois* most subtill, and profound,
Sharp *Eldebag*, and learned *Avicen*,
And *Ibnu-farid's* Figure-flowing Pen.
Sixthly, The Dutch by Beuceer. Luther. Pontus. Buteus. The *Dutch*, hath him who *Germaniz'd* the story
Of *Sleidan*: next, th' *Isleban* (lasting glory
Of *Wittenberg*) with *Beucer* gilding bright
His pleasing stile: and *Butric* my delight.
Seventhly, The Spanish by Guevarra. Boscan. Granada. Garcilace. *Guevarra*, *Boscan*, and *Granade*, which sup
With *Garcilace*, in honey *Pytho's* cup
The smiling Nectar, beare th' *Hyberian*:
And, but th' old glory of the *Catalan*,
Ravisht *Osyas*, he might well have claymed
The *Spanish Laurell*, 'mong these lastly named.
Eighthly, The French by Marot. Now, for the *French*, that shape-les *Column* rude,
Whence th' idle Mason hath but grosly hew'd
(As yet) the rough scales from the upper part,
Is *Clement Marot*; who with Art-les Art
Busily toyls: and, prickt with praise-full thirst,
Brings *Helicon*, from *Po* to *Quercy* first:
Whom, as a time-torn Monument I honour:
Or as a broken Toomb: or tattered Banner:
Or age-worn Image: not so much for showe,
As for the reverence that to *Eld* I owe.
Amyot. The next I know not well; yet (at the least)
He seems some skilfull Master with the rest:
Yet doubt I still. For now it doth appear
Like *Iaques Amyot*, then like *Viginere*.
Ronsard. That, is great *Ronsard*, who his *France* to garnish,
Robs *Rome* and *Greece*, of their Art-various varnish;
And, hardy-witted, handleth happily
All sorts of subject, stile, and Poësie.
Plessis. And this *du Plessis*, beating *Atheïsme*,
Vain *Paganisme*, and stubborn *Judaïsme*,
With their own Armes: and sacred-grave, & short,
His plain-prankt stile he strengthens in such sort,
That his quick reasons, wing'd with Grace & Art,
Pearce like keen arrowes, every gentle heart.
Ninthly, The English by Sir Thomas Moore. Sir Nicholas Bacon. Sir Philip Sidney. *Our English* Tongue three famous Knights sustain;
Moore, *Bacone*, *Sidney*: of which former, twain
(*High Chancellors of England*) weaned first
Our infant-phrase (till then but homely nurst)
And childish toyes; and rudeness chasing thence,
To civill knowledge, joyn'd sweet eloquence.
And (world-mourn'd) *Sidney*, warbling to the *thames*
His swan-like tunes, so courts her coy proud streams,
That (all with-child with Fame) his fame they bear
To *Thetis* lap; and *Thetis*, every-where.
But, what new Sun dazles my tender eyes?
What sudden transe rapts me above the skies?
What Princely Port? O! what imperiall grace? (face?
What sweet-bright-lightning looks? what Angels
Say (learned Heav'n-born Sisters) is not this
That prudent *Pallas*, *Albions* Misteris,
That *Great Eliza*, making hers disdain,
For any Man, to change their Maidens raign?
Who, while *Erynnys* (weary now of hell) (quell,
With Fire and Sword her neighbour States doth
And while black *Horror* threats in stormy rage,
With dreadfull down-fall th' universall stage;
In happy Peace her Land doth keep and nourish:
Where reverend *Justice*, and *Religion* flourish.

And the incomparable Queen Elizabeth. Her Prudence, Piety, Justice, Religion, Learning, and Eloquence.

Who

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Who is not only in her Mother-voyce
Rich in Oration; but with phraſes choice,
So on the ſudden can diſcourſe in *Greek*,
French, *Latin*, *Tuſcan*, *Dutch*, and *Spaniſh* eke,
That *Rome*, *Rhyne*, *Rhone*, *Greece*, *Spain*, and *Italy*,
Plead all for right in her nativitie.
Bright Northren pearl, *Mars*-daunting martialiſt,
To grace the *Muſes* and the *Arts*, perſiſt:
And (O!) if ever theſe rude rymes be bleſt
But with one glaunce of Nature's only Beſt;
Or (luckie) light between thoſe Yvory palms,
Which hold thy State's ſtem, in theſe happy calms,
View them with milde aſpect; and gently read,
That for thy praiſe, thine eloquence we need.
Then thus I ſpake; O ſpirits divine and learned,
Whoſe happy labours have your lauds eterned:
O! ſith I am not apt (alas!) nor able
With you to bear the burthen honourable
Of Albions *Fame, nor with my feeble ſight*
So much as follow your Heav'n-neighbouring flight;
At leaſt permit me, proſtrate to imbrace
Your reverend knees: permit me to inchaſe
Your radiant creſts with Aprils *flowry Crown;*
Permit (I pray) that from your high renown,
My feeble tunes eternall fames derive;
While in my Songs your glorious names ſurvive.
Granting my ſuit, each of them bow'd his head,
The valley vaniſht, and the pillars fled:
And there-with-all, my Dream had flow'n (I think)
But that I lim'd his limber wings with ink.

End of the Viſion.

FINIS.

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The Colonies.

THE
THIRD PART OF
THE
SECOND DAY OF
THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

To ſtop Ambition, Strife, and Avarice,
Into Three Parts *the Earth divided is:*
To Sem *the Eaſt, to* Cham *the South, the Weſt*
To Japheth *fals; their ſeverall ſcopes expreſt:*
Their fruitfull Spawn did all the World ſupply:
Antiquities uncertain Search, and why:
Aſſyria *ſceptred firſt; and firſt imparts,*
To all the reſt, Wealth, Honour, Arms, and Arts:
The New-found World: Mens divers humours ſtrange:
The various World a mutuall Counter-change.

Being here to intreat of the Tranſmigration of ſo many Nations, iſſued out of the loynes of *Noah*, our Poet deſireth to be addreſſed by ſome ſpeciall favour of God.

WHile through the worlds unhanted wilder-neſs
I, th' old, firſt Pilots wandring Houſe addreſs:
While (*Famous* DRAKE-*like*) coaſting every ſtrand
I do diſcover many a *New-found-Land:*
And while, from Sea to Sea, with curious pain
I plant great *Noahs* plenteous Vine again: (me?
What bright-brown cloud ſhall in the Day protect
What fierie Pillar ſhall by Night direct me
Toward each Peoples primer Reſidence,
Predeſtin'd in the Court of Providence,
Yer our bi-ſexed Parents, free from ſin,
In *Eden* did their double birth begin?
O ſacred Lamp! that went'ſt ſo brightly burning
Before the *Sages*, from the ſpicie *Morning*,
To ſhew th' Almighty Infants humble Birth;
O! chace the thick Clouds, drive the darknes forth
Which blindeth me: that mine adventrous Rime,
Circling the World, may ſearch out every Clime.
For, though my Wits, in this long Voyage ſhift
From ſide to ſide; yet is my ſpeciall drift,
My gentle Readers by the hand to bring
To that deer Babe, the *Man-God, Chriſt*, our King.
As WHEN the lowring Heav'ns with loudeſt raps
Through Forreſts thril their roaring thunder-claps,
The ſhivering Fowls do ſuddenly forgo
Their neſts and perches, fluttering to and fro
Through the dark ayr, and round about there rings
A whiſtling murmur of their whisking wings;
The griſſell Turtles (ſeldome ſeen alone)
Diſ-payer'd and parted, wander one by one;
And even the feeble downie feathered Yong
Venture to fly, before their quils be ſtrong:

The true, and only drift of all his endeavours.

A compariſon expreſſing the effect of the aſtoniſhment, which the confuſion of Tongues brought into the Babel-Builders.

Even

Even ſo, the Builders of that *Babel-wonder*,
Hearing Gods voyce aloud to roar and thunder
In their rude voyces barbarous difference,
Take all at once their fearfull flight from thence
On eyther hand; and through th' Earth voidly-vaſt
Each packs a-part, wher God would have him plac't.
Why God would not that the ſeed of Noah ſhould reſide in the Plain of Shynar.
For, heav'ns great Monarch (yer the World began)
Having decreed to give the World to man;
Would not, the ſame a neſt of theeves ſhould be,
That with the Sword ſhould ſhare his Legacie;
And (brutely mixt) with mongrell ſtock to ſtore
Our Elements, round, ſolid, ſlimy floar:
But rather, fire of Covetize to curb,
The Earth diſtributed among the Sons of Noah.
Into three Parts he parts this ſpacious Orb,
'Twixt *Sem*, and *Cham*, and *Japheth*: *Sem* the Eaſt,
Cham South, and *Japheth* doth obtain the Weſt.
To *Sem* the Eaſt.
That large rich Countrey, from *Peroſite* ſhoars
(Where ſtately *Ob*, the King of Rivers, roars,
In *Scythian* Seas voyding his violent load,
But little leſs than ſix dayes ſayling broad)
To *Malaca*: *Moluques* Iles, that bear
Cloves and Canele: well-tempered *Sumater*
Sub-equinoctiall: and the golden ſtreams
Of *Biſnagar*, and *Zeilan* bearing gemms:
From th' *Euxin* Sea and ſurge of *Chaldean* Twins
To th' *Anian* Streight: the ſloathfull ſlymie Fens
Where *Quinzay* ſtands; *Chiorze*, where Buls as big
As Elephants are clad in ſilken ſhag,
Is great *Sems* portion. For the Deſtinies
(Or rather Heav'ns immutable Decrees)
Aſſur t' *Aſſyria* ſend, that in ſhort time
Chalè and *Rheſen* to the Clouds might climbe,
And *Nineve* (more famous than the reſt)
Above them raiſe her many-towred Creſt:
The ſceptred *Elam* choſe the *Perſian* Hils,
And thoſe fat fields that ſwift *Araxis* fils;
Lud, *Lydia*: *Aram all Armenia* had:
And *Chalde* fell to learned *Arphaxad*.
To *Cham* the South.
Cham became Soveraigne over all thoſe Realms
South-bounded round with Sun-burnt *Guinne*
Botangas, *Benin*, *Cephal*, *Guaguametre*, (ſtreams,
Hot *Concritan*, too-full of poyſonie matter;
North-ward with narrow *Mid-terranean* Sea
Which from rich *Europe* parts poor *Africa*:
Tow'rds where *Titans* Evening ſplendor ſank,
With Seas of *Fez*, *Cape-verdé*, and *Cape-blanc*:
And tow'rds where *Phœbus* doth each morning
With *Adel* Ocean and the *Crimſin* Lake. (wake,
And further, all that lyes between the ſteep
Mount *Libanus*, and the *Arabian* Deep,
Between th' *Erythrean* Sea, and *Perſian Sine*,
He (mighty Prince) to's *Africk* State doth joyne.
His Darling *Canaan* doth nigh *Jordan* dwell
(One-day ordain'd to harbour *Iſrael*):
Put peopled *Lybia*: *Mizriam Egypt* mann'd:
And's firſt-born *Chus* the *Ethyopian* ſtrand.
To *Japheth* the North and Weſt.
Japheth extends from ſtruggling *Helleſpont*,
The *Tane* and *Euxin* Sea, to th' double Mount
Of famous *Gibraltar*, and that deep Main,
Whoſe tumbling billows bathe the ſhoars of *Spain*:
And from thoſe Seas, where in the ſteed of Keels
Of winged Ships they roule their Chariot wheels,
To the *Marſilian*, *Morean*, and *Thryrrhenian*;
Ligurian Seas, and learned Sea *Athenian*,
Juſt oppoſite to *Aſia* rich in Spice,
Pride of the World, and ſecond *Paradiſe*:
And that large Countrey ſtretcht from *Amana*
To *Tanais* ſhoars, and to the ſource of *Rha*.
Forth of his *Gomers* loigns (they ſay) ſprung all
The war-like Nations ſcattered over *Gaul*,
And *Germains* too (yerſt called *Gomerits*):
From *Tubal*, *Spaniards*: and from *Magog*, *Scythes*:
From *Madai*, *Medes*: from *Meſech*, *Mazacans*:
From *Javan*, *Greeks*: from *Thyras*, *Thracians*.
According to his accuſtomed modeſty and diſcretion, the Poet chuſeth rather Silence than to ſpeak uncertainly of things unknowne.
Here, if I liſt, or lov'd I rover-ſhooting,
Or would I follow the uncertaine footing
Of falſe *Beroſus* and ſuch fond Deluders
(Their zealous Readers inſolent Illuders)
I could derive the lineall Deſcents
Of all our Sires; and name you every Prince
Of every Province, in his time and place
(Succeſſively) through-out his ancient Race:
Yea, ſing the Worlds ſo divers populations;
And of leaſt Cities ſhow the firſt Foundations.
But, never will I ſo my ſayls abandon
To every blaſt, and rowing ſo at randon
(Without the bright light of that glorious Star,
Which ſhines 'bove all the Heav'ns) venture ſo far
On th' unknown ſurges of ſo vaſt a Sea
So full of Rocks and dangers every way;
Having no Pilot, ſave ſome brain-ſick Writers
Which coyn Kings names, vain fabulous Inditers
Of their own fancies, who (affecting glory)
Upon a Flyes foot build a goodly ſtory.
Reaſons why the ſearch of ſuch antiquities is ſo obſcure.
Some words alluſion is no certain ground
Whereon a laſting Monument to found:
Sith faireſt Rivers, Mountains ſtrangely ſteep,
And largeſt Seas, never ſo vaſte and deep
(Though ſelf-eternall, reſting ſtill the ſame)
Through ſundry chances often change their name:
Sith it befals not alwaies, that his ſeed
Who builds a Town, doth in the ſame ſucceed:
And (to conclude) ſith under Heav'n, no Race
Perpetually poſſeſſeth any place:
But, as all Tenants at the High Lords will,
We hold a Field, a Forreſt, or a Hill:
And (as when winde the angry Ocean moves)
Wave hunteth wave, and billow billow ſhoves:
So doe all Nations juſtle each the other,
And ſo one People doth purſue another.
And ſcarce the ſecond hath a firſt un-houſed,
Before a third him thence again have rowſed.
Famous examples to this purpoſe. Of the ancient *Britains*. Of the *Lombards*.
So, th' ancient *Britain*, by the *Saxons* chac't
From 's native *Albion*, ſoon the *Gaules* diſplac't
From *Armonik*; and then victoriouſly
(After his name) ſurnam'd that, *Britannie*.
So, when the *Lombard* had ſurrendered
Fair, double-named *Iſthers* flowry-bed
To ſcar-fac't *Hunnes*; he hunteth furiouſly
The reſt of *Gaules* from wealthy *Inſubrie*;
Which after fell in *French-mens* hands again,
Won by the Sword of *Worthy Charlemain*.
Of the *Alains*, *Goths*, and *Vandals*.
So, th' *Alain* and North *Vandal*, beaten both
From *Corduba* and *Sevil* by the *Goth*,
Seiz'd *Carthage* ſtraight; which after-ward they loſt
To wiſe *Juſtinians* valiant *Roman* Hoaſt:
And *Romans*, ſince, joyn'd with the barbarous troop
Of curled *Moors*, unto th' *Arabians* ſtoop.

The

The causes of such Transmigrations.

The sacrilegious greedy appetite
Of Gold and Scepters glistering glorious bright,
The thirst of Vengeance, and that puffing breath
Of elvish *Honour* built on blood and death,
On desolation, rapes and robberies,
Flames, ruins, wracks, and brutish butcheries,
Un-bound all Countries, making war-like Nations
Through every Climate seek new habitations.
I speak not here of those *Alarbian* Rovers,
Numidian Shepheards, or *Tartarian* Drovers,
Who shifting pastures for their store of Cattle:
Doe here and there their hairy Tents imbattle:
Like the blacke swarms of Swallows swiftly-light,
Which twice a-yeare cross with their nimble flight
The Pine-plough'd Sea, & (pleas'd with purest ayr)
Seek every Season for a fresh repair:
But other Nations fierce, who far and nigh
With their own bloods-price purchast Victory;
Who, better knowing how to win, than wield;
Conquer, than keep; to batter, than to build;
And bravely choosing rather War than Peace,
Have over-spread the World by Land and Seas.

The originall removes, voiages, and conquests of the *Lombards*.

Such was the *Lombard*, who in *Schonland* nurst,
On *Rugeland* and *Livonia* seized first.
Then having well reveng'd on the *Bulgarian*
The death of *Agilmont*, the bold Barbarian
Surprizeth *Poland*; thence anon he presses
In *Rhines* fair streames to rinse his Amber tresses:
Thence turning back, he seats him in *Moravia*;
After, at *Buda*; thence he postes to *Pavia*;
There reigns two hundred years: triumphing so,
That royall *Tesin* might compare with *Po*.

Of the *Goths*.

Such was the *Goth*, who whilom issuing forth
From the cold, frozen Ilands of the North,
Incampt by *Vistula*: but th' Air (almost)
Being there as cold as on the *Baltick* Coast,
He with victorious arms *Sclavonia* gains,
The *Transylvanian* and *Valarchian* Plains.
Thence plies to *Thracia*: and then (leaving *Greeks*)
Greedy of spoyl, foure times he bravely seeks
To snatch from *Rome* (then, *Mars* his Minion)
The Palms which she o'r all the World had won;
Guided by *Rhadagnise*, and *Alaric*,
And *Vidimarius*, and *Theodoric*:
Then comes to *Gaul*: & thence repulst, his Legions
Rest ever since upon the *Spanish* Regions.

Of the ancient *Gaules*.

Such th' antik *Gaul*: who, roving every way,
As far as *Phœbus* darts his golden ray,
Seiz'd *Italy*; the Worlds proud Mistresse sackt
Which rather *Mars* than *Romulus* compackt:
Then pill'd *Paxonia*: then with conquering ploughs
He furrows-up cold *Strymons* slymie soughs:
Wastes *Macedonia*: and (inclin'd to fleece)
Spares not to spoyle the greatest Gods of *Greece*:
Then (cloyd with *Europe*) th' *Hellespont* he past,
And there Mount *Ida's* neighbour world did waste:
Spoyleth *Pisidia*: *Mysia* doth inthrall:
And midst of *Asia* plants another *Gaul*.
Most famous Peoples dark Antiquity,
Is as a Wood: where bold Temerity
Stumbles each step; and learned Diligence
It selfe intangles; and blind Ignorance
(Groping about in such *Cimmerian* nights)
In pits and ponds, & bogges, and quag-mires lights.
It shall suffice me therefore (in this doubt)
But (as it were) to coast the same about:
And, rightly tun'd unto the golden string,
Of *Amrams* Son, in gravest verse to sing,
That *Sem*, and *Cham*, and *Japheth*, each re-plants
Th' unpeopled World with new inhabitants:
And that again great *Noahs* wandring Boat
The second time o'r all the World did float.

Hee affirmeth finally that the three sons of *Noah* peopled the world, and sheweth how.

Not that I send *Sem*, at one flight unceast,
From *Babylon* unto the farthest *East*,
Tartarian Chorats silver waves t' essay,
And people *China*, *Cambula*, *Cathay*,
Japheth to *Spain*: and that profanest *Cham*,
To thirsty Countries *Meder'* and *Bigam*,
To *Cephala* upon *Mount Zambrica*,
And *Cape* of *Hope*, last coign of *Africa*.
For, as *Hymettus* and Mount *Hybla* were
Not over-spread and covered in one yeare
With busie Bees; but yearly twice or thrice
Each Hive supplying new-com Colonies (moütains,
(Heav'ns tender Nurselings) to those fragrant
At length their Rocks dissolv'd in Hony Fountains:
Or rather as two fruitfull Elms that spred
Amidst a Cloase with brooks environed,
Ingender other Elms about their roots;
Those, other still; and still, new-springing shoots
So over-grow the ground, that in few years
The sometimes-Mead a great thick Grove appears:
Ev'n so th' ambitious *Babel*-building rout,
Disperst, at first go seat themselves about
Mesopotamia: after (by degrees)
Their happy Spawn, in sundry Colonies
Crossing from Sea to Sea, from Land to Land,
All the green-mantled neather Globe hath mann'd:
So that, except th' Almighty (glorious Judge
Of quick and dead) this World's ill daies abbridge,
There shall no soyl so wilde and savage be,
But shall be shadowed by great *Adams* Tree.

3. Fit comparisons to represent the same.

Why the first monarchy began in *Assyria*.

Therfore, those Countries neerest *Tigris* Spring,
In those first ages were most flourishing,
Most spoken-of, first Warriors, first that guide,
And give the Law to all the Earth beside.
Babylon (living under th' awfull grace
Of Royall greatness) sway'd the Imperiall Mace,
Before the *Greeks* had any Town at all,
Or warbling Lute had built the *Dircean* Wall:
Yer *Gauls* had houses, *Latins* Burgages,
Our Britains Tents, or *Germans* Cotages.

The *Hebrews* and their next neighbours were religious & learned before the *Grecians* knew any thing.

The *Hebrews* had with Angels Conversation,
Held th' Idol-Altars in abomination,
Knew the Unknown, with eyes of Faith they saw
Th' invisible *Messias*, in the *Law*:
The *Chaldees*, Audit of the Stars had made, (shade
Had measur'd heav'n, conceiv'd how th' earths thick
Eclipst the silver brows of *Cynthia* bright,
And her brown shadow quenches her brothers light.
The *Memphian* Priests were deep Philosophers,
And curious gazers on the sacred Stars,
Searchers of Nature, and great Mathematicks;
Yer any Letter knew the ancient'st *Atticks*.

*The *Egyptians* and *Tyrians* had their fill of riches, and pomp, and pleasure, before the *Greeks* or *Gauls* knew what the world meant.

Proud *Egypt* glistred all with golden Plate,
Yer the lame *Lemnian* (under *Ætna* grate)
Had hammer'd yron; or the Vultur-rented
Prometheus, 'mong the *Greeks* had fire invented.

Gauls

Gauls were not yet; or, were they (at the leaſt)
They were but wilde; their habit, plumes; their
But Maſt and Acorns, for the which they gap't (feaſt,
Under the Trees when any winde had hapt:
When the bold *Tyrians* (greedy after gain)
Durſt rowe about the ſalt-blew *Africk* Main;
Traffickt abroad, in Scarlet Robes were dreſt,
And pomp and pleaſure *Euphrates* poſſeſt.
For, as a ſtone, that midſt a Pond ye fling,
About his fall firſt forms a little ring,
Wherein new Circles one in other growing
(Through the ſmooth waters gentle-g ctle flowing)
Still one the other more and more compell
From the Ponds Centre, where the ſtone firſt fell;
Till at the laſt the largeſt of the Rounds
From ſide to ſide 'gainſt every bank rebounds:
So, from th' Earth 's Centre (which I here ſuppoſe
About the place where God did Tongues tranſpoſe)
Man (day by day his wit repoliſhing)
Makes all the Arts through all the Earth to ſpring,
As he doth ſpread, and ſhed in divers ſhoals
His fruitfull Spawn, round under both the *Poles*.

The firſt Colonies of *Sem* in the Eaſt.

Forth from *Aſſyria*, Eaſt-ward then they travell
Towards rich *Hytanis* with the golden gravell:
Then people they the *Perſian Oroatis*;
Then cleer *Coaſpis*, which doth humbly kiſs
The Wals of *Suſa*; then the Valleys fat
Neer *Cancaſus*, where yerſt th' *Arſaces* ſat:
Then main they *Media*; then with humane ſeed,
Towards the Sea th' *Hyrcanian* Plain they ſpeed.

The ſecond.

The Sons of theſe (like flowing Waters) ſpred
O'r all the Country which is bordered
With *Chineſel* River, 'bove *Thacaliſtan*;
Gadel and *Cabul*, *Bedan*, *Baleſtan*. ſtoar

The Third.

Their off-ſpring then, with fruitfull ſtems doth
Baſinagar, *Nayard*, and eyther ſhoar
Of famous *Ganges*; *Ava Toloman*;
The Kingdome *Mein*, the Muſky *Charazan*;
And round about the Deſart *Op*, where oft
By ſtrange *Phantaſmas* Paſſengers are ſcoft.

The fourth.

Some ages after, linkt in divers knots,
Tipur they take, rich in Rhinocerots;
Caichin, in Aloes; *Mangit*, and the ſhoar
Of *Quinz'* and *Anid* lets them ſpread no more.

Firſt Colonies of *Iapheth* in the Weſt.

From that firſt Centre to the Weſt-ward bending,
Old *Noahs* Nephews far and wide extending,
Seiz leſs *Armenia*, then, within *Cilicia*,
Poſſeſs the Ports of *Tharſis* and of *Iſſea*,
And the delicious ſtrange *Corycian* Cave
(Wch warbling ſound of Cymbals ſeems to have)
Ionia, *Cappadocia*, *Taurus* horns,
Bythinia, *Troas*, and *Alexanders* turns.

The ſecond.

Then paſſing *Seſtos* Streights; of *Strymon* cold,
Herber and *Neſt* they quaff; and pitch their Fold
In vales of *Rhodope*, and plow the Plains
Where great *Danubius* neer his death complains.

The third divided into many branches.

On th' other ſide, *Thrace* ſubtle *Greece* beſwarms;
Greece, *Italy* (famous for Art and Arms):
Italy, *France*; *France*, *Spain*, and *Germany*
(*Rhines* fruitfull bed) and our *Great Brittany*.
On th' other ſide, it ſpreads about *Moldavia*,
Mare-Maiour, *Podolia*, and *Moravia*,
With *Tranſylvania*, *Servia*, and *Panonia*,
The *Pruſſian* Plains, and over all *Polonia*:
The verge of *Viſtula*, and farther forth
Beyond the *Alman*, drawing to the North.

Firſt Colonies of *Cham*, toward the South.

Now turn thee South-ward: ſee, ſee how *Chaldea*
Spews on *Arabia*, *Phanice*, and *Judea*,
Chams curſed Ligne, which (over-fertill all)
Between two Seas doth into *Egypt* fall;
Sowes all *Cyrenea*, and the famous Coaſt
Whereon the roaring *Punick* Sea is toſt:
Fez, *Dara*, *Argier*, *Galate*, *Guzol*, *Aden*,
Terminan, *Tombut*, *Melle*, *Gago*, *Gogden*:
The ſparkling Deſarts of ſad *Libya*,
Zeczec, *Benin*, *Borno*, *Cano*, *Nubia*,
And ſcalding quick-ſands of thoſe thirſty Plains
Where Jesus name (yet) in ſome reverence raigns;
Where *Preſter John* (though part he *Judaize*)
Doth in ſome ſort devoutly *Chriſtianize*. (lyes

Colonies of the North.

But would'ſt thou know, how that long Tract that
Under Heav'ns ſtarry Coach, covered with yce,
And round embraced in the winding arms
Of *Cronian* Seas (which *Sol* but ſeldome warms)
Came peopled firſt? Suppoſe, that paſſing by
The Plains where *Tigris* twice keeps company
With the far-flowing ſilver *Euphrates*,
They lodg'd at foot of hoary *Nyphates*:
And from *Armenia*, then *Iberia* mann'd,
Albania, *Colchis*, and *Boſphorian* ſtrand:
And then from thence, toward the bright *Levant*,
That vaſt Extent, where now fell *Tartars* hant
In wandring troops; and towards th' other ſide
Which (neer her ſcource) long *Volga* doth divide,
Moſcovy Coaſt, *Permia*, *Livonia*, *Pruſſia*,
Biarmia, *Scrifinia*, *White-Lake*, *Lappia*, *Ruſſia*.

How the new-found World (diſcovered in our time) came peopled. A double queſtion.

But whence (ſay you) had that *New-World* his
Wch *Spain* (like *Delos* floting on the Seas) (Gueſts,
Late digg'd from darknes of Oblivions Grave,
And it undoing, it new Eſſence gave?
If long agoe; how ſhould it hap that no-man
Knew it till now? no *Perſian*, *Greek*, no *Roman*;
Whoſe glorious Peers, victorious Armies guiding
O're all the World, of this had never tyding?
If but of late; how ſwarm their Cities ſince
So full of Folk? how paſs their Monuments
Th' *Egyptian Spires*, *Mauſolus* ſtately Toomb,
The Wals and Courts of *Babylon* and *Rome*?

1. Anſwer.

Why! think ye (fond) thoſe people fell from
All-ready-made; as in a Summer Ev'n (Heav'n
After a ſweltring Day, ſom ſultry ſhowr
Doth in the Marſhes heaps of Tadpals pour,
Wch in the ditches (chapt with parching weather)
Lie cruſht and croaking in the Mud together?
Or elſe, that ſetting certain ſlips, that fixt
Their ſlender roots the tender mould betwixt,
They ſaw the light of *Phœbus* live-ning face;
Having, for milk, moyſt deaws; for Cradle, graſs?
Or that they grew out of the fruitfull Earth,
As Toad-ſtools, Turneps, Leeks, & Beets have birth?
Or (like the bones that *Cadmus* yerſt did ſowe)
Were bravely born armed from top to toe?
That ſpacious Coaſt, now call'd *America*,
Was not ſo ſoon peopled as *Africa*;
(Th' ingenious, Towr-full, and Law-loving Soil,
Which, *Jove* did with his Lemans name en-ſtile)
And that which from cold *Boſphorus* doth ſpread
To pearl'd *Aurora's* Saffron-coloured Bed.

Becauſe,

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Becauſe, they ly neerer the di'pry verges
Of tear-bridge *Tigris* Swallow-ſwifter ſurges,
Whence our amaz'd firſt Grand-ſires faintly fled,
And like ſprung Partridge every-where did ſpred;
Except that World, where-under *Caſtiles* King,
Famous *Columbus* Force and Faith did bring.
But the rich buildings rare magnificence,
Th' infinit Treaſures, various governments,
Show that long ſince (although at ſundry times)
'T had Colonies (although from ſundry Climes):
Whether the violence of tempeſtuous weather
Some broken Veſſels have inforced thither;
Whether ſome deſperate, dire extremity
Of Plague, War, Famine; or th' Authority
Of ſome brave *Typhis* (in adventure toſt)
Brought weary Carvels on that *Indian* Coaſt.
Who maketh doubt but yerſt the *Quinzay* fraights
As wel might venture through the *Anian Streights*,
And find as eaſie and as ſhort a way
From the *Eaſt Indies* to the *Tolguage* Bay,
As uſually the *Aſian* Ships are wont
To paſs to *Greece* a-croſs the *Helleſpont*:
Spaniards to *Fez*, a-thwart the Straight *Abilia*,
Through *Meſſine* ſtream th' *Italians* to *Sicilia*?
From *Tolm* and *Quiver*'s ſpacious Plains (wherin
Bunch backed Calves, with Horſe-like manes are ſeen,
And Sheep-like Fleece) they fill *Azaſia*,
Tova, *Topir*, *Canada*, *Coſsia*,
Mecchi, *Avacal*, *Calicuaz*, *Bacalos*,
Los Campos de Labor (where floods are froze).
On th' other ſide, *Xaliſco* ſoyl they mann
(Now new *Galizia*) *Cuſule*, *Mechuacan*:
And cunningly in *Mexik* Sea they pile
Another *Venice* (or a City-*Ile*).
Strange things there ſee they (that amaze them much)
Green Trees to wither with their very touch;
And in *Nicaragua*, a Mountain top,
That (*Ætna*-like) bright Flaſhes belches up.
Thence, reach they th' *Iſthmos* of rich *Panama*,
And on their right hand build *Ocucanama*,
With *Caſſamalca*, *Cuſco*, *Quito*: and
In famous *Peru*'s very golden Strand
Admire the Lake that laveth *Colle* about,
Whoſe waves be ſalt within, and freſh without:
And ſtreams of *Cinca*, that, with vertue ſtrange,
To hardeſt ſtone ſoft Mud and Chalk do change.
Then Seiz they *Chili*, where all Day the Deep
Runs roaring down, and all the Night doth ſleep:
Chinca, the *Patagons*, and all the ſhoar
Where th' azure Seas of *Magellan* doe roar.
Left-ward, they ſpred them 'longſt the *Darian* ſide;
Wher through th' *Arabian* fields th' *Huo* doth ſlide,
Neer *Zenu*'s ſtream, wch toward the Ocean drags
Pure grains of Gold, as big as Pullets eggs:
To new *Granada*, where the Mount emboſt
With Emeralds doth ſhine; *Cumanean* Coaſt,
Where noyſom vapours (like a dusky night)
Be-dimms their eyes, and doth impair their ſight:
Therefore ſome troops from *Cumana* they carry
To *Caripana*, *Omagu* and *Pari*:
By *Maragnon*, all over fell *Braſile*,
And *Plate*'s fat Plains, where flows another *Nile*.
Ghes too, that *Grotland* yerſt did *Picne* ſtore,
And *Ireland* fraught *Los Campos de Labor*;
As *Tombut*, *Melli*, *Gag'* and *Terminan*,
Planted the Plains and ſhoars of *Corican*.
Yet (ſurely) thou wilt gladly grant me this,
That mans ambition ay ſo boundleſs is,
That ſteepeſt Hils it over-climbs with eaſe,
And runs (as dry-ſhod) through the deepeſt Seas;
And (maugre meagre Thirſt) her Carvels Lands
On *Africk*, *Tolmon*, and *Arabian* ſands;
But hardly credit'ſt, that one Family
Out of foure couples ſhould ſo multiply,
That *Aſia*, *Europe*, *Africa*, and All
Seems for their off-ſpring now too ſtraight & final.
If thou ſet-light by th' everlaſting Voyce,
Which now again re-bleſt the Love-full choyce
Of ſacred Wedlocks ſecret binding band;
Saying, *Increaſe*, Flouriſh and *Fill the Land*:
And if (profane) thou hold it for a Fiction,
That *Seventy Jewes*, in *Egypt* (in affliction)
Within foure-hundred years and half three-ſcore,
Grew to five-hundred-thouſand ſoules and more:
Conſider yet, that being fed that while
With wholeſome Fruits of an un-forced ſoyl,
And kindly meats, not marred by the Book,
And wanton cunning of a ſawcie Cook;
Weigh furthermore, that being not cut-down
With bloudy ſwords when furious neighbours frown;
Nor worn with Travell, nor enfeebled
With hateſull ſloath; Our Grand-ſires flouriſhed
Hundreds of years in youth; and even in Age
Could render duly *Venus* Eſcuage:
And that *Polygamy* (in thoſe dayes common)
Moſt men uſurping more than one ſole Woman,
Made then the World ſo mightily augment
In upright Creatures; and (incontinent)
From fruitfull loynes of one old Father-ſtock,
So many branches of man-kinde to flock:
Ev'n as an ear of Corn (if all the yield
Be yeerly ſow'n ſtill in a fertill Field)
Fils Barns at length; and ſpreads in ſpacious Plain
Millions of millions of like ears again.
Or, as two Fiſhes, caſt into large Meers,
With fruitfull Spawn wil furniſh in few yeers
A Town with victuall, and ſerve (furthermore)
Their neighbour Waters with their Fry to ſtore.
Have not our Dayes a certain Father known,
Who, with the fruit of his own body grown,
Peopled a Village of a hundred Fires,
And iſſue-bleſt (the Crown of Old Deſires)
In his own life-time, his own off-ſpring ſaw
To wed each other without breach of Law?
So far the branches of his fruitfull Bed
Paſt all the names of Kinreds-Tree did ſpred.
'Tis known, that few *Arabian* Families
New-planted *Lybia* with their Progenies,
In compaſs of three hundred yeers and leſs;
And *Bugi*, *Argier*, *Oran*, *Thunis*, *Tez*,
Fez, *Melli*, *Gago*, *Tonbut*, *Terminan*
With hateſull Laws of *Heath'niſh Alcoran*.
If this among the *Africans* we ſee,
Whom cor'zive humour of Melancholy
Doth alwaies tickle with a wanton Luſt,
Although leſs powrfull in the *Paphian* Jouſt
For Propagation (for, too-often Deed
Of *Loves-Delight*, enfeebles much their ſeed:

And

Conjectures touching the peopling of the ſame.

Wonders of the New-found world.

How it was poſſible that No & his three Sons ſhould ſo multiply.

1. Anſwer.

2

3

Compariſon to that purpoſe.

An example of fourdaies.

Another example.

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And inly, ſtill they feel a Wintery Fever;
As outwardly, a ſcorching Summer ever) (proach
Gheſs how much more, thoſe, whoſe hoar heads ap-
And ſee the turnings of Heav'ns flaming *Coach*,
Doe multiply; becauſe they ſeldom venter,
And, but in ſeaſon, *Venus* liſts to enter.
And, the cold, reſting (under th' *Artick* Star)
Still Maſter of the Field in Champian War,
Makes Heat retire into the Bodies-Towr:
Wch, there united, gives thē much more powr. (*ans*,

The North hath exceedingly multiplyed in people: the South not ſo.

Frō thence indeed, *Huns*, *Herules*, *Franks*, *Bulgari-*
Circaſſyans, *Sweves*, *Burgognians*, *Turks*, *Tartarians*,
Dutch, *Cimbers*, *Normans*, *Alains*, *Oſtrogothes*,
Tigurins, *Lombards*, *Vandals*, *Viſigothes*,
Have ſwarm'd (like Locuſts) round about this Ball,
And ſpoyl'd the faireſt Provinces of all:
While barren South had much a-doo t' aſſemble
(In all) two hoaſts; that made the North to tremble:
Whereof; the One, that one-ey'd Champion led,
Who famous *Carthage* raz'd and ruined:
Th' other (by *Tours*) *Charles Martell* martyr'd ſo,
That never ſince, could *Africk* Army ſhowe.

Whence our Authour takes occaſion to enter into an excellent diſcourſe of Gods wondrous work in the divers temperatures, qualities, complexions, and manners of ſo many Nations in the world.

O! ſee how full of Wonders ſtrange is Nature:
Sith in each *Climat*, not alone in ſtature,
Strength, hair and colour, that men differ doo,
But in their humours and their maners too.
Whether that, Cuſtom into Nature change:
Whether that, Youth to th' Elds example range:
Or divers Laws of divers Kingdoms, vary-us:
Or th' influence of Heav'nly bodies, carry-us.
The Northern-man is fair, the ſouthern foul; (ſcoul:
That 's white, this black; that ſmiles, & this doth
Th' one 's blithe & frolike, th' other dul & froward;
Th' one 's full of courage, th' other fearfull cōward:
Th' one's hair is harſh, big, curled, th' others ſlender;
Th' one loveth labour, th' other books doth tender:
Th' one 's hot and moiſt, the other hot and dry;
Th' one 's voyce is hoarſe, the other 's cleer & high:
Th' one 's plain and honeſt, th' other all deceipt:
Th' one 's rough and rude, the other handſom, neat:
Th' one (giddy-brain'd) is turn'd with every wind:
The other (conſtant) never changeth mind:
Th' one 's looſe and wanton, th' other continent;
Th' one thrift-leſs laviſh, th' other provident:
Th' one milde companion, th' other ſtern and ſtrange
(Like a wilde Wolf) loves by himſelf to range:
Th' ones pleas'd wth plainnes, th' other pomp affects:
Th' one 's born for Arms, the other Arts reſpects.
But middling folk, who their abiding make
Between theſe two, of eyther guiſe partake:
And ſuch have ſtronger limbs, but weaker wit,
Than thoſe that neer *Niles* fertill ſides do ſit;
And (oppoſite) more wit, and leſſer force,
Than thoſe that haunt *Rhines* and *Danubius* ſhoars.
For, in the Cirque of th' Univerſall *City*;
The *Southern*-man, who (quick and curious-witty)
Builds all on Dreams, deep Extaſies and Tranſes,
Who meaſures Heav'ns eternall-moving Dances,
Whoſe ſearching ſoule can hardly be ſuffic'd
With Vulgar Knowledge: holds the Place of Prieſt.
The *Northern*-man, whoſe wit in's Fingers ſettles,
Who what him liſt can work in Wood & Mettles,
Who (*Salmon*-like) can thunder counterfait;
With men of Arms, and Artizans is ſet.
The *Third* (as knowing well to rule a State)
Holds, gravely-wiſe, the room of Magiſtrate.
Th' one (to be briefe) loves ſtudious *Theory*,
The other Trades, the third deep *Policy*.
Yet true it is, that ſince ſom later-luſtres,
Minerva, *Themis*, *Hermes* and his *Siſters*
Have ſet, as well, their Schools in th' *Artick* Parts,
As *Mars* his Liſts, and *Vulcan* Shops of Arts.

Notable differences betweene the Nations of *Europe*.

Nay, ſee we not among our ſelves, that live
Mingled almoſt (to whom the Lord doth give
But a ſmall Turf of Earth to dwell-upon)
This wondrous odds in our condition?
We finde the *Alman* in his fight courageous,
But ſalable; th' *Italian* too-outrageous;
Sudden the *French*, impatient of delay;
The *Spaniard* ſlowe, but ſubtle to betray:
Th' *Alman* in Counſell cold, th' *Italian* quick,
The *French* inconſtant, *Spaniards* politick:
Fine feeds th' *Italian*, and the *Spaniard* ſpares;
Prince-like the *French*, Pig-like the *Alman* fares:
Milde ſpeaks the *French*, the *Spaniard* proud and
Rudely the *Alman*, and th' *Italian* grave: (brave;
Th' *Italian* proud in 'tire, *French* changing much;
Fit-clad the *Spaniard*, and un-fit the *Dutch* (him;
The *French*-man braves his Foe, th' *Italian* cheers-
The *Alman* ſpoyls, the *Spaniard* never bears-him:
The *French*-man ſings, th' *Italian* ſeems to bleat;
The *Spaniard* whines, the *Alman* howleth great:
Spaniards like Jugglers jet, th' *Almans* like Cocks;
The *French* goes quick, th' *Italian* like an Ox:
Dutch Lovers proud, th' *Italian* envious;
Frolick the *French*, the *Spaniard* furious.

Especially the *French*, *German*, *Italian*, and *Spaniard*.

Yet would the Lord, that *Noahs* fruitfull Race
Should over-ſpread th' Earths univerſall Face:
That, drawing ſo his Children from the crimes
Which ſeeme peculiar to their Native Climes,
He might reveal his grace: and that Heav'ns lights
Might well incline (but not conſtrain) our ſprights:
That over all the World, his Saints alwaies
Might offer him ſweet Sacrifice of Praiſe:
That from cold *Scythia*, his high Name as far
Might ay reſound as Sun-burnt *Zanzib r*:
And that the treaſures which ſtrange ſoils produce,
Might not ſeem worth-leſs for the want of uſe;
But that the In-land Lands might truck and barter,
And vent their Wares about to every Quarter.

Cauſes why the Lord would have Mankinde ſo diſperſed over all the world.

For, as in LONDON *(ſtuft with every ſort)*
Heer 's the Kings Palace, there the Innes of Court:
Heer (to the Thames-ward, all a-long the STRAND*)*
The ſtately Houſes of the Nobles ſtand:
Heer dwell rich Merchants; there Artificers:
Heer Silk-men, Mercers, Gold-ſmiths, Jewellers:
There 's a Church-yard furniſht with choyce of books;
Heer ſtand the Shambles, there the Rowe of Cooks:
Heer wonn Up-holſters, Haberdaſhers, Horners;
There Pothecaries, Grocers, Tailors, Turners:
Heer Shoo-makers; there Joyners, Coopers, Coriers;
Heer Brewers, Bakers, Cutlers, Felters, Furriers:
This Street is full of DRAPERS, *that of Dyars;*
This ſhop with Tapers, that with Womens Tiars:
For coſtly Toys, ſilk Stockings, Cambrick, Lawn,
Heer 's choice-full Plenty in the curious PAWN:
And all 's but an Exchange, *where (briefly) no man*
Keeps ought as private. Trade makes all things cōmon.

The world compared to a mighty City, wherein dwell people of all conditions, continually traffiking together, and exchanging their particular commodities, for benefit of the Publike.

So

So com our Sugars from *Canary* Iles:
From *Candy*, Currance; Muskadels and Oyls:
From the *Moluques*, Spices: Balſamum
From *Egypt*: Odours from *Arabia* com:
From *India*, Drugs, rich Gemms and Ivorie:
From *Syria*, Mummy: black-red Ebony,
From burning *Chus*: from *Peru*, Pearl and Gold:
From *Ruſsia*, Furres (to keep the rich from cold):
Frō *Florence*, Silks: from *Spain*, Fruit, Saffron, Sacks:
From *Denmark*, Amber, Cordage, Firres and Flax:
From *France* and *Flanderr*, Linnen, Woad & Wine:
From *Holland*, Hops: Horſe, from the banks of *Rhine*.
In brief, each Countrey (as pleas'd God diſtribute)
To the Worlds Treaſure payes a ſundry Tribute.

Man, lord of the world t which for the commodity of his life contributes bountifully all manner of neceſſaries.

And, as ſomtimes that ſumptuous *Perſian Dame*
(Out of her Pride) accuſtomed to name
One Province for her Robe, her Rail another,
Her Partlet this, her Pantofles the tother,
This her rich Mantle, that her royall Chain,
This her rare Bracelets, that her ſtately Train:
Even ſo may Man. For, what wilde Hill ſo ſteep?
What ſo vaſte Deſart? what ſo dangerous Deep?
What Sea ſo wrackfull? or ſo barren Shoar
In all the World may be ſuppos'd ſo poor,
But yeelds him Rent; and free from envious ſpight,
Contributes frankly to his Lifes Delight?

The ſame more eſpecially dilated in the particulars.

Th' inammell'd Valleys, where the liquid glaſs
Of ſilver Brooks in curled ſtreams doth paſs,
Serve us for Gardens; and their flowry Fleece
Affords us Sithe-work yeerly twice or thrice;
The Plains for Corn; the ſwelling Downs for ſheep;
Small Hils for Vines; the Mountains ſtrangely-ſteep
(Thoſe heav'n-climb ladders, labyrinths of wonder,
Cellars of Winde, and Shops of Sulph'ry Thunder;
Where ſtormy Tempeſts have their ugly birth;
Which thou miſ-call'ſt the blemiſh of the Earth;
Thinking (profane) that God, or Fortune light,
Made them of envy, or of over-ſight)
Bound with eternall bounds proud Emperies;
Bear mighty Forreſts, full of Timber-Trees
(Whereof thou buildeſt Ships, and Houſes fair,
To trade the Seas, and fence thee from the Aire)
Spew ſpacious Rivers full of fruitfull breed,
Which neighbour-Peoples with their plenty feed;
Fatten the Earth, with freſh, ſweet, fertill miſts;
Drive gainfull Mills; and ſerve for Forts and Liſts
To ſtop the Fury of War's waſte-full hand,
And joyne to th' Sea the middle of the Land.
The Wildes & Deſarts, which ſo much amaze-thee,
Are goodly Paſtures, that do daily graze-thee
Millions of Beaſts for Tillage, and (beſides)
Store thee with Fleſh, with Fleeces, & with Hides.
Yea, the vaſt Sea (which ſeems but only good
To drown the World, and cover with his Flood
So many Countries, where we elſe might hope
For thrifty pains to reap a thankfull Crop)
Is a large Lardar, that in briny Deeps,
To nouriſh thee, a World of Creatures keeps:
A plenteous Victualler, whoſe proviſions ſerve
Millions of Cities that elſe needs muſt ſtarve
(Like half-dead Dolphins, which the Ebb lets ly
Gaſping for thirſt upon the ſand, a-dry):
'T increaſeth Trade, Journeyes abbreviates,
The flitting Clouds it ceaſe-leſs exhalates;
Which, cooling th' ayr, and guſhing down in rain,
Make *Ceres* Sons (in ſight) to mount amain.

Here (as it were) wearied with ſo long a voyage, from ſo broad and bottomleſſe an Ocean (in imitation of the inimitable Author) the Tranſlator hoping kind intertainment, puts in for the Port of *England*: whoſe happy praiſes he proſecutes at large; Concluding with a zealous prayer for preſervation of the *King*, & proſperity of his Kingdome.

But, ſhall I ſtill be Boreas *Tennis-ball?*
Shall I be ſtill ſtern Neptunes *toſſed Thrall?*
Shall I no more behold thy native ſmoak,
Dear Ithaca? *Alas! my Bark is broak,*
And leaks ſo faſt, that I can rowe no more:
Help, help (my Mates) make haſte unto the ſhoar.
O! we are loſt; unleſs ſome friendly banks
Quickly receive our Tempeſt-beaten planks.
Ah, courteous ENGLAND, *thy kinde arms I ſee*
Wide-ſtretched out to ſave and welcom mee.
Thou (tender Mother) wilt not ſuffer Age
To ſnow my locks in Forrein *Pilgrimage;*
That fell Braſile *my breath-leſs Corps ſhould ſhrowd,*
Or golden Peru *of my praiſe be proud,*
Or rich Cathay *to glory in my Verſe.*
Thou gav'ſt me Cradle: thou wilt give me Herſe.
All hail (dear ALBION) Europ's *pearl of price,*
The worlds rich Garden, Earths rare Paradiſe:
Thrice-happy Mother, which ay bringeſt forth
Such Chivalry as daunteth all the Earth
(Planting the Trophies of thy glorious Arms
By Sea and Land, where ever Titan *warms):*
Such Artizans as doe well-neer Eclipſe
Fair Natures praiſe in peer-leſſe Workmanſhips:
Such happy Wits, as Egypt, Greece, *and* Rome
(At leaſt) have equall'd, if not overcom;
And ſhine among their (Modern) learned Follows,
As Gold doth gliſter among paler Yellows;
Or as Apollo *th' other* Planets *paſſes:*
Or as his Flowr excels the Medow-graſſes.
Thy Rivers, Seas; thy Cities, Shires do ſeem;
Civill in manners, as in buildings trim:
Sweet is thine Aire, thy Soyl exceeding fat,
Fenc't from the World (*as better worth than That*)
With triple Wall (of Water, Wood, and Braſs)
Which never ſtranger yet had power to paſs;
Save when the Heav'ns have, for thy haynous Sin,
By ſome of thine, with falſe Keyes *let them in.*
About thy borders (O Heav'n-bleſſed ILE)
There never crawls the noyſome Crocodile;
Nor bane-breath'd Serpent, *basking in thy ſand,*
Meaſures an Acre of thy flowry Land,
The ſwift-foot Tiger, *or fierce* Lioneſs
Haunt not thy Mountains, nor thy Wilderneſs;
Nor ravening Wolves *worry thy tender Lambs,*
Bleating for help unto their help-leſs Dams;
Nor ſubtle Sea-Horſe, *with deceitfull Call,*
Intice thy Children in thy Floods to fall. (*rowl'd,*
What though thy Thames *and* Tweed *have never*
Among their gravell, maſsy grains of Gold?
What though thy Mountains ſpew no Silver *ſtreams?*
Though every Hillock yeeld not precious Gemms?
Though in thy Forreſts hang no ſilken *Fleeces?*
Nor ſacred Incenſe, *nor delicious* Spices?
What though the cluſters of thy colder Vines
Diſtill not Clarets, Sacks, *nor* Muſcadines?
Yet are thy Woolls, *thy* Corn, *thy* Cloth, *thy* Tin,
Mines rich enough to make thee Europes *Queen,*
Yea Empreſs of the World; *Yet not ſufficient*
To make thee thankefull to the Cauſe efficient
Of all thy Bleſsings: Who, beſides all this,
Hath (now nine Luſtres) lent thee greater bliſs;

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His blessed Word *(the witnes of his favour)*
To guide thy Sons unto his Son *(their* Saver*)*
With Peace and Plenty: while, from War and Want,
Thy neighbours Countries never breathed scant.
And last, not least (so far beyond the scope
Of Christians *Fear, and* Anti-Christians *Hope)*
When all, thy Fall *seem'd to Prognosticate,*
Hath higher rais'd the glory of thy State;
In raysing STUARDS *to thy regall Throne,*
To rule (as David, *and as* Salomon*)*
With Prudence, Prowesse, Justice, and Sobriety,
Thy happy People in Religious Piety.
O too too happy! too-too fortunate,
Knew'st thou thy Weal: or were thou not ingrate.
But lest (at last) Gods righteous wrath consume-us,
If on his patience still we thus presume-us:
And lest (at last) all Blessings had before
Double in Curses to torment-us more:
Dear Mother ENGLAND, *bend thine aged knee,*
And to the Heav'ns lift up thy hands with mee;
Off with thy Pomp, *hence with thy* Pleasures *past:*
Thy Mirth be Mourning, *and thy Feast a* FAST:
And let thy Soule, with my sad soule, confesse
Our former sins, and foul unthankefulnes.
Pray we the Father, *through th' adopting* Spirit,
Not measure us according to our merit;
Nor strictly weigh, at his high Justice *Beam,*
Our bold Rebellions, *and our* Pride *extreme:*
But, for his Son (our dear Redeemers*) sake,*
His Sacrifice, *for our sins* Ransom, *take;*
And, looking on us with milde Mercies *Eye,*
Forgive our Past, our Future Sanctifie;
That never more, his Fury we incense
To strike (as now) with raging Pestilence
(Much less provoke him by our guilt so far,
To wound us more with Famine *and with* War*).*

Lord, cease thy wrath: Put up into thy Quiver
This dreadfull shaft: Deer Father, us deliver:
And under wings of thy Protection keep
Thy Servant JAMES, *both waking and a-sleep:*
And (furthermore) we (with the Psalmist) sing,
Lord, give thy judgements to *(our Lord)* the King, Psal. 72.
And to his Son: *and let there ay be one*
Of his Male Seed to sit upon his Throne,
To feed thy Folk in Jacob, *and (advance)*
In Israel *thy (dear) inheritance,*
And (long-long-lived) full of Faith *and* Zeal,
Reform (like Asa*) Church and Common-weal;*
Raysing poor Vertue, *razing proudest* Vice,
Without respect of Person or of Price;
That all bold Atheists, *all* Blasphemers, *then,*
All Popish Traitors *may be weeded clean.*
And, Curst be All that say not, heer, Amen.

FINIS.

THE

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The Columnes.

THE FOURTH PART OF THE SECOND DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Seth 's ~~Pillars found~~: Heber *instructs his Son*
In th' vse thereof, and who them first begun;
Opens the One, and findes on severall Frames,
Foure lively Statues *of foure lovely Dames*
(*The* Mathematikes) *furnisht each a-part*
With Equipages of their severall Art:
Wonders of Numbers *and* Geometry:
New Observations in Astronomy:
Musicks *rare force*: Canaan (*the Cursed*) *cause*
Of Hebers *stop*; *and* BARTAS *witty pause.*

Being about to treat of the Mathematicks, our Poet here implores the especiall assistance in handling so high and difficult a Subiect.

IF ever (Lord) the purest of my Soule
In *sacred Rage* were rapt above the *Pole:*
If ever, by thy Spirit my spirit inspir'd,
Offred thee Layes that learned *France* admir'd,
Father of Light, Fountain of learned Art,
Now, now (or never) purge my purest part:
Now quintessence my Soule, and now advance
My care-free Powrs in some celestiall Transe:
That (purg'd from passion) thy divine address
May guide me through Heav'ns glistering Palaces;
Where (happily) my dear URANIA's grace,
And her fair Sisters I may all imbrace:
And (the melodious *Sirens* of the Sphears,
Charming my senses in those sweets of theirs)
So ravished, I may at rest contemple
The Starry Arches of thy stately Temple:
Unto this end, that as (at first) from thee
Our Grand-sires learn'd Heav'ns Course & Quality;
Thou now mayst prompt me some more lofty Song,
As to this lofty Subject doth belong. (tion

The occasion and ground of this discourse.

AFTER THAT Mens strife-hatching, haut ambi-
Had (as by lot) made this lowe Worlds partition;
Phalec and *Heber*, as they wandred, fand
A huge high *Pillar*, which upright did stand
(Much like a Rock amid the Ocean set,
Seeming great *Neptunes* surly pride to threat;
Whereon a *Pharos* bears a Lanthorn bright,
To save from Shipwrack those that sayl by night)
And afterward, another nigh as great;
But not so strong, so stately, nor so neat:
For, on the flowry field it lay all flat,
Built but of Brick, of rusty Tiles, and Slat:

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Whereas the first was builded fair and strong
Of Jasper smooth, and Marble lasting long.
Phalecs question. What Miracles! what monstrous heaps! what hils
Heav'd-up my hand! what Types of antike Skils
In form-less Forms (quoth *Phalec*)! Father show
(For, th' ages past I know full well you know):
Pray teach me, who did both these Works erect:
About what time: and then to what effect.
Hebers answer. Old *Seth* (saith *Heber*) *Adams* Scholler yerst
(Who was the Scholler of his Maker first)
Having attain'd to know the course and sites,
Th' aspect and greatness of Heav'ns glistring lights;
He taught his children, whose industrious wit
Through diligence grew excellent in it.
For, while their flocks on flowry shoars they kept
Of th' *Eastern* Floods, while others soundly slept
(Hushing their cares in a Night-shortning nap,
Upon *Oblivions* dull and sense-less Lap)
They, living lusty, thrice the age of Rav'ns,
Observ'd the Twinkling Wonders of the Heav'ns:
And on their Grand-sires firm and goodly ground
A sumptuous building they in time do found.
But (by Tradition *Cabalistik*) taught, (nought,
That God would twice reduce this world to
By *Flood* and *Flame*; they reared cunningly
This stately pair of *Pillars* which you see;
Long-time safe-keeping, for their after-Kin,
A hundred learned Mysteries therein.
The opening of the Pillars. This having sayd, old *Heber* drawing nigher,
Opens a Wicket in the Marble Spire,
Wher (*Phalec* following) soon perceive they might
A pure Lamp burning with immortall light.
Simile. As a mean person, who (though oft-disgrac't
By churlish Porters) is convai'd at last
To the Kings Closet; rapt in deep amaze,
At th' end-less Riches up and down doth gaze:
So *Phalec* fares. O Father (cryes he out)
What shapes are these heer placed round about,
So like each other wrought with equall skill,
That foure rain-drops cannot more like distill?
What Tools are these? what divine secrets lye
Hidden within this learned Mysterie? (are,
The liberall Sciences. These foure (quoth *Heber*) foure bright Virgins
Heav'ns Babes, and Sisters, the most faire and rare,
That e'r begot th' eternall Spirit (expir'd
From double Spirit) or humane soule admir'd.
Arithmetick. This first, that still her lips and fingers moves,
And up and down so sundry waies removes
Her nimble Crowns; th' industrious Art it is
Which knows to cast all Heav'ns bright Images,
All Winters hail, and all the gawdy flowrs
Wherewith gay *Flora* pranks this Globe of ours.
She's stately deckt in a most rich Attire:
All kind of Coins in glistering heaps ly by-her:
Upon her sacred head Heav'n seems to drop
A richer showr than fell in *Dana's* Lap:
A gold-ground Robe; and for a glass (to look)
Down by her girdle hangs a Table-book,
Wherein the chiefe of her rare Rules are writ,
To be safe-guarded from times greedy bit.
Her Numbers. Mark here what Figure stands for *One*, the right
1 Root of all Number; and of Infinite:
Loves happiness, the praise of Harmony,
Nurcerie of all, and end of *Polymny:*
No number, but more than a Number yet;
Potentially in all, and all in it.
Now, note *Two*'s Character, *One*'s heire apparent, 2
As his first-born; first Number, and the Parent
Of Female Pairs. Heer now observe the *Three*,
Th' eldest of odds, Gods Number properly; 3
Wherein both Number, and no-number enter:
Heav'ns deerest Number, whose inclosed Center
Doth equally from both extreams extend:
The first that hath beginning, midst and end.
The (*Cubes*-Base) *Foure*; a full and perfect summ, 4
Whose added parts just unto Ten doo com; (ons,
Number of Gods great Name, Seasons, Complexi-
Winds, Elements, and Cardinall Perfections.
Th' Hermaphrodite *Five*, never multipli'd 5
By 't selfe, or Odd, but there is still descri'd
His proper face: for, three times *Five* arrive
Unto Fifteen; *Five Fives* to Twenty-*five*.
The perfect *Six*, whose just proportions gather, 6
To make his Whole, his members altogether:
For *Three*'s his halfe, his *Sixt One*, *Two* his *Third*;
And *One Two Three* make *Six*, in One conferd.
The Criticall and double-sexed *Seven*, 7
The Number of th' unfixed Fires of Heav'n;
And of th' eternall sacred *Sabbaoth*;
Which *Three* and *Foure* containeth joyntly both.
Th' *Eight*, double-square. The sacred note of *Nine*, 8 9
Which comprehends the *Muses* Triple-Trine.
The *Ten*, which doth all Numbers force combine:
The *Ten*, which makes, as *One* the *Point*, the *Line*: 10
The *Figure*, th' *Hundred*, *Thousand* (solid corps) 100. 1000
Which, oft re-doubled, on th' *Atlantick* shoars
Can summ the sand, and all the drops distilling
From weeping *Auster*, or the Ocean filling.
Addition. See: many *Summs*, heer written streight & even
Each over other, are in one contriven:
Subtraction. Multiplication. See heer smal Numbers drawn from greater count:
Heer *Multipli'd* they infinitely mount:
And lastly, see how (on the other side)
Division. One Summ in many doth it selfe *Divide*.
Geometry. That sallow-fac't, sad, stooping *Nymph*, whose ey
Still on the ground is fixed stedfastly,
Seeming to draw with point of silver Wand
Some curious Circles in the sliding sand;
Who wears a Mantle, brancht with flowrie Buds,
Emboss't with Gold, trayled with silver Floods,
Bordered with greenest Trees, and Fringed fine
With richest azure of Seas storm-full brine:
Whose dusky Buskins (old and tattered out)
Show, she hath travell'd far and neer about
By North and South, it is *Geometry*,
The Crafts-mans guide, Mother of *Symmetry*,
The life of Instruments of rare effect,
Law of that Law which did the World erect.
Her Instruments and Figures. Heer's nothing here, but *Rules*, *Squires*, *Compasses*,
Weights, *Measures*, *Plummets*, *Figures*, *Balances*.
Lo, where the Work-man with a steddy hand
Ingeniously a levell *Line* hath drawn,
War-like *Triangles*, building-fit *Quadrangles*,
And hundred kinds of Forms of *Many-Angles*
Straight, *Broad*, & *Sharp*: Now see on th' other side
Other, whose *Tracts* never directly slide,
As with the *Snayl*, the crooked *Serpenter*,
And that which most the learned do prefer.

The

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The complete *Circle*; from whoſe every-place
The *Centre* ſtands an equi-diſtant ſpace.
See heer the *Solids*, *Cubes*, *Cylinders*, *Cones*,
Pyramides, *Priſmas*, *Dodechædrons*: (prehends
And there the *Sphear*, which (Worlds Type) com-
In't-ſelfe it-ſelfe; having nor midſt nor ends:
Arts excellence, praiſe of his Peers, a wonder
Wherein conſiſts (in divers ſort) a hundred:
Firm *Mobile*, an up-down-bending-Vault,
Sloaping in Circuit, yet directly wrought.
See, how ſo ſoon as it to veer begins,
Both up and down, forward and back it wends;
And, rapt by other, not it ſelf alone
Moves, but moves others with its motion
(Witnes the Heav'ns): yea, it doth ſeem, beſide,
When it ſtands ſtill, to ſhake on every ſide,
Becauſe it hath but one ſmall point, where-on
His equall halves are equi-poiz'd upon,
And yet this goodly *Globe*, where we aſſemble
(Though hung in th' Air) doth never ſelfly tremble:
For, it's the midſt of the Con-centrik Orbs
Whom never Angle nor out-nook diſturbs.
All *Solids* elſe (caſt in the Aire) reflect
Un-ſelf-like-forms: but in a Globe each tract
Seems ſtill the ſame, becauſe it every-where
Is uniform, and differs not a hair.
More-over, as the Buildings *Ambligon*
May more receive than Manſions *Oxigon*
(Becauſe th' *acute*, and the *rect-Angles* too,
Stride not ſo wide as *obtuſe Angles* doo):
So doth the *Circle* in his Circuit ſpan
More roum than any other *Figure* can.
Th' other are eas'ly broke, becauſe of joynts,
Ends and beginnings, edges, nooks, and points:
But, th' *Orb*'s not ſubject unto ſuch diſtreſs,
Becauſe 'tis joynt-leſs, point-leſs, corner-leſs.
Chiefly (my *Phalec*) hither bend thy minde,
And learn Two Secrets which but few ſhall finde,
Two buſie knots, Two labyrinths of doubt,
Where future Schools ſhall wander long about,
Beating their brains, their beſt endevours troubling:
The *Circles* Squareneſs, and the *Cubes* re-doubling.
Print ever faſter in thy faithfull brain,
The certainty of Geometry. Than on braſs leaves, theſe *Problemes* proved plain,
Not by Sophiſtick ſubtle Arguments,
But even by practice and experience:
Un-diſputable Art, and fruitfull Skill,
Which with new wonders all the World ſhall fill.
Her rare inventions. Mills. Heer-by, the Waters of the loweſt Fountains
Shall play the Millers, as the Winds on Mountains:
And grain, ſo grown'd within a rowling Frame,
Shall pay his duty to his niggard Dame.
Gunnes. Heer-by, a Bullet ſpewd from Brazen Breſt
In fierie fume againſt a Town diſtreſt,
With roaring powr ſhall paſh the Rocks in ſunder,
And wth the noiſe ev'n drown the voice of thunder.
Saips. Heer-by, the wings of favourable Windes
Shall bear from Weſtern to the Eaſtern *Indes*,
From *Africa* to *Thule*'s fartheſt Flood,
A Houſe (or rather a whole Town) of Wood;
While ſitting ſtill, the Pilot ſhall at eaſe
With a ſhort Leaver guide it through the Seas.
Printing. Heer-by the PRINTER, in one day ſhall rid
More Books, than yerſt a thouſand Writers did.
Heer-by, a Crane ſhall ſteed in building, more The Crane.
Than hundred Porters buſie pains before:
The *Jacobs-ſtaffe*, to meaſure heights, and Lands, The Staffe.
Shall far excell a thouſand nimble hands,
To part the Earth in *Zones* and *Climats* even;
And in twice-twenty-and-foure *Figures*, Heav'n.
A Wand, Sand, Water, ſmall Wheels turning ay,
In twice-twelve parts ſhall part the Night & Day. Dials and Clocks.
Statues of Wood ſhall ſpeak: and fained Sphears Spheres.
Show all the Wonders of true Heav'n in theirs.
Men raſhly mounting through the empty Sky,
With wanton wings ſhall croſs the Seas well-nigh:
And (doubtleſs) if the *Geometrician* finde
Another world where (to his working mind)
To place at pleaſure and convenience
His wondrous Engins and rare Inſtruments,
Even (like a little God) in time he may
To ſome new place tranſport this world away.
Becauſe theſe Two our paſſage open ſet
To bright *Urania's* ſacred Cabinet,
Wherein ſhe keeps her ſumptuous Furniture,
Pearls, Diamonds, Rubies, and Saphires pure:
Becauſe to climb ſtarry *Parnaſſus* top
None can, unleſs theſe Two do help him up
(For, whoſo wants eyther of theſe Two eyes,
In vain beholds Heav'ns gliſtering Canapies):
The Carver (heer) cloſe by *Geometry*
And *Numbering Art* hath plac't *Aſtronomy*. Aſtronomy.
A ſilver Creſcent wears ſhe for a Crown,
A hairy Comet to her heels hangs down,
Brows ſtately bent in milde-Majeſtick wiſe,
Beneath the ſame two Carbuncles for eyes,
An Azure Mantle waving at her back,
With two bright Claſps buckled about her neck;
From her right ſhoulder ſloaping over-thwart her,
A watchet Scarf, or broad imbrodered Garter,
Flouriſht with Beaſts of ſundry ſhapes, and each
With gliſtering Stars imboſt and poudred rich;
And then, for wings, the golden plumes ſhe wears
Of that proud Bird which ſtarry Rowels bears.
But what faire Globes (quoth *Phalec*) ſeems ſhe Her two Globes.
With ſpreading arms, to reach and offer us? (thus
My Son (quoth *Heber*) that round Figure there, 1. The Terreſtriall.
With croſſing Circles, is the Mundane Sphear;
Wherein, the Earth (as the moſt vile and baſe
And Lees of all) doth hold the loweſt place:
Whom prudent Nature girdeth over-thwart
With azure Zone: or rather, every part
Covers with water winding round about,
Save here and there ſome Angles peeping out:
For, th' Oceans liquid and ſad ſliding Waves
Sinking in deepeſt of Earths hollow Caves,
Seek not (within her vaſt unequall height)
The Centre of the wideneſs, but the weight. (ven,
There, ſhould be th' Air, the Fire, & wandring Se-
The Firmament, and the firſt-moving Heav'n
(Beſides th' Empyreall Palace of the *Sainctes*)
Each over other, if they could be painted.
But th' Artiſt, faining in the ſteed of theſe, Hist. Cir-cles.
Ten Circles, like Heav'ns Superficies,
To guide us to them by more eaſie Path,
In hollow Globe the ſame deſcribed hath.
'Mid th' ampleſt *Six*, whoſe croſſing difference
Divides in two the Sphears Circumference,

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1 The Equinoctiall.
Stands th' *Equinoctiall*, equi-distant all
From those two *Poles* which doe support this Ball.
Therfore each Star that underneath it slides,
A rest-less, long, and weary Journey rides,
Goes larger Circuit, and more speedy far
Than any other steddy fixed Star
(Which wexeth slowe the more it doth advance
Neer eyther *Pole* his God-directed Daunce)
And while *Apollo* drives his Load of Light
Under this *Line*, the Day and dusky Night
Tread equall steps: for, learned Natures hand
Then measures them a-like in every Land.

2 The Zodiake.
The next, which there beneath it sloaply slides,
And his fair Hindges from the World's divides
Twice twelve Degrees; is call'd the *Zodiack*,
The *Planets* path, where *Phœbus* plies to make
Th' yeers Revolution: through new *Houses* ranging,
To cause the *Seasons* yearly four-fold changing.

3 The 1. Colure.
Th' other, which (crossing th' Universall Props,
And those where *Titans* Whirling Chariot sloaps)
Rect-angles forms; and, crooking, cuts in two
Heer *Capricorn*; there burning *Cancer* too;
Of the Sun's stops, it *Colure* hath to name,
Because his Teem doth seem to trot more tame
On these cut points: for here he doth not ride
Flatling a-long, but up the Sphears steep side.

4 The 2. Colure.
Th' other, which cuts this equi-distantly
With *Aries*, *Poles*, and *Scale*, is (like-wisely)

5 The Meridian.
The Second *Colure*: The *Meridian*, This
Which never in one point of Heav'n persists;
But still pursues our *Zenith*: as the light
Inconstant *Horizon* our shifting sight.

6 The Horison. 7 and 8. The Tropikes.
For the foure small ones: here the *Tropicks* turn,
Both that of *Cancer* and of *Capricorn*.
And neerer th' Hindges of the golden Sphear,

9 and 10 The South and North Circles.
Heer's the *South-Circle*; the *North-Circle* there:
Which *Circles* cross not (as you see at all
The Center-point of th' universall Ball;
But, parting th' Orb into unequall ells,
'Twixt th' *Equi-nox* and them, rest *Parallels*.

The Celestiall Globes.
The other Ball her left hand doth support, (short
Is Heav'ns bright Globe: for, though that Art com
Of Nature far, here may ingenious soules
Admire the stages of Star-seeled *Poles*.

The divers aspects of the celestiall Bodies.
O what delight it is in turning soft
The bright Abbridgement of that upper Loft,
(To seem) to see Heav'ns glorious Hoast to march
In glistering Troops about th' *Æthereall* Arch!
Where, one for Arms bears Bowe & Shafts: a sword
A second hath; a trembling Launce a third:
One fals: another in his Chariot rowles
On th' azure Brass of th' ever-radiant Bowles:
This serves a-foot, that (as a Horse-man) rides:
This up, that down; this back, that forward slides:
Their order order-less, and Peacefull Braul
With-child's the World; fils Sea, and Earth, & All.

Simile.
I never see their glances inter-ject
In *Triangle*, *Sextile*, or *Square* aspect,
Now milde, now moody; but me thinks I see
Some frollike Swains amid their dauncing glee;
Where men and Maids together make them merry,
With Jigs and Rounds, till Pipe and all be weary:
Where, on his Love one smiles with wanton eye;
Where-at his Rivall frowns for Jealousie.

Question.
But why (quoth *Phalec*) hath th' Al-fair, who frams
Nought heer below, but 's full of Beauties flames;
Ingrav'n on th' Orbs of th' azure Crystalline
(Where Beauties selfe, and Love should ever shine)
So many hideous Beasts and Monsters fell:
Fellows, more fit for th' ugly Fiends in Hell.

Answer.
Surely (saith *Heber*) God's All-prudent pleasure
Makes nothing Artless, nor without just measure:
And this the Worlds chiefe praise of Beauty carries,
That in each part it infinitely varies.

The reason of the names given to the 12. Signes of the Zodiak.
Our learned Elders then, who on this Sphear,
Heav'ns shining *Signes* imagin'd fitly-fair,
Did unto each, such Shape and Name devise,
As with their Natures neerly symbolize.

1. Aries.
In form of *Ram* with golden fleece they put (butt;
The bi-corn'd *Signe*, which the Yeers bounds doth
Because the World (under his temp'rate heat)
In fleece of flowrs is pranked richly neat.

2. Taurus.
Of *Bull* the next: because the Husband-men
With yoaks of slowe-pac't smoking Bullocks then
Tear-up their Fallows, and with hope-full toyl,
Furbush their Coultars in the Corn-fit soyl.

3. Gemini.
Of *Twins* the third: because then, of two Sexes
Kinde-cruell *Cupid* one whole body mixes:
Then all things couple, then Fruits double grow,
Then Flowrs do flourish, & corn Fields do showe.

4. Cancer.
The fourth a *Lobstars* name and frame they made,
Because then South-ward *Sol* doth retrograde,
Goes (*Crab*-like) backward, and so never stinteth,
But still his wheels in the same track reprinteth.

5. Leo.
The fifth a *Lion*: for, as Lions breath
Is burning hot; so likewise, underneath
This fiery *Signe*, th' Earth sparkles, and the streams
Seem sod-away with the Suns glowing beams.

6. Virgo.
The sixth a *Maid*: because with Maid-like honour,
Th' Earth loatheth then the Suns Love-glances on her
T' inflame her love: and (reclus'd as it were)
This Virgin Season nought at all doth bear.

7. Libra.
Balance the seaventh: because it equall weighs
Nights loving-silence, and grief-guiding Dayes;
And Heat and Cold: and in *Must*-Month, the Beam
Stands equi-poiz'd in equipoizing them.

8. Scorpio.
Scorpion the next: because his pearcing sting
Doth the first tydings of cold Winter bring.

9. Sagittarius.
The ninth an *Archer* both in Shape and Name,
Who day and night follows his faireſt game;
And his keen Arrows every-where bestowes
Headed with Yce, feathered with Sleet & Snowes.

10. Capricornus.
The next a *Kid*: because as Kids doe clime
And frisk from Rock to Rock; about this Time
The Prince of Planets (with the locks of Amber)
Begins again up towards us to clamber.

11. Aquarius. 12. Pisces.
And then, because Heav'n alwayes seems to weep
Under the ensuing *Signes*; on th' Azure steep
Our Parents plac't a *Skinker*: and by him,
Two silver *Fishes* in his floods to swim.

A deeper and more curious reason of the same.
But if (my Son) this superficiall gloze
Suffice thee not: then may we thus suppose,
That as before th' All-working Word alone
Made Nothing be All's womb and *Embryon*,
Th' eternal Plot, th' *Idea* fore-conceiv'd,
The wondrous Form of all that Form receiv'd,
Did in the Work-mans spirit divinely lie;
And, yer it was, the World was wondrously:

Th'

Th' Eternall *Trine-One*, ſpreading even the Tent
Of th' All enlightning glorious Firmament,
Fill'd it with figures; and in various Marks
There pourtray'd Tables of his future Works.
See heer the pattern of a ſilver Brook
Which in and out on th' azure ſtage doth crook,
Heer th' Eagle plays, there flyes the rav'ning Crow,
Heer ſwims the Dolphin, there the Whale doth row,
Heer bounds the Courſer, there the Kid doth skip,
Heer ſmoaks the Steer, the Dragon there doth creep:
There 's nothing precious in Sea, Earth, or Ayre,
But hath in Heav'n ſome like reſemblance fair.
Yea, even our Crowns, Darts, Lances, Skeyns, and (Scales,
Are all but Copies of Heav'ns Principals;
And ſacred patterns which to ſerve all Ages,
Th' Almighty printed on Heav'ns ample ſtages.
Yea ſurely, durſt I (but why ſhould I doubt
To wipe from Heav'n ſo many ſlanders out,
Of profane Rapin and deteſted Rapes,
Of Murder, Inceſt, and all monſtrous Scapes,
Where-with (hereafter) ſom bold-fabling *Greeks*
Shall foully ſtain Heav'ns Roſie-bluſhing cheeks?)
Heer could I ſhowe, that under every *Signe*
Th' Eternall grav'd ſome Myſtery divine
Of 's *holy Citie*; where (as in a glaſs)
To ſee what ſhall heer-after come-to paſſe;
As publick and authentick Rowles, fore-quoting
Confuſedly th' Events moſt worthy noting,
In his deer *Church* (his Darling and Delight)
O! thou fair *Chariot* flaming bravely bright,
Which like a Whirl-winde in thy ſwift Career
Rapt'ſt up the *Thesbit*; thou do'ſt alwayes veer
About the *North-pole*, now no more be-dabbling
Thy nimble ſpokes in th' Ocean, neither ſtabling
Thy ſmoaking Courſers under th' Earth, to bait:
The while *Eliſha* earneſtly doth wait
Burning in zeale (ambitious) to inherit
His Maſters Office, and his mighty Spirit;
That on the ſtarry Mountain (after him)
He well may manage his celeſtiall Teem.
Cloſe by him, *David* in his valiant Fiſt
Holds a fierce *Lyons* fiery-flaming *Creſt*:
Heer ſhines his golden *Harp*, and there his *Crown*:
There th' ugly *Bear* bears (to his high renown)
Seav'n (ſhining) *Stars*. Lo, heer the whiſtling *Lance*,
Which frantick *Saul* at him doth fiercely glance.
Pure Honours Honour, Prayſe of Chaſtity,
O fair *Suſanna*, I ſhould mourn for thee,
And moan thy tears, and with thy friends lament
(With Heav'n-lift-eyes) thy wofull puniſhment,
Save that ſo timely (through Heav'ns providence)
Young *Daniel* ſaves thy wronged Innocence:
And by a dreadfull radiant ſplendor, ſpread (head)
From Times-Child Truth (not from *Meduſa's*
Condemns th' old Leachers, and eft-ſoons upon
Their curſed heads there hayls a ſtorm of ſtone.
Alſo, as long as Heav'ns ſwift Orb ſhall veer,
A ſacred Trophee ſhall be ſhining heer
In the bright *Dragon*, of that Idoll fell,
Which the ſame Prophet ſhall in *Babel* quell.
Where-to more fit may *Pegaſus* compare,
Than to thoſe Courſers; flaming in the ayr,
Before the Tyrant of *leſs-Aſia's* fury
Uſurps the fair *Metropolis* of *Jurie*?
Where-to the *Coach*-man, but *Ezechiel*?
That ſo well drives the Coach of *Iſrael*.
Where-to the *Swan*, but to that *Proto-Martyr*,
The faithfull Deacon which endureth torture,
(Yea death) for his dead Lord; whom ſure to meet,
So neer his end ſings ſo exceeding ſweet?
Where-to the *Fiſh* which ſhineth heer ſo bright,
But to that Fiſh, that cureth *Tobies* ſight?
Where-to the *Dolphin*, but to that meek Man,
Who dry-ſhod guides through Seas *Erythrean*
Old *Jacobs* Fry: And *Jordans* liquid glaſs
Makes all his Hoaſt dry (without boat) to paſs?
And furthermore, God hath not onely grav'n
On the braſs Tables of ſwift-turning Heav'n
His ſacred *Mot*; and, in *Triangle* frame,
His *Thrice-One* Nature ſtamped on the ſame:
But alſo, under that ſtout *Serpent-Slayer*,
His Satan-taming Son (Heav'ns glorious heir)
Who with the Engin of his *Croſs* abates
Th' eternall Hindges of th' infernall Gates:
And, under that fair Sun-fixt-gazing *Fowle*,
The God of Gods deer Minion of his Soule,
Which from his hand reaves Thunder often-times,
His Spirit; his Love, which viſits earthly Climes
In plumy ſhape: for, this bright winged *Signe*,
In head and neck, and ſtarry back (in fine)
No leſs reſembles the milde ſimple *Dove*,
Than crook-bild *Eagle* that commands above.
What ſhall I ſay of that bright *Bandeleer*,
Which twice-ſix *Signs* ſo richly garniſh heer?
Th' Years Uſher, doth the *Paſchal* Lamb fore-tell:
The *Bull*, the Calfe, which erring *Iſrael*
Sets up in *Horeb*. Theſe fair ſhining *Twins*,
Thoſe ſtriving Brethren *Iſaaks* tender Sons:
The fourth is *Salomon*, who (*Crab*-like) crawls
Backward from Vertue: & (foule Swine-like) fals
In Vices mire: profaneſt old (at laſt)
In ſoule and body growne a-like un-chaſte.
The fifth, that *Lyon* which the Hair-ſtrong Prince
Tears as a Kid, without Wars inſtruments.
The ſixt, that *Virgin*, ever-maiden Mother,
Bearing for us, her Father, Spouſe, and Brother.
The next that *Beam*, which in King *Lemuels* hand,
So juſtly weighs the *Juſtice* of his Land.
The next, that Creature which in *Malta* ſtings
Th' Apoſtles hand, and yet no blemiſh brings;
For 'tis indifferent, whether we the ſame,
A ſpotted *Scorpion*, or a *Viper* name.
Th' *Archer*, is *Hagars* Son: The *Goat* (I gheſs)
Is *Aarons* Scape-Goat in the Wilderneſs.
The next, the deer Son of dumb *Zacharias*,
Gods Harbinger, fore-runner of *Meſſias*:
Who in clear *Jordan* waſheth clean the ſin
Of all that rightly doe repent with-in.
Theſe *Two* bright *Fiſhes*, thoſe wher-with the Lord
(Through wondrous bleſſing of his powrfull Word)
Feeds with five Loaves (upon *Aſphaltis* ſhoar)
Abundantly five thouſand Folk and more.
But, turn we now the twinkling *Globe*, & there
Let's mark as much the *Southern* Hemi-ſphear.
Ah! know'ſt thou not this glorious *Champion* heer,
Which ſhines ſo brightly by the burning *Steer*?
'Tis *Nun's* great Son, who through deep *Jordan* leads
His Army dry ſhod; and (triumphant) treads

On

In Heaven are patterns of all things that are in Earth.

A third witty, pleaſant, and elegant reaſon of the names afore-ſaid.

Plauſtrum.

Bootes.

Hercules. Lyra. Corona Borealis. Vrſa minor. Pleiades. Caſpis.

Andromeda. Caſiopeia. Cepheus.

Perſeus.

Caput Meduſæ.

Draco.

Pegaſus.

Cygnus.

Piſces Erranies.

Delphinus.

Trigonos.

Ophiucus.

Aquila.

Aries.

Taurus.

Gemini.

Cancer.

Leo.

Virgo.

Libra.

Scorpio.

Sagitarius. Capricornus.

Aquarius.

Piſces.

Orion.

Eridanus.

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Canis. Canicula. Lepus.

On *Canaan Curs*, and on th' *Ammorean Hare*,
Foyl'd with the fear of his victorious war.
See th' ancient *Ship*, which, over windes & waves
Triumphing safe, the Worlds seed-remnant saves.

Hydra.

Loe, heer the *Brasen Serpent* shines, whose sight
Cures in the Desart, those whom Serpents bite.

Corvus

Heer th' happy *Rav'n*, that brings *Elias* cates;

Crater. Centaurus.

Heer the rich *Cup*, where *Joseph* meditates
His grave Predictions: Heer that Heav'nly *Knight*,
Who, preast appearing armed all in white,
To *Maccabeus*, with his flaming *spear*

Lupus.

So deep (at last) the *Pagan Wolfe* doth tear,

Ara.

That on Gods *Altar* (yerst profan'd so long)
Sweet *Incense* fumeth, and the sacred Song
Of *Levits* soundeth in his House again;

Corona australis. Piscis australis.

And that rich Crown th' *Asmonean* Race doth gain,
To rule the *Jewes*. Loe, there the happy *Fish*
Which payes *Christs* Tribute (who our Ransom is):

Balæna.

And heer the *Whale*, within whose noysom breast,
The Prophet *Jonas* for three dayes doth rest.
But while (my spoaks-man, or I rather his)

A notable correction of the Poet upon these last Discourses.

Thus *Heber* comments on Heav'ns *Images*, (bring,
Through path-less paths his wandring steps doth
And boldly quavers on a Maiden string;
Suppose not (Christians) that I take for grounds
Or points of Faith, all that he heer propounds;
Or that old *Zeno's* Portall I sustain,
Or *Stoïk Fate* (th' Almighties hands to chain):
Or in Heav'ns Volume reading things to-come,
Erroneously a *Chaldee*-Wise become,
No, no such thing; but to refresh again
Your tyred Spirits, I sung this novell strain:
That hither-to having with patience past
Such dreadfull Oceans, and such Desarts vast,
Such gloomy Forrests, craggy Rocks and steep,
Wide-yawning Gulfs, & hideous Dungeons deep;
You might (at last) meet with a place of pleasure,
Where-on the Heav'ns lavish their plenteous trea-
Where *Zephyre* puffs perfumes, & silver Brooks (sure,
Embrace the Meads, smiling with wanton Looks.
Yet (courteous Readers) who is it can say
Whether our Nephews yet another-day
(More zealous than our selves in things Divine)
This curious *Art* shall Christianly refine;
And give, to all these glistring *Figures* then,
Not *Heathen* names, but names of *Holy* men?

He proceeds to discover the secrets of Astronomie.

But, seek we now for *Heber*, whose Discourse
Informs his *Phalec* in the *Planets* course:
What *Epicicle* meaneth, and *Con-centrik*,
With *Apagè*, *Perigè*, and *Eccentrik*:
And how fell *Mars* (the Seedster of debate)
Dayes glorious Torch, the wanton (*Vulcans* Mate)
Saturn, & *Jove*, three Sphears in one retain, (twain.
Smooth *Hermes* five, faire *Cynthia* two-times-
For, the Divine Wits, whence this Art doth flow,
Finding their Fires to wander to and fro,
Now neer, now far from Natures Nave: above,
Confusion, voyd; and rupture to remove, (ment,
Which would be caused, through their wander-
In th' Heav'ns inclos'd within the Firmament;
Have (more than men) presum'd to make, within
Th' Eternall Wheels where th'erring Tapers been,
Sundry small Wheels, each within other closed,
Such equi-distance each-where inter-posed,
That (though they kiss) they crush not; but the base
Are under th' high, the high the lowe imbrace:
Like as the Chest-nut (next the meat) within
Is cover'd (last) with a soft slender skin,
That skin inclos'd in a tough tawny shell,
That shell in-cas't in a thick thistly fell.

Simile.

Then takes he th' *Astrolabe*, where-in the Sphear
Is flat reduced: he discovers there
The *Card* of *Heights*, the *Almycantharats*
With th' *Azimynths* and the *Almadarats*
(Pardon me Muse, if ruder phrase defile
This fairest Table, and deface my stile
With Barbarism: For in this Argument,
To speak *Barbarian*, is most eloquent).

The use of the Astrolabe.

On th' other side, under a veering *Sight*,
A Table veers; which, of each wandring Light
Shows the swift course; and certain Rules includes,
Dayes, names of Months, and *scale* of *Altitudes*.
Removing th' *Alhidade*, he spends some leasure,
To shew the manner how a Wall to measure,
A Fountains depth, the distance of a place,
A Countries compass, by Heav'ns ample face:
In what bright starry *Signe*, th' Almighty dread,
Dayes Princely *Planet* daily billeted:
In which his *Nadir* is: and how with-all
To finde his *Elevation* and his *Fall*.
How long a time an Entire *Signe* must wear
While it ascendeth on our *Hemi-sphear*:
Poles Elevation: The *Meridian line*:
And divers Hours of Day and Night to finde.
These learned wonders witty *Phalac* marks,
And heedfully to every Rule he harks:
Wise Alchymist, he multiplies this Gold,
This Talent turns, encreasing many-fold:
And then presents it to his Noble seed,
Who soon their Doctor in his Art exceed.

Simile.

But, even as *Mars*, *Hermes*, and *Venus bright*,
Go visit now the naked *Troglodite*,
Then *Jove*; then *Guynney*; and (inclin'd to change)
Oft shifting house, through both the worlds dorange
(Both worlds ev'n-halv'd by th' *Equinoctial Line*):
So the perfection of this Art divine,
First under th' *Hebrews* bred and born, anon
Coms to the *Chaldees* by Adoption:
Scorning anon, th' old *Babylonian* Spires,
It leaves swift *Tigris* and to *Nile* retires;
And, wexen rich, in *Egypt* it erects
A famous School: yet, firm-less in affects,
It falls in love with subtill *Grecian* wits,
And to their hands a while it selfe commits;
But in renowned *Ptolomeus* Raign,
It doth re-visit the deer *Memphian* Plain:
Yet, Thence re-fled, it doth th' *Arabians* try;
From thence to *Rome*: from *Rome* to *Germany*.

Astronomy, by whom, & how maintained.

O true *Endymions*, that imbrace above
Upon mount *Latmos* your Imperiall Love (Guard,
(Great Queen of Heav'n) about whose Bed, for
Millions of Archers with gold Shields do ward.
True *Atlasses*: You Pillars of the *Poles*
Empyreall *Palace*; you fair learned soules;
But for your Writings, the Starrs-Doctrine soon,
Would sink in *Lethè* of Oblivion:
'Tis you that Marshall Months, and years, & dayes:
'Tis you that quote for such as haunt the Seas

The praise of learned Astronomers, and the profite of their Doctrine.

Their

Their prosperous daies,& daies whē death ingraven
On th' angry welkin, warns them heep their haven:
'Tis you that teach the Plough-man when to sowe:
When the brave Captain to the Field shall goe;
When to retire to Garrison again;
When to assault a batter'd Peece; and when
To convoy Victuals to his valiant Hoast:
'Tis you that shew what season fitteth most
For every purpose; when to *Purge* is good,
When to be *Bathed*, when to be *Let-blood*:
And how *Physicians*, skilfully to mix
Their Drugs, on Heav'n their curious eyes must fix.
'Tis you that in the twinkling of an eye
Through all the Heav'nly Provinces doe flie:
'Tis you that (greater than our greatest Kings)
Possess the whole World in your Governings:
And (to conclude) you Demi-gods can make
Between your hands the Heav'ns to turn and shake.
O divine Spirits: for you my smoothest quill
His sweetest hony on this Book should still;
Still should you be my Theam: but that the Beauty
Of the last *Sister* drawes my Love and Duty;
For, now I hear my *Phalec* humbly crave
The fourth Maids name: his Father, mildely-grave,
Replyes him thus; Observe (my deerest Son)
Those cloud-less brows, those cheeks vermilion,
Those pleasing looks, those eyes so smiling-sweet,
That grace-full posture, and those pretty feet
Which seem still Dancing: all those Harps & Lutes,
Shawms, Sag-buts, Citrons, Viols, Cornets, Flutes,
Plac't round about her; prove in every part
This is the noble, sweet, Voyce-ord'ring *Art*,
Breath's Measurer, the Guide of supplest fingers
On (living-dumb, dead-speaking) sinew-singers:
Th' Accord of Discords: sacred *Harmony*,
And Numb'ry Law, which did accompany
Th' Almighty-most, when first his Ordinance
Appointed Earth to rest, and Heav'n to dance.
For (as they say) for super-Intendent there,
The supream Voice placed in every Sphear
A *Siren* sweet; that from Heav'ns Harmony
Inferiour things might learn best Melody,
And their rare Quier with th' Angels Quier accord
To sing aloud the praises of the Lord,
In 's Royall Chappell, richly beautifi'd
With glist'ring Tapers and all sacred Pride.
Where, as (by Art) one selfly blast breath'd out
From panting bellows, passeth all-about
Winde-Instruments; enters by th' under Clavers
Which with the Keys the Organ-Master quavers;
Fils all the Bulk, and severally the same
Mounts every Pipe of the melodious Frame;
At once reviving lofty *Cymbals* voice,
Flutes sweetest ayre, and *Regals* shrillest noise:
Even so th' all-quickning Spirit of God above
The Heav'ns harmonious whirling wheels doth
So that re-treading their eternall trace, (move;
Th' one bears the Trebble, th' other bears the Base.
But, brimmer far than in the Heav'ns, heer
All these sweet-charming Counter-Tunes we hear:
For, *Melancholy*, *Winter*, *Earth* belowe,
Bear aye the *Base*; deep, hollow, sad and slowe:
Pale *Phlegm*, moist *Autumn*, *Water* moistly-cold,
The Plummet-like-smooth-sliding *Tenor* hold:
Hot-humid *Bloud*, the *Spring*, transparent *Air*,
The Maze-like *Mean*, that turns and wends so fair:
Curst *Choler*, *Summer*, and hot thirsty *Fire*,
Th' high warbling *Treble*, loudest in the Quire.
And that 's the cause (my Son) why stubborn'st
Are stoopt by *Musick*; as reteining springs (things
Of Number in them: and they feeble live (drive.
But by that Spirit which th' Heav'ns dance doth
Sweet *Musick* makes the sternest men-at-Arms
Let-fall at once their Anger and their Arms:
It cheers sad soules, and charms the frantick fits
Of Lunaticks that are bereft their wits:
It kils the flame, and curbs the fond desire
Of him that burns in Beauties blazing Fire
(Whose soule, seduced by his erring eyes,
Doth some proud Dame devoutly Idolize):
It cureth Serpents banefull bit, whose anguish
In deadly torment makes men madly languish:
The Swan is rapt, the Hinde deceiv'd with-all,
And Birds beguil'd with a melodious call:
Th' Harp leads the Dolphin, & the buzzing swarm
Of busie Bees the tinkling Brass doth charm.
O! what is it that *Musick* cannot do!
Sith th' all-inspiring Spirit it conquers too:
And makes the same down from th' Empereall Pole
Descend to Earth into a Prophets soule;
With divine accents tuning rarely right
Unto the rapting Spirit the rapted Spright.
Sith, when the Lord (most moved) threatneth most;
With wrathfull tempest arming all his Hoast;
When (angry) stretching his strong sinewy arms,
Wth bended back he throws down thundry storms;
Th' harmonious sighs of his heart-turning Sheep
Supple his sinews, lull his wrath a-sleep;
While milde-ey'd Mercy stealeth from his hand
The sulph'ry Plagues prepar'd for sinfull Man.
But, while that *Heber* (eloquently) would
Old *Musicks* use and excellence have told;
Curst *Canaan* (seeking *Jordans* fatall course)
Past by the *Pillars*, and brake his Discourse,
And mine withall; for I must rest me heer:
My weary Journy makes me faint well-neer:
Needs must I crave new ayde from High, and step
A little back, that I may farther leap.

The description of Musick.

The Heavens Harmony.

Simile.

A foure-fold Consort in the humors, seasons, and elements.

The power of Musick towards all things.

Towards Men.

Towards beasts, Birds, Flies, and Fishes.

Towards God himselfe.

Conclusion of the Second Day of the Second Week.

The End of the Second Day of the Second Week.

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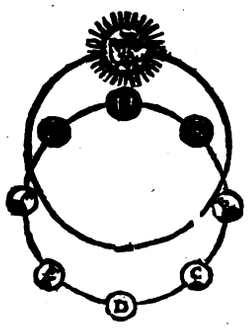
ABRAHAM.

THE THIRD DAY OF *THE* SECOND WEEKE.

Containing

I. The Vocation,
II. The Fathers,
III. The Law,
IV. The Captains.



Acceptam refero.

THE

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The Vocation.

THE FIRST PART OF THE THIRD DAY OF THE II. WEEKE.

The Argument.

Abram *from* Chaldè *is Divinely* Call'd:
How Blest *abroad*: *His (parted)* Nephew *Thrall'd*
(In Sodom's *aid) to* Chedorlaomer;
Rescu'd *by Him*: *Type of that bloudy* War:
Melchisedec *His* Hap *congratulates*:
Ismael *great*; *but* God confederates
With (promis'd) Isaak, *and his* (Christ-*kin*) *Seed*,
Which shall in number even the Stars exceed:
Lot *harbors* Angels; *sav'd from* Sodom's Fire;
His Wife Transform'd: *His Daughters* foule Desire.

UNtill *this Day* (deer *Muse*) on every side
Within straight lists thou hast been boundifi'd,
Pend in a Path so narrow every-where,
Thou couldst not manage: only heer and there
(Reaching thine arms over the Rails that close
Thy bounded *Race*) thou caught'st som fragrant
Som July-flowr, or som sweet Sops-in-wine, (Rose,
To make a Chaplet, thy chaste brows to binde.
But now, behold th'art in the open Plain,
Smile. Where thou maist lively, like the Horse of *Spain*
(That having burst his halter and his hold,
Flings through the field, where list him uncontrol'd)
Corvet, & turn, run, prance, advance, & pride-thee,
As *sacred fury* of thy *Zeal* shall guide-thee. (mowe
Th'whole world is thine: henceforth thy Sythe may
The fairest Crop that in *Fame's* fields doth growe;
And, on the Sea of richest *Histories*
Hulling at large, a hundred Victories,
A hundred Rowts, a hundred Wonders new
Come huddling in, in heaps before thy view:
So that I fear, lest (train'd with various sent)
Thou be at fault in this vast Argument;
And lest the best choyce in so bound-less Store
Pain thee no less now, than did Want before.
But wot'st thou what, my *Muse*, my dear delight, Smile.
My care, my comfort)? we will follow right
The modest hand of a fair Shepheardling,
Who doth not rudely spoil the flowry Spring
Of all her painted beauties; nor deface
All in one day a pleasant Gardens grace;
But mannerly amid the Quarters seeks
Such rarest flowrs as best her fancie likes:

And heer a blew one, there a red she pulls,
A yellow heer, and there a white she culls,
Then bindes them with her hair, and blessed over
With a chaste kiss, she sends them to her Lover:
We 'l over-run the *Annals* of all Ages:
And, chooſing-out the chiefest Personages,
And Prodigies amid the *Hebrew* Story,
We 'l offer them on th' Altar of *Gods* glory.
For He (I hope) who, no less good than wise,
First stirr'd us up to this great Enterprise,
And gave us heart to take the same in hand,
For Levell, Compass, Rule and Square will stand;
Will change the Pebbles of our puddly thought
To *Orient* Pearls, most bright and bravely wrought;
And will not suffer in this pretious *Frame*
Ought that a skilfull Builders eye may blame:
Or, if he suffer ought, 't shall be some trace
But of that blindnes common to our Race;
T' abate my glory, and to give me proof,
That (mortall) I build but with mortall stuff.

Dedication to the Kings Maiestie.

IAMES, richest Gem of *Scots*, & *Scotlands* Praise,
Who, with the same hand that the Scepter swayes,
On Heav'n-faln paper, in a golden stile,
Dost happily immortall lines compile;
And (new *Apollo*) under Others names
Sing'st in thy Childehood thine Own future *Fames*.
To whom but Thee should I these Verses vow?
Who through the World hast made me famous (now,
And with a liberall learned hand indu'd
My *Muse* with lustre of a *Royall Sute*;
Before, so ragged, that she blusht well-neer
That her chaste Sisters should so homely see-her,
The scorn of Art, of *Helicon* the shame,
Usurping (wrong) URANIA's sacred Name.
Through thee she 's *Heav'nly*. O wise, worthy
Maist thou surmount all those in Excellence, (Prince,
Which have (before thee) Rul'd th' hard-ruled *Scots*,
And ruder *Picts* (painted with Martiall spots)
That, first *Fergusius* (glory of his dayes)
Ev'nus and *Donald* may envie thy Praise;
And even the *Scott'sh* (or rather th' *Hebrew*) *David*
(*Jesses* great Son, so holily behaved)
Give place to thy Renown, and therewithall
Give thee his Zeal and Heart heroicall,
And all his best (which doth thee best belong)
As he hath giv'n thee his sweet Harp and Song.

THOUGH profane service of *Idolatry*
Had drown'd the whole Earth universally:
Though shame-less sin (born with the COLONIES
Through all the world) through all did Tyrannize:
Yet in *Chaldea* was their chiefest Seat,
Their strength in *Shinaar*; and that Citie great,
Built on the slimy strand of *Euphrates*,
Was the proud Palace where they held their Feasts.
So that, even *Sem's* and *Heber's* sacred Line
(Where God his grace yet seemed to confine)
Sucking the Sin-bane of *Assyrian* ayre,
Did (like the Heathen) every day impaire;
Forgot the true God; followed (rashly-rude)
The gross grand Error of the multitude;
Degeneriz'd, decaid and withered quite:
Like some rare Fruit-Tree over-topt with spight
Of Briers and Bushes which it sore oppress,
With the sowr shadow of their thorny tress,

Simile.

Till choakt withall, it dies as they doe growe,
And beareth nought but Moss and Misseltoe.
But God, desirous (more for us, than him)
In some one stock to save *Faith's* sacred stem
(Like as before from the All-drowning *Flood*
He sav'd the worlds seed in an Ark of wood)
Marks *Abram* for his own: and from false Rites
To Men, to Beasts, to Stocks, to Stones, to Sprites,
Him graciously to his own Service drawes;
Not by meer Conduct of exteriour cause,
As by contempling th' Artship richly-rare
Which gilds the Seeling of this Globe so fair;
Earths fruitfull powr, producing (goodly-green)
From so small seeds so huge and mighty Treen,
Flowrs fragrant aire, so fresh and divers-di'd;
Seas foaming Course, whose ever-Tilting Tide
(Ebbing or flowing) is confin'd to Season,
Bounded with lists, guided with reans of Reason:
But, by the motion of his Spirit, which seals
In our hearts Centre what his word reveals,
And prudently in his fit time and place
(Dispensing frankly his free gifts of *Grace*)
Doth inwardly bear-witnes, and aver-it
Under our Spirits that 'tis Gods *Holy Spirit*.

The calling of *Abraham*.

The sacred *Faith of Abram* languisht not
In idlenes, but alwayes wakt and wrought,
And ever lively, brought forth Patience,
Humility, Hope, Bounty, Innocence,
Love, fervent Zeal, Repentance, Temperance,
Sincerity, and true Perseverance;
Fruits that (like Load-stones) have a vertue given
(Through *faith*) to draw their father-tree to heav'n,
And guide the soules to God (the spring of life)
Of 's kins-man *Lot*, and *Sara* his deer Wife;
Who with him following the Almighti's call,
Wend to the strand where *Jordans* course doth
Their own deer Country willingly forsake, (craul,
And (true-religious) less account do make
Of goods and lands, and quiet-lifes content,
Than of an end-less, friend-less Banishment.

The fruits of a true faith, and the effect thereof.

O sacred ground of Vertue's sole perfection!
O shield of Martyrs! Prophets sure direction!
Soule's remedy! O contrite heart's restorer!
Tears-wiping tame-grief! Hopes guide, hunting
Path of Salvation! Pledge of Immortality! (horror,
O lively FAITH! through thy admired quality,
How many wonders dost thou work at once,
When from Sin's slumbers thou hast wakt us once,
And made us inly in our spirits conceive
Beauties that never outward eyes perceive!

Naturall consideratiōns to have stopt the iourney of *Abraham*.

Alas! said *Abram*, must I needs forgoe
These happy fields where *Euphrates* doth flowe?
Heer, first I drew this vitall aire, and (pleas'd
With my births news) my Mothers throes I eas'd:
Heer, from her tender breast (as soft as silk)
My tender gums sucke my first drop of milk:
Heer, with the pleasure of mine infant-smile
Her Cares and Cumbers I did oft beguile:
Heer, my chaste Sisters, Uncles, Aunts and Kin,
My pretty prattling have delighted in:
Heer, many a time I wantonly have clung,
And on my fathers wrinkled neck have hung:
Heer, I have past my Lad-age fair and good:
Heer, first the soft Down on my chin did bud:
Heer,

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Heer, I have learn'd Heav'ns Motions, & the nature
And various force of Fire, Ayre, Earth and Water:
Heer, I have show'n the noblest tokens forth
Both of my Mindes and of my Bodies worth:
Heer, I have spent the best part of mine age:
Heer, I possess a plenteous Heritage:
Heer, I have got me many friends and fame,
And by my Deeds attain'd a glorious Name:
And must I hence, and leave this certain state,
To roam uncertain (like a Runagate)
O're fearfull Hils, and thorough foaming Torrents
That rush down moutains with their roaring currents,
In dreadfull Desarts, where Heav'ns hottest beam
Shall burn without, within us, Thirst extream:
And gloomy Forrests full of ghastly fear
Of yelling Monsters that are dwelling there;
To seeke a Country (God knowes where, & whither)
Whose unknown name hath yet scarce sounded hi-
With staffe in hand, and wallet at our back, (ther?
From Town to Town to beg for all we lack?
To guise our selves (like counterfeiting Ape)
To th' guise of Men that are but Men in shape?
T' have (briefly) nothing properly our own
In all the World; no, not our Grave-place known?
Is't possible, I should endure to see
The sighs and tears my friends will shed for me?
O! can I thus my Native soyl forsake?
O! with what words shall I my Farewell take?
Farewell *Chaldea*: dear delights, adieu:
Friends, Brothers, Sisters, farewell all of you,
Farewell for ever: Can I thus (alas!)
Rudely unwinde me from the kinde embrace
Of their dear arms, that will me faster hold
Than trembling Ivie doth the Oak enfould;
Or than the Vine doth with her crawling spray
The boughs of Elm, her limber limbs to stay?
Can I expose (with perill of my life)
Th' un-vulgar beauties of my vertuous wife,
To the none-sparing lust of that loose Nation
That brutely burns in all abomination?
Besides, what rigour? nay, what paricide?
To hale from *Tigris* shore to *Jordans* side
A weak old-man? a man so weak and old,
He scarce can creep without our help and hold.
Yet, 't must be so: for so the Lord commands.
A carnall man on carnall reason stands:
But, for all Reasons, *Faith* sufficeth me.
Who lodge with God can never House-less be.
Then cheerly marcht he on, and though the age
And death of *Terah* slow'd his pilgrimage;
The rest of His he doth conduct (in fine)
To *Canaan* (since called *Palestine*): (them,
Where God pours down such flouds of goods upon
And bounteously bestowes such blessings on them,
That their abundance shortly seems t' exceed
Gods Promises, and their desires indeed.
Their fruitfull Heards, that hill and dale doe haunt,
Resemble not the breed of th' Elephant,
Which (slowe in coupling, and in calving more,
Pining her Master so long time before (grones,
With lingring hope) brings-forth, with painfull
But once in twelve years, but one Calfe at once.
All's white with their wool: all their Cattel proves,
Still, still increasing like to Stares and Doves.
Their Wealth so growes, that, wantoniz'd withall,
Their envious Shepheards broach a civill Brawl.
But, lest this Mischief, by the Grooms begun,
Between their Masters might unkindly run,
The grave-milde *Grand-sire of the Faithfull* (there)
And *Ammon*'s Father, to cut off the fear
Of farther strife, and to establish rather
Their Mindes, than Bodies, in a league together;
Divided duly with a deep foresight
Their Flocks and Heards in number infinite.
Then pleas'd and parted; both goe live a-part:
The Uncle kept the Mountain for his part;
For, 's Nephew chose the fat and flowry Plain,
And even to *Sodom* stretcht his Tent and Train;
And, dwelling there, became a Citizen
Among those monstrous, Nature-forcing Men.
O *Lot* (alas!) what lot hast thou elect?
Th' eternall verdure, and the trim prospect,
The plenteous Pastures, and the purling Springs,
Whose fibrous silver thousand Tributes brings
To wealthy *Jordan*, wat'ring so the soil
(Like Gods owne Garden) doth thy sense beguile,
Blindeth thy judgement, makes thee (miserable)
To seat thee with a people execrable,
Whose War-thrall'd woes, and odious villanies
To springs of tears shall turn thy tender eyes.
Elam's proud King, great *Chedor-laomer*
(Leagued with *Arioch* King of *Ellazar*,
The Soverain of the Nations, *Thadael*,
And with the King of *Shynaar*, *Amraphel*)
Made war against the Kings of *Sodoma*,
Gomorrha, *Zeboim*, *Zoar*, *Adamah*;
Who, subject to him for twelve yeers before,
Rebelled now, and cast the yoak they bore. (rise,
Both Camps approach, their bloudy rage doth
And even the face of Cowards terriblize;
New Martiall heat inflames their mindes with ire,
Their bloud is mov'd, their heart is all on fire.
Their cheerfull limbs (seeming to march too slowe)
Longing to meet, the fatall drums out-goe;
And even already in their gesture fight:
Th' iron-footed Coursers, lusty, fresh and light,
Marrying their Masters cause and courage both,
Snow all the field with a white foaming froth,
And prancing with their load (as proud withall)
With loud-proud neighings for the Combat call.
Now both the Hoasts march forward furiously,
The Plain between soon shrinketh equally:
First in the Aire begins a fight of dust,
Then on the Earth both Armies bravely joust.
Brave yet it was: for yet one might behold
Bright swords and shields, & plumed helms of gold
Un-goard with bloud; no Cask had lost his head,
No Horse his load, no scattered Corps lay dead.
But, on our Corn-fields towards harvest-time
(For punishment of some ingratefull crime)
Th' incensed hand of Heav'ns Almighty King
Never more thick doth slippery Ice-pearles fling,
Than heer the Arrows showr on every side:
An iron Cloud Heav'ns angry face doth hide
From Souldiers sight; and flying weapons then
For lack of ground fall upon horse or men:
There 's not a shaft but hath a man for White,
Nor stone but lightly in warm bloud doth light:

Two Comparisons.

His resolution above all discourse of reason.

The great blessing of God on his obedience.

Simile.

Strife begun between his Servants, & the Servants of *Lot*.

Abraham & *Lot* to shun contention, part company.

Lot dwells at *Sodom*.

The battell of *Sodom* fought by the King of *Elam*, with his confederates, against the Kings of *Sodom* and *Gomorrha*, with theirs.

Comparison.

Or, if that any faile their foes to hit
In fall; in flight themſelves they enter-ſplit:
The wounds come all from Heav'n: the braveſt Hee
Kils and is kild of him he doth not ſee:
Without an aym the Dart-man darts his ſpear,
And Chance performs th' effect of Valour there.
Simile. As two ſtout Rams, both Jelouz-phrenzy-ſick,
Afront two flocks, ſpurd on with anger's prick,
Ruſh on each other with tempeſtuous ſhock,
And, butting boiſterous, horns and heads do knock:
So, theſe two Armies enterchanged blowes;
And doubling ſteps and ſtrokes upon their Foes,
Firſt fleſh their Lances, and their Pikes embrew,
Then with their Swords about them keenly heaw,
Then ſtab with Daggers; ſtanding bravely to't,
Till Foe to Foe they charge them foot to foot;
So neer, that oft ones Targets pike doth pierce
Anothers Shield, and ſends him to his Herſe.
And gawdy plumes of Foes (be-Cedered brave)
Oft on their Foes (un-plumed) creſts do wave.
Of all their ſtroaks ſcarce any ſtroak is vain;
Yet ſtand they firm, and ſtill the fight maintain:
Still fronting Death, they face to face abide,
None turn their backs; no, neither ſhrink aſide;
Of their own blood, as of their Foe's, as frank.
But, too-too-tired, ſome at laſt diſ-rank:
Then, Threats, and Cries, and Plaints, redoubled ay,
And ſo pel-mel rage-blinded *Mars* doth play,
That now no more their Colours they diſcern;
But, knowing none, to all are ſtrangely ſtern.
The *Paleſtine* fights under *Elams* Standard,
The *Shinarite* with *Sodoms* Enſignes wander'd:
Simile. Even as two ſwarms of buſie Buzzers, mounting
Amid the Ayre, and mutually affronting,
Mingle their Troups; one goes, another comes,
Another turns; a cloud of Moatlings hums
Above our heads, who with their cipres wings
Decide the Quarrell of their little Kings:
Either of which a hundred times a minute
Doth loſe a Souldier, and as oft re-win-it.
A martiall brave of an old Captain againſt the effeminate ſoftneſs and delicacie of Carpet-Knights. But, may one hope in Champions of the Chamber,
Soft Carpet-Knights, all ſenting Musk and Amber
(Whoſe chief delight is to be over-come)
Un-daunted hearts that dare not Over-come?
In Woman-Men a manly Conſtancie?
In wanton Arms un-wearied Valiancie?
No, no (*Gomorrah*) this is not the place
For quav'ring Lutes a warbling Voice to grace:
No (filthy *Sodom*) 'tis not heer the game
To play with Males in ſpight of Natures name:
No (*Zeboim*) heer are no Looking-Glaſſes
For *Para-Nymphs* to gaze their painted faces:
To ſtarch Muſtachoes, and to prank in print,
And curle the Lock (with *favours* braided in't):
No (*Adamah*) we ſpend not heer the day
In Dancing, Courting, Banquetting and Play:
Nor laſtly (*Zoar*) is it heer the guiſe
Of ſilken Mock-*Mars* (for a *Miſtreſs-Prize*)
With Reed-like Lance, and with a blunted Blade,
To Championize under a Tented ſhade,
As at your Tourneys. Therefore to your Mew:
Lay-down your weapons, heer''s no Work for you.
'Tis heer the Faſhion (and the pride of Wars)
To paint the face with ſweat, duſt, blood and ſcars:
Our Glaſs is heer a bright and gliſt'ring ſhield:
Our Satten, ſteel: the Muſick of the Field
Doth rattle like the Thunders dreadfull roar;
Death tilteth heer: the Miſtreſs we adore,
Is Victory (true Soverain of our hearts)
Who without danger graceth no Deſerts:
Dead carcaſſes perfume our dainty Noſe:
Our Banquets heer, be Banquets for the Crowes:
Flee therefore (Cowards) flee and turn your backs,
(As you were wont in your thought-ſhaming acts)
But with our Swords and Lances (in your haſte)
Through-thrilled (Villains) this ſhall be your laſt,
Said *Amraphel*: and charg'd them in ſuch ſort,
That 't ſeems a ſudden Whirl-winde doth tranſport
Their fainting Troups. Some (beſt-adviſed) flie
To tops of Mountains that doe neighbour by;
Defeature of the Sodomites. Som, through the Plain: but, neither (in the chace)
Dares once looke back (no, not with half a face)
Their fear had no reſtraint, and much leſs Art:
This throwes away his ſhield, and that his dart;
Swords, Morrions, Pouldrons, Vaunt-brace, Pikes &
Are no defence, but rather hinderances: (Lances,
They, with their hearts, have alſo loſt their ſight,
And recking leſs a glorious end, in Fight,
Than thouſand baſe deaths, deſperatly they ran
Into the flood that fats rich *Canaan*.
Then, *Jordan* arms him 'gainſt theſe infidels,
With rapid courſe, and like a ſea he ſwels;
Lakes under-ground into his chanell range, (change:
And ſhalloweſt Foords to ground-leſs gulfs doe
He fumes, he foams; and, ſwiftly whirling round,
Seems, in his rage, theſe bitter words to ſound:
Dye (Villains) dye: O more than infamous
Foule Monſters! drench your damned ſoules in us.
Sa, ſa, my Floods: with your cold moiſture quench
The luſt-full flame of their ſelf-burning ſtench.
Drown, drown the Hel-hounds, and revenge the wrong
Wch they have don our Mother *Nature* long.
The River, ſwiftly whirling-in the ſlaves,
Above with Boaws, beneath with Bodies, paves:
The gaudy Plume, yet floating light and ſoft,
Keeps for awhile the hollow helm aloft;
But yet (at length) even thoſe that ſwim the beſt,
Down to the bottom ſink among the reſt,
Striving and ſtruggling (topſi-turvie toſt)
While fain they would, but cannot, yeeld the ghoſt;
Becauſe the flood (unwilling to defile
His pureſt waves with ſpirits ſo foule and vile)
Re-ſpews them ſtill into themſelves, and there
Smoothers, and choaks, and rams them, as it were:
Then both at once (Bodies and Soules) at laſt
To the main Sea, or his own ſhore doth caſt.
The Kings of *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* then,
Hoping to train the King of *Elams* men,
Among the Clay-pits which themſelves before
(T' intrap the Foe) with boughs had covered o're,
Ran thither-ward: but their confuſed flight,
In their owne ambuſh made their own to light:
Wherein they loſt the flowr of all their reſt,
Sooner of death, than of deaths fear poſſeſt.
Their owne Ambuſh ſerves againſt themſelves.
One, as he flies with trembling ſteps the dart
Which (from behind) nigh pearc't him to the heart,
Tangling his foot with twyning tendrels tho
Of a wilde Vine that neer a pit did grow,
Stumbles,

Stumbles, and tumbles in, hung by the heels
Up to the Waſte in water: where he feels
A three-fold Fate: for there (O ſtrange!) he found
Three deaths in one; at once *ſlain, hang'd & drown'd.*
Another, weening o'r a Well to skip,
From the wet brim his hap-leſs foot doth ſlip,
And in he fals: but inſtantly (paſt hope)
He catcheth hold upon a dangling rope,
And ſo at length with ſhifting hands gets-up
By little and little to the fountains top.
Which *Thadaeel* ſpying, to him ſtraight he hies,
And thus alowd unto the wretch he cries;
Varlet, is this, is this the means you make,
Your wonted yoak of *Elam* off to ſhake?
Is this your Skirmiſh? and are theſe your blowes,
Where-with t' incounter ſo courageous Foes?
Sir, leave your ladder; this ſhall ſerve as well,
This ſword ſhall be your ladder down to Hell:
Goe pay to *Pluto* (Prince of *Acheron*)
The Tribute heer deny'd unto your own:
Heer-with he draws his Fauchin bright and keen,
And at a blowe heaws both his arms off clean:
His trickling hands held faſt, down fell his Trunk,
His blood did ſwim, his body quickly ſunk.
Another (roughly puſhed by the Foe)
Fals headlong down into a Bog belowe:
Where, on his head deep planted in the mud
With his heels up-ward, like a tree he ſtood;
Still to and fro, waving his legs and arms,
Simile. As Trees are wont to wave in windy ſtorms.
Another heer (on horſ-back) poſting over
A broad, deep clay-pit that green boughs do cover,
Sinks inſtantly; and in his ſudden Fate
Seems the brave Horſe doubly unfortunate:
For, his own neck he breaks, and bruzing in
(With the keen ſcales of his bright Brigandin)
His Maſters bowels, ſerves (alas!) for Tomb
To him that yerſt ſo many times did comb
His criſpy Creſt, and him ſo frankly fed
In's hollow Shield with oats and beans and bread:
Simile. Even ſo ſomtimes, the loving Vine and Elm
(With double domage) joyntly over-whelm;
She wails the wrack of her deer Husbands glade;
He moanes his Spouſes feeble arms and ſhade:
But moſt it grieves him with his Trunk to cruſh
The precious Cluſters of her pleaſing Buſh;
And preſs to death unkindly with his weight
Her that for love embraceth him ſo ſtraight.
Lots valour. Yet *Lot* alone (with a ſmall troup aſſiſted)
The Martiall brunt with Manly breaſt reſiſted,
And thirſting Fame, ſtands firmly looking for
The furious hoſte of *Chedorlaomer:*
But as a narrow and thin-planted Cops
Of tender ſaplings with their ſlender tops,
Is fell'd almoſt as ſoon as under-taken
By Multitudes of Peaſants Winter-ſhaken:
Lot's little Number ſo environ'd round, (down.
Hemm'd with ſo many ſwords, is ſoon hew'n
His undaunted reſolution. Then left alone, yet ſtill all one he fares;
And the more danger, ſtill the more he dares:
Simile. Like a ſtrange Maſtiff fiercely ſet upon
By mongrell Curs, in number ten to one: (gets
Who tyr'd with running (grown more cunning)
Into ſome corner, where upright he ſits
Upon his ſtern, and ſternly to his foes
His rage-full, foaming, grinning teeth he ſhewes,
And ſnarles, and ſnaps; and this and that doth bite,
And ſtoutly ſtill maintains th' unequall fight
With equall fury, till (diſdaining Death)
His Enemies be beaten out of breath.
Arioch, admiring, and (even) fearing too
What *Lot* had done, and what he yet might doo;
Him princely meets, and mildly greets him thus:
Ceaſe (valiant youth) ceaſe, ceaſe t' incounter us.
Wilt thou (alas!) wilt thou (poor ſoule) expoſe
And hazard thus thy life and fame to loſe,
In ſuch a Quarrell, for the cauſe of ſuch?
Alas, I pittie thy misfortune much.
For, well I ſee, thy habit and thy tongue
Thine Arms (but moſt) thy courage (yet ſo young)
Shew that in SODOM's wanton wals accurſt
Thou wert not born, nor in *Gomorrha* nurſt.
O chief of Chivalry, reſerve thy worth
For better wars: yeeld thee: and think hence-forth
I highly prize thy powrs; and, by my ſword,
For thouſand kingdoms will not falſe my word.
Paſt hope of Conqueſt (as paſt fear of death)
Lot taketh priſoner. LOT yeelds him then upon the Princes Faith;
And, from his Camell quick-diſmounting, hies
His Royall hand to kiſſe in humble wiſe:
And th' Army, laden with the richeſt ſpoyl,
Triumphantly to th' Eaſtward marcht the while.
Abraham with his family of 300. goes to reſcue Lot. No ſooner noyſe of theſe ſad novels cam
Unto the ears of faithfull ABRAHAM,
But inſtantly he arms to reſcue LOT,
And that rich prey the Heathen Kings had got.
Three hundred ſervants of his houſe he brings
(But lightly arm'd with ſtaves, and darts, & ſlings,
Ayded by MAMRE (in whoſe Plain he wons)
ASCOL and ANER (AMOR's valiant ſons)
So at the heels he hunts the fear-leſs Foe,
Yet waits advantage yer he offer blowe)
Favour'd by ſtreightneſs of the wayes they took,
And cover'd cloſe with nights deceitfull cloak.
A lively deſcription of Sleep, with his Cell, Servants, Furniture and Company. In *Groon-land* field is found a dungeon,
A thouſand-fold more dark than *Acheron*,
It hath no door, leſt as it turns about
On ruſty hooks, it creak too lowdly out,
But *Silence* ſerves for Port and Porter there,
A gagged Uſher that doth never wear
Stif-ruſtling ſilks, nor rattling chamlet ſutes,
Nor gyngling ſpurs, nor creaking Spaniſh boots;
But, that he make no noyſe (when e're he ſturs)
His high-day ſutes are of the ſofteſt Furs,
At other times (leſs-ſtately-ſervice-full)
He 's only clad in cotton, ſhod in wooll:
His left fore-finger o're his lips he locks;
With th' other beckens to the early Cocks,
The ruſhing ſtreams, and roaring *Eölus*,
Seeming (though dumb) to whiſper ſoftly thus:
Sleep ſilver *Torrents*; ceaſe, ſweet *Chante-cleer*,
To bid *Good-morrow* to the *Morning* heer:
Be ſtill, ye Windes, keep in your native neſt;
Let not your ſtorms diſturb this houſe of Reſt.
In midſt of all this Cave ſo dark and deep,
On a ſtill-rocking couch lies blear-ey'd *Sleep*,
Snorting alowd, and with his panting breath
Blowes a black fume, that all envapoureth:

Oblivion lies hard-by her drowzie brother
Who readily knowes not her ſelfe, nor other:
Then ſolitary *Morpheus* gently rockt:
And naſty *Sloath* ſelf-pyn'd, and poorly frockt,
Irreſolute, unhandſome, comfortleſs,
Rubbing her eyes with Poppy, and doth preſs
The yellow *Night-ſhade*, and blew *Gladiols* juyce,
Where-with her ſleep-ſwoln heavy lids ſhe glews.
Confuſedly about the ſilent Bed
Fantaſtick ſwarms of *Dreams* there hovered,
Green, red, and yellow, tawny, black, and blew:
Some ſacred, ſome profane; ſome falſe, ſome true;
Some ſhort, ſome long; ſome div'liſh, ſome divine;
Some ſad, ſome glad; but monſtrous all (in fine):
Simile. They make no noyſe, but right reſemble may
Th' unnumbred Moats which in the Sun do play,
When (at ſome Cranny) with his piercing eye
He peepeth in, ſome darker place to ſpy.
Thither th' Almighty (with a juſt intent
To plague thoſe Tyrants pride) his Angell ſent.
No ſooner entred, but the radiant ſhine
Of's gliſtring wings, and of his glorious eyn,
As light as Noon, makes the darke Houſe of Night.
The gawdy ſwarm of *Dreams* is put to flight:
And opening wide the ſable Canapey
The winged Herald ſummon'd *Sleep* away.
Silence diſlodg'd at the firſt word he ſpake:
But deaf dead *Sleep* could not ſo ſoon awake:
Hee's call'd a hundred times, and tugg'd and touz'd,
And by the Angel often tubb'd and rouz'd:
At length he ſtirs, and ſtretching lazily
His legs and arms, and opening halfe an eye,
Foure or five times he yawns; and leaning-on
His (Lob-like) elbowe, hears This Meſſage don.
Great Spirits-reſtorer, Cares-charm, Chacing-grief,
Night-ſhort'ning Sire, Man's-Reſt, & Mind's-Relief,
Up, up (ſaid he) diſpatch thee hence in poſte,
And with thy Poppy drench the conquering Hoſte
Of thoſe proud Kings, that (richly charg'd with (Prey)
On *Canaan* Mountains lodge in diſ-aray.
Th' Angel, in th' inſtant back to Heav'n-ward gon,
Sleep ſlowely harneſt his dull Bears anon;
And, in a noyſ-leſs Coach all darkly dight,
Takes with him *Silence*, *Drowſineſs* and *Night*:
Th'air thickning where he goes, doth nod the head,
The Wolf in Woods lies down, th' Ox in the Mead,
Th' Orque under Water; and on Beds of Down
Men ſtretch their limbs, and lay them ſoftly down.
The Nightingale, pearcht on the tender ſpring
Of ſweeteſt Haw-thorn, hangs her drowſie wing,
The Swallow 's ſilent, and the loudeſt *Humber*,
Leaning upon the Earth, now ſeems to ſlumber:
Th'yeugh moves no more, the aſp doth ceaſe to ſhake,
Pines bow their heads, ſeeming ſom reſt to take.
So ſoon as *Sleep* 's black wings had over-ſpread
The Pagan Hoaſt; the Souldiers haſte to bed:
For, inſtantly begin they all to wink,
To hang their heads, and let their weapons ſink:
Their words half-ſpoke, are loſt between their lips,
Through all their veins *Sleep* 's charming humor
Wch to a deep & death-like *Lethargie* brings (ſlips,
Both Heathen Souldiers, and their Heathen Kings.
Abram oration to his little Troupe. *Abram* perceiving now the Army neer,
By their own Fires; 'gan thus his Troops to cheer:
Souldiers (ſaid he) behold, this happy Night
Shall make amends for that diſ-aſtrous Fight
Was fought in *Siddim*, and acquittance cry,
For *Sodom* 's ſhame, and *Lot* 's captivity:
Me thinks, already *Victory* (adorn'd (return'd
With Bowes, and Blades, and Casks, and Crowns)
From th' Enemy, on our triumphant ſpears
Erecteth Tropheis far more rich than theirs:
Me thinkes, already on our gliſtring Creſts,
The glorious Garland of the Conqueſt reſts;
Our way to vertue lyes ſo ſmooth and plain,
With pain-leſs Honour, and un-vent'red Gain.
This Hoaſt, you ſee, is not the valiant Troup
That ſtript *Gomorrha*, and made *Segor* ſtoop;
That *Jordan*, *Inde*, and *Euphrates* admire;
But a foule Heard of Swine wall'wing in mire:
Regard them as they are, not as they were:
See but their ſloath, doe not their number fear:
He that 's aſleep is dead, and he that 's dead
Bites not (they ſay): What have we then to dread?
Why ſtay we, Lads? already down they are,
Their throats be naked, and their boſoms bare,
Their lives lie proſtrate heer at our command;
And Fortune cals but for your helping hand.
Come, follow me; rather, the *Lord of Hoaſts*
(Terror of Tyrants) who through all the Coaſts
Of all the Earth confoundeth (with a thought)
All worldly powr, & brings mens plots to nought:
Come (happy Troup) follow with one accord
Th' invincible brave Standard of the Lord.
This ſaid; eſt-ſoons I wot not what a grace,
What divine beam reflected on his face:
Simile. For as in March, the Serpent, having caſt
His old foule skin, crawls from his hole full faſt,
Hiſſes, and ſtings, and ſtares us in the face,
And (gold-like) gliſtering, glides along the graſs:
So Heav'n inſpires freſh vigour in each part,
His blood renews, his heart doth take new heart,
A martiall fury in his breaſt there boyls,
His ſtature ſeems much taller than yer-whiles,
Youth paints his cheeks with Roſe and Lilly Dies,
A lovely Lightning ſparkles in his eyes;
So that his gallant Port and graceſull voyce
Confirms the fainteſt, makes the ſad rejoyce.
Abraham ſets upon the Camp of Chedorlaomer. Then, on the Camp he ſets, where round about
Lie mingled Carrs, and Horſe, and Men that rout:
Reſt ſeizeth all; and (wanting what it fed)
The fire it ſelfe ſlept in his aſhy bed.
Th' *Hebrews* the-while laid-on on back, or breſt,
Or arm, or ſide, according as their Reſt
To th' ground had bound them; & thoſe lives bereft
The which Death's Image in an Image reft.
Heer, one beheaded on a Trunk of Pine,
Pours-out at once his gore, his ghoſt, and wine;
The full Helm hops, and with a voyce confuſed,
Murmurs, as if it his fell Fate accuſed.
Another, taken by inchanting ſleep,
Mid Pots and Cups, and Flagons, quaffing deep,
Doth at a wound, given in his rattling gorge,
The Wine again in his owne Cup diſ-gorge.
Another, while ingeniouſly he playes
Upon his Lute ſome paſſing-pleaſing Layes,
Sleep ſeales his eyes up with a gloomy cloud;
And yet his hand ſtill quavers light and lowd:

But,

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But, at the laſt it ſinks; and, offring fair
To ſtrike the Baſe, ſtrikes but the empty ayre:
His ſoule, deſcending to th' Infernall Coaſts,
Goes to conclude his Song unto the Ghoſts:
Dolefull it was, not for the Argument
(For 't was of *Love*) but for the ſad event.
Another, wak'ned with thoſe lowd alarms,
Starts-up, and groapeth round about for arms;
Which, ah too ſoon he findeth, for his part:
For a keen poignard ſtabs him to the heart.
Simile. Like as a Tigreſs, having with the gore
Of Buls and Heifers made her ſpots the more,
And pav'd a Plain with Creatures mangled limbs,
Views on each ſide her valiant ſtratagems,
Treads on the vanquiſht, and is proudly-ſad,
That no more Foes, nor no more Maw ſhe had:
So th' *Hebrew* ſtalking round-about the ſlain,
Braves (but it boots not) and would very fain (ther,
That thoſe dead bodies might their ghoſts re-ga-
Or that thoſe moũtains would produce him (rather)
Som Foes more wakefull, that more manfully
In blood-drown'd Valleyes might his valour try.
Amor's three ſons did no leſs ſlaughter make;
Abram for zeale, they but for furies ſake:
This, nails a Souldier with his Sword to th' ground;
That, at a blow, th' heads of two Heads diſ-crownd:
This, underneath a Chariot kils the driver:
That, lops off legs and arms, and heads doth ſhiver.
The Tents already all in bloud do ſwim,
Guſhing from ſundry Corps, from ſeverall lim.
In brief, ſo many ravening Wolves they ſeem,
Within whoſe breaſt, fierce Famine biteth keen;
Who ſoftly ſtealing to ſom fold of Sheep
(While both the Shepheard & his Curr doth ſleep)
Furbuſh their hungry teeth, tear, kill, and prey
Upon the beſt, to eat and bear-away.
Yet, at the length, the vanquiſhed awake;
And (re-aray'd) the Victors under-take;
Putting the three proud *Amorites*, to flight,
Who but for *Abram*, had bin routed quite.
Sleep, ſleep (poor *Pagans*) ſith you needs muſt dy,
Go ſleep again, and ſo dye eaſily,
Dye yet you think on death, and in your Dreams
Gaſp-out your ſoules; Let not your dazled beams
Behold the havock and the horror too
Of th' Execution, that our ſwords ſhall doo,
Hacking your bodies to heaw-out your breaths,
Yer Death, to fright you with a thouſand deaths,
Said *Abraham*: and pointing every word
With the keen point of his quicke-whirled ſword
(As ſwift in doing, as in ſaying ſo)
Compari-ſon. More fiercely chargeth the inſulting Foe,
Than ever ſtorm-ful cloud, which fed with water's
Thin moiſt-ful fumes (ỹ ſnowy moũtains daughters)
Showr'd heaps of hail-ſhot, or pour'd floods of rain,
On ſlender ſtems of the new tender Grain: (death,
Through blood, and blades, through danger, duſt and
Through mangled Corps and carrs he traverſeth;
And partly in the ſhock, part with the blowes,
He breaketh in through thickeſt of his Foes,
And by his travell topſi-turneth then
The live and dead, and half-dead horſe and men:
His bright-keen Fauchin never threats, but hits;
Nor hits, but hurts; nor hurts, but that it ſplits
Some privie poſtern, whence to Hell (in Poſt)
Some groaning Pagan may gaſp out his ghoſt:
He all aſſayls, and him ſo brave beſtows,
That in his Fight he deals more deaths than blows.
Smile. As the North-winde, re-cleering-up the front
Of cloudy Heav'ns, towards the South doth hunt
The ſhowrs that *Auſters* ſpungie thirſt exhales
Out of thoſe Seas that circle *Orans* wals:
So where-ſo-e're our *Hebrew Champion* wield
His war-like weapon and his gliſtring ſhield
(Whoſe glorious ſplendor darts a dreadfull light)
Hamites o-verthrowne by *Abra-ham*. All turn their backs, and all be-take to flight:
Forgetting Fame, Shame, Vertue, Hope, and all,
Their hearts are don, and down their weapons fall:
Or, if that any be ſo ſtrangely-ſtout
As not to faint, but bravely yet hold out,
Alas! it boots not, for it cannot ſtop
The victory, but haſte his own miſhap.
God giveth victory. But in what Fence-ſchoole, of what Maſter, ſay;
Brave Pearl of Souldiers, learn'd thy hands to play
So at ſo ſundry weapons, ſuch paſſados,
Such thruſts, ſuch foyns, ſtramazos, and ſtoccados?
Even of that mighty God, whoſe ſacred might
Made heav'n & earth (& them ſo brave bedight)
Of meerly nothing: of that God of Powr
Who ſwore to be thy Target and thy Towr:
Of that high God, who fortifies the weak,
Who teacheth his, even ſteely bowes to break,
Who doth his Childrens zealous hearts inflame;
But daunts the proud, and doth their courage tame.
Abraham followes the execution. Thy Sword abates th'armed, the ſtrong, the ſtout;
Thou cleav'ſt, thou kill'ſt: The faint diſ-armed rout,
The lightning of thine eyes, thy voyces thunder,
And thy ſtern dreadfull port confounds with won-
Death and Deſpair, Horror and Fury fight (der:
Under thine Enſignes in the diſmall Night:
Thou ſlayeſt this, and that thou threat'ſt as much:
This thou purſu'ſt, that thou diſdain'ſt to touch:
In brief (thou bleſt Knight brave) thou queln'ſt at
Valiant and vile, arm'd and unarmed ones. (once
Heer, thine even hand (even in a twinckling trice)
In equall halves a Pagans head doth ſlyce:
Down on each ſhoulder looketh eyther half,
To gaze upon his gaſtly *Epitaph*,
In lines of blood writ round about him fair,
Under the curtain of his parted hair.
Heer, through a Jerkin (more than Musket-proof)
Made twelve-fold double of Eaſt-country Buff,
Clean through & through thy deadly ſhaft doth
A gyants bulk; the wounded hulk doth reel: (thrill
The head behind appears; before, the feathers:
And th' Ethnick ſoul flies both waies out togethers:
Heer thou doſt cleave, with thy keen fauchins force,
The Bards and Breaſt-plate of a furious Horſe,
No ſooner hurt, but he recoyleth back,
Writing his fortune in a bloudy track:
Thy barbed dart, heer at a *Chaldee* flyes,
And in an inſtant lardeth both his thighes,
While he (blaſpheming his hard ſtars and ſtate)
Hops (like a Pie) in ſtead of wonted gate.
Lot reſcued revengeth bravely his captivity. Now LOT (the while) eſcapt from ELAMS hands,
Free from the burden of his yron bands;
With juſt revenge retorts his taken wrong,
His feet grow ſwift, his ſinews wexen ſtrong,

His

His heart revives ; and his revived heart
Supplies new ſpirits to all and every part.
Simile. And as a wilde and wanton Colt, got out
Of ſome great Stable, ſtaring ſcuds about,
Shakes his proud head and creſt, yerks out his heels,
Butts at the ayre, beats on the humble fields,
His flying ſhadow now purſues amain,
Anon (amaz'd) flies it as faſt again,
Again beholds it with ſelfe-proud delight,
Looks on his legs, ſets his ſtiff tayl upright,
And neighs ſo loud to Mares beyond the Mound,
That with the noyſe the neighbour hils reſound:
So, one while LOT ſets on a Troop of Horſe,
A band of Sling-men he anon doth force,
Anon he puſheth through a Stand of Pikes,
A wing of Archers off anon he ſtrikes,
Anon he ſtalks about a ſteepfull Rock,
Where ſom, to ſhun Deaths (never ſhunned) ſtroak,
Had clambred-up ; at length a path he ſpies,
Where up he mounts, & doth their Mount ſurpriſe:
Whence, ſtones he heaves, ſo heavie and ſo huge,
That in our Age, three men could hardly bouge;
Under whoſe weight his flying Foes he daſhes:
And in their fleſh, bones, ſtones, and ſteel he paſhes:
Somtimes he ſhoots, ſomtimes he ſhakes a Pike,
Which death to many, dread to all doth ſtrike.
Some in the breaſt he wounds, ſome in the backs,
Some on the hanch, ſome on the head he hacks,
He heaws down all; and maketh where he ſtood
A Mount of bodies in a Moat of blood.
The Pagans wholly put to flight. At length the *Pagans* wholly left the place.
Then both ſides ran ; theſe chaſed, thoſe to chaſe:
Theſe only uſe their heels ; thoſe heels and hands:
Thoſe wiſh but a fair way ; theſe that the ſands
Would quickly gape, and ſwallow quick to Hell
Th'ſelves that fled, & th' that chac't ſo fell: (blood:
Theſe render nought but blows ; thoſe nought but
Both ſides have broak their ranks: pel-mel they ſcud;
Choakt-up with duſt, diſordered, diſ-aray'd;
Neither Command, Threat, nor Intreat obey'd.
Thou that (late) bragdſt, that thy white *Wormly*
Could dry-foot run upon the liquid Wave, (brave
And on the ſand leaving no print behinde
Out-ſwifted Arrows, and out-went the Winde,
With a ſteel Dart, by ABRAH'M ſtifly ſent,
Art 'twixt thy Cuirace and thy Saddle ſlent:
And thou that thrice, neer *Tigris* ſilver ſource,
Hadſt won the Bell, as beſt in every Courſe,
Art caught by LOT, and (thrild from ſide to ſide)
Looſeſt thy ſpeed-praiſe, and thy life beſide.
It ſeems no Fight, but (rather as befals)
An execution of ſad criminals:
Who-ſo eſcapes the ſword, eſcapes not ſo
His ſad deſtruction ; or, if any tho
Eſcap't at all, they were but few (at leaſt)
To rue the fatall ruine of the reſt:
For th' Uncle and the Nephew never lin,
Till out of *Canaan* they have chac't them clean:
Simile. Like to a Caſt of Falcons that purſue
A flight of Pigeons through the Welkin blew;
Stooping at this and that, that to their Louver,
(To ſave their lives) they hardly can recover.
At his return from Fight, the Kings and Lords
Of *Paleſtine*, with glad and humble words,
Do welcome *Abram*, and refreſh his Troop;
To 's knees their heads, to 's feet their knees they
O valiant Victor ! for thy high deſerts, (ſtoop:
Accept the homage of our humble hearts.
Accept our gratefull zeale : or, if ought more
(As well thou mayſt) thou doſt expect therefore,
Accept (ſayd they) our Lands, our goods, our gold,
Our wives, our lives, and what we deareſt hold:
Take all we have ; for all we have is thine:
No wrong to us to take thy Valours Fine.
The Kings of *Canaan* received *Abraham* and his company with great joy, and the grateſull offer of their homage unto him.
Melchiſedec, Gods *ſacred Miniſter*,
And King of *Salem*, coms to greet him there,
Melchiſedech bleſſeth *Abraham*. Bleſſing his bliſs, and thus with zealous cry
Devoutly pierc't Heav'ns ſtarfull Canapey.
Bleſt be the Lord, that with his hand doth roule
The radiant Orbs that turn about the Pole;
And rules the Actions of all humane-kinde
With full command ; and with one blaſt of winde
Razes the Rocks, and rends the proudeſt Hils,
Dries-up the Ocean, and the Empty fils:
Bleſt be the great God of great *Abraham*:
From Age to Age extolled be his Name:
Let every Place unto him Altars build,
And every Altar with his praiſe be fill'd,
And every Praiſe above the Welkin ring
As loud or louder than the Angels ſing:
Bleſſed be He, that by an Arm-leſs crew
Of Art-leſs Shepheards did ſo quick ſubdue
And tame the Tamers of *Great Syria* ſo;
And to the ſervants of an exil'd Foe
Hath giv'n the Riches and the royall ſtore
(Both of their Booty and their Own before)
Of ſuch an Hoaſt of Nations that firſt ſee
Sol's early riſing from *Aurora's* knee.
Abraham diſtributes the booty, reſerving onely a portion for the *Amorites* that were his confederates. But *Abraham*, to prove that not for prey,
He put-on arms, divides the Spoyls away:
The *Tythes* the *Prieſts*: the Reſt of all the things
(Yerſt loſt in field) he renders to the Kings,
Save but the Portion Hee participates
To th' *Amorites*, his ſtout Confederates:
Shewing himſelfe a Prince as Politick
Prudent and juſt, as ſtout and ſouldier-like,
That with his Proweſs Policy can mel,
And Conquering, can uſe his Conqueſt well,
Magnanimous in deeds, in words as meek,
That ſcorning Riches, true Renown doth ſeek.
He is famous far and neere. So, from the Sea, even to th' *Euphratean-ſource*,
And even from *Dan*, to *Nilus* cryſtall courſe,
Rings his renown: Of him is all the ſpeech,
At home, abroad ; among the poor and rich,
In war and peace: the Fame of his high deeds
Confirms the Faithfull in their fainting Creeds.
And terrifies the Tyrant Infidels,
Shaking the ſides of their proud Citadels,
That with their fronts the ſeat of JOVE do ſcorn,
And with their feet at *Pluto's* crown do ſpurn.
Voyce, Harp, & Timbrel ſound his praiſe toge- (ther,
Hee 's held a Prophet or an Angel rather,
They ſay that God talks with him face to face,
Hoaſts at his Houſe, and to his happy Race
Gives in *Fee-ſimple* all that goodly Land
Even from the Sea, as far as *Tigris* Strand.
God appears unto him, and maketh covenant with him. And it is certain, the *Thrice-ſacred-One*,
The King of kings, by Dream or Viſion,

Speaks

Speaks with him oft; and cals him thus by name:
Faint not my servant, fear not ABRAHAM;
I am no fiend that with a fained lip
Seek guilefully thy simpleness to trip,
Nor to intice thee (with a baen-full breath)
To bite (like ADAM) a new fruit of death.
'Tis I, that brought thee from thy Native Ur,
From night to day, from death to life (thus far)
I brought thee hither, I have blest thee heer,
I with thy flocks have covered far and neer
Canaan's fat Hils; I have preserv'd thy Wife
From strangers lust, and thee from Tyrants knife,
When thy faint heart, and thy (false tongue) affray'd
To tell the truth, her and thy selfe betray'd.
'Tis I, that have so oft from Heathens powr
Preserv'd thy person; and (as Conquerour)
Now made thee triumph over th' Eastern Kings
(Whereof so far thy famous Valour rings):
I am (in briefe) I am the Lord thy God,
Thy help at home, thy Guide and Guard abroad.
Keep thou my Covenant: and (to signifie,
That to the World thou dy'st, to live to Me)
Go *Circumcise* forth-with thy selfe and Thine,
Lead holy Life, walk in my Wayes divine
With upright-foot: so shall my favour hant
Thy House and thee, and thou shalt nothing want:
No, I will make thee Lord of all the Land
Which *Canaans* Children have with mighty hand
So long possest; a happy Land that flowes
With milk and hony; a rich Land where growes
(Even of it selfe) all kind of Fruit and Corn, (horn
Where smiling Heav'ns pour-down their Plenties-
Ile heap thee there with Honour, Wealth, & Powr,
I will be thy Reward, thy Shield, and Towr.
O Lord (said ABRAM) though into my lap
In showrs of gold ev'n all the Heav'ns should drop,
What booted all, to me that am alone?
Alas! my Lord, I have enough, for one
That hath no issue after to inherit,
But my good servant ELEAZAR's merit.
Not so, my Son (replies th' Omnipotent)
Mistake not so my bountifull intent;
Ile not disparage to a Servants Fee
The rich estate, and royall dignity
That in my People shall hereafter shine:
No, no (mine ABRAM) even a stock of thine,
Thine own deer Nephews, even thy proper Seed
Shall be thine Heirs, and in thy state succeed.
Yea, thine own Son's immortall-mortall Race
Shall hold in gage the Treasures of my Grace.
The Patriarch, then rapt with sudden joy,
Made answer thus: Lives then my wandring Boy?
Lives ISMAEL? is ISMAEL alive?
O happy news! (Lord let him ever thrive)
And shall his Seed succeed so eminent?
Ah! let me dye then: then I dye content.
ISMAEL indeed doth live (the Lord replies)
And lives, to father mighty Progenies:
For, from the Day when first his Mother (flying
Thy jealous SARA's curst and threatfull crying)
To the dry Desarts sandy horror hy'd,
I have for both been carefull to provide;
Their extreme Thirst due-timely to refresh,
(Conducting them unto a Fountaine fresh,
In liquid Crystall of whose Maiden spowt
Bird never dipt her bill, nor Beast his snowt.
And if I erre not (but, I cannot err:
For, what is hid from Hearts-Artificer?
What can the Sight of the Sight-maker dim?)
Another Exile yet attendeth him,
Where-in he shall (in season) feel and finde,
How much to him I will be good and kinde.
He shall grow great, yet shall his rest be small;
All shall make war on him, and he on all:
Through Corslets, Rivets, Jacks, and Shirts of Mail,
His shaft shall thrill the Foes that him assail:
A swift Hart's heart he shall (even running) hit:
A Sparrow's head he shall (even flying) split:
And in the ayre shall make the Swallow cease
His sweet-sweet note, and slicing nimbleness.
Yea (O Saints-Firstling) only for thy sake,
Twelve mighty Princes will I shortly make (sway
Spring from his Loines, whose fruitfull seed shall
Even unto *Sur* from golden *Havila*.
Yet, 'tis not He, with whom I mean to knit
Mine inward Covenant; th' outward seal of it
ISMAEL may bear, but not the efficace
(Thy Son, but after flesh, not after Grace).
But to declare that under Heavens Frame,
I hold nought dearer than mine ABRAHAM,
Ile open SARA's dry and barren womb, (com,
From whence thine ISAAC (Earths delight) shal
To glad the World; a Son that shall (like thee)
Support thy *Faith*, and prop her Family.
Com, from thy Tent, com forth & here contemple
The golden Wonders of my Throne and Temple,
Number the Stars, measure their bigness bright,
With fixed eye gaze on their twinkling Light,
Exactly mark their ordered Courses, driven
In radiant Coaches through the Lists of Heav'n:
Then mayst thou also number thine own Seed,
And comprehend their Faith, and plainly reade
Their noble Acts, and of their publike State
Draw an *Idea* in thine own conceit.
This, This is He, to and with whom I grant
Th' eternall Charter of my *Covenant*.
Which if he truly keep, upon his Race
Ile pour an Ocean of my plenteous Grace:
Ile not alone give him the Fields heer seen,
But even from *India* all that flowreth green
To th' utmost Ocean's utmost sand and shelfe;
Ile give him Heav'n, Ile give him even my Selfe.
Hence, hence, the *High & mighty Prince* shal spring,
Sin's, Death's, and Hels eternall taming King,
The sacred Founder of Man's soveraign Bliss, (ness.
Worlds peace, worlds ransom, & worlds righteous-
Th' eternall seem'd then towards Heav'n to hie,
Th' old-man to follow him with greedy eye.
The sudden dis-appearing of the Lord,
Seem'd like to Powder, fired on a boord,
When smokingly it mounts in sudden flash,
With little flame, giving a little clash.
Plenty and Pleasure had o'r-whelm'd the while
Sodom and *Gomor* in all Vices vile:
So that, already the most ruth-less Rape
Of tender Virgins of the rarest shape, (bindes)
Th' adulterous kiss (which Wedlocks bands un-
Th' Incestuous Bed, confounding Kindreds kindes
(Where

Circumcision instituted.

Canaan promised to Abraham.

Ismaels mightinesse.

Isaac promised.

In him the Covenant ratified.

Of his ligne shall come Christ the Redeemer.

Prosperity plungeth the Sodomites in all manner of abhominations.

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(Wher Father wooes the Daughter, Sister Brother,
Th' Uncle the Niece, and ev'n the Son the Mother)
They did not hate, nor (as they ought) abhor;
But rather scorn'd, as sports they car'd not for.
Forbear (deer Younglings) pray a-while forbear,
Stand farther from me, or else stop your ears,
At th' obscœne sound of th' unbeseeming words
Which to my *Muse* this odious place affords:
Or, if it 's horror cannot drive you hence,
Hearing their Sin, pray hear their Punishments!
These beastly Men (rather these man-like Beasts)
Could not be fill'd with VENUS vulgar Feasts;
Their most execrable sinne. Fair Nature could not furnish their Desire;
Some monstrous meats these Monsters did require:
An execrable flame inflam'd their hearts,
Prodigiously they play'd the Womens parts:
Male hunted Male; and acted, openly,
Their furious Lusts in fruitless Venery.
Two Angels sent downe, received and guested by Lot. Therefore, to purge Ulcers so pestilent,
Two heav'nly Scowts the Lord to *Sodom* sent;
Whom (deeming Mortals) *Lot* importunates
To take his Lodging, and to taste his Cates.
Of the nature and essence of Angels. For, Angels, being meer Intelligences,
Have (properly) no Bodies nor no senses:
But (sacred Legats of the *Holy-One*)
To treat with us, they put our Nature on;
And take a body fit to exercise (and flies;
The Charge they have, which runnes and feeds
Dures during their Commission; and, that past,
Turns t' Elements whence first it was amassed.
A simple Spirit (the glittering Childe of Light)
Unto a bodie doth not so unite,
As to the Matter Form incorporates:
But, for a season it accomodates,
As to his Tool the quaint Artificer,
(That at his pleasure makes the same to stir)
Yet in such sort that th' instrument (we see)
Holds much of him that moves it actively.
But alwaies in some place are Angels: though
Not as all filling (God alone is so,
The Spirit which all good spirits in spirit adore,
In all, on all, with-out all, evermore)?
Nor as environ'd (That alone agrees
To bodies bounded with extremities
Of the next substance; and whose superfice
Unto their place proportionable is):
But rather, as sole sellfly limited,
And joyn'd to place, yet not as quantitied;
But by the touch of their live efficace,
Containing Bodies which they seem t' embrace:
So, visibly those bodies move, and oft
By word of Mouth bring arrands from aloft,
And eat with us; but, not for sustentation,
Nor naturally, but by meer dispensation.
Such were the sacred Guests of this good Prince:
Such, courteous ABRAM feasted in his Tents;
When, seeing three, he did adore but one,
Which, comming down from the celestial Throne,
Fore-told the sad and sudden Tragedy,
Of these loose Cities, for their Luxurie.
Exhortation to hospitality. You that your Purse do shut, and doors do bar
Against the cold, faint, hungry Passenger,
You little think that all our life and age
Is but an Exile and a Pilgrimage:
And that in earth whoso hath never given
Harbour to strangers, shall have none in Heav'n;
Where solemn *Nuptials* of the *Lamb* are held;
Where Angels bright and souls that have excell'd,
All clad in white, sing th' *Epithalamy*,
Carow sing *Nectar* of Eternitie.
Sans *Hospitality*, the Pilgrim poor
For Bed-fellow might have a Wolf or Boar:
What e'r is given the Strange and Needy one,
Is not a gift (indeed) but 't is a Loan,
A Loan to God, who payes with interest;
And (even in this life) guerdons even the least:
For, alms (like leaven) make our goods to rise,
And God his own with blessings plentifies.
O Hosts, what know you, whether (charitable)
When you suppose to feast men at your Table,
You guest Gods Angels in Mens habit hid,
(Heav'n-Citizens) as this good *Hebrew* did?
Who supped them: & when the time grew neer
To go to bed, he heard amid the street
A wrangling jangling, and a murmur rude,
Which great, grew greater through nights solitude.
The lustfull Sodomites, inflamed with the beauty of the Angels, mutiny against *Lot* for harbouring them. For, those that first these two bright stars survayd,
Wilde Stalion-like, after their beauties naigh'd;
But, seeing them by the chaste Stranger sav'd,
Shameless and sens-less up and down they rav'd,
From House to House knocking at every doore,
And beastly-brute, thus, thus they rayle and roare;
Brethren, shall we endure this Fugitive,
This stranger LOT, our pleasures to deprive?
O Cowardise! to suffer in our sights
An exile heer t' usurp our choyce delights,
T' embrace a brace of Youths so beauteous
(Rather two Gods com-down from Heav'n to us)?
Shall it be sayd that such an old cold stock
Such rare young Minions in his bed should mock:
While wretched we, unto our selves make mone,
And (Widow-like) wear out our sheets alone?
Let 's rather break his doors, and make him know,
Such dainty morsels hang not for his Mowe.
Simile. *Even as at* Bathe, *down from the neighbour hils,*
After a Snowe, the melting Cryſtall trils
Into the Avon (*when the* Pythian *Knight*
Strips thoſe ſteep Mountains of their ſhirts ſo white)
Through hundred Valleys guſhing Brooks & Torrents,
Striving for ſwiftneſs in their ſundry Currents,
Cutting deep Chanels where they chance to run,
And never reſt till all do meet in one:
So, at their cry, from every corner throng
Unto LOT's house, Men, Children, old and young.
For, common was this execrable sin:
With blear-ey'd Age, as nusled long therein;
With Youth, through rage of lust; with infancie,
Example-led: all through Impunity.
And thus, they all cry out; Ope, ope the door,
Come, open quickly, and delay no more:
Let forth that lovely pair, that they may prove
With us the pleasures of Male-mingled love.
Lot speaks them faire, and intreats them earnestly for the safety of of his guests LOT lowly then replyes: Brethren and Friends,
By all the names that amity commends,
By Nature 's Rules, and Rights of Hospitality,
By sacred Laws, and lessons of Morality,
By all respects of our com-Burgership
(Which should our minds in mutuall kindnes keep)
I do

I do adjure you all, that you refrain
The honour of my harmleſs gueſts to ſtain,
Nor in your hearts to harbour ſuch a thought
Whereby their Vertues may be wrongd in ought.
Their inſolent reply. Baſe buſie Stranger, com'ſt thou hither, thus
(Controller-like) to prate and preach to Us?
No (*Puritan*) thou ſhalt not heer do ſo.
Therefore diſpatch and let thy darlings goe;
Let-forth that lovely Payr, that they may prove
With us the Pleaſures of Male-mingled love.
The horror of this ſin, their ſtubborn rage,
His ſacred promiſe given his Gueſts for gage,
Th' old *Hebrew's* mind ſo trouble and diſmay,
That well he wots not what to doe nor ſay,
For, though we ought not (if Gods word be true)
Doe any evill that good may enſue:
To ſhun one ill, another ill he ſuffers,
He offers them his own daughters to reſcue his gueſts. He proſtitutes his iſſue; and he offers,
Lambs to the guard of Wolves; and thus he cryes,
I have (with that, the tears ran down his eyes)
I have two daughters that be Virgins both;
Go, take them to you (yet alas full loth)
Go, crop the firſt-fruits to their Bride-grooms due
(O! death to think it): But let none of you
Abuſe my chaſte Gueſts with ſuch villany
As merits Fire from Heav'n immediately;
A ſin ſo odious, that the Name alone
Good men abhor, yea even to think upon.
Their manifeſtous impudency. Tuſh: we are ghitted with all-granted loves,
And common pleaſures nought our pleaſure moves;
LOT, our delights (ty'd to no law's conformity)
Conſiſt not in the pleaſure, but th' inormity,
Which fools abhor: and, ſaying ſo they ruſh,
Some upon LOT, ſome at his gates do puſh.
O curſed City! where the aged Sire,
Un-able thus to doe, doth thus deſire;
And younglings, yet ſcarce weaned from their nurſe,
Strive with their Elders whether ſhall be worſe;
Full is the meaſure of thy monſtrous ſin:
Thy Canker now o'r all thy bulk hath bin.
Impudence in ſinning, doubles the guilt of ſin. God hates all ſin: but, extreme Impudence
Is even a greater ſin than the Offence:
The ſweet kinde Kiſſes of chaſte Man and Wife
Although they ſeem by God and Nature (rife)
Rather commanded than allow'd, and grac't
In their ſweet fruits (their iſſue choicely-chaſte)
With Law's large priviledge; yet evermore
(As Modeſty and Honeſtie implore)
Ought to be private, and (as things forbidden
Unto the ſight) with Nights black curtaine hidden.
Yet, theſe foul Monſters, in the open ſtreet
Where altogether all the Town might ſee't,
Moſt impudent, dare perpetrate a ſin
Which Hell it ſelfe before had never ſeen;
A ſin ſo odious, that the fame of it
Will fright the damned in the darkſom Pit.
Before their fearfull deſtruction, the Angels bring *Lot* and his family ſafe out of the City. But now, the Angels, their celeſtiall kinde
Un-able longer to conceal, ſtrook blinde
Thoſe beaſtly Letchers, and brought ſafe away
LOT and his houſhold by the break of Day.
But, O prodigious! never roſe the Sun
More beautifull, nor brighter ſhin'd upon
All other places (for he roſe betimes
To ſee ſuch Execution on ſuch Crimes):
And yet, it lowrs, it lightens, and it thunders,
It rores, it rains (O moſt unwonted wonders!)
Upon this Land, which 'gainſt th' Omnipotent
Had warr'd ſo long with ſins ſo inſolent:
And 'gainſt the pride of thoſe deteſted livers,
Heav'n ſeems to empty all his wrathfull Quivers;
From' *Acheron*, even all the Furies hie,
And all their Monſters them accompany,
With all their tortures and their diſmall terrors,
And all their *Chaos* of confuſed Horrors;
All on the guilty ſtrand of *Jordan* ſtorm,
And with their Fire-brands all to *Sodom* ſwarm,
As thick as Crowes in hungry ſhoals do light
Smile. On new-tow'n lands; where ſtalking bold upright,
As black as Jet they jet about, and feed
On Wheat, or Rye, or other kinde of ſeed;
Kaaking ſo loud, that hardly can the Steer
The whiſtling Goad-man's guiding language heer.
The manner of their puniſhment by fire and brimſtone from heaven, and the reaſon thereof. It rain'd indeed; but, not ſuch fertile rain
As makes the Corn in Summer ſprout amain;
And all things freſhed with a pleaſant ayr,
To thrive, and prove more lively, ſtrong and fair:
But in this ſink of Sin, this ſtinking Hell,
A rain of Salt, of Fire and Brimſton, fell.
Salt did conſume the pleaſant fruitfulneſs,
Which ſerv'd for fewell to their Wantonneſs:
Fire puniſhed their beaſtly Fire within:
And Brimſton's ſtink the ſtench of their foul Sin.
So, as their Sin was ſingular (of right)
Their puniſhment was alſo exquiſite:
Heer, open Flames, and there yet hidden Fires
Burn all to aſhes, ſparing neyther Spires
Of brick nor ſtone, nor Columns, Gates, nor Arches;
Nor Bowrs, nor Towrs, nor even their neighbour-marches.
The fame moſt lively repreſented. In vain the while the People weep & cry,
To ſee their wrack, and know no remedy:
For, now the Flame in richeſt Roofs begun,
From molten gutters ſcalding Lead doth run,
The Slats and Tyles about their ears do ſplit,
The burning Rafters Pitch and Roſin ſpet:
The whirling Fire re-mounteth to the Skie,
About the fields ten thouſand ſparks do flie;
Half-burned houſes fall with hideous fray,
And VULCAN makes Mid-night as Bright as Day:
Heav'n flings down nought but flaſhing Thunder-ſhot;
Th' Ayr 's all a-fire, Earth's exhalations hot
Are ſpewing ÆTNA 's that to Heav'n aſpire:
All th' Elements (in briefe) are turn'd to fire.
Here, one perceiving the next Chamber burning;
With ſudden leap towards the window turning,
Thinks to cry *Fire*: but inſtantly the ſmoke
And Flame with-out, his with-in Voyce do choke:
Another ſooner feels than ſees the Fire.
For, while (O horror!) in the ſtinking mire
Of his foul Luſt he lyes, a Lightning flaſh
Him and his Love at-once to duſt doth daſh:
Th' abhorred Bed is burnt; and they, aſwell
Coupled in Plague as Sin, are ſent to Hell.
Another yet on tops of Houſes crawls:
But his foot ſlips, and down at laſt he fals.
Another feeling all his clothes a-fire,
Thinking to quench the yer it ſhould com nigher,
Leaps in a Lake: but all the Lake began
To boyl and bubble like a ſeething Pan,
Smile.

Or

Or like a Caldron that top-full of oyl,
Environ'd round with fume and flame doth boyl,
To boyl to death some cunning counterfait
That with false stamp some Princes Coyn hath beat.
Another, seeing the City all in Cinders,
Himselfe for safety to the fields he renders:
But flakes of fire, from Heav'n distilling thick,
There th' horror of a thousand deaths do strike.
Through *Adamah*'s and *Gomor*'s goodly Plains,
Sodom and *Seboim* not a soule remains:
Horse, Sheep, and Oxen, Cows and Kids partake
In this revenge, for their vile Masters sake.
Thus hath the hand of the Omnipotent
Inroll'd the *Deed* of their drad Punishment,
With Diamantin Pen, on Plates of Brass,
With such an ink as nothing can deface:
The moulten Marble of these cindred Hils,
Asphaltis Lake, and these poor mock-fruit Fields
Keep the *Record*; and cry through every Age,
How God detesteth such detested Rage.
O chastisement most dradly-wonderfull!
Th' Heav'n-cindred Cities a broad standing Pool
O'r-flowes (yet flows not) whose infectious breath
Corrupts the Ayr, and Earth dis-fertileth:
A Lake, whose back, whose belly, and whose shoar,
Nor Bark, nor Fish, nor Fowl hath ever bore.
The pleasant Soyl that did (even) shame yer-while
The plenteous beauties of the banks of *Nile*,
Now scarr'd, and collow'd, with his face and head
Cover'd with ashes is all dry'd and dead;
Voyd of all force, vitall, or vegetive;
Upon whose brest nothing can live or thrive:
For, nought it bears save an abortive suit
Of seeming-fair, false, vain, and fained fruit,
A fruit that feeds the eye, and fils the hand,
But to the stomack in no stead doth stand;
For, even before it touch the tender lips
Or Ivorie teeth, in empty smoak it slips,
So vanishing: only the nose receives
A noysom savour, that (behinde) it leaves.

Exhortation to Travailers that have seene, and to others that shall reade or heare these fearefull monuments of Gods severe Iustice, to make right use of this fearefull example.

Heer, I adjure you vent'rous Travellours,
That visit th' horror of these cursed shoars,
And taste the venom of these stinking streams,
And touch the vain fruit of these withered stems:
And also you that doe behold them thus,
In these sad Verses portray'd here by us,
To tremble all, and with your pearly tears
To showr another Sea; and that your hairs
Staring upright on your affrighted head
Heave up your Hats; and in your dismall dread,
To thinke, you hear like Sulph'ry Stormes to strike
On our new Monsters for offences like.
For, the Almighties drad all-danting arm
Not only strikes such as with *Sodom* swarm
In these foul sins; but such as sigh or pity
Sodoms destruction, or so damn'd a Citie,
And cannot constant with dry eyes observe
God's judgments just on such as such deserve.

Lots wife Metamorphosed.

LOT hies to SEGOR: but his wife behinde
Lagged in body, but much more in minde:
She weeps and wayls (O lamentable terror!
O impious Pietie! O kinde-cruell error!)
The dire destruction of the smoaking Cities,
Her Sons-in-Law (wch should have bin) she pities,
Grieves so to leave her goods, and she laments
To lose her Jewels and habilliments:
And (contrary to th' Angels Words precise)
Towards the Town she turns her wofull eyes.
But instantly, turn'd to a whitely stone,
Her feet (alas!) fast to the ground be grown.
The more she stirs, she sticks the faster in:
As silly Bird caught in a subtill gin,
Set by some shepheard neer the Copses side,
The more it struggles is the faster ty'd.
And, as the venom of an eating Canker
From flesh to flesh runs every day the ranker,
And never rests, untill from foot to head
O'r all the body his fell poyson spread:
This Ice creeps-up, and ceaseth not to num,
Till ev'n the marrow hard as bones become,
The brain be like the scull, and blood convert
To Alablaster over every part;
Her pulse doth cease to beat, and in the ayr
The windes no more can wave her scattered hair:
Her belly is no belly, but a Quar
Of *Cardon* Rocks, and all her bowels are
A precious Salt-Mine, supernaturall;
Such, as (but Salt) I wot not what to call;
A Salt, which (seeming to be fall'n from Heav'n)
To curious Spirits hath long this Lesson giv'n,
Not to presume in Divine things to pry,
Which sev'n-times seal'd, under nine Locks do ly.
She weeps (alas!) and as she weeps, her tears
Turn into Pearls fro'rn on her thinkling hairs;
Fain would she speak: but (forced to conceal)
In her cold throat her guilty words congeal;
Her mouth yet open, and her arms a-cross,
Though dumb, declare both why, and how she was
Thus *Metamorphos'd*: for, Heav'n did not change
Her last sad gestures in her sudden *Change*.
No gorgeous Mausole, grac't with flattring verse,
Eternizeth her Trunk, her House, and Herse;
But, to this Day (strange will it seem to some)
One and the same is both the Corps and Tomb.

Simile.

Simile.

Mans prone-nesse to fall, without the support of Gods gracious favour.

Almighty Father! Gracious God and Just!
O! what hard heartedness, what brutish Lust,
Pursueth man, if thou but turn thy face,
And take but from us thy preventing grace;
And, if provoked for our past offences,
Thou give us up to our Concupiscences?
O *Harran*'s Neeces, you (LOTS daughters) saw
SODOM consumed in that Sulph'ry flaw:
Their Hils and Forrests calcined (in fine)
Their liberall fields sow'n with a burning brine,
Their stately houses like a Coale-pit smoaking,
The Sun it selfe with their thick vapours choking:
So that within a yard for stinking smother
The Labourers could hardly know each other;
Their flowring Valley to a Fen exchang'd:
And your own Mother to a Salt-stone chang'd:
Yet all (alas!) these famous Monuments
Of the just rigour of God's Punishments
Cannot deterr you: but ev'n *Sodom*-like
Incestuously a holy-man you seek:
Even your own Father, whom with wine you fill;
And then by turns intice him to your will:
Conceiving so (O can Heav'n suffer it!)
Even of that seed which did your selves beget:

Lot drawne by his daughters, in drunkennesse to commit incest with both of them.

Within

Within your wombs you bear for nine months time
Th' upbraiding burden of your ſhame-leſs Crime:
And troubling Kindred's names and Nature quight,
You both become, even in one very Night,
Wives to your Fathers, Siſters to your Sons,
And Mothers to your Brothers all at once;
All under colour, that thus living ſole,
Sequeſtred thus in an unhaunted hole,
Heav'ns envie ſhould all ADAM's race have reft,
And LOT alone ſhould in the World be left.
Had't not been better, never to have bred,
Than t' have conceived in ſo foul a bed?
Had't not been better never t' have been Mothers,
Than by your Father, to have born your brothers?
Had't not been better to the death to hate,
Than thus t' have lov'd him that you both begate?
Him, ſo much yours, that yours he mought not be?
Sith of theſe Rocks God could immediatly
Have rais'd LOT Son-in-lawes; or, ſtriking but
Th' Earths ſolid boſom with his brazen foot,
Out of the duſt have reared ſudden ſwarms
Of People, ſtay'd in Peace, and ſtout in Arms.

FINIS.

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The Fathers.

A PART OF THE SECOND PART OF THE THIRD DAY OF THE II. VVEEK.

The Argument.

The famous Father of the Faithfull, heer
Limn'd to the life, in ſtrife of Faith *and* Fear:
His Son's *ſweet Nature, and his nurture ſuch,*
Endeer his Triall *with a neerer Touch:*
Reason's *beſt* Reaſons *are by* Faith *refell'd;*
With God, *th'* Affection, *for the* Action *held;*
So, counter-manding His Command *(atchiev'd)*
The Sire's *approved, and the* Son *repriev'd.*
Heer (had *our Author* liv'd, to end his Works)
Should have enſu'd the other Patriarchs.

O! 'Tis a Heav'nly and a happy turn,
Of godly Parents to be timely born:
To be brought-up under the watchfull eyn
Of milde-ſharp Maſters awfull Diſcipline:
Chiefly, to be (even from the very firſt)
With the pure milk of true Religion nurſt:
Such hap had *Iſaac*; but his Inclination
Exceeds his Birth, excels his Education.
His Faith, his Wit, Knowledge, & Judgement ſage,
Out-ſtripping Time, anticipate his age.
For (yet a Childe) he fears th' Eternall Lord,
And wiſely waits all on his Fathers word;
Whoſe ſteady ſteps ſo duly he obſerves,
That every look, him for a leſſon ſerves:
And everie geſture, every wink and beck,
For a command, a warning and a check:
So that, his toward Diligence out-went
His fathers hopes and holy document.
Now, though that *Abram* were a man diſcreet,
Sober and wiſe, well knowing what is meet;
Though his dear Son ſomtimes he ſeem to chide,
Yet hardly can he his affection hide:
For, evermore his love-betraying eye
On's darling *Iſaac* glanceth tenderly:
Sweet *Iſaac*'s face ſeems as his Glaſs it were,
And *Iſaac*'s Name is muſick in his eare.
But God, perceiving this deep-ſettled Love,
Thence takes occaſion *Abrams* Faith to prove;
And tempteth him: but not as doth the Divell
His Vaſſals tempt (or Man his Mate) to evill:
Satan ſtill draws us to Deaths diſmall Path;
But God directs where Death no entry hath:

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Ay Satan aymes our constant Faith to foil;
But God doth seal it, never to recoil:
Satan suggesteth ill; God moves to grace:
The Divell seeks our Baptisme to deface;
But God, to make our burning *Zeal* to beam
The brighter ay in his *Jerusalem*.
Simile. A Prince, that means effectuall proof to make
Of some Mans faith that he doth newly take,
Examins strictly, and with much a-doo,
His words and deeds, and every gesture too;
And, as without, within as well to spy-him.
Doth carefully by all means sift and try-him.
But God ne'r seeks by Triall of Temptation
To sound Mans heart and secret cogitation
(For, well he knows Man, and his eye doth see
All thoughts of men yer they conceived be):
But this is still his high and holy drift,
When through temptation he his Saints doth sift,
To leave for pattern to his Churches seed
Their stedfast Faith, and never-daunted Creed.
Yet, out of season God doth never try
His new-converted Children, by and by:
Such novices would quickly faint and shrink:
Such ill-rigg'd ships would even in lanching sink:
Their Faiths light blossoms would with every blast
Be blown away, and bear no fruit at last:
Against so boystrous stroaks they want a shield:
Under such weight their feeble strēgth would yield.
But when his Words dear seed, that he hath sow'n
Within their hearts, is rooted well and grow'n:
And when they have a broad thick Breast-plate on,
High peril-proof against affliction:
Such as our *Abram:* Who, now wexen strong
Through exercise of many trials long,
Of faith, of love, of fortitude and right.
Who, by long weary wandrings day and night,
By often Terrors, *Lots* imprisonment,
His Wifes twice taking, *Ismaels* banishment,
Being made invincible for all assaults
Of Heav'n and Earth, and the infernall Vaults;
Is tempted by the Voice which made all things,
Wch sceptreth Shepheards, and un-crowneth Kings.
Invocation. Give me a Voice, now, O Voice all divine!
With sacred fire inflame this breast of mine:
Ah! ravish me, make all this Universe
Admire thine *Abram* pourtray'd in my Verse.
Mine *Abram*, said the Lord, dear *Abraham*,
Thy God, thy King, thy Fee, thy Fence *I am:*
Hie straight to *Salem*, and there quickly kill
Thine own Son *Isaac*; on that sacred Hill
Heaw him in peeces, and commit the same
In sacrifice unto the ragefull Flame.
Simile. As he, that slumbering on his carefull Bed,
Seems to discern som Fancie full of dread,
Shrinks down himselfe, and fearfull hides his face,
And scant draws breath in half an hours space:
So *Abraham*, at these sharp-sounding words
(Wch wound him deeper than a thousand swords)
Seized at once with wonder, grief and fright,
Is well-nigh sunk in Deaths eternall night;
Death's ash-pale Image in his eies doth swim,
A chilling Ice shivers through every lim,
Flat on the ground himselfe hee groveling throwes,
A hundred times his colour comes and goes,
From all his body a cold deaw doth drop,
His speech doth fail, and every sense doth stop.
But, self-return'd, two sounding sobs he cast,
Then two deep sighes, then these sad words at last:
Cruell command, quoth He, that I should kill
A tender Infant, innocent of ill:
That in cold blood I (barbarously) should murder
My (fear-less, fault-less) faithful friend; nay (further)
Mine own dear Son: and what dear Son? Alas!
Mine only *Isaac* (whose sweet Vertues pass
The lovely sweetnes of his Angel-face)
Isaac, sole pattern of now-Vertue known;
Isaac, in years young, but in wisdome grown;
Isaac, whom good men love, the rest envie:
Isaac, my hearts heart, my lifes life, must die.
That I should stain an execrable Shrine
With *Isaac*'s warm blood, issued out of mine.
O! might mine serve, 't were tolerable loss,
'T were little hurt; nay, 't were a welcom cross.
I bear no longer fruit: the best of Mee
Is like a fruit-less, branch-less, sap-less Tree,
Or hollow Trunk, which only serves for staies
To crawling Ivie's weak and winding spraies.
But, losing *Isaac*, I not only leese
My life withall (which Heav'ns have linkt to his)
But (O!) more millions of Babes yet un-bore,
Than there be sands upon the *Lybian* shoar.

Canst thou, mine Arm? O! canst thou, cruell arm,
In *Isaac*'s breast thy bloody weapon warm?
Alas! I could not but even die for grief,
Should I but yeeld mine Ages sweet relief
(My bliss, my comfort, and mine eies delight)
Into the hands of hang-mens spare-less spight:
But, that mine own self (O extremest Rigour!)
What my self formed, should, my self, dis-figure:
That I (alas!) with bloody hand, and knife,
Should rip his bosome, rend his heart and life:
That (odious Author of a Precedent
So rarely ruth-less) I should once present,
Upon a sacred Altar, an Oblation
So barbarous (O brute abomination!)
That I should broil his flesh, and in the flame
Behold his bowels crackling in the same;
'Tis horrible to think, and hellish too,
Cruell to wish, impossible to doe.

Doe't he that lists, and that delights in blood:
I neither will nor can become so wood,
T' obey in this: God, whom wee take to be
Th' eternall Pillar of all veritie,
And constant faith; will he be faith-less now?
Will he be false, and from his promise bow?
Will he (alas!) undoo what he hath don,
Mar what he makes, and lose what he hath won?
Sail with each winde? and shall his promise, then,
Serve but for snares t' intrap sincerest men?
Sometimes, by his eternall self he swears,
That my Son *Isaac*'s number-passing Heirs
Shall fill the Land, and that his fruitfull Race
Shall be the blessed leaven of his Grace;
Now he commands me his dear life to spill,
And in the Cradle my health's Hope to kill,
To drown the whole World in the blood of him;
And at one stroke, upon his fruitfull stem,

To

To ſtrike off all the heads of all the flock
That ſhould hereafter his drad Name invoke,
His ſacred noſtrils with ſweet ſmels delight,
His ears with praiſes, with good deeds his ſight.
Will God impugn himſelf? and will he ſo
By his command his Cov'nant overthrow?
And ſhall my faith my faith's confounder be?
Then faith, or doubting, are both one to me.
Alas! what ſaiſt thou, *Abram*? pawſe thou muſt.
He that revives the *Phœnix* from her duſt, (Clews)
And from dead Silk-worms Toombs (their ſhining
A living Bird with painted wings renews;
Will he forget *Iſaac*, the only ſtock
Of his chaſte ſpouſe (his Church & choſen Flock)?
Will he forget *Iſaac*, the only Light
Of all the World, for Vertues luſtre bright?
Or, can he not (if 't pleaſe him) even in death
Reſtore him life, and re-inſpire him breath?
But mark, the while thou bringeſt for defence
The All-proof Towr of his Omnipotence,
Thou ſhak'ſt his Juſtice. This is certain (too)
God can doe all, ſave that he will not doo.
He loves none ill: for, when the wreakfull Waves
Were all return'd into their wonted Caves;
When all the Meads, and every fruitfull Plain,
Began with joy to ſee the Sun again;
So ſoon as *Noah* (with a gladſome heart)
Forth of his floating Priſon did depart,
God did forbid Murder: and nothing more
Than Murder, doth his *Majeſtie* abhor.
But (ſhallow man) ſound not the vaſte Abyſs (is:
Of God's deep Judgements, where no ground there
Be ſober-wiſe: ſo, bound thy frail deſire:
And, what thou canſt not comprehend, admire.
God our Law-maker (juſt and righteous)
Maketh his Laws, not for himſelf, but us:
He frees himſelf; and flees with his Powrs wing,
No where, but where his holy will doth bring:
All that he doth is good: but not therefore
Muſt he needs doe it 'cauſe 't was good before:
But good is good, becauſe it doth (indeed)
From him (the Root of perfect good) proceed:
From him, the Fountain of pure righteouſneſs:
From him, whoſe goodnes nothing can expreſs.
Ah, profane thoughts! O wretch! & thinkſt thou
That God delights to drink the blood of men? (then
That he intends by ſuch a ſtrange impiety
To plant his ſervice? You, you forged deity
Of *Moloch*, *Milchom*, *Camoſh*, *Aſtaroth*,
Your damned ſhrines with ſuch dire *Orgies* blot:
You Tyrants, you delight in ſacrifice
Of ſlaughtred Children: 't is your bloody guiſe
(You cruell Idols) with ſuch *Hecatombs*
To glut the rage of your outrageous dooms:
You hold no ſent ſo ſweet, no gift ſo good,
As ſtreaming Rivers of our luke-warm blood:
Not *Abram*'s God (ay gracious, holy, kinde)
Who made the World but only for Mankinde:
Who hates the bloody hands; his Creatures loves;
And contrite hearts for ſacrifice approves.
You, you, diſguiz'd (as Angels of the light)
Would make my God Author of this deſpight,
Supplant my Faith on his ſure promiſe built,
And ſtain his Altars with this bloody guilt.

No, no, my Joy, my Boy, thrice-happy borne
(Yea, more than ſo, if furious I, forlorn,
Hurt not thy Hap) a Father ſhalt thou bee
Of happy People that ſhall ſpring from thee.
Fear not (dear Childe) that I, unnaturall,
Should in thy blood imbrue my hand at all:
Or by th' exploit of ſuch deteſted deed
Commend my name to them that ſhall ſucceed.
I will, the Fame that of my name ſhall ring
In time to com, ſhall flee with fairer wing.
The lofty Pine, that's ſhaken to and fro
With Counter-puſs of ſundry windes that blow, Simile.
Now, ſwaying Southwards, tears ſom root in twain,
Then, bending North-wards, doth another ſtrain,
Reels up and down, toſt by two Tyrants fell,
Would fall, but cannot; neither yet can tell
(Inconſtant Neuter, that to both doth yield)
Which of the two is like to win the Field:
So *Abraham*, on each ſide ſet-upon
Betwixt his Faith and his Affection;
One while his Faith, anon Affection ſwaies:
Now wins Religion, anon Reaſon waighs:
Hee's now a fond, and then a faithfull, Father:
Now reſolute, anon relenting rather.
One while the Fleſh hath got the upper-hand:
Anon the Spirit the ſame doth countermand.
Hee's loth (alas!) his tender Son to kill;
But much more loth to break his Fathers will.
For thus (at laſt) He ſaith, now ſure I know,
'T is God, 't is God; the God that loves me ſo,
Loves, keeps, ſuſtains: whom I ſo oft have ſeen:
Whoſe voice ſo often hath my comfort been.
Illuding Sathan cannot ſhine ſo bright,
Though Angelliz'd: No, 't is my God of Might.
Now feel I in my Soule (to ſtrength and ſtir-it)
The ſacred Motions of his ſacred Spirit.
God, this ſad Sacrifice requires of me;
Hap what hap may, I muſt obedient be.
The ſable Night dif-lodg'd and now began
Aurora's Uſher with his windy Fan
Gently to ſhake the Woods on every ſide,
While his fair *Miſtreſs* (like a ſtately Bride) (gle
With Flowrs, and Gems, & *Indian* gold, doth ſpan-
Her lovely locks, her Lovers looks to tangle;
When gliding through the Ayre in Mantle blew,
With ſilver fring'd, ſhe drops the Pearly deaw.
With her goes *Abram* out; and the third day,
Arrives on *Cedrons* Margents greenly gay,
Beholds the ſacred Hill, and with his Son
(Loaden with ſacred Wood) he mounts anon.
Anon, ſayd *Iſaac*; Father, heer I ſee
Knife, fire and fagot, ready inſtantly:
But where 's your *Hoſte*? Oh! let us mount, my Son,
Said *Abram*: God will ſoon provide us one.
But, ſcant had *Iſaac* turn'd his face from him
A little faſter the ſteep Mount to climb,
Yer *Abram* changed cheer; and, as new Wine, Simile.
Working a-new, in the new Cask (in fine)
For being ſtopt too-ſoon, and wanting vent,
Blows up the Bung, or doth the veſſell rent,
Spews out a purple ſtream, the ground doth ſtain
With *Bacchus* colour, where the Cask hath lain:
So, now the Tears (which manly fortitude
Did yerſt as captive in the Brain include)

At the deer names of Father and of Son,
On his pale cheeks in pearly drops did run:
His eyes full veſſels now began to leake:
And thus th' old *Hebrew* muttering 'gan to ſpeak
In ſubmiſs voyce, that *Iſaac* might not hear
His bitter grief, that he unfoldeth heer.
Sad ſpectacle! O now my hap-leſs hand,
Thou whetſt a ſword, and thou doſt teend a brand,
The brand ſhal burn my hart, the ſword's keen blade
Shall my bloods blood, and my lifes life, invade.
And thou, poor *Iſaac*, beareſt on thy back
Wood that ſhall make thy tender fleſh to crack;
And yeeld'ſt thee (more for mine than thine amiſs)
Both Prieſt and Beaſt of one ſame Sacrifice.
O hap-leſs Son! O more than hap-leſs Sire!
Moſt wicked wretch! O what mif-fortune dire
In-gulfs us here! where miſerable I,
To be true godly, muſt Gods Law deny:
To be true faithfull, muſt my faith tranſgreſs:
To be Gods Son, I muſt be nothing leſs
Than *Iſaac*'s Sire: and *Iſaac* (for my ſake)
Muſt, Soile, and Sire, and Life, and all, forſake.
Yet on he goes, and ſoon ſurmounts the Mount;
And, ſteel'd by Faith, he cheers his mournfull Front:
(Much like the *Delian Princeſs*, when her Grace
In *Thetis* Waves hath lately waſht her face)
He builds his Altar, layes his Wood there-on,
And tenderly binds his dear Son anon.
Father, ſayd *Iſaac*, Father, Father dear
(What? doe you turn away, as loth to hear?)
O Father, tell me, tell me what you mean:
O cruelty unknown! Is this the mean
Whereby my loynes (as promiſed long ſince-is)
Shall make you Grandſire of ſo many Princes?
And ſhall I (glorious) if I here do dy,
Fill Earth with Kings, with ſhining ſtars the Skie?
Back, *Phœbus*: bluſh, go hide thy golden head:
Retire thy Coach to *Thetis* watery Bed:
See not this ſavage ſight. Shall *Abraham*'s minde
Be milde to all, and to his Son unkinde!
And ſhall great *Abram* doe the damned deed
That Lions, Tigers, Boars and Bears would dread!
See how (incenſt) he ſtops his ear to me,
As dreaming ſtill on's bloody Myſterie.
Lord, how preciſe! ſee how the Paricide
Seems to make conſcience in leſs ſins to ſlide:
And he, that means to murder me (his Son)
Is ſcrupulous in ſmaller faults to run.
Yet (Father) heare me; not that I deſire
With fugred words to quench your Angers fire:
In Gods Name reap the Grain your ſelf have ſow'n,
Come take my life, extracted from your own,
Glut with my blood your blade, if you it pleaſe
That I muſt dye; welcome my death (mine eaſe):
But, tell me yet my fault (before I dy)
That hath deſerv'd a puniſhment ſo high.
Say (Father) have I not conſpir'd your death?
Or, with ſtrong poyſon ſought to ſtop your breath?
Have I devis'd to ſhort my Mothers life?
Or, with your Foes ta'en part in any ſtrife?
O thou Æthereall Palace Cryſtalline
(Gods higheſt Court) if in this heart of mine
So damned thoughts had ever any place,
Shut-up for ever all thy Gates of Grace
Againſt my Soule; and ſuffer not, that I
Among thy winged Meſſengers do fly.
If none of theſe, *Abram* (for I no more
Dare call thee Father) tell me furthermore
What reſts beſides, that damned I have done,
To make a Father Butcher of his Son?
In memorie, that fault I fain would have,
That (after God's) I might your pardon crave
For ſuch offence; and ſo, th' Attonement driv'n,
You live content, that I may die forgiv'n.
My Son, ſayd he, thou art not hither brought
By my fell furie, nor thine own foul fault:
God (our God) cals thee, and he will not let
A Pagan ſword in thy dear blood be wet;
Nor burning plague, nor any pining pain
With languor turn thy fleſh to duſt againe:
But ſacrific'd to him (for ſweet perfume)
Will have thee here within this fire conſume.
What? Fears my Love, my Life, my Gem, my Joy?
What God commands, his ſervants muſt obey,
Without conſulting with frail fleſh and blood,
How he his promiſe will in time make good:
How he will make ſo many Scepters ſpring
From thy dead duſt: How He (All-wiſe) wil bring,
In his due ſeaſon, from thy ſenſe-leſs Thighs,
The glorious Son of righteouſneſs to riſe,
Who ſhall the Mountains bruiſe with yron Mace,
Rule Heav'n and earth, and the Infernall place.
For he that (paſt the courſe of Natures Kinde)
Firſt gave thee birth, can with his ſacred Winde
Raiſe thee again out of the loweſt duſt;
Ten thouſand means he hath to ſave the Juſt:
His glorious wiſdome guides the Worlds ſocietie
With equall reans of Power and of Pietie.
Mine own ſweet *Iſaac*, deareſt of my ſeed
(Too-ſweet, alas! the more my griefe doth bleed,
The more my loſs; the more with eaſe-leſs anguiſh,
My vexed Bowels for thy lack ſhall languiſh)
Adieu, dear Son (no longer mine, but His
Who cals thee hence) let this unhappy kiſs
Be the ſad ſeal of a more ſad Farewell
Than wit can paint, or words have powr to tell.
Sith God commands, and (Father) you require
To have it ſo, Come death (no longer dire,
But glorious now) come gentle death, diſpatch:
The Heav'ns are open, God his arms doth reach
T' imbrace my Soule: O! let me bravely fly
To meet my Lord, and deaths proud darts defie.
What, Father? weep you now? Ah! ceaſe thoſe ſhowrs:
Weep not for me, for I no more am yours:
I was the Lords yer I was born, you know;
And he but lent me for a while to you:
Will you recoil, and (Coward) loſe the Crown
So neer your head, to heap you with renown?
Shall we ſo dare to dally with the Lord?
To caſt his yoak, and to contemn his Word?
Where ſhall we fly his hand? Heav'n is his Throne:
The Earth his foot-ſtool: and dark *Acheron*
(The Dungeon where the damned ſoules be ſhut)
Is of his Anger evermore the Butt.
On him alone all our good hap depends:
And he alone from dangers us defends.
Ah! weep no more; This ſacred Turf doth crave
More blood than tears: let 's ſo our ſelves behave,

That

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That, joyn'd in zeal, we yeeld us willingly
To make a vertue of neceſſity.
Let's teſtifie, we have a time abod;
I, in your School; you, in the School of God:
Where we have learned, that his ſacred Word
(Which made of Nothing all that ever ſtirr'd;
Which all ſuſtains, and all directeth ſtill)
To divers ends conducts the good and ill.
Who loves not God more than all Kinn's reſpect,
Deſerves no place among his dear Elect:
And who doth once God's Tillage under-take,
Muſt not look back, neither his Plough forſake.
Heer-with, th'old *Hebrew* cheerfuller becam,
And (to himſelfe) cries, Courage *Abraham:*
The World, the Fleſh, *Adam*, are dead in thee:
God, Spirit, and Faith, alone ſubſiſting be.
Lord, by thy Spirit unto my ſpirit annex
So lively Faith, that ſtill mine eyes may fix
On thy true *Iſaac*, whoſe ſharp (ſin-leſs) Suffering
Shall purge from Sin me and my ſinfull offering.
Scarce had he drawn his ſword (in reſolution)
With heaved hand for inſtant execution,
When inſtantly the thundring Voice of God
Staid heart and hand, and thus the Fact forbod;
Abram, enough: hold, hold thy hand (ſaid he)
Put-up thy ſword; thine *Iſaac* ſhall not die:
Now, of thy Faith I have had perfect proof;
Thy Will for Deed I doe accept: Enough.
Glad *Abram*, then, to God gives thanks & praiſe,
Unbindes his Son, and in his roome he layes
A Lamb (there ſtrangely hamp'red by the head)
And that, to God, devoutly offered.
Renowned *Abraham*, Thy noble Acts
Excell the Fictions of *Heroïk* Facts:
And, that pure Law a Son of thine ſhould write,
Shall nothing elſe but thy brave deeds recite.
Extoll who liſt thy wiſdoms excellence,
Victorious Valour, frank Beneficence,
And juſtice too (which even the *Gentiles* honor):
Ill dares my *Muſe* take ſuch a task upon-her.
Onely thy Faith (not all, with all th' effects)
Onely one fruit of thouſand ſhe ſelects,
For glorious ſubject: which (to ſay the right)
I rather love to wonder-at, than write.
Goe *Pagans*, turn, turn-over every Book:
Through all Memorials of your Martyrs look:
Collect a Scroule of all the Children ſlain
On th' Altars of your gods: dig-up again
Your lying *Legends*: Run through every Temple:
Among your Offerings chooſe the beſt example
(Among your Offerings which your fathers paſt
Have made, to make their names eternall laſt)
Among them all (fondlings) you ſhall not finde
Such an example, where (unkindely-kinde)
Father and Son ſo mutually agree
To ſhew themſelves, Father nor Son to be:
Where man's deep zeal, & God's dear favour ſtrove
For Counter-conqueſt in officious love.
One, by conſtraint his Son doth ſacrifice:
Another means his name t' immortalize
By ſuch a Fact: Another hopes to ſhun
Some diſmall Plague, or dire Affliction:
Another, onely that he may conform
To (Tyrant) Cuſtom's, aw-leſs, law-leſs Form,
Which bleares our eyes, and blurs our ſenſes ſo,
That Lady *Reaſon* muſt her ſeat forgo:
Yea, blindes the judgement of the World ſo far,
That *Vertue*'s oft arraign'd at *Vice*'s Bar.
But, un-conſtrain'd, our *Abram*, all alone,
Upon a Mountain, to the guiſe of none
(For, it was odious to the *Jewes* to doo)
And in a time of Peace and Plenty too,
Fights againſt Nature (prickt with wondrous zeal)
And, ſlaying *Iſaac*, wars againſt his Weal.
O ſacred Muſe! that, on the double Mount,
With withering Baies bind'ſt not thy Singers
But, on Mount *Sion* in the Angels Quire, (Front;
With Crowns of glory doſt their brows attire;
Tell (for, thou know'ſt) what ſacred Myſtery
Under this ſhadow doth in ſecret lie?
O Death, Sin, Satan, tremble ye not all,
For hate and horror of your dreadfull Fall
So lively figur'd? To behold Gods Bowe
So ready bent to cleave your heart in two?
To ſee young *Iſaac*, Pattern of that Prince
Who ſhall, Sin, Satan, Death and Hell, convince?
Both onely Sons, both ſacred Potentates,
Both holy Founders of two mighty States,
Both ſanctifi'd, both Saints Progenitors,
Both bear their Croſs, both Lamb-like Sufferers,
Both bound, both blame-leſs, both without reply,
Both by their Fathers are ordain'd to die
Upon Mount *Sion*: which high glorious Mount
Serves us for Ladder to the Heav'ns to mount,
Reſtores us *Edens* key (the key of *Eden*,
Loſt through the eating of the fruit forbidden,
By wretched *Adam*, and his weaker Wife)
And bleſſed bears the holy Tree of life.
Chriſt dies indeed: but *Iſaac* is repriv'd
(Becauſe Heav'ns Councell otherwiſe contriv'd)
For, *Iſaac*'s blood was no ſufficient price
To ranſome ſoules from Hell to Paradiſe:
The Leproſie of our contagious ſin
More powr-full Rivers muſt be purged in.

FINIS.

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The Law.

THE THIRD PART OF THE THIRD DAY OF THE II. WEEKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Envie, *in* Pharao, *ſeeks to ſtop the Cauſe*
Of Jewes *increaſe:* Moſes *eſcapes his clawes;*
Out of a Burning (*unburnt*) Buſh, *a Voice*
For Jacobs *Reſcue doth of Him make choice;*
Sends him (*with* Aaron) *to th'* Egyptian *King:*
His Hardning, PLAGUING, *finall Ruining*
In the Red Sea. Iſrael *ingrate for all:*
Chriſt-*Typing* Manna, Quails, Rock-waters *fall:*
The glorious LAW: *the* golden Calfe: ſtrange Fire:
Core *in-gulft:* MOSES *prepar'd t' expire.*

ARm-Arming Trumpets, lofty Clarions, (Guns,
Rock-batt'ring Bumbards, Valour-murdering
Thinke you to drown with horror of your Noiſe
The choyce ſweet accents of my ſacred Voyce?
Blow (till you burſt) roar, rend the Earth in ſunder;
Fill all with Fury, Tempeſt, War and Thunder,
Dire Inſtruments of Death, in vain yee toil:
For, the loude Cornet of my long-breath'd ſtile
Out-ſhrils yee ſtill; and my *Stentorian* Song,
With warbled Eechoes of a ſilver tongue,
Shall brim be heard from *India* even to *Spain*,
And then from thence even to the *Artik* Wain.
Yet, 'tis not I, not I in any ſort;
My ſide 's too-weak, alas I my breath 's too-ſhort:
It is the ſpirit-inſpiring Spirit, which yerſt
On th' eldeſt Waters mildely moved firſt,
That furniſhes and fills with ſacred winde
The weak, dull Organs of my *Muſe* and minde.
So, ſtill good Lord, in theſe tumultuous times,
Give Peace unto my Soule, ſoule to my Rimes;
Let me not faint amid ſo faire a courſe:
Let the World's end beth' end of my Diſcourſe;
And, while in FRANCE fell MARS doth all devour,
In lofty ſtile (Lord) let me ſing thy Powr. (preſt
ALL-CHANGING Time had cancell'd and ſup-
JOSEPH'S Deſerts: his Maſter was deceaſt,
His Sons were dead; when curriſh *Envie's ſtrife*
Layes each-where ambuſh for poor ISRAEL'S life:
Who, notwithſtanding, doth far faſter ſpread
And thicker ſpring, than, in a fruitfull Mead
Moted with Brooks, the many-leaved locks
Of thriving Charvel; which the bleating Flocks
Can

Compariſon.

Can with their daily hunger hardly mowe
So much as daily doth ſtill newly growe.
Deſcription of the Palace of Envie. This *Monſter* wuns not in the Cell ſhee wont,
Sh' hath rear'd her Palace on the ſteepeſt Mount,
Whoſe ſnowie ſhoulders with their ſtony pride
Eternally doe *Spain* from *France* divide:
It hath a thouſand loop-holes every-way;
Yet never enters there one ſunny ray:
Or if that any chance ſo far to paſs,
'Tis quickly quenched by her cloudy face:
At every Loop, the Work-man wittily
Hath plac't a long, wide, hollow Trunk, where-by
Prattling *Renowne* and *Fame* with painted wing,
News from all corners of the World doe bring,
Buzzing there-in: as in a Summer Even,
Simile. From clefts of Medows that the Heat hath riven,
The Graſs-hoppers, ſeeming to fain the voyces
Of little Birds, chirp-out ten thouſand noyſes.
To whom Fame reports *Iſraels* proſperity. It fortun'd *now* that a ſwift-flying *Fame*,
Which (lately but) from ſtately *Memphis* came.
Sweating, and duſty, and nigh breath-leſs, fills
With this Report one of her liſtening Quills:
O curious *Nymph* (lives there a Wit with us,
Acute and quick, that is not curious?)
Moſt wakefull Goddeſs, Queen of mortall hearts,
Conſort of *Honor*, *Wealth*, and *High-deſerts*,
Do'ſt thou not know, that happy ISRAEL
(Which promiſeth, the Conqueror of Hell,
That twice-borne King, here-after to bring-forth,
Who dead ſhall live again; and by his worth
Wipe-out Man's Forfeit, and God's Law fulfill,
And on his Croſs th' envie of *Envie* kill)
Doth (even in ſight) abundantly increaſe?
That Heav'n and Earth conſpire his happineſs?
That ſeaventy Exiles, with un-hallowed Frie
Cover the face of (!) the World well-nigh?
And, drunk with wealth, weigh not thy force a jot?
Envie, thou ſeeſt it, but fore-ſeeſt it not.
Envie incenſeth *Pharaoh* to oppreſs them. Swoln like a Toad, between her bleeding jawes
Her hiſſing Serpents wriggling tails ſhee chawes:
And, haſting hence, in ISIS form ſhee jets;
A golden veſſell in one hand ſhee gets,
In th' other a ſweet Inſtrument; her hood
Was Peacocks feathers mixt with Southernwood;
A ſilver creſcent on her front ſhee ſet,
And in her boſome many a foſt'ring teat:
And, thus diſguis'd, with pride and impudence
Shee preſſes-in to the *Bubaſtik* Prince;
Who, ſlumbring then on his un-quiet Couch,
With ISRAEL's greatneſs was diſturbed much:
Then ſhee (the while, ſquinting upon the luſtre
Of the rich Rings which on his fingers gliſter;
And, ſnuffing with a wrythed noſe the Amber,
The Muſk and Civet that perfum'd the Chamber)
'Gan thus to greet him: Sleep'ſt thou? ſleep'ſt thou,
And ſee'ſt thou not thy ſelfe and thine un-don, (ſon?
While cruell Snakes, with thy kinde breſt did warm,
Sting thee to death, with their ungratefull ſwarm?
Theſe Fugitives, theſe out-caſts doe conſpire
Againſt rich *Egypt*, and (ingrate) aſpire
With odious Yoake of bondage to debaſe
The noble PHARAOH's, God's immortall Race.
With theſe laſt words, into his breſt ſhee blowes
A baneſull ayre, whoſe ſtrength unfeltly flowes
Through all his veins; and, having gain'd his heart,
Makes *Reaſon* ſtoope to *Senſe* in every part:
Simile. So th' Aſpick pale (with too-right ayme) doth ſpet
On his bare face, that comes too-neer to it,
The froth that in her teeth to bane ſhee turns;
A drowzy bane, that inly creeps, and burns
So ſecretly, that without ſenſe of pain,
Scar, wound, or ſwelling, ſoon the Partie 's ſlain.
What ſhall I farther ſay? This Sorrow's-Forge,
This Rack of Kings, Care's fountain, Courtier's
Beſides her ſable poyſon, doth inſpire (ſcourge,
Envies two Twins. With *Hate* and *Feare* the Princes fell deſire. (peace,
Hence-forth therefore, poor ISRAEL hath no
Not one good day, no quiet nap, no eaſe;
Still, ſtill oppreſt, Tax upon Tax aroſe,
After Treats, Threats, & after Threats com blowes.
Slavery of the Iſraelites. The ſilly wretches are compell'd ſom-while
To cut new chanels for the courſe of *Nile*:
Somtimes ſome Cities ruins to repaire;
Somtimes to build huge Caſtles in the ayre:
Somtimes to mount the *Parian* Mountaines higher
In thoſe proud Towrs that after-worlds admire;
Thoſe Towrs, whoſe tops the Heav'ns have terrifi'd:
Thoſe Towrs, that ſcuſe th' audacious *Titan*'s pride
(Thoſe Towrs, vain Tokens of a vaſt expenſe;
Tropheis of Wealth, Ambition's Monuments) (ter:
To make with their own ſweat & blood their mor-
To be at-once Brick-maker, Maſon, Porter:
They labour hard, eat little, ſleeping leſs,
No ſooner layd, but thus their Task-Lords preſs;
Villains, to work: what? are yee growne ſo ſloth?
Wee 'll make yee yeeld us wax and hony both.
Pharaoh his vain policy. In briefe, this Tyrant, with ſuch ſervitude,
Thought ſoone to waſte the *ſacred multitude*;
Or, at the leaſt, that overlayd with woe,
Weakned with watching, worn with toyling ſo,
They would in time become leſs ſervice-able
In VENUS Battails, and for breed leſſe able
(Their ſpirits diſperſt, their bodies over-dri'd,
And *Cypris* ſap un-duly qualifi'd):
But, when he ſaw this not ſucceed ſo well,
But that the Lord ſtill proſper'd ISRAEL;
His cruell Edict againſt the male children. Inhumane, he commands (on bloudy Pain)
That all their male babes in their birth be ſlain:
And that (becauſe that charge had done no good
They ſhould be caſt, in CAIRO's ſilver Flood.
O Barbariſme, learned in Hell below!
Thoſe, that (alas!) nor ſteel nor ſtream do know,
Muſt die of ſteel or ſtream: cruell Edicts!
That, with the Infant's blood, the Mother's mix;
That, Childe and Mother both at once cut-off;
Him with the ſtroke, her with the griefe thereof:
Wth two-fold tears *Jems* greet their Native Heav'n:
The day that brings them life their life hath reav'n.
But, JOCHEBED would fain (if ſhee had durſt)
Her deer ſon MOSES ſecretly have nourc't:
Yet thinking better, her ſweet Babe forgoe,
Than Childe and Parents both to hazard ſo,
At length ſhe layes it forth, in Riſh-boat weaves-it,
And to God's Mercy and the Flood's ſhe leaves-it.
Though Rudder-leſs, not Pilot-leſs, this Boat
Among the Reeds by the Floods ſide did float,
And ſaves from wrack the future *Legiſlator*,
Lighting in hands of the Kings gracious Daughter:

Who

His Daughter finding *Moſes* expoſed, eſteemeth him to be princely brought up.

Who op'ning it, findes (which with ruth did ſtrike-her)
A lovely Babe (or little Angel, liker)
Which with a ſmile ſeem'd to implore the ayde
And gentle pity of the Royall Mayd.
Love, and the Graces, State and Majeſty,
Seem round about the Infants face to flie,
And on his head ſeem'd (as it were) to ſhine
Preſagefull rayes of ſom-what more divine.

Two Similes.

Shee takes him up, and rears him royall-like;
And, his quick Spirit, train'd in good Arts, is like
A well breath'd Body, nimble, ſound, and ſtrong,
That in the Dance-ſchoole needs not teaching long:
Or a good Tree ſet in as good a ſoyl,
Which growes a-pace, without the Husband's toyl.
In time, he puts in *Practice* what he *knowes*;
With courteous *Mildneſs*, manly *Courage* ſhows:
H' hath nothing vulgar: with great happineſs,
In choice diſcourſe he doth his mind expreſs;
And as his Soul's-type his ſweet tongue affords,
His gracefull Works confirm his gracious Words:
His Vertues make him even the Empire's heir:
So means the Prince; ſuch is the peoples pray'r.

Gods providence in his preſervation.

Thus, while o're-whelmed with the rapid courſe
Of Miſchief's Torrent (and ſtill fearing worſe)
ISR'EL ſeems help-leſs and even hope-leſs too
Of any help that Mortall hand can doe:
And, while the then-Time's hideous face and form
Boads them (alas!) nothing but wrack and ſtorm,
Their *Caſtor* ſhines, their Saviour's ſav'd: and Hee
That with high hand ſhal them from bondage free,
Scourging with Plagues, ſcarring wth endleſs ſhame
Th' *Egyptian* Court, is raiſed by the fame.

Moſes affection and duty toward his Parents and care of his Brethren.

For, though him there they as a God adore,
He ſcorns not yet his friends and kindred poor:
He feels their Yoak, their mournings he laments:
His word and ſword are preſt in their defence;
And, as ordain'd for their Deliverance,
And ſent expreſs by Heav'ns pre-ordinance,
Seeing a *Pagan* (a proud Infidell,
A *Patagon*, that taſted nought ſo well
As ISRAEL 's blood) to ill-intreat a *Jew*,
Him bold incounters, and him bravely ſlew.

He flies out of Egypt.

But, fearing then leſt his inhumane Prince
Should hear of it, young MOSES flyes from thence:
And, hard by *Horeb*, keeping JETHRO's ſheep,
He Faſts and Prayes; with Meditations deep
His vertuous zeal he kindles more and more,
And prudently he lays-up long before
Within his Soule (his ſpirituall Armory)
All ſacred Weapons of *Sobriety*,
Where-with t' incounter, conquer, and ſuppreſs
All Inſurrections of Voluptuouſneſs.

God talketh to him in the Wilderneſs.

Alſo, not ſeldom ſome deep *Dreame* or *Tranſe*
Him ſuddainly doth even to Heav'n advance:
And Hee, that whilom could not finde the Lord
On plenteous ſhoars of the *Peluſian* Foord,
In walled Cities with their Towred Ports,
In learned Colledges, nor ſumptuous Courts;
In *Deſart* meets him; greets him face to face,
And on his brows bears tokens of his Grace.

Moſes viſion of the flaming Buſh.

For, while he paſt his ſacred Prentiſhip;
(In Wilderneſs) of th' *Hebrews* Shepheardſhip;
In driving forth to kiſs-cloud SINA's foot
His fleecy Flock, and there attending to't,
He ſudden ſees a *Buſh* to flame and fume,
And all a-fire, yet not at all conſume;
It flames and burns not, cracks and breaks not in;
Kiſſes, but bites not, no not even the skin:
True figure of the *Church*, and ſpeaking Signe
Which ſeemeth thus to, of it ſelfe, define:
What (*Amram's* ſon!) Doth *Jacob's* bitter Teen
Diſmay thee ſo? Behold, this Haw-thorn green
Is even an Image of thine ISRAEL,
Who in the Fire of his Afflictions fell
Still flouriſhes, on each ſide hedged round
With prickly Thorns, his hatefull Foes to wound:
This Fire doth ſeem the Spirit Omnipotent,
Which burns the wicked, tries the Innocent:
Who alſo addeth to the ſacred Signe,
The more to move him, his owne Word Divine.

The voyce of the Lord ſpeaking out of the Buſh.

I AM *that I am*, in me, for me, by me:
All Beings Be not (or elſe un-ſelfly be)
But, from my Being, all their Being gather;
Prince of the World, and of my Church the Father:
Only Beginning, Midſt, and End of all;
Yet *ſans* Beginning, Midſt, and End at all:
All in my ſelfe compris'd, and all compriſing
That in the World was, is, or ſhall be riſing:
Baſe of this Univerſe: th' uniting Chain
Of th' Elements: the Wiſdome Soveraign:
Each-where, in Eſſence, Powr and Providence;
But in the Heav'ns, in my Magnificence:
Fountain of Goodneſs: ever-ſhining Light:
Perfectly Bleſt: the One, the Good, the Bright:
Self-ſimple Act, working in fraileſt matter:
Framer of Forms: of Subſtances Creator:
And (to ſpeak plainer) even that GOD I AM
Whom ſo long ſince religious *Abraham*,
Iſaac, and *Jacob*, and their Progenies
Have worſhipped and pray's'd in humble wiſ.

God hath pity on his People afflicted in *Egypt*.

My ſacred ears are tyred with the noyſe
Of thy poor Brethren's juſt-complayning voyce:
I have beheld my Peoples burdens there;
MOSES, no more I will, nor can, forbear:
Th' have groan'd (alas!) and panted all too-long
Under that Tyrants un-relenting wrong.

He ordaineth *Moſes* for their Deliverer, & gives him commiſſion to goe to *Pharao*.

Now, their *Deliverer* I authorize thee,
And make thee Captain of their Colony;
A ſacred Colony, to whom (as mine)
I have ſo oft bequeath'd rich *Paleſtine*.
Therefore from me command thou PHARAO
That preſently he let my People goe
Into the *Dry-Arabian* Wilderneſs,
Where far from fight of all profane exceſs
On a new Altar they may ſacrifice
To ME the LORD, in whom their ſuccour lies:
Haſte, haſte (I ſay) and make me no excuſe
On thy Tongue's rudeneſs (for the want of uſe)
Nor on thy weaknes, nor unworthineſs
To under-goe ſo great a Buſineſs.
What? cannot He, that made the lips and tongue,
Prompt Eloquence and Art (as doth belong)
Unto his Legat? and, who every thing
Of Nothing made, and All to nought ſhall bring;
Th' Omnipotent, who doth confound (for His)
By weak the ſtrong; by what is not, what is,
(That in his wondrous Judgements, men may more
The Work-man than the Inſtruments adore)

Will

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Will he forsake, or leave him un-assisted,
That in his service duly hath insisted?
Sith faithfull Servant, to do-well affected,
Can by his Master never be rejected.
No sooner this, the *Divine Voice* had ended,
Moses (accompanied with his brother *Aaron*) sets forward in his high Embassage.
And up to Heav'n the Bushy Flame ascended,
But MOSES, with (his fellow in Commission)
His Brother AARON, wends with expedition
First to his People, and to PHARAO then,
The King of *Egypt* (cruellest of Men):
And inly filled with a zealous flame,
Thus, thus he greets him, in th' Almighties name;
Great NILUS Lord, thus saith the Lord of Hosts,
Let goe my People out of all the Coasts,
Mine ISRAEL (PHARAO) forth-with release,
Let them depart to HOREB's Wilderness;
That unto me, without offence or fear,
Their Hearts and Heifers they may offer there.
Pharao's proud answer.
Base Fugitive, proud slave (that art return'd
Not to be whipt, but rather hang'd, or burn'd)
What Lord, said PHARAO? ha! what Soveraign?
O seaven-horn'd *Nile!* O hundred-pointed Plain!
O Citie of the Sun! O *Thebes!* and Thou
Renowned *Pharos*, doe ye all not bow
To us alone? Are ye not onely Ours?
Ours at a beck? Then, to what other Powrs
Owes your great PHARAO homage or respect?
Or by what *Lord* to be controul'd and check't?
I see the Drift. These off-scums all at once
Too-idlely pampred, plot Rebellious:
Sloth marrs the slaves; and under fair pretence
Of *new Religion* (Traytours to their Prince)
They would Revolt. O Kings! how fond are we
To thinke by Favours and by Clemencie,
To keep men in their duty! To be milde,
Makes them be mad, proud, insolent and wilde:
Too-much of Grace, our Scepters doth disgrace,
And smooths the path to Treason's plots a-pace.
The dull Asse, numbers with his stripes his steps:
Th' Ox, over-fat, too-strong, and restly, leaps
About the Lands, casteth his yoak, and strikes;
And wexen wilde, ev'n at his Keeper kicks.
The true Anatomy of a Tyrant.
Well: to enjoy a People, through their skin
With scourges slyc't, must their bare bones be seen:
We must still keep them short, & clip their wings,
Pare neer their nails, and pull out all their stings;
Load them with Tribute, and new Towle, & Tax,
And Subsidies, untill we break their backs; (them,
Tire them with travell, flay them, pole them, pil-
Suck bloud and fat, then eat their flesh, & kil them.
'Tis good for Princes, to have all things fat,
Except their Subjects; but, beware of that.
Ha, Miscreants! ha, rascall excrements,
That lift your heel against your gracious Prince;
Hence-forth you get of wood or straw no more,
To burn your Bricks as you have had before:
Your selves shall seek it out; yet shall you still
The number of your wonted task fulfill.
Moses reply.
I have Commission from the King of Kings,
Maker, Preservet, Ruler of all things,
Replies the *Hebrew*, that (to know the Lord)
Thou see'st his hand, unless thou fear his word.
Aaron casteth down his Rod, which immediatly turns into a Serpent.
In th' instant, AARON on the slippery sand
Casts down his Rod; and boldly thus began:
So shall thy golden Scepter down be cast,
So shall the Judgements of the Lord at last
(Now deemed dead) revive, to daunt thy pow'r:
So ISRAEL shall *Egypts* wealth devour,
If thou confess not God to be the Lord:
If thou attend not, nor observe his Word:
And if his People thou doe not release,
To goe and serve him in the Wilderness.
Before that AARON this Discourse had done,
A green-gold-azure had his Rod put-on,
It glist'red bright: and in a fashion strange,
Into a Serpent it did wholly change;
Crawling before the King, and all along
Spetting and hissing with his forked tongue.
The *Memphian* Sages then, and subtill Priests,
T' uphold the Kingdome of their OSIRIS,
The Magicians of *Egypt* counterfeit that miracle, and bewitch the eyes of the King.
Upbraid them thus: Alas! is this the most
Your God can doe, of whom so much you boast?
Are these his Wonders? Goe, base *Monte-banks*,
Go shew elf-where your sleights & juggling pranks.
Such tricks may blear som vulgar innocents,
But cannot blinde the Councell of a Prince;
Who, by the gods instructed, doth contain
All Arts perfection in his sacred brain.
And, as they spake, out of their cursed hands
They all let-fall their strange-inchanted Wands;
Which instantly turn into Serpents too,
Hissing and spetting, crawling to and fro.
The King too much admires their cunning Charms:
The place with Aspicks, Snakes & Serpents, swarms;
Creeping about: as an ill-Huswife sees
Simile.
The Maggots creeping in a rotten Cheese.
You, you are Jugglers, th' *Hebrew* then repli'd:
You change not Nature, but the bare out-side;
And your Enchantments onely doe transform,
The face of things, not the essentiall form.
You, Sorcerers, so mock the Princes eye,
And his Imagination damnifie;
That common Sense to his externall, brings
(By re-percussion) a false shape of things.
My Rod 's indeed a Serpent, not in show,
As heer in sight your selves by proof shall know.
Immediately his *Dragon* rear'd his head,
Rowl'd on his brest; his body wriggelled
Sometimes aloft in length; sometimes it sunk
Into it selfe, and altogether shrunk;
It slides, it sups the ayre, it hisses fell,
In steed of eyes two sparkling Rubies swell:
And all his deadly baens, intrenched strong
Within his trine Teeth and his triple Tongue,
Call for the Combat: and (as greedy) set
Moses rod-Serpent devoureth the Serpents of the Egyptians.
With sudden rage upon those counterfeit,
Those seeming-Serpents, and them all devour;
Even as a *Sturgeon*, or a *Pike*, doth scour
The Creeks and Pills in Rivers where they lie,
Of smaller Fishes and their feeble Fry.
Pharaoh & his people hardned: Therefore God plagued *Egypt*.
But, at high Noon, the Tyrant wilfull-blind,
And deafe to his owne good, is more inclin'd
To Satans tools: the people, like the Prince,
Prefer the Night before Light's excellence.
Wherefore the Lord, such proud contempts to pay;
Ten sundry *plagues* upon their Land doth lay;
Redoubling so his dreadful strokes, that there (fear.
Who would not love him milde, him rough should

Smiting

The first Plague: By turning their Waters into blood.

Smiting the Waves with his Snake-wanded
AARON anon converts the *Nile* to blood; (wood,
So that the ſtream, from fruitfull MEROE,
Runs red and bitter even unto the Sea.
The Court re-courſt to Lakes, to Springs, & Brooks;
Brooks, Springs, & Lakes had the like taſte & looks:
Then to the Ditches; but, even to the brink
There flow'd (alas!) in ſteed of Water, Ink:
Then, to the likelieſt of ſuch weeping ground
Where, with the Ruſh, pipe-opening Fern is found:
And there they dig for Water: but (alas!)
The wounded ſoyl ſpets blood into their face.
O juſt-juſt Judgement! Thoſe proud Tyrants fell,
Thoſe bloudy Foes of mourning ISRAEL;
Thoſe that delighted, and had made their game
In ſhedding blood, are forc't to drink the ſame:
And thoſe, that ruth-leſs had made *Nile* the ſlaughter
Of th' *Hebrew* Babes, now die for want of Water.

The ſecond: By covering their Land with *Frogs*.

Anon, their Fields, Streets, Hals & Courts he loads
With foule great Frogs, and ugly croking Toads;
Which to the tops of higheſt Towrs doe clamber
Even to the Preſence, yea the privie Chamber;
As ſtarry Lezards in the Summer time
Upon the wals of broken houſes clime.
Yea; even the King meets them in every diſh
Of Privie-diet, be it Fleſh or Fiſh:
As at his Boord, ſo on his royall Bed;
With ſtinking Frogs the ſilken quilts be ſpred.

The Magicians counterfeit the ſame, but their deceits are vain.

The Prieſts of PHARAOH ſeem to doe the ſame:
AARON alone in the Almighties Name,
By Faith almighty: They for inſtruments
Uſe the black Legions of the *Stygian* Prince:
Hee by his Wonders labours to make known
The true Gods glory; onely they their own:
Hee ſeeks to teach; they to ſeduce awry:
Hee ſtudies to build up; they to deſtroy:
Hee, ſtriking Strangers, doth His People ſpare;
They ſpoile their own, but cannot hurt a hair
Of the leaſt *Hebrew*: they can onely wound;
Hee hurts, and heals: He breaks, and maketh ſound:
And ſo, when PHARAOH doth him humbly pray,
Re-cleers the Floods, and ſends the Frogs away.

The King eaſed of his punishment is againe hardned.

But (as in Heav'n there did no Juſtice raign)
The Kings repentance endeth with his pain.
Hee is re-hardned: like a ſtubborn Boy
That plies his Leſſon (Hypocritely-coy)
While in his hand his Maſter ſhakes the Rod;
But, if he turn his back, doth flout and nod.

The third: Therefore *Egypt* is plagued with *Lice*.

Therefore the Lord, this Day, with loathſom *Lice*
Plagues poor and rich, the naſtie and the nice,
Both Man and Beaſt; For, AARON with his wand
Turns into *Lice* the duſt of all the Land.

The fourth: With *Flies*, &c.

The morrow after, with huge ſwarms of *Flies*,
Hornets & *Waſps*, hee hunts their Families (Floods,
From place to place, through Medows, Fens and
Hils, Dales, & Deſarts, hollow Caves and Woods.
Tremble therefore (O Tyrants) tremble aye,
Poor worms of Earth, proud Aſhes, Duſt and Clay:
For, how (alas!) how will you make defence
'Gainſt the tri-pointed wrathfull violence
Of the drad dart, that flaming in his hand,
Shall paſh to powder all that him withſtand?
And 'gainſt the rage of flames eternall-frying,
Where damned ſoules lie ever-never-dying:
Sith the leaſt *Flies*, and *Lice*, and *Vermine* too
Out-brave your braves, and triumph over you.
Gallop to *Anian*, ſail to *Jucatan*,
Viſit *Botongas*, dive beyond the *Dane*.
Well may you flie, but not eſcape him there:
Wretches, your halters ſtill, about, you bear.
Th' Almighties hand is long, and buſie ſtill;
Having eſcap't his Rod, his Sword you feel:
Hee ſeems ſomtimes to ſleep and ſuffer all;
But cals at laſt for Uſe and Principall:
With hundred ſorts of Shafts his Quiver 's full,
Some paſſing keen, ſome ſom-what ſharp, ſom dull,
Some killing dead, ſom wounding deep, ſom light;
But all of them doe alwayes hit the White,
Each after other. Now th' Omnipotence
At *Egypt* ſhoots his ſhafts of Peſtilence:
Th' Ox fals-down in 's yoak, Lambs bleating die,
The Bullocks as they feed, Birds as they flie.

Man cannot hide him from the hand of God, nor avoid his vengeance.

The fifth: With the Plague of *Peſtilence*.

Anon he covers Man and Beaſt with cores
Of angry Biles, Botches, and Scabs, and Sores;
Whoſe ulcerous venoms, all inflaming, ſpread
O'r all the body from the foot to head.

The ſixth: With *Vlcers* and grievous *Scabs* or *Maurain*.

Then, Rain, and Hail, and flaming Fire among
Spoyl all their fields: their Cattell great wth young
All brain'd wth hail-ſtones: Trees wth tempeſt cleft,
Rob'd of their boughs, their boughs of leaves bereft.

The ſeventh With *Haile* and *Fire* from Heaven.

And, from Heav'ns rage, all, to ſeek ſhelter, glad;
The Face of *Egypt* is now dradly-ſad:
The *Soän* Virgins tear their Beauties honour;
Not for the waſte, ſo much as for the manner.

The *Egyptians* amazed at this extraordinary ſcourge.

For, in that Country never ſee they Cloud,
Wth weight of Snowes their trees are never bow'd,
They know no Ice: and though they have (as we)
The Yeare intire, their Seaſons are but three:
They neither Rain-bowe, nor fat Deaws expect,
Which from elſe-where *Sol's* thirſty rayes erect:
Rain-leſs, their ſoyl is wet, and Cloud-leſs, fat;
It ſelf's moiſt boſome brings in this and that:
For, while elſe-where the River's roaring pride
Is dryed-up; and while that far and wide
The *Paleſtine* ſeeks (for his thirſty Flock)
Jordan in *Jordan*, *Jabboc* in *Jabboc*;
Their floud o'reflowes, and parched *Miſraim*
A ſeaſon ſeems in a rich Sea to ſwim,
Niles billowes beat on the high dangling Date;
And Boats do ſlide, where Ploughs did ſlice of late.

The naturall fruitfulneſs and proſperity of *Egypt* in it ſelfe marvellous.

Steep ſnowy Mounts, bright Stars *Eteſian* gales,
You cauſe it not: no, thoſe are Dreams and Tales:
Th' Eternall-Trine who made all compaſsly,
Makes th' under waves, the uppers want ſupply;
And, *Egypts* Womb to fill with Fruits and Flowrs,
Gives ſwelling *Nile* th' office of heav'nly Showrs.
Then the *Thrice-Sacred* with a ſable Cloud
Of horned *Locuſts* doth the Sun be-cloud,
And ſwarmeth down on the rebellious Coaſt
The *Graſſ-hoppers* lean, dam-devouring Hoaſt,
Which gleans what *Hail* had left, & (greedy) crops
Both night and day the Husband's whole-year's
Then, groſs thick *Darknes* over al he dight, (hopes.
And three fair Dayes turns to one fearfull Night:
Wth Ink-like Rheum the dull Miſts drouzy vapours
Quench their home Fires, & Temple-ſacred Tapers.
If hunger drive the Pagans from their dens,
One, 'gainſt a ſettle breaketh both his ſhins;

The eighth: They are vexed with *Graſſ-hoppers*.

The ninth: With palpable *Darkneſs*.

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Another, groping up and down for bread,
Fals down the ſtayrs, and there he lies for dead.
But, though theſe works ſurmount all Natures
Though his own Sages the of guil acquight, (might,
Though th' are not caſuall (ſith the holy-man
Fore-ſels prefixtly What, and Where and When)
And though that (living in the midſt of His)
The *Iſraelites* be free from all of This,
Th' incenſed Tyrant (ſtrangely obſtinate)
Retracts the Leave he granted them of late.
For, th' *Ever-One*, who with a mighty hand
Would bring his people to the plenteous Land
Of *Paleſtine*: Who providently-great,
Before the eyes of all the World would ſet
A Tragedy, where wicked Potentates
Might ſee a Mirrour of their owne eſtates:
And, who (moſt juſt) muſt have meet Arguments,
To ſhow the height of his Omnipotence;
Hardens the King, and blinding him (ſelfe-blinde)
Leaves him to Luſts of his owne vicious minde.
For, God doth never (ever purely bent)
Cauſe ſin as ſin; but, as Sin's Puniſhment.
For, the laſt Charge, an Angel in one night
All the firſt born through all the Land doth ſmite;
So that from *Suës* Port to *Birdene* Plain,
There's not a Houſe, but hath ſome body ſlain,
Save th' *Iſraelites*, whoſe doors were markt before,
With ſacred *Paſs-Lamb*'s ſacramentall gore.
And therefore ever-ſince on that ſame day,
Yearly, the *Jewes* a Yearling Lamb muſt ſlay;
A token of that *Paſſage*, and a Type
Of th' *Holy-Lamb*, which ſhould (in ſeaſon ripe)
By powring-forth the pure and plenteous Flood
Of his moſt precious Water-mixed Blood,
Preſerve his People from the drad *Deſtroyer*,
That fries the wicked in eternall fier.
Through all the Land, all in one inſtant crie,
All for one cauſe, though yet all know not why.
Night heaps their horrors: & the morning ſhowes
Their private griefs, & makes them publick woes.
Scarce did the glorious Governour of Day
O're *Memphis* yet his golden treſs diſplay,
When from all parts, the Maydens and the Mothers,
Wives, Husbands, Sons, & Sires, Siſters, & Brothers,
Flock to the Court, where with one common voice
They all cry-out, and make this mournfull noyſe:
O ſtubborn ſtomack! (cauſe of all our ſadneſs)
Dull Conſtancy! or rather, deſp'rate Madneſs!
A Flood of Miſchiefs all the Land doth fill:
The Heav'ns ſtill thunder; th' Air doth threaten ſtill:
Death, ghaſtly death, triumpheth every-where,
In every houſe; and yet, without all fear,
Without all feeling, we deſpiſe the Rod,
And ſcorn the Judgements of the mighty God.
Great King, no more bay with thy wilfullings
His Wrath's dread Torrent. He is King of kings;
And in his ſight, the Greateſt of you all
Are but as Moats that in the Sun doe fall:
Yeeld, yeeld (alas!) ſtoop to his powrfull threat;
He 's warn'd enough that hath been ten-times beat.
Goe, get you gone: hence, heuce, unlucky Race;
Your eyes bewitch our eyes, your feet this Place,
Your breath this Ayre: Why haſte you not away?
Hebrews, what lets you? wherefore doe you ſtay?
Step to our houſes (if that ought you lack)
Chooſe what you like, and what you like goe take,
Gold, Plate, or Jewels, Ear-rings, Chains, or Ouches,
Our Girdles, Bracelets, Carkanets, or Brouches,
Bear them unto your gods, not in the ſands (ſtands;
Where the Heav'n-kiſſing Cloud-brow'd *Sina*
But much, much farther; and ſo far, that heer
We never more your odious news may hear:
Goe, *Hebrews*, goe, in God's Name thrive amain;
By loſing you, we ſhall ſufficient gain. (collects
With the Kings leave, then th' *Hebrews* Prince
His Legions all, and to the Sea directs.
Scarce were they gone, when *Pharaoh* doth retract,
And arms all *Egypt* to goe fetch them back;
And, camping neer them, execrably-rude,
Threatens them Death, or end-leſs Servitude.
Even as a Duck, that nigh ſome cryſtall brook
Hath twice or thrice by the ſame hawk been ſtrook,
Hearing aloft her gingling ſilver bels,
Quivers for fear, and looks for nothing elſe
But when the Falcon (ſtooping thunder-like)
With ſudden ſouſe her to the ground ſhall ſtrike;
And with the ſtroak, make on the ſenſe-leſs ground
The gut-leſs Quar, once, twice, or thrice, rebound:
So *Iſrael*, fearing again to feel
Pharaoh's fell hands, who hunts them at the heel,
Quivers and ſhivers for deſpair and dread;
And ſpets his gall againſt his godly Head.
O baſe ambition! This falſe Politick,
Plotting to Great himſelfe, our deaths doth ſeek:
He mocks us all, and makes us (fortune-leſs)
Change a rich Soyl for a dry Wilderneſs;
Allur'd with luſtre of Religious ſhowes,
Poor ſoules, He ſels us to our hatefull Foes:
For, O! what ſtrength? alas! what ſtratagem?
Or how (good God) ſhall we encounter them?
Or who is it? or what is it ſhall ſave us
From their fell hands that ſeek to ſlay, or ſlave us?
Shall we, diſarmed, with an Army fight?
Can we (like Birds) with ſtill-ſteep-riſing flight
Surmount theſe Mountains? have we Ships at hand
To paſs the Sea (this halfe a Sea, halfe ſand)?
Or, had we Ships, and Sails, and Owers, and Cable;
Who knowes theſe Waters to be navigable?
Alas! ſome of us ſhall with Scithes be ſlaſht;
Some, with their Horſe-feet all to pieces paſht;
Som, thrill'd wth Swords, or Shafts, through hundred
Shall ghaſtly gaſp-out our untimely ſoules. (holes
Sith die we muſt, then die we voluntary:
Let 's run, our ſelves, where others would us carry;
Come, *Iſraelites*, come, let us die together,
Both men and women: ſo we ſhall (in either)
Prevent their rage, content their avarice,
And yeeld (perhaps) to Moses even his Wiſh.
Why, Brethren? know yee not (their Ruler ſaith)
That in his hand God holdeth life and death?
That he turns Hils to Dales, and Seas to Sands?
That he hath (preſt) a thouſand winged Bands
T' aſſiſt his Children, and his Foes t' aſſail?
And that he helps not, but when all helps fail?
See you this mighty Hoaſt, this dreadfull Camp,
Which dareth Heav'n, & ſeems the Earth to damp;
And all inrag'd, already chargeth ours,
As thick, or thicker than the Welkin pours
His

The Iſraelites in all theſe plagues untoucht, yet *Pharaoh* ſtill hardned.

The tenth: Therefore all the firſt born of *Egypt* are ſlaine in one night by the Angel.

After ſo many grievous plagues, the Egyptians cry out upon their King to let the Iſraelites goe.

They haſten and importune them to be gone.

After their departure *Pharaoh* immediatly purſues them.

Simile.

The *Iſraelites* feare, and murmur againſt *Moſes*.

Moſes his inſtruction to encourage them, with aſſured confidence in God.

Simile.

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His candi'd drops upon the ears of Corn,
Before that *Ceres* yellow locks be ſhorn?
It all ſhall vaniſh, and of all this Crew
(Which thinks already to have ſwallow'd you)
Of all this Army, that (in Armour bright)
Seems to out-ſhine the Sun, or ſhame his light;
There ſhall to-morrow not a man remain:
Therefore be ſtill; God ſhall your ſide ſuſtain.
Then (zealous) calling on th' immortall God,
He ſmote the Sea with his dead-living Rod:
The Sea obey'd, as bay'd: the Waves, controul'd,
Each upon other up to Heav'n doe fold:
Between both ſides a broad deep Trench is caſt,
Dri'd to the bottom with an inſtant blaſt:
Or rather, 'tis a Valley paved (elſe)
With golden ſands, with Pearle, and Nacre-ſhels,
And on each ſide is flanked all along
With wals of cryſtall, beautifull and ſtrong:
This flood-leſs Foord the Faithfull Legions paſs,
And all the way their ſhoe ſcarce moiſted was.
Dream we, ſaid they? or is it true we try?
The Sea ſtart at a ſtick? The Water dry?
The Deep a Path? Th' Ocean in th' Ayr ſuſpending?
Bulwarks of Billows, and no drop deſcending?
Two Wals of Glaſs, built with a word alone?
Africk and *Aſia* to conjoyn in one?
Th' all-ſeeing Sun new bottoms to behold?
Children to run where Tunnies lately roul'd?
The *Egyptian* Troops purſue them by the track;
Yet waits the patient Sea, and ſtill ſtands back;
Till all the Hoaſt be marching in their ranks
Within the lane between his cryſtall banks.
But, as a wall, weakned with mining-under,
The Piles conſum'd fall ſuddenly aſunder,
O'r-whelmeth all that ſtand too neer the breach,
And with his Ruines fils-up all the ditch:
Even ſo God's finger, which theſe Waters bay'd,
Being with-drawn, the Ocean ſwell'd and ſway'd;
And, re-conjoyning his congealed Flood,
Swallows in th' inſtant all thoſe Tyrants wood.
Heer, one by ſwimming thinks himſelfe to ſave:
But, with his ſcarfe tangled about a Nave,
He 's ſtrangled ſtraight; and, to the bottom ſinking,
Dies; not of too-much drink, but for not drinking;
While that (in vain) another with loud laſhes
Scours his proud courſers through the ſcarlet *Waſhes:*
The ſtreams (whereon more Deaths than Waves do
Bury his Chariot; and his Chariot, him: (ſwim)
Another, ſwallowed in a Whirl-Whales womb,
Is laid a-live within a living Toomb:
Another, ſeeing his Twin-brother drowning;
Out of his Coach, his hand (to help him) downing;
With both his hands graſping that hand, his Twin
Unto the bottom hales him head-long in;
And inſtantly the water covers either:
Right Twins indeed; born, bred and dead, together.
Nile 's ſtubborn Monarch, ſtately drawn upon
A curious Chariot, chac't with pearl and ſtone,
By two proud Courſers, paſſing ſnow for colour;
For ſtrength, the Elephants; Lions, for valour,
Curſeth the Heav'ns, the Air, the Windes & Waves;
And, marching up-ward, ſtill blaſphems & braves:
Heer, a huge Billow on his Targe doth ſplit;
Then comes a bigger, and a bigger yet,
To ſecond thoſe: The Sea growes ghaſtly great;
Yet ſtoutly ſtill he thus doth dare and threat:
Baſe roguing Juggler, think'ſt thou wth thy charms
Thou ſhalt prevail againſt our puiſſant arms?
Think'ſt thou, poor ſhifter, with thy Hel-ſpels thus
To croſs our Counſels, and diſcomfit Us?
And, O proud Sea! falſe, trayterous Sea, dar'ſt thou,
Dar'ſt thou conſpire 'gainſt thine own *Neptune* now?
Dar'ſt thou preſume 'gainſt Us to riſe and roar?
I charge thee ceaſe: be ſtill, I ſay: no more:
Or, I ſhall clip thine arms in Marble ſtocks,
And yoak thy ſhoulders with a Bridge of Rocks;
Or baniſh thee from *Etham* far, for ay,
Through ſome new Chanell to goe ſeek thy way.
Heer-at the Ocean, more than ever, frets,
All topſie-turvie up-ſide-down it ſets;
And a black billow, that aloft doth float
With ſalt and ſand, ſtops his blaſphemous throat.
What now betides the Tyrant? Waters now
Have reft his neck, his chin, cheeks, eyes and brow,
His front, his fore-top: now there 's nothing ſeen
But his proud arm, ſhaking his Fauchin keen:
Wherewith he ſeems, in ſpite of Heav'n and Hell,
To fight with Death, and menace *Iſrael*.
At laſt he ſinks all under water quite,
Spurning the ſand: again he ſprings upright;
But, from ſo deep a bottom to the top,
So clogg'd with arms, can cleave no paſſage up:
As the poor Partridge, cover'd with the net,
In vain doth ſtrive, ſtruggle, and bate, and beat;
For, the cloſe meſhes, and the Fowler's craft,
Suffer the ſame no more to whurre aloft.
I to your ſelves leave to conceive the joy
Of JACOB's heirs thus reſcu'd from annoy;
Seeing the Sea to take their cauſe in hand,
And their dead Foes ſhuffled upon the ſand;
Their ſhields, and ſtaves, and chariots (all-to-tore)
Floating about, and flung upon the ſhoar:
When thus th'Almighty (glorious God moſt high)
For them without them, got the Victory,
They skip and dance; and, marrying all their voices
To Timbrels, Hawboys, and loud Cornets noiſes,
Make all the ſhoars reſound, and all the coaſts,
With the ſhrill Praiſes of the Lord of Hoaſts.
Eternall iſſue of eternall Sire,
Deep Wiſdome of the *Father*, now inſpire
And ſhew the ſequell that from hence befell,
And how he dealt with his dear *Iſrael*,
Amid the Deſart, in their Pilgrimage
Towards the *Promis'd* plenteous *Heritage:*
Tell, for (I know) thou know'ſt: for, compaſt aye
Wth Fire by Night, & wth a Cloud by Day, (Guard,
Thou (my ſoule's hope) wert their ſole Guide and
Their Meat & Drink in all their Journey hard.
Marching amid the *Deſart*, nought they lack:
Heav'n ſtill diſtils an Ocean (for their ſake)
Of end-leſs good: and every Morn doth ſend
Sufficient food for all the day to ſpend.
When the Sun riſeth, and doth haſte his Race
(Halfe ours, halfe theirs that underneath us paſe)
To re-behold the beauty, number, order,
And prudent Rule (preventing all miſ-order)
Of th' awfull Hoaſt lodg'd in the Wilderneſs,
So favour'd by the Sun of Righteouſneſs;

Calling upon God, hee parts the Red Sea, ſo that the people paſſe thorough as on dry land.

The Egyptians following them are ſwallowed in the Sea.

Simile.

Pharaoh profanely blaſpheming and proudly braving *Moſes* and the Sea, is notwithſtanding drowned with the reſt.

Simile.

The Second Part of this Tract: where is diſcourſed of the eſtate of the people of Iſrael in the Wilderneſs, until the death of *Moſes*.

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Each coms but forth his Tent, and at his doore
Findes his bread ready (without seeking more):
A pleasant bread, which from his plenteous cloud,
Like little Hail, Heav'ns wakefull Steward strow'd.
God gives them *Manna* The yellow sands of *Elim*'s ample Plain
Were heaped all with a white sugred grain,
Sweet Corianders; Junkets, not to feed
This Hoast alone, but even a World (for need).
Each hath his part, and every one is fed
With the sweet morsels of an un-bought bread.
It is given from day to day. It never rains for a whole year at-once,
But daily for a day's provisions:
To th' end, so great an Hoast, so curbed straight,
Still on the Lord's wide open hand should wait,
And every Dawning have due cause to call
On him their Founder, and the Fount of all:
Each, for his portion hath an *Omer*-full;
The sur-plus rots, mould, knead it how they will.
The Holy-One (just Arbitrer of wrong)
Allowes no less unto the weak, than strong:
On *Sabbath*'s Eve, he lets sufficient fall
To serve for that day, and the next withall;
That on his *Rest*, the sacred Folk may gather,
Not Bodie's meat, but spirituall *Manna* rather.
Thou, that from Heav'n thy daily White-bread
Thou, for whom Harvest all the yeer doth last, (hast,
That in poor Desarts rich abundance heap'st,
That sweat-less eat'st, and without sowing reap'st,
That hast the Ayre for farm, and Heav'n for field
(Which, sugred Mel, or melled sugar yeeld)
That, for taste-changing dost not change thy cheer,
God's Pensioner, and Angel's Table-peer:
It is a lively figure of *Christ* the true bread of life. O *Israel*! see in this Table-pure,
In this fair glass, thy Saviour's portrayture,
The Son of God, MESSIAS promised,
The sacred seed, to bruize the Serpents head:
The glorious Prince, whose Scepter ever shines,
Whose Kingdom's scope the Heav'n of Heav'ns con-
And, when He shall (to light thy sin-ful load) (fines;
Put *Man-hood* on, dis-know him not for *God*.
The same demonstrated by particular conference. This Grain is small, but full of substance though:
CHRIST strong in working, though but weak in
Manna is sweet: CHRIST as the hony-comb. (show.
Manna from high: & CHRIST from Heav'n doth
With that, there fals a pleasant pearly deaw: (come.
CHRIST coming down doth all the Earth be-strew
With spirituall gifts. That, unto great and small,
Tastes to their tastes: and CHRIST is all to all:
(Food to the hungry, to the needy wealth,
Joy to th' afflicted, to the sickly health,
Pardon to those Repent, Prop to the bow'd,
Life's savour to the Meek, *Death*'s to the Proud).
That 's common good: and *Christ* communicate.
That 's purely white: and *Christ* immaculate.
That gluts the wanton *Hebrews* (at the last):
Christ and his *Word* the World doth soon distaste.
Of that, they eat no less that have one measure,
Than who have hundred: and in *Christ* his treasure
Of Divine *Grace*, the *faith*-full *Proselyte*
Hath no less part, than Doctors (deep of sight).
That 's round: *Christ* simple, and sincerely-round.
That in the *Ark*: *Christ* in his *Church* is found.
That doth (with certain) stinking worms become:
Christ (th' *Ever-Word*) is scandall unto some.
That raineth not, but on the sacred Race:
Christ to his Chosen doth confine his Grace.
That 's broken, every Grain: *Christ* (Lamb of God)
Upon his *Cross*-press is so torn and trod,
That of his *Blood* the pretious Flood hath purl'd
Down from Mount *Sion* over all the World.
Yet glutted now with this *ambrosiall* Food,
The people lust for flesh. This Heav'nly bread, so holy and so good,
Th' *Hebrews* doe lust for flesh: a fresh South-winde
Brings shoals of Fowls to satisfie their minde;
God sends them Quails A cloud of *Quails* on all the Camp is sent,
And every one may take to his content:
For, in the Hoast, and all the Country by,
For a day's-journey, Cubit-thick they lie.
But, though their Commons be thus delicate,
Although their eyes can scarce look out for fat,
Although their Bellies strout with too-much meat,
Though (*Epicures*) they vomit as they eat,
They long for the Garlick and Onions of Egypt. Simile. Yet still they howl for hunger; & they long (strong:
For *Memphian* hotch-potch, Leeks, and Garlick
As Childe-great Women, or green Maids (that miss
Their Terms appointed for their flourishes)
Pine at a Princely feast, preferring far,
Red-Herrings, Rashers, and (some) sops in Tar;
Yea, coals, and clowts, sticks, stalks, & dirt, before
Quail, Pheasant, Partridge, and a hundred more:
So, their fantastick wearisom disease
Distates their tastes, & makes them strange to please.
But, when the Bull, that lately tost his horn
In wanton Pride, hangs down his head, forlorn
For lack of Water, and the Souldier bleak (weak:
Growes (without Arms) for his own weight too-
When fiery Thirst through all their veins so fierce
Consumes their blood, into their bones doth pierce,
Sups-up their vitall humour, and doth dry
Their whilom-beauties to *Anatomy*;
They weep and wail, and but their voyce (alas!)
Is choakt already that it cannot pass (they would
Through the rough *Straights* of their dry throats
They murmur for want of water, with grievous imputation to their good guide. Roar-out their grief, that all men hear them should.
O Duke! (no *Hebrew*, but an *Ethnick* rather)
Is this (alas!) the guerdon that we gather
For all the service thou hast had of us?
What have we done, that thou betray'st us thus?
For our obedience, shall we evermore
With Fear and Want be haunted at our door?
O windy words! O perjur'd promises!
O gloze, to gull our honest simpleness!
Escap't from Hunger, Thirst doth cut our throat:
Past the *Red-Sea*, heer up and down we float
On firm-less sands of this vast Desart heer,
Where, to and fro we wander many a yeer:
Looking for Liberty, we finde not Life;
No, neither Death (the welcom end of strife).
Envie not us, dear Babes: we envie you,
You happy ones, whom *Egypt*'s Tyrant slew;
Your Birth and Death came hand in hand together,
Your end was quick, nay 't was an Entry rather
To end-less Life: We wretches, with our age
Increase our Woes in this long Pilgrimage:
We hope no Harbour where we may take breath:
And Life to us is a continuall Death.
You blessed live, and see th' Almighties face:
Our Dayes begin in tears, in toyls they pass,

And

And end in dolours (this is all we do):
But Death concludes tears, toyls, and dolours too.
Moſes reproves them, and ſmites the Rock from whence iſſues plenty of water.
Stiff-necked People, ſtubborn Generation,
Egypt doth witneſs (in a wondrous faſhion)
God's goodneſs (to thee): all the Elements
Expound unto thee his Omnipotence:
And doſt thou murmur ſtill? and dar'ſt thou yet
Blaſpheme his promiſe, and diſcredit it?
Said MOSES then; and gave a ſudden knock
With his dear Scepter on a mighty Rock:
From top to toe it ſhakes, and ſplits with-all,
And wel-nigh halfe unto the ground doth fall,
As ſmit with Lightning: then, with rapid ruſh,
Out of the ſtone a plenteous *ſtream* doth guſh,
Which murmurs through the Plain; proud, that his
Gliding ſo ſwift, ſo ſoon re-youngs the graſs; (glaſs,
And, to be gaz'd-on by the wanton Sun,
And through new paths ſo brave a courſe to run.
Simile.
Who hath not ſeen (far up within the Land)
A ſhoal of Geeſe on the dry-Summer ſand
In their hoarſe language (ſomtimes lowly-loud)
Suing for ſuccour to ſome moiſt-full cloud; (beat,
How, when the Rain deſcends, their wings they
(With the firſt drops to cool their ſwelting heat)
Bib with their Bil, bouz with their throats, & ſuck,
And twenty-times unto the bottom duck?
Such th' *Hebrews* glee: one, ſtooping down, doth ſup
The clear quick ſtream; another takes it up
In his bare hand; another in his hat;
This, in his buskin; in a bucket, that
(Well freſht himſelfe) bears ſome unto his Flock;
This fils his pitcher-full; and that, his Crock:
And other-ſome (whoſe Thirſt is more extreme)
Like Frogs lie paddling in the cryſtall ſtream.
They March toward Mount Sina, where God delivereth them his LAW.
From *Rephidim*, along the *Defart* Coaſt,
Now to Mount *Sina* marcheth all the Hoaſt;
Where, th' everlaſting GOD, in glorious wonder,
With dreadfull voyce his fearfull LAW doth thun-
To ſhow, that His rev'rend, Divine *Decrees* (der;
(Whereto all hearts ſhould bow, & bend all knees)
Proceed not from a *Politick* Pretence,
A wretched Kingling, or a petty Prince
(Nymph-prompted NUMA, or the *Spartans* Lord,
Or him that did *Cecropian* ſtrifes accord)
Nor from the mouth of any mortall man;
But from that King, who at his pleaſure can
Shake Heav'n, and Earth, and Ayre, and all therein:
That ISRAEL ſhall finde him (if they ſin)
As terrible with Vengeance in his hand,
As dreadfull now in giving the COMMAND:
And, that the Text of that drad *Teſtament*,
Grav'n in two Tables for us impotent,
Hath in the ſame a ſadder load compriz'd,
And heavier yoak, than is the yoak of *Chriſt*. (kils:
That, that doth ſhow us Sin, threats, wounds and
This offers Grace, Balm in our ſores diſtils.
With what dreadfull Majeſty it was delivered.
Redoubled Lightnings dazle th' *Hebrews* eyes;
Cloud-ſund'ring Thunder roars through Earth and
Louder and louder in careers and cracks, (Skies,
And ſtately SINA's maſſie centre ſhakes,
And turneth round, and on his ſacred top
A whirling flame round like a Ball doth wrap:
Under his rocky ribs, in Coombs below, (ſnow,
Rough-bluſt'ring BOREAS, nurſt with *Riphean*
And blub-cheekt AUSTER, puft with fumes before,
Met in the midſt, juſtling for room, do roar:
A cl[illegible] of clouds, all thorough-lin'd with thunder,
Muff.es the Mountain both aloft and under:
On PHARAN now no ſhining PHARUS ſhowes.
A Heav'nly Trump, a ſhrill *Tantara* blowes,
The winged Windes, the Lightning's nimble flaſh,
The ſmoaking ſtorms, the whirl-fire's crackling
And deafning Thunders, w[th] the ſame do ſing (claſh,
(O wondrous conſort!) th' everlaſting King
His glorious Wiſdome, who doth give the *Law*
To th' Heav'nly Troops, & keeps them all in awe.
But, as in Battell we can hear no more *Simile.*
Small Piſtol-ſhot, when once the Canons roar:
And as a Cornet ſoundeth cleer and rife *Simile.*
Above the warbling of an *Alman* Fife;
A dradder voyce (yet a diſtincter voyce) (noyſe,
Whoſe ſound doth drown all th' other former
Roars in the Vale, and on the ſacred Hill,
Which thrils the ears, but more the heart doth thrill
Of trembling *Jacob*: who, all pale for fear, (hear;
From God's own mouth theſe ſacred words doth
Hark, *Iſrael*: O *Jacob*, hear my *Law*!
Hear it, to keep it (and thy ſelfe in awe).
I am JEHOVAH, I (with mighty hand)
Brought thee from bondage out of *Egypt* Land:
The Decalogue.
ADORE ME ONLY for thy God and Lord,
With all thy heart in every Deed and Word.
MAKE THEE NONE IMAGE (not of any ſort)
To thy own Works My Glory to tranſport.
USE NOT MY NAME without reſpect and fear,
Never Blaſpheam, neither thy ſelfe for-ſwear.
SIX DAYS, WORK for thy food: but then (as I)
REST ON THE SEAVENTH, and to my Temple hye.
To THOSE that gave thee life, due REVERENCE give;
If thou deſire long in the Land to live. (BLOOD.
IMBRUE *thou* NOT THY HAND IN HUMANE
STAIN NOT *anothers* BED. STEAL NO MANS GOOD.
BEAR NO FALSE WITNES. COVET NOT *to have*
Thy Neighbours Wife, his Oxe, his Aſſe, his Slave,
His Houſe, his Land, his Cattell, or his Coyn,
His Place, his Grace, or ought that is not Thine,
Eternall Tutor, O Rule truely-right
The excellency of the Law of God.
Of our frail life! our foot-ſteps Lanthorn bright:
O Soule's ſweet Reſt! O biting curb of Sin!
Which Bad deſpiſe, the Good take pleaſure in:
Reverend EDICTS upon Mount SINA giv'n,
How-much-fold ſenſe is in few words contriv'n!
How wonder-full, and how exceeding far!
How plain, how ſacred, how profound you are!
All Nations elſe, a thouſand times (for cauſe)
Have writ, & raz't, & chopt, & chang'd their Laws;
Except the *Jewes*: but they, although their State
With every Moon almoſt did innovate
(As ſomtimes having Kings, and ſomtimes none)
In all their changes kept their Law ſtill One.
The inconſtancy and vanity of Humane Lawes.
What reſteth at this day of *Salaminian*?
Laconian LAWS, or of the *Carthaginian*?
Yea *Rome*, that made even all the World one City,
So ſtrong in Arms, and in States-Art ſo witty;
Hath, in the Ruines of her Prides rich *Babels*,
Left but a Relique of her *Twice-Six-Tables*.
Stability & Authority of the Law of God.
But, ſince in *Horeb* the High-Thundring ONE
Pronounc't This *Law*, three-thouſand times the Sun

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Hath gallopt round Heav'ns golden Bandeleer,
Imboſt with Beaſts, ſtudded with ſtars ſo cleer:
And yet one tittle hath not Time bereft;
Although the People unto whom 'twas left,
Be now no People, but (expulſt from home)
Through all the corners of the World do roam:
And though their State, through every Age almoſt,
On a rough Sea of Miſchiefs hath been toſt,
A Butt, a Brook, a Torrent doth confine
All other Lawes: *Megarian* Diſcipline
Hath nought of th' *Attick*: nor the *Coronan*
Of *Theban* Rites: nor *Thebes* of *Cadmean*:
But, this ſet-LAW, given JACOB's Generations,
Is the true Law of Nature and of Nations,
Which (ſacred) ſounds where-ever (to deſcry)
Th' all-ſearching Sun doth caſt his flaming eye.
The *Turks* imbrace, the *Chriſtians* honour it,
And *Jewes* with Fear doe even adore it yet.

How all men tranſgreſſe the ſame in every part.

I onely, I (Great GOD) thy LAWS do ſpurn
With my foule feet, I doe thy Statutes ſcorn:
Puſt in my Soule with extreme *Pride*, before,
Nay in thy ſtead, I doe my ſelfe *Adore*.
I *Serve* no wooden gods, nor *Kneel* to Stones;
But *Covetous*, I worſhip golden ones.
I Name thee not, but in vain *Blaſphemie*,
Or (ACHAB-like) in ſad *Hypocriſie*.
I *Reſt* the Sabbath: yet I break thy LAW,
Serving (for thee) mine idle Mouth and Maw.
I *Reverence* Superiours, but in ſhow;
Not out of Love, but as compelled ſo.
I *Murder* none: yet doth my *Tongue* too-rife
Wound others Fame, and my Hearts-hate their life.
I *Civilize*, leſt that I ſeem *Obſcene*:
But Lord (Thou know'ſt) I am *Unchaſte*, unclean.
I ſeem no *Theef*: yet tempted with my *Want*,
I take too oft the Fruit I did not plant.
I ſpeak not much: yet in my little Talk,
Much *Vanity*, and many *Lies* doe walk.
I *Wiſh* too-earneſt, and too-oft (in fine)
For others Fortunes, male-content with mine.

Remedie for all our ſinnes.

Heer lie I naked: loe th' *Anatomy*
Of my foule Heart. O *Humane-Deity!*
O *Chriſt!* th' Almightie's like All-mighty *Word*,
O put-me-on Thy *Robe!* as whilom (Lord)
Thou put'ſt-on Mine: me in Thy Blood be-lave;
And in my Soule thy ſacred *Lawes* ingrave.

In *Moſes* abſence *Aaron* makes the golden Calfe.

While with the Duke, th' Eternall did deviſe,
And to his inward ſight did modulize
His *Tabernacle*'s admirable Form,
And prudently him (faithfull) did inform
In a new *Rubrick* of the *Rites Divine*,
To th' end the Heirs of promis'd *Paleſtine*
After their fancie ſhould not worſhip him,
Nor (Idol-prone) example leading them,
Into his ſacred TEMPLE introduce
The *Sacrifices* that the *Heathen* uſe;
But, by their *Rites* to guide their ſpirituall eye (lie;
To *Chriſt*, the Rock on whom their hopes ſhould
Behold (alas!) frail *Aaron*, Deputi'd
During his abſence, all the Flock to guide,
Dumb coward Curr, barks not againſt their ill;
But giving way to the mad Peoples will,
Caſteth a *Golden Calfe*, and ſets it up,
For them to worſhip, and unto it ſtoop:
Gold, Rings and Jewels, which the Lord of Heav'n
Had (as Love-tokens) lately to them given,
Are caſt into a Mould; and (which is worſe)
Jacob, to wed a *Calfe*, doth *God* divorce.
Thoſe Feet, that dry-ſhod paſt the *Crimſin Gulfe*,
Now dance (alas!) before a Molten *Calfe*:
That Voice, which late on ETHAM ſands had rung
Th' Almightie's glory, now to Satan ſung.

Moſes ſharply reproves *Aaron*, breaks the Idol, and puniſheth the Idolaters.

The zealous Prophet, with juſt fury mov'd,
'Fore all the Hoaſt, his Brother ſharp reprov'd:
And pulveriz'd their Idol; and eſt-ſoons,
Flankt by old LEVIE's moſt religious Sons,
Throngs through the Camp, & each wher ſtrows his
With blood and ſlaughter, horror & diſmay: (way
As halfe a ſcore of Reapers nimbly-neat,
With cheerfull eye chooſing a plot of Wheat,
Reap it at pleaſure, and of *Ceres* locks (ſhocks;
Make hand-fuls ſheaves, and of their ſheaves make
And through the Field from end to end doe run,
Working a-vie, till all be down and don.

Simile.

Or, as ſo many Canons ſhot at-once (grones,
A-front a Camp; th' Earth with the Thunder
Heer flies a broken arm, and breaks another;
There ſtands th' one halfe of a halv'd body, th' other
Fals-down a furlong thence: heer flies a ſhield;
And deep-wide windowes make they in the field.

Simile.

All theſe ſure ſignes of God's dear eſtimate
Cannot confirm the *Hebrew* Magiſtrate
In his Authority: even AARON ſpites-it,
And MIRIAM (his Siſter) too back-bites-it.
But ſuddenly, on her in his Defence,
Foule Leproſie did puniſh this Offence.

Aaron and *Mary* (or *Miriam*) murmur againſt *Moſes*.

His Nephews, ſcorning his Command, aſpire
Before the Lord to offer forrain Fire:
But on them ſoon a heav'nly Flame down-falling
(As in the Summer ſome hot-dry *Exhaling*,
Or *Blazing-Star* with ſudden flaſh doth fall
At Palmers feet, and him affright with-all:)
Fires inſtantly their beards and oyled hair,
And all the ſacred veſtiments they wear;
Exhales their blood, their Bodies burns to aſhes,
Their *Cenſers* melts with heat of Lightning flaſhes,
Their coals are quenched all, and ſacred Flame
Th'unhallow'd Fire devour'd & overcame. (joyn'd,

Nadab and *Abihu* for offring of ſtrange Fire, are kill'd by Fire from Heaven.

His Kinſ-man CORE then (with DATHAN
And with ABIRAM) murmur'd and repin'd:
O ſee, ſaith he, how many a ſubtill ginne
The Tyrant ſets to ſnare our Freedoms in!
How we, abus'd with *Oracles* moſt vain,
(Which MOSES and his brother AARON fain)
For idle hopes of promis'd *Signories*,
Doe ſimply loſe our ſweeteſt Liberties!
See, how they doe ingroſs between them two,
Into one Houſe, SCEPTER and EPHOD too;
See, how they dally, and with much delay
Prolong their Journey to prolong their *Sway*:
And (to conclude) ſee how ſlie Courſe they take,
To build their Greatneſs on our grievous wrack.
Hear'ſt thou me (MOSES) if thou chiefly joy
To ſee thy Brethren's torments and annoy,
'Twere good to walke us yet for ten years more
About theſe Mountains in theſe Deſarts poor:
Keep us ſtill Exiles; Let us (our Deſire)
Languiſh, wex-old, and in theſe Sands expire,

Core, Dathan and Abiram, their conſpiracy.

Where

Where cruell ſerpents haunt us ſtill at hand,
A Fruitleſs, Flood-leſs, yea a Land-leſs Land.
If, rear'd from Youth in Honour, thine ambition
Cannot come down to private mens condition,
Be Captain, Duke and King: for, God approves-thee.
Thy vertues guard, the People fears and loves-thee,
But as for AARON, What is his deſert?
What High Exploit, what Excellence, what Art
Gain'd him th' *High-Prieſthood*? O good God, what (ſhame?
Alas! hath he for any thing got fame
But HOREB's Horn-God? for deſpiſing thee,
And thy Commands; and for conſpiracie?
The morrow-next, before the *Sacred Tent*
This Mutiner with ſacred Cenſer went
Adorn'd, ſelfe-gazing, with a lofty ey,
His faction preſent; AARON alſo by.
Lord ſhield thy cauſe, approve thee veritable,
Let not thy name be to the lewd a Fable:
Oynt thine *Anointed* publikely; by Miracle,
Show whom thou haſt ſelected for thine *Oracle*,
Said MOSES, then; and even as yet he ſpake,
The groaning Earth began to reel and ſhake,
A horrid Thunder in her bowels rumbles,
And in her boſom up and down it tumbles,
Tearing her rocks, untill ſhe *Yawn* a way
To let it out, and to let-in the Day:
Heav'n ſees to Hell, and Hell beholdeth Heav'n,
And Divels dazled with the gliſtring leav'n
Of th' ancient Sun, yet lower fain would dive;
But chain'd to th' Centre all in vain they ſtrive.
CORE, round compaſt with his Rebel friends,
Offers to BELZEBUB and to the *Fiends*:
His bodie's batter'd with Rocks falling down:
And Arms of Trees there planted up-ſide-down:
He goes with Noyſe down to the *Silent* Coaſt,
Intoomb'd alive, without all Art or coſt.
And all the reſt that his proud ſide aſſum'd,
Scaping the Gulf, with Lightning are conſum'd.
And AARON's Office is confirm'd by God,
With wondrous *Signes* of his oft-quickned Rod,
Which dead, re-buds, re-blooms, & Almonds bears:
When all his Fellows have no life in theirs.
Now, ſhall I ſing through MOSES prudent Sway,
How ISRAEL doth AMALEC diſmay,
ARAD and OG (that of huge Giants ſprings)
Proud HESEBON, and the five *Madian* Kings,
With the falſe Prelat, who profanely made
Of *Prophets-gifts* a ſacrilegious trade;
Who falſe, ſayes true; who ſtriving (paſt all ſhame)
To force the Spirit, is forced by the ſame:
Who, ſnaring th' *Hebrews* with frail beauties graces,
Defiles their bodies, more their ſoules defaces?
Doubtleſs his Deeds are ſuch, as would I ſing
But halfe of them, I under-take a thing
As hard almoſt, as in the *Gangic* Seas
To count the Waves, or Sands in *Euphrates*;
And, of ſo much, ſhould I a little ſay,
It were to wrong him, and his prayſe betray.
His Noble Acts we therefore here ſuſpend,
And skip unto his ſweet and happy End:
Sith, th' End is it whereby we judge the beſt
(For eyther life) how Man is Curſt or Bleſt.
Feeling his vigour by degrees to waſte,
And, one Fire quencht, another kindling faſt,
Which doth his Spirit re-found, his Soule refine,
And raiſe to Heav'n, whence it was ſent divine;
He doth not (*Now*) ſtudy to make his *Will*,
T' *Entail* his Land to his *Male-Iſſue* ſtill:
Wiſely and juſtly to divide his Good,
To Sons and Daughters, and his neereſt blood:
T' aſſigne his Wife a *Dowry* fair and fit,
A hundred times to adde, and alter it:
To quittance Friendſhips, with frank Legacies;
To guerdon Service with *Annuities*,
To make *Executors*, to *Cancel* ſome,
T' appoint himſelfe a Palace for a *Tomb*.
I praiſe a care to ſettle our eſtate:
But, when Death threats us, then it is too-late:
A ſeemly Buriall is a ſacred Rite:
But let the living take that charge of right.
He (lifting higher his laſt thoughts) beſides
The Comon-Weale 's care, for the Church provides;
And graving his diſcourſe with voyce devout,
Bids thus farewell to all that ſtand about:
O JACOB 's ſeed (I might ſay, my deer ſons)
Y' are ſenſe-leſs more than metals, ſtocks or ſtones,
If y' have forgot the many-many Miracles
Wher-with the Lord hath ſeal'd my ſacred *Oracles*;
And all the Favours (in this ſavage Place)
In forty years received of his grace.
Therefore (O ISRAEL) walk thou in his fear,
And in thy hearts-heart (not in Marble) beare
His ever-laſting LAW: before him ſtand,
And to his ſervice conſecrate thy hand.
If this thou doe, thy Heav'n-bleſt fleecie Flocks
Shall bound about thy Paſtures, Downs, and Rocks;
As thick as skip in Summer, in a Mead,
The Graſſ-hoppers, that all with Deaw are fed:
Thy fruitfull Eaws, fat Twins ſhall bring thee ever;
And of their Milk ſhall make a plenteous River:
Th' old Tyrant loads not with ſo-many loans,
Toules, Taxes, Succours, Impoſitions,
The panting Vaſſals to him Tributary,
As thy rich Fields ſhall pay thee voluntary:
Thy children, and thy childrens children, ſet
About thy Table ſide by ſide at meat,
Shall flouriſh like a long and goodly rowe
Of pale-green Olives that uprightly growe
About a ground, and (full of Fruit) preſage
Plenty of Oyle unto their Maſter ſage:
Sons of thy ſons ſhall ſerve thy reverend Eld:
Thou ſhalt dye quiet, thou ſhalt live unquell'd:
Bleſſed at home, and bleſſed in the Plain:
The bleſſed God ſhall ſend thee timely Rain,
And wholſom windes, and with his keyes of grace
Open Heav'ns ſtore-houſe to thy happy Race:
Thy proud fell Foes with Troops of armed men
Shall charge thee one way, but ſhall fly thee ten:
The Peace-Plant Olive, or Triumphant Bay
Shall ſhade thy gates: Thy valour ſhall diſmay
And daunt the Earth: and with his ſacred aw
Thy Saviour-King ſhall give the World the Law.
If otherwiſe; the Megrim, Gowt, and Stone,
Shall plague thee fell with thouſand pangs in one:
Thy numbry Flocks in part ſhall barren be,
In part ſhall bring abortives unto thee:
Accurſt at home, accurſed in the Plain,
Thy labour boot-leſs, and thy care in vain:

Thy

Their ill-eaſfull puniſhment.

Aarons charge is confirmed by miracle.

Sundry victories of the Iſraelites, under the conduct and direction of Moſes.

Referring the reſt for another diſcourſe. our Poet haſteth to the death of Moſes.

By his example men are warned not to defer to make their Will till it be too late to be troubled with the buſineſſe of this world.

He pronounceth the bleſſing and the curſes written in Levit. 26. & Deut. 28. whereunto the people ſay Amen.

Bleſſings on thoſe that obey.

Curſes on the diſobedient.

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Thy Field shall be of steel, thy Heav'n of brass,
Thy Fountains dry: and God displeas'd (alas!)
In stead of wholsom showrs, shall send down flashes
Of Lightning, Fire, Hail, Sulphur, Salt, and ashes:
Thou shalt reap little where thou much hast shed,
And with that little shall thy Foe be fed;
He shall the fattest of thy Heard devour
Before thy face, and yet thou must not lowr:
Thou shalt build fair, another have thy Place:
Thou wed a wife, another 'fore thy face
Shall lose her *Bride-belt*: God with rage shall smite
Thy stubborn heart, with blindness and affright;
So that a wagging leaf, a puff, a crack,
Yea, the least creak shall make thee turn thy back:
Thou never shalt thine adverse Hoast survay,
But to be beaten, or to run away.
A People stout, for strength and number ample,
Which th' *Eagle* hath for *Ensigne* and Example,
With a new Wall thine ancient Wall shall dam,
And make thee (Famisht) thy voyd bowels cram
With thine own bowels, and for want of meat
Thine own deer childrens trembling flesh to eat.
And then, thy Remnant (far disperst from home)
O'r all the corners of the Earth shall roam:
To shew their Curse, they shall no Country ow'ne,
And (which is worse) they shall not be their Own.
AMEN, said all the Hoast. Then (like the Swan)
This dying Song, the Man of GOD began:

The Song Of Moses.

SIth ISRAEL (O wil-full!) will not hear;
Hearken O Heav'ns, and O thou Earth give ear
Unto my voyce, and Witness (on my part)
Before the Lord, my zeal and their hard heart.

O Heav'n and Earth attend unto my Song,
Hear my Discourse, which sweetly slides along;
As silver showrs on the dry Meads do trill,
And honey Deaws, on tender grass distill.

God grant (I pray) that in their hearts my Verse
(As water on the wither'd Lawns) may pierce:
And that the honey dropping from my tongue
May serve the old for rain, for deaw the young.

I sing th' Eternall: O let Heav'n and Earth
Come praise him with me, sound his glory forth,
Extoll his powr, his perfect Works record,
Truth, Goodnes, Greatnes, Justice of the Lord.

But, though for ever He have shown him such;
His children yet (no Children, rather much
A Bastard Race) full of malicious sin,
All kinde of vice have foully wallowed in.

O foolish People! dost thou thus requite
His Father-care, who fenc't thee day and night,
As with a Shield? Who chose thee as his heir?
Who made thee, of so foul a mass, so fair?

Un-winde the bottom of old Times again,
Of Ages past un-reel the snarled skain:
Ask of thy Parents, and they shall declare;
Thine Elders, and they 'l tell thee Wonders rare.

They 'l tell thee, how, when first the Lord had
Men on the Earth, and justly levelled (spred
His strait long Measure, th' All-Ball to divide,
He did for thee a plenteous Land provide:

For his deer JACOB, whom his favour then
Seem'd t' have sequestred from the rest of men,
To th' end his *Blessed Seed* (in future age)
Should be his care, Love, Lot, and Heritage.

They 'l tell thee too, how through the sandy hor-
Of a vast *Desart*, Den of ghastly terror, (ror
Of Thirst and Hunger, and of Serpents fell,
He by the hand conducted ISRAEL:

Yea, (of his goodnes) to direct him still;
By Word and Writ show'd him his sacred Will;
Under his wings shade hid him tenderly,
And held him deer, as apple of his ey.

As is the royall *Eagle*'s sacred wont,
When she would teach her tender Birds to mount;
To flie and crie about her Nest, to cheer them;
And when they faint, on her wing'd back to beare-
(them:
God (without ayd of other Gods or *Graces*)
Safe guide, hath made him mount the highest places,
Such Oyl and Honey from the Rocks distilling,
In plenteous Land with pleasant Fruits him filling.

He gave him Milk and Butter for his meat,
Kid, Lamb, and Mutton, with the flowr of Wheat;
And for his Drink, a most delicious Wine (Vine).
(The sprightfull blood of the broad-spreading

But, wexen fat, he lifts his wanton heel
Against his God (to whom his soule should kneel)
Forsaks his Maker, and contemns the Same
That saved him from danger, death, and shame.

Then, hee inflam'd the fury of the Lord,
With profane bowing to false gods abhord:
With serving *Idols*, and with sacrifycing
To Fiends, and Phansies of his own devising.

For vaine false gods, gods un-renown'd, and new,
Gods that his Fathers nor he never knew,
He hath forgot the true eternall BEING,
The God of whom he holds his bliss and being.

God saw it well, and jealously a fire
Against his Children thus he threats his ire:
No; I will hide the brightnes of my face,
Ile take from them the treasures of my grace.

Then let us see what will of them become:
But, what but mischief can unto them come,
That so perverse with every puff let fly
Their faith, sole constant in inconstancy?

Th' have made me jealous of a God, no god:
Ile make them jealous, I will Wed (abroad)
A People (yet) no people: And their brest
Shall split, for spight, to see the *Nations* blest.

Devouring

Devouring Fire, that from my heart doth fume,
Shall fiercely burn and in my wrath conſume
The deep of Deeps, the middle Downs, and Fields,
And ſtrong foundations of the ſteepeſt Hils.

Ile ſpend on them my ſtore of puniſhments,
And all mine Arrows; Famine, Peſtilence,
Wilde Beaſts, and Worms that baſely crawling are,
Without remorſe ſhall make them end-leſs War.

Abroad, the Sword their ſtrong men ſhal devour,
At home, through Fear, the Virgin in her flowr,
The freſh young Youth, the ſucking children ſmall,
And hoary head, dead to the ground ſhall fall.

Yea, even already would I quite deface
And clean deſtroy them, I would JACOB race,
Raze his memoriall from the Earth for ay,
But that I fear the *Heathen* thus would ſay:

We have prevail'd, we by our ſtrength alone
Have quell'd this People, and them overthrown:
'Twas not their God that did it for their Sins:
No, He himſelfe is vanquiſht with his Friends.

Ha! ſottiſh blocks, voyd of all ſenſe and ſight:
Could one man put a thouſand men to flight;
And two, ten thouſand, if the God of Arms
Had not even ſold their troops & bound their arms?

For God, our God, doth all their gods ſurpaſs:
They know it well: but, their Wine ſprings (alas!)
From SODOM's Vine, and grew in GOMOR's fields,
Which Gall for Grapes, for Rayſins Poyſon yeelds.

It is no Wine: no, the black bane it is,
The killing vomit of the Cockatrice;
'Tis bitter venom, 'tis the ſame that coms
From the fell ASPIK's foul infecting gums.

Do not I know it? keep not I account
(In mine Exchequer) how their ſins do mount?
Vengeance is mine: I will (in fine) repay
In my due time: I will not long delay.

Their ruin poſteth: then th' Omnipotent
Shall Judge for JACOB: then will I repent
To quite deſtroy mine own beloved people,
Seeing their ſtrength all fail'd and wholly feeble.

'T will then be ſaid, Where are their gods becom
(Their deaf, dull Idols, ſent-leſs, ſight-leſs, dumb)
To whom they lift their hearts, and hands, and eyes,
And (as their Guards) ſo oft did ſacrifice?

Now let thoſe trim Protectors them protect;
Let them riſe quickly and defend their Sect,
Their *Fires* and *Altars*; and come ſtand before,
To ſhield the Fondlings that their *Fanes* adore.

Know therefore, Mortals, I th' IMMORTALL *am:*
There 's none like *Me*, in or above this *Frame:*
I wound, I heal; I kill, I fetch from Grave,
And from my hands none can the Sinner ſave.

Ile lift my hand tow'rd th' arched heav'ns on high,
And ſwear with-all by mine Eternity
(Which only *Beeing*, gives to all to *Been*)
That if I whet my Sword of Vengeance keen:

If once (I ſay) as Soverain King alone,
I ſit me down on my high Juſtice Throne,
Ile venge me roughly on mine Enemies,
And guerdon juſtly their iniquities:

My hart-thril darts I wil make drunk with blood,
Ile glut my ſword with ſlaughter; all the brood
Of Rebell Nations I will raze (in fine)
To recompence the blood and death of mine.

O Gentiles, then his People praiſe and fear,
Sith to the Lord it is ſo choicely deer:
Sith hee 'l avenge his Cauſe; and, beating down
His enemies, will mildly cheer his Own.

FINIS.

THE

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The Captaines.

THE FOURTH PART OF THE THIRD DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Iust-Duked JOSUAH *cheers the* Abramides
To CANAAN'S *Conqueſt:* Jordan *ſelf-divides:*
Re-Circumciſion, *what, and where, and why:*
Sackt Jericho: Hai *won (ſo* Achan *die):*
Gibeonites *guile:* ſtrange Hail: *the* Sun ſtands ſtill;
Nature *repines.* Jewes *(Guide-leſs) prone to ill.*
Adoni-Bezec. Sangar, DEBORA,
Barac *and* Jahel *conquer* SISARA.
Samuel *ſucceeds:* Jews *crave a* KING: *a vie*
Of People-*Sway*; States-*Rule*: *and* MONARCHY.

Canaan ſalated.

HAil *holy* JORDAN, and you *bleſſed* Torrents
Of the pure Waters, of whoſe cryſtall Currents
So many *Saints* have ſipt: O *Wals*, that reſt
Fair Monuments of many a famous Gueſt:
O *Hils*, O *Dales*, O *Fields* ſo flowry ſweet,
Where *Angels* oft have ſet their ſacred feet:
And thou O *ſacred Place*, which wert the *Cradle*
Of th' only MAN-God, and his happy *Swadle*:
And thou O *Soil*, which drank'ſt the *crimſin Showr*
That (for our health) out of his veins did pour:
And you fat *Hillocks* (which I take as giv'n
For a firm pledge of the full joyes of Heav'n)
Where Milk and Honey flowe; I ſee you all,
Under the conduct of my Generall,
NUN'S valiant *Son*: and under GEDEONS Sway,
SANGAR, and SAMSON, BARAC, DEBORA.

Argument of this Tract.

For, heer (brave *Heroes*) your high Feats I ſing;
Thrice ſacred Spirit, thy ſpeedy ſuccour bring:
O Spirit, which wert their guide, guard, ſtrength & ſtay,
Let not my Verſe their Vertue's praiſe betray. (ſtay,

Joſuah his inſt authority over the people of Iſrael.

JOSUAH, by Favour nor by Bribes, obtains
A higher Rank than Royall Soveraigns
(Who buys in groſs, he by retail muſt ſell:
And who gives Favour, Favour asks as well):
He gets it not by Fortune (ſhe is ſight-leſs):
Neither by force (for, whoſo enters (Right-leſs)
By Force, is forced to goe out with ſhame):
Nor ſudden climbs he (raw) unto the ſame
(For, to high Place, who mounts not ſtep by ſtep,
He coms not down, but headlong down doth leap):
But, even as that grave-gracefull Magiſtrate,
Which (now) *with* Conſcience, Law *doth Moderate,*

Similé.

Was

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Was first a Student *(under others view)*
Then Barister, *then* Counseller *at Law*,
Then Queens Solicitor, *then* Rowles-*Arbitrer*,
And then Lord-Keeper, *now* LORD CHANCELLOR;
He coms to't by degrees: and having first
Shown Himselfe wise in spying *Canaan* yerst,
Faithfull to MOSES in his Ministrings,
And *Stout* in fight against the Heathen Kings,
God makes him CAPTAIN, and the sacred Priests
Pronounce him so, the People pleased is.

His first Oration to the people.

But in his State yet he be stall'd (almost)
Set in the midst of Gods beloved Hoast,
He thus delates: O happy Legions deer,
Which sacred Arms under Heav'ns Ensigns beare,
Feare not that I, yet forty years, again (train
Your wandring Troops in these vast sands should
'Twixt Hope and Fear: th' unhallowed Offerings,
The proud revolts, blasphemous Murmurings
Of your stiffe Fathers, have with-holden rather
Than whole with-drawn th' aid of your heavenly
God tenders it in time, and (pacifi'd) (Father:
Nils the set Term without effect should slide.
Serve him therefore, now take him at his word,
And now to *Canaan* march with one accord;
And bravely shew that th' Hoast of ISRAEL,
In valour, far doth his drad fame excell.

He urgeth particularly *Ruben*, *Gad*, and *Manasses*, to take part with their brethren, in prosecuting the Conquest of Canaan.

Courageous JACOB, ARAD's stoutest hearts
And strongest Holds have prov'd thy pikes & darts,
The *Madianites* have thine Arms thunder known,
Th' hast razed *Basan*, ransackt *Hezebon*,
Scap't scaly Serpents (in these Desarts vast)
Crost the *Red-Sea*, and Heav'n-prop SINA past,
And sent to Hell thy draddest Foes: Lo, now
God offers thee the Crown, accept it thou.
Then turning him to RUBEN and to GAD,
And to MANASSES, who their Portion had
By MOSES grant on *Jordan*'s Eastern verge;
War-eloquent, he thus proceeds to urge:
Can you (my hearts) finde in your hearts to leave
Your Ranks, and us thus of your aids bereave?
Will you lie wrapped in soft beds a-sleep,
While in cold Trenches your poore Brethren keep?
Will you sit washing (when your Feasts be done)
In sweet Rose-water, while that *Orion*
His cloudy store in storm-full furie pours,
And drowns your Brethren with continual showrs?
Will you goe dance and dally to and fro,
While in the Field they march to charge the Foe?
Will you expect a part with them in gain,
While they the blowes and all the brunt sustain?
God shield, you should dishonour so your Blood:
Nay rather (leaving on this side the Flood
Your Wives and children, and (unfit for Battell)
Your aged Parents, and your Heards of Cattell)
Come arm your selves, t' advance our Victories,
And share with us in Perill, as in Prize.

The generall and joyfull answer of the people.

O Noble Prince (then all the Hoast reply'd)
March-on a Gods Name; and good Hap betide:
Were *Canaan* turn'd another Wilderness,
Were there before us yet more crimsin Seas;
Were *Horeb*, *Carmel*, and Mount *Seir* set
Each upon other (up to Heav'n to get)
We'l follow thee through all; and only th' end
Of our own lives shall our brave Journey end.

After the *Ark*, then march they in aray
Direct to *Jordan*, praising all the way
That living God, whose matchless mighty hand
Parted the Sea, that they might passe by Land.

A poeticall and pleasant description of the river *Iordan*.

Hoar-headed *Jordan* neatly lodged was
In a large Cave, built all of beaten Glass;
Whose waved Seeling, with exceeding cost,
The *Nymphs* (his Daughters) rarely had imbost
With Pearls and Rubies, and in-layd the rest
With *Nacre checks*, and Corall of the best:
A thousand Streamlings that n'er saw the Sun,
With tribute silver to his service run:
There, IRIS, AUSTER, and Clouds blewly black
Continually their liquor leave and take:
There, th' aged Flood layd on his mossie bed,
And pensive leaning his flag-shaggie head
Upon a Tuft, where th' eating waves incroach,
Did gladly wait for ISRAELS approach:
Each haire he had is a quick-flowing stream,
His sweat the gushing of a storm extream,
Each sigh a Billow, and each sob he sounds
A swelling Sea that over-flowes his bounds:
His weak gray eyes are alwayes seen to weep,
About his loyns a rush-Belt wears he deep,
A Willow Wreath about his wrinkled brows;
His Father NEREUS his complexion showes.
So soon as He their welcome rumour heard
His frosty head above the Waves he rear'd,
With both his hands strook back behinde his ears
The waving Tresses of his weeping hairs:
And then perceiving JACOB's Army stay'd
By his proud streams, he chid them thus, and said:
Presuptuous Brook, dar'st thou (ingrateful Torrent)
Lift-up thy horn, lash-out thy swelling Current
Against the Lord, and over-flow thy bound
To stop his passage? Shall the Floods profound
Of the proud *Ocean* to his Hoast give-way?
Shall *Egypt*'s honour, shall that Gulfe (I say)
That long large Sea, wch with his plenteous waves
A third or fourth part of the World be-laves;
Shall that yeeld humbly at his Servant's beck?
And thou, poor Rill, or gutter (in respect)
Resist himselfe (his glorious selfe) that Inns
Heer in his *Ark*, between the Cherubins?
And saying so, he on his shoulder flung,
His deep wide Crock, that on his hip had hung,
And down his back pours back-ward all his course:
The stream returns towards his double source;
And leaving dry a large deep lane betwixt,
The fearfull waves in heaped Hils were fixt,
To give God place, and passage to his hoast,
Towards their *Promis'd* and appointed coast.

Prosopopœia.

The Israelites passe dryshod thorow *Iordan*.

So, dry they pass (after the sacred *Oracle*)
And leave Memorials of that famous Miracle
Upon Mount *Gilgal*: and their flesh anon
They seal with *Signe* of their Adoption.
For, the All-guiding God, th' Almighty Prince,
To give to His some speciall difference,
Will'd that all Males of *Abram*'s Progenies
With sacred Rasor should them *Circumcise*;
And ever-more, that *Isaac*'s blessed Race
Should in their *Fore-skin* bear his gage of Grace.

Circumcision.

But, why (sayst thou) should ancient ISRAEL,
In such a secret place Record and Seal

Th'

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A curious queſtion, why it was appointed in ſuch a place.

A ſharp and ſober anſwer.

The right application and uſe thereof.

The Paſſover.

The ſiege of *Iericho* after a ſtrange manner.

The Citizens deride it.

On the ſeventh day their walls of themſelves fall downe.

Simile.

Th' *Act* of the *Cov'nant*: and with bloody ſmart
Ingrave their glorie in a ſhamefull part?
Who bluſhes at it, is a grace-leſs Beaſt:
Who ſhames to ſee the *Signe* of *Grace* impreſt
In ſhamefull part, he is aſham'd of CHRIST
Born of that Race, and ſelfly *Circumcis'd*.
A hundred ſubtill Reaſons from the Writs
Of *Rabbins* could I bring: but, ſober Wits
Reſt ſatisfied, conceiving that th' inciſion
Of th' obſcæne *Fore-skin*, ſignifies th' abſciſſion,
Or ſacred cutting-off of foul Affects,
Beſeeming thoſe whom God for His elects:
That God the Fruits of fleſh and blood doth hate:
And that through CHRIST we muſt regenerate.
Now, th' *Hebrews* kept their *Paſs-over*; and go
(By Heav'ns addreſs) to mighty *Jericho*,
Beſieging ſo the City round about,
That fear got in, but nothing could get out.
Souldiers (ſaid then th' undaunted Generall)
Prepare no Mattocks, Ladders, Rams, at all,
To mine, or ſcale, or batter-down theſe Towrs:
The great, the high, the mighty God of Powrs
Will fight himſelfe alone: and then hee bod
(As firſt himſelfe had been inform'd by God)
That daily once they all ſhould march the Round
About the City with horn-Trumpets ſound;
Bearing about, for only Banneret,
The light-full *Ark*, GOD's ſacred Cabinet:
Their ſwords un-drawn, not making any noiſe,
Threat-leſs their brows, and without braves their voice,
No ſhaft to ſhoot, no ſign of war, no glance,
And even their March doth rather ſeem a Dance.
What childre-ſpel? what may-game have we heer?
What? dare you (Gallants) dare you not come neer?
Is this your brave aſſault? is this your fight?
Ween you with ſcar-crows us (like birds) to fright?
(Said the beſieged) get you ſom-where elſe!
(Poor ſots) to ſhew your Bug-bears and your ſpels:
Ceaſe your hoarſe muſick, leave the ſtage alone:
Fools, draw the Curten, now your Play is done.
Six daies together had the *Hebrews* thus 't (muſt;
About the Town, ſeven-times the Seventh they
When ſacred *Levits* ſound more loud and high
Their horny-Trumps: then all the People cry,
Come, come (great God) come, batter, batter down
Theſe odious wals, this Idol-wedded Town.
It cracks in th' inſtant, the foundation ſhrinks,
The mortar crumbles from the yawning chinks,
Each ſtone is looſe, and all the wall doth quiver,
And all at once unto the ground doth ſhiver
With hideous noiſe; and th' *Heathen* Garriſon
Is but immur'd with Clouds of duſt alone:
So ſhall you ſee a Cloud-crown'd Hill ſomtime,
Torn from a greater by the waſte of Time,
Dreadly to ſhake, and boundling down to hop;
And roaring, heer it roules tall Cedars up,
There aged Oaks; it turns, it ſpurns, it hales
The lower Rocks into th' affrighted Vales,
There ſadly ſinks, or ſudden ſtops the way
Of ſome ſwift Torrent haſting to the Sea.
Boaſt you, O Bombards, that you Thunder drown:
And vaunt you, Mines, that you turn up-ſide down
Rampires and Towrs, and Wals the maſſie-moſt:
Yet, your exploits require both time and coſt;
You make but a ſmall breach, but a rough way,
And (by miſchance) oft your own ſide betray.
But, th' *Hebrew's* with a ſudden ſhowt and cry,
A whole great Town diſ-mantle inſtantly,
And (unreſiſted) entring everie-where,
They exerciſe all hoſtile vengeance there.
And, as a ſort of luſty Bill-men, ſet
In Wood-ſale time to fell a Cops, by great;
Be-ſtir them ſo, that ſoon with ſweating pain,
They turne an Oak-grove to a field of grain:
So th' *Hebrew* Hoaſt, without remorſe or pitty,
Through all ſad corners of the open City,
Burn, break, deſtroy, bathe them in blood, and toyl
To lay all levell with the trampled ſoyl:
The Idol's Temples, and the delicate
Prince-Palaces are quickly beaten flat:
The fire lowd-crackling wth the Clouds doth meet,
A bloody Torrent runs through every ſtreet, (ſmal;
Their venge-full ſword ſpares neither great nor
Neither the Child that on his hands doth crawl,
Nor him that wears ſnow on his ſhaking head,
Ice in his heart; not the leaſt Beaſt they bred.
A deed (indeed) more worthy th' *Heſeline*,
Than th' holy *Hebrews*; had the voice Divine
Not charg'd them ſo, and choicely armed them
'Gainſt *Jericho*, with his own * *Anathem*;
Reſerving only for his *Sacred Place*,
The Gold and Silver, th' Iron and the Braſs.
Yet ſacrilegious *Achan* dar'd to hoord
Some precious Pillage: which incenſt the Lord
Againſt the Camp, ſo that he let them fly
(For this Offence) before their Enemy.
For, when three thouſand choſen *Iſraelites*
Were ſent to *Hai* t' aſſault the *Canaanites*,
The Town all armes: their Prince the forwardeſt
(No leſs-brave Souldier than proud Athêiſt)
Arms the broad Mountain of his hairie breaſt,
With horrid ſcales of *Nilus* greedy beaſt;
His brawny arms and ſhoulders, with the skin
Of the dart-darting wily *Porcupin:*
He wears for Helm a Dragon's ghaſtly head,
Where-on for Plume a huge Horſe-tail doth ſpread;
Not much unlike a Birch-tree bare belowe,
Which at the top in a thick tuft doth growe,
Waving with every winde, and made to kiſs
Th' Earth, now on that ſide, and anon on this:
In Quiver made of Lezard's skins he wears
His poyſoned Arrows; and the Bowe he bears,
Is of a mighty-Tree, ſtrung with a Cable,
His Shaft a Lever, whoſe keen head is able
To pierce all proof, ſtone, ſteel, and Diamant.
Thus furniſhed, the Tyrant thus doth vaunt:
Sirs, ſhall we ſuffer this ignoble Race,
Thus ſhamefully us from our Own to chaſe?
Shall they be Victors yer they overcome?
Shall our Poſſeſſions and our Plenty come
Among theſe Mongrels? Tuſh: let Children quake
At dreams of ABRAM: let faint Women ſhake
At their drad God, at their Sea-drying Lord;
I know no Gods, above my glittering Sword.
This ſaid, he ſallies and aſſaults the Foe
With furious skirmiſh; and doth charge them ſo,
As ſtormy billows ruſh againſt a Rock:
As boyſtrous winds (that have their priſon broak)

Similie.

Iericho ſack'd and conſumed with fire, and all her inhabitants put to the ſword without reſpect of State, Sexe or Age.

* Coſſe.

Achans Sacrilege.

Hai ſummoned, the Townes men ſally and put the Iſraelites to flight.

The antik armour of the King. His inſolent and blaſphemous Oration.

3. Simile.

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Roar on a Forreſt: as Heav'ns ſulph'ry Flaſh
Againſt proud Mountains ſurly brows doth daſh.
The ſacred Troops (to conquer alwaies wont)
Could not ſuſtain his firſt tempeſtuous brunt,
But turn their backs: and, as they fly amain,
Foure leſs than forty of their band were ſlain.
Joſuah and the Prince of Iſrael humbled before the Lord in prayer.
The ſon of NUN then (with th' *Iſacian* Peers)
Before the *Ark* in proſtrate wiſe appears.
Sack on his back, duſt on his head, his eyes
Even great with tears, thus to the Lord hee cryes:
O! what alas? what have we done, O Lord?
The People, deſtin'd to thy Peoples ſword,
Conquers thy People; and the *Canaanites*
(Againſt thy Promiſe) chaſe the *Iſraelites*.
O Lord, why did not *Jordans* rapid Tyde
Still ſtay our Hoaſt upon the other ſide?
Sith heer, in hope to get the *Promis'd* more,
We hazzard all that we had won before.
Regard and guard us; nay, regard thy Name:
O! ſuffer not the ſeed of *Abraham*
(Almighty Father, O thou God moſt high!)
To be expos'd to *Heathens* Tyrannie!
Much leſs thy ſacred *Ark*, for them to burn:
And leaſt of all, thy glorious Self, to ſcorn.
JOSUAH (ſaid God) let th' Hoaſt be ſanctifi'd,
And let the Church-thief dye, that dar'd to hide
Th' unlawfull Pillage of that curſed Town
(The Maiden Conqueſt, prime of thy Renown):
Then ſhalt thou vanquiſh, and the lofty Towrs
Of HAI ſhall fall under thy war-like powrs.
Achan executed.
The morrow next, after the great *Aſſiſe*,
ACHAN (convicted, not by bare ſurmize,
But by God's Spirit, which undermines our minds,
And cleerly ſees our ſecreteſt deſignes;
To whom, Chance is no Chance, and Lot no Lot,
To whom the Die uncertaine rouleth not)
Is brought without the Hoaſt, with all he hath,
And ſacrific'd unto th' Almighties wrath.
Now, between *Bethel* and HAI's weſtern wall,
There lies a Valley cloſe inviron'd all
Between the forking of a Hill ſo high,
That it is hidden from all paſſers-by:
Whoſe horned clifts, below are hollowed,
And with two Forreſts arbour'd over-head:
'Tis long and narrow; and a rapid Torrent,
Bounding from rock to Rock with roaring Current,
Deaffens the Shepheards: ſo that it ſhould ſeem
Nature fore-caſt it for ſom ſtratagem.
An Ambuſh.
Thither the Duke (ſoon after mid-night) guides
His choyceſt Bands, and them there war'ly hides:
Each keeps his place, none ſpeaks, none ſpets, none
But all as ſtill, as if they march on moſs: (coughs;
Simile.
So fallow Wolves, when they intend to ſet
On fearfull flocks that in their Folds do bleat,
Through ſilent darkneſs ſecret waies do groap;
Their feet are feather'd with the wings of hope,
They hold their breath, and ſo ſtill undiſcry'd,
They paſs hard by the watchfull Maſtie's ſide.
Mean-while the howrs op'ned the doors of Day,
To let out *Titan* that muſt needs away:
Whoſe radiant treſſes, but with trailing on,
Began to gild the top of *Libanon*,
* Signifieth but an Earl: but here it is
When, with the reſt of all his Hoaſt, the * GRAVE
Marcheth amain to give the Town a brave,
They ſtraight re-charge him: as in ſeaſon warm
The honey-makers buſie-buzzing ſwarm,
With hūming threats throngs from the little gates
Of their round Towr, and with their little hates
Fiercely aſſayl, and wound the naked skins
Of ſuch as come to rob their curious Inns.
Why (Cowards) dare you come again for blows?
Or, doe you long your wretched lives to loſe?
Com, wee are for you; wee'l diſpatch you ſoon:
And for the many wrongs that you have don
Unto our ſelves, our Neighbours, and our Friends,
This day our ſwords ſhall make us full amends
(Cry th' *Amorites*): and th' *Hebrew* Captain then
A ſtratagem
Flies, as affraid, and with him all his men
Diſorderly retire; ſtill faining ſo,
Till (politick) he hath in-trayn'd the Foe
Right to his Ambuſh: then the Souldiers there,
Hid in the Vale, hearing their noiſe ſo neer,
Would fain be at them, were they not with-held
By threatning geſtures of Commanding Eld:
Simile.
So have I ſeen on LAMBORN'S *pleaſant Downs,*
When yelping Begles or ſome deeper Hounds
Have ſtart a Hare, how milk-white Minks *and* Lun
(Gray-bitches both, the beſt that ever run)
Held in one leaſh, have leapt and ſtrain'd, and whin'd
To be reſtrain'd, till (to their Maſters minde)
They might be ſlipt, to purpoſe; that (for ſport)
Watt *might have law neither too-long nor ſhort.*
But, when the *Heathen* had the ambuſh paſt,
The Duke thus cheers his ſacred Troops as faſt,
Sa, ſa, my Hearts; turn, turn again upon-them,
They are your own; now charge, and cheerly on-
His ready Souldiers at a beck obey, (them.
And on their Foes courageous load they lay: (kill
Hai conquered.
They ſhoot, they ſhock, they ſtrike, they ſtab, they
Th' unhallowed Currs, that yet reſiſted ſtill;
Untill behinde them a new ſtorm aroſe
With horrid noyſe, which daunts not only thoſe,
But with the furie of it's force doth make
The Hils and Forreſts, and even Hell to quake.
Pagans, what will you doe? If heer you fly,
You fall on *Caleb*, where y'are ſure to dy:
If there, on *Joſuah*: O unfortunate!
Your help-leſs gods in vain you invocate.
Y'are (O forlorn!) like Rabbets round beſet
With wily Hunters, Dogs, and deadly Net:
Simile.
With ſhrill *Sa-haw, heer-heer-ho, heer-again,*
The Warren rings; th' amazed Game amain
Runs heer and there: but if they ſcape away (Hay.
From Hounds, ſtaves kill them; if from ſtaves, the
Yeeld, yeeld, and dy then, ſtrive not to retire:
For, even in death behold your Town a-fire.
Then *Gibeon*, a mighty Citie neer,
That theſe Exploits of Heav'ns drad hand did hear,
Sent ſubtilly, to League with *Iſrael*.
The Gibeonites cunning policy, to make league with Iſrael.
No: y' are deceiv'd (ſaid then th' *Arch-Colonel*)
The *Canaanites* are deſtin'd long ago
To Fire, and Sword, and utter overthrow; (ceede:
From Heav'ns high Judge the Sentence doth pro-
Man may not alter what God hath decreed.
Alas! my Lord (reply'd th' Embaſſadors)
You may perceive, we are no Borderers
Upon theſe Countries: For, our ſuits, our ſlops,
Our hoſe and ſhoos, were new out of the ſhops
When

uſurped for the cheefe Captaine ſ. 180. 8. mile.

When wee set forth from home; and even that day
This bread was baked when wee came away;
But the long Journey, wee have gone, hath wore
Our cloaths to rags, and turn'd our victuals hoar.
W' adjure thee therefore in the sacred Name
Of that drad GOD to whom your vows you frame,
By the sweet aire of this delightfull Coast,
By the good Angel that conducts your Hoast,
By deare Embraces of your dearer Wives,
And by your Babes (even) dearer than your lives;
By each of these, and all of these together, (ther,
And by your Arms, whose Fame hath drawne us hi-
T' have pity on us, and to swear unto-us,
To save our lives, and not so to undoo-us,
As these neer Nations *Israel* accords,
And with an Oath confirms the solemn words.
A sacred application of their profane example.
So, I (good Lord) perceiving all the Seed
Of *Sin-full Adam* unto Death decreed,
Doom'd to the Vengeance of thy Furie fell,
And damn'd for ever to the deepest Hell;
Would fain be free: but, if I should (alas!)
Come, as I am, before thy glorious face,
Thou (righteous God) wilt turn thine eies away;
For, Flesh and Blood possess not Heav'n for ay;
And the strict Rigour of thy *Justice* pure
Cannot (O Lord) the least of sins endure.
Oh then! what shall I doe? Ile similize
These *Gibeonites*: I will my self disguize
To gull thee, Lord (for, even a holy Guile
Findes with thee grace and favour often-while):
Ile put-on (crafty) not the cloak of *Pride*
(For, that was it whereby our Grand-sires di'd;
And *Lucifer*, with his associates, fell
From Joies of Heav'n, into the pains of Hell);
But th' humble *Fleece* of that sweet sacred *Lamb*
Which (for our sakes) upon the *Cross* became
So torn and tatter'd; which the most refuse;
Scorn of the *Gentiles*, Scandal of the *Jewes*.
Simile. And, as a piece of Silver, Tin, or Lead,
By cunning hands with Gold is covered;
I, that am all but Lead (or dross, more base)
In fervent Crusible of thy free Grace,
Ile gild mee all with his pure Beautie's Gold;
Born a new man (by Faith) Ile kill mine old:
In Spirit and Life, *Christ* shall be mine Example,
His Spirit shall be my Spirit, and I his Temple.
I being thus in *Christ*, and *Christ* in mee,
O! wilt thou, canst thou, drive *Us* far from thee?
Deprive, from promis'd new-*Jerusalem*,
Christ thine own *Likenes*; and mee, *like* to him?
Banish from Heav'n (whose *Bliss* shall never vade)
Thy *Christ*, by whom; & me, for whom 'twas made?
But, O Presumption! O too rash Designe!
Alas! to *Will* it only, is not mine:
And, though I *Would*, my flesh (too-Winter-chill)
My spirit's small sparkles doth extinguish still.
O! therefore thou, thou that canst all alone;
All-sacred Father's like all-sacred Son,
Through thy deep Mercie daign thou to transforme
Into thy Self, mee sin-full silly worme;
That so, I may be welcom to my God,
And live in Peace, not where the *Jewes* abode,
But in Heav'n-*Sion*: and that thou mayst be
Th' uniting glew between my God and mee.

Now, *Eglon*'s, *Hebron*'s, *Jarmuth*'s, *Salem*'s Lords,
And *Lachis* Kingling (after these Accords)
Wroth, that their Neighbours had betrayed so
Their common Countrey to their common Foe,
Had made so great a breach, and by the hand
Led (as it were) th' *Hebrews* into their Land;
Set-upon *Gibeon*: but th' *Isaacian* Prince,
As just as valiant, hasts to hunt them thence;
And, resolute to rescue his Allies,
Hee straight bids Battell to their enemies.
The Fight grows fierce; and winged *Victory*,
The battell of the five Kings.
Shaking her Laurels, rusht confusedly
Into the midst; shee goes, and coms, and goes,
And now shee leans to these, and now to those.
Auster the while from neighbour Mountaines arms
A hundred Winters, and a hundred storms
With huge great Hail-shot, driving fiercely-fell
In the stearn visage of the Infidel:
The roaring Tempest violently retorts
Extraordinary volleys of hail shot from heaven upon the infidels.
Upon themselves the *Pagans* whirling darts,
And in their own breasts, their own Launces bore,
Wher-with they threatned th' Hoast of God before:
And (even) as if it envi'd the Renown
Of valiant *Josuah* (now by *Ganges* known)
With furious shock, the formost Ranks it whirr'd
Upon the next, the second on the third:
Simile. Even as a Bridge of Cards, which Play-full Childe
Doth in an evening on a Carpet build,
When some Wag by, upon his Work doth blow;
If one Arch fall, the rest fall all a-row
Each upon other, and the Childe he cries
For his lost labour, and again hee tries.
If any, resting on his knotty Spear,
'Gainst Arms and Storms, yet stand out stifly there,
Th' Hail, which the winde full in his face doth yerk,
Smarter than Racquets in a Court re-jerk
Bals 'gainst the Wals of the black-boorded house,
Beats out his eyes, batters his nose, and brows.
Then turn the *Pagans*, but without a vail:
For, instantly the stony storm of Hail
Which flew direct a-front, direct now fals
Plumb on their heads, & cleaves their sculs & cauls:
And ever, as they waver to and fro,
Over their Hoast the Haily Cloud doth go:
And never hits one *Hebrew*, though between,
But a swords length (or not so much) be seen:
A buckler one, another a bright helm
Over his threatned or sick head doth whelm;
But, the shield broken, and helm beaten in,
Th' Hail makes the hurt bite on the bloody green.
Those, that escape, betake them to their heels;
Josuah pursues: and though his sweat distils
From everie part, hee wounds, hee kils, hee cleaves.
Neither the Fight imperfect so he leaves:
But, full of faithfull zeal and zealous faith,
Thus (O strange language!) thus aloud hee saith;
At the command of *Iosuah* the Sun standeth still.
Beam of th' Eternall, daies bright Champion,
Spiall of Nature, O all-seeing Sun,
Stay, stand thou still, stand still in *Gibeon*;
And thou, O Moon i' th' vale of *Ajalon*,
That th' *Ammorites* now by their Hare-like flight
Scape not my hands under all hiding Night.
Simile. As a Caroche, drawn by four lusty Steeds,
In a smooth way whirling with all their speeds,

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Stops ſuddenly, if 't ſlip into a ſlough,
Or if it croſs ſome Log or maſſie bough;
The Day-reducing Chariot of the Sun,
Which now began, towards his Weſt to run,
Stops inſtantly, and gives the *Hebrews* ſpace
To rid the Pagans that they have in chaſe.

Deſcription of Nature, who offended thereat, makes her complaint to God.

Nature, amaz'd, for very anger ſhakes:
And to th' Almightie her complaint ſhee makes:
Seemly ſhee marches with a meaſur'd paſe,
Choler puts colour in her lovely face,
From either nipple of her boſom-twins
A lively ſpring of pleaſant milke there ſpins,
Upon her ſhoulders (*Atlas*-like) ſhee bears
The frame of All, down by her ſide ſhee wears
A golden Key, where-with ſhee letteth forth,
And locketh up the Treaſures of the Earth:
A ſumptuous Mantle to her heels hangs down,
Where-in the *Heav'ns*, the *Earth*, and *Sea* is ſhown;
The Sea in *Silver* woven, the Earth in *Green*,
The Heav'ns in *Azure*, with *gold* threds between:
All-quickning *Love*, freſh *Beauty*, ſmiling *Youth*,
And *Fruitfulneſs*, each for her favour ſu'th:
Grace ſtill attends ready to doe her honour,
Riches and *Plenty* alwaies wait upon her.

Proſopopœia.

Accountred thus, and thus accompani'd,
With thouſand ſighs thus to the Lord ſhee cri'd:
Shall it be ſaid a man doth Heav'n command?
Wilt thou permit a braving Souldiers hand
To wrong thine eldeſt Daughter? Ah! ſhall I
Have the bare Name, and Hee th' authority
To govern all, and all controul (O Lord)
With the bare winde of his ambitious word?
Shall I (the World's Law) then, receive the Law
At others hands? of others ſtand in aw?
If 't be thy pleaſure, or thou think it fit,
To have it ſo, or ſo to ſuffer it,
(Pardon mee, Father, that I am ſo free)
I heer ſurrender thy Lievtenancie:
Beſtow 't on him, put all into his hand: (mand.
Who Heav'n commands, Hee well may Earth com-
Why (daughter) knowſt thou not (God anſwers
That many times my Mercie doth transfer (her)
Into my Children mine own powr, where-by
They work (not ſeldom) mine own Wonders high?
That th' are my ſacred Vice-Royes? and that hee,

The power of a ſtedfaſt Faith.

Who (ſtript of Fleſh) by *Faith* is joyn'd to mee,
May remove Mountains, may dry-up the Seas,
May make an Ocean of a Wilderneſs?
Th' haſt ſeen it, Daughter: therfore, but thou pine
In jelouſie of this drad arm of mine,
Grudge not at therrs: for they can nothing do,
But what my Spirit inables them unto.

IOSVAH. his victories.

O happy Prince; I wonder not at all,
If at thy feet the ſtout *Anachian* fall,
If th' *Amorrhite*, *Hevite*, and *Canaanite*,
The *Phereſite*, *Hethite*, and *Jebuſite*,
And huge *Baſanian*, by thy daunt-leſs hoaſt
Were over-thrown: and if as ſwift (almoſt)
As my ſlow *Muſe* thy ſacred Conqueſt ſings, (kings;
Thou *Cam'ſt*, *Saw'ſt*, *Conquer'dſt* more than thirty
Subduing *Syria*, and dividing it
Unto twelve Kindreds in twelve portions fit;
Sith (O grand Vicar of th' Almighty Lord)
With only ſummons of thy mighty Word,
Thou makeſt Rivers the moſt deafly-deep
To lobſtarize (back to their ſource to creep);
Wals give thee way: after thy Trumpets charge,
Rock-ruſhing Tempeſts do retreat, or charge:
Sol's at thy ſervice: and the ſtarry *Pole*
Is proud to paſs under thy Muſter-Roule.

Simile.

As a blinde man, forſaken of his Guide
In ſome thick Foreſt, ſad and ſelf-beſide,
Takes now a broad, anon a narrow path,
His groaping hand his (late) eyes office hath,
Heer at a ſtub he ſtumbles, there the buſhes
Rake-off his cloak, heer on a Tree hee ruſhes,
Strayes in and out, turns, this and that way tries,
And at the laſt fals in a Pit, and dies:
Even ſo (alas!) having their Captain loſt,

After his death Iſrael having loſt his guide, fals from his God.

So blindely wanders JACOB's wilfull Hoaſt,
Contemns the Fountain of God's ſacred Law,
From Idoll-Puddles poyſoning drink to draw;
Forſakes th' old true God, and new falſe gods fains,
And with the *Heathen* friendſhip entertains.

God therefore forſakes him.

Th' Almighty ſaw it (for, what ſees he not?)
And ſuddenly his furie wexed hot;
And on their neck, for his ſweet yoak, hee layd
The ſtrangers yoak that hard and heavie weigh'd.

Simile.

But, as an Infant which the Nurſe lets go
To goe alone, waves weakly to and fro,
Feels his feet fail, cries out, and but (alas!)
For her quick hand, would fall and break his face:
So JACOB, juſtly made afflictions thrall,
Is never ready in the Pit to fall
Of pale Deſpair, but (if he cry, and crave him)

Vpon his repentance God againe receives him to favour.

God ſtill extends his gracious hand to ſave him;
Raiſing ſome *Worthy* that may break in ſunder
The Gyves and Fetters that hee labors under.

So then aſſiſted by th' immortall hand,
Brave ISRAEL brings under his Command
JERUSALEM, LUS, BETHEL, ACCARON,
SESAI, and THOLMAI, GAZA, and ASCALON,
And BEZEC too: whoſe bloudy Tyrant, fled,

The Tyrant *Adoni-Bezec* taken and intreated as hee had handled others.

Is caught again, and payd with Cake for Bread:
To ſelfe-taught Torture hee himſelf is put,
His ſacrilegious Thumbs and Toes be cut.
Whereby, more inly prickt, than outly pain'd,
God's Vengeance juſt hee thus confeſt, and plain'd;

His complaint.

O hand, late Scepter-grac't! O hand, that late
EGYPT did dread, and EDOM tremble at!
O hand, that (armed) durſt even MARS defie,
And couldſt have pull'd proud JUPITER from high!
Now, wherto ſerv'ſt thou, but t'augment my moan?
Thou canſt not now buckle mine Armour on;
Nor wield my mighty Launce with brazen head:
Ah! no (alas!) thou canſt not cut my bread.
O feet (late) winged to purſue the flight
Of hundred Armies that I foyl'd in fight,
Now you have loſt your office, now (alas!)
You cannot march, but limp about this place.

His confeſſion.

But, 'tis the juſt God, the juſt hand of Heav'n
In mine own Coin hath mee my painment given:
For, ſeventy kings, thus maim'd of Toes & Thumbs,
I, inſolent, have made to lick the crums
Under my boord (like Dogs) and drawn perforce
To ſerve for blocks when I ſhould mount my horſe.
Therefore (O Kings!) by mine example learn
To bound your rage, limit your furie ſtearn:

O Con-

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His caveat to all Tyrants and cruell minded men.

O Conquerers I be warned all by me;
Be to your Thrals, as God to you shall be:
Men, pity Man, wretched and overthrown;
And think his case may one-day be your own;
For, chance doth change: and none alive can say,
He happy is, untill his dying day:
The Foe that after Victorie survives,
Not for himselfe, but for your glorie lives:
Th' Olive 's above the Palm: and th' happiest King
His greatest Triumph, is Self-triumphing.

Israel again and againe relapseth.

But *Israel*, wall'wing in his myre again,
Soon lost the glory former Arms did gain;
And goods and bodies easie booties bin
To *Aram*, *Moab*, and the *Philistin*.

Againe humbled.

What help (O *Jacob*)? th' hast nor arms, nor head:
Thy fields wth bones of thine own bands bespread,
And th' only name of thy profaner Foe
Congeals thy bloud, and chils thy heart for Wo.
Flee, flee, and hye thee quickly to recover
The all-proof Target of thine ancient Lover,
Thy gracious God, the glorious Tyrant-tamer,
Terror of terrors, *Heathen* 's dreadfull hammer.

Againe and againe relieved.

Ah! I see already how he rescues thee
From th' odious yoak of *Pagan* Tyrannie;
Breaking the fetters of thy bondage fel,
By *Ahod*, *Barac*, and *Othoniel*,

Sangar a Plow-swain a famous Champion of *Israel*.

And Goad-man SANGAR, whose industrious hand
With Ox-teem tils his tributarie Land.
When *Philistims*, with Sword and fierie Furie,
Slaughter the *Jews*, and over-run all *Jurie*,
Deflowr the Virgins, and with lust-full spight
Ravish chaste Matrons in their Husbands sight,
He leaves his Plough, he cals upon his God;
And, only armed with his slender Goad,
Alone he sets on all the Heathen Camp.
A *Pagan* Captain weens him thus to damp;
What means this Fool (saith he)? go, silly Clown,
Get thee to Plough, go home, and till thy ground,
Goe prick thy Bullocks; leave the works of MARS
To my long-train'd, still-conquering Souldiers.
First, learn thou Dog (replies the *Israelite*)
To know my strēgth (rather th' Almighties might):
And on his head he layes him on such load
With two quick vennies of his knotty Goad,
And with the third thrusts him between the eyes,
That down he fals, shaking his heels, and dyes.
Then steps another forth more stout and grim,
Shaking his Pike, and fierce lets flie at him:
But SANGAR shuns the blow; and, with his stroak,
The *Pagans* leg short-off in sunder broak;
On th' other yet, a while he stands and fights:
But th' *Hebrew* Champion such a back-blow smites,
That flat he layes him; then, with fury born,
Forward he leaps; and, in a Martiall scorn,
Upon his panch sets his victorious foot,
And treads and tramples, and so stamps into 't,
That blood and bowels (mingled with the bruise)
Half at his mouth, halfe at his sides, he spews:

Simile.

As on Wine-hurdles those that dance (for meed)
Make with sweet *Nectar* every wound to bleed,
Each grape to weep, and crimsin streams to spin
Into the Vate, set to receive them in.
Thence thirty steps, a chief Commander prest,
And proudly wags his feather-clouded Crest,
And cryes, Come hither (Cow-heard) com thou hi-
Come, let us cope, but I and thou together; (ther
Ile teach thee (peasant) and that quickly too,
Thou hast not with thy fellow swains to doe,
That on Mount *Carmel* 's stormy top do feed.
No, heer (poor fot) thou other fence shalt need.
SANGAR runs at him: and he runs so fierce,
That on his staffe, him six steps back he bears;
Beats down another with him, and another,
That but with gesture stood directing other:

Simile.

As, when 'tis dark, when 't rains, and blusters rough,
A thund'ring tempest with a sulph'ry puff
Breaks down a mighty Gate, and that another,
And that a third, each opposite to other:
Smoak, dust, and door-fals, with storms roaring din,
Dismay the stoutest that command within;
The common sort (beside their little wits)
Scar'd from their beds, dare not abide the streets:
But, in their shirts over the wals they run,
And so their Town, yer it be ta'en, is wun;
The sudden Storm so inly-deep dismayes them,
That fear of Taking to despair betrayes them.
Amid their Hoast, then bravely rushes SANGAR,
His sinnewy arm answers his sacred Anger:
Who flies, or follows, he alike besteads:
On scattered heap of slaughtered Foes he treads.
This with his elbow heer he over-turns,
That with his brow; this, with his foot he spurns;
Heer, with his staff he makes in shivers fly
Both cask and scull, and there he breaks a thigh,
An arm, a leg, a rib, a chin, a cheek;
And th' hungry Shepheard hardly beats so thick
Nuts from a Tree, as SANGAR Foes beats down:

Compari-son.

With swords, and shields, and shafts, the field is
Alone he foils a Camp: and on the Plain (low'n:
There ly six hundred of the *Heathen* slain.
Almighty God, how thou to thine art good!
Thy peoples Foes are not alone subdu'd (fore
By a rude Clown, whose hard-wrought hands, be-
Nothing but spades, coulters and bills had bore:
But, by a silly Woman, to whose hand
Thou for a Time committest the Command
Of ISRAEL: for, of no other Head,
Nor Law, nor Lord, they for a time are sped,
But prudent DEBORA: unto whose Throne

DEBORA.

Fly those whose heads with age are hoary grown,
And those great Rabbies that do gravely sit,
Revolving volumes of the highest Writ,
And He that in the Tabernacle serves,
Her sacred voyce as Oracles observes:
None from her presence ever coms confus'd,
And gotten skill, gives place to skill infus'd.
O JACOB 's Lanthorn Load-star pure, wch lights
On these rough Seas the rest of *Abramites*
(Said then the People) what shall us befall?
JABIN 's fell yoak our weary necks doth gall:
We are the Buts unto all Pagan darts,
And cold Despair knocks at our doors (our hearts).
ISRAEL, saith shee, be of good cheer; for now
God wars upon your Foes, and leagues with you:
Therefore to Field now let your youth advance,
And in their rests couch the revenging Lance:
This said, on BARAC shee a shield bestows,

Barac. His shield given by DEBORA.

Indented on the brims, which plain fore-shows

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In curious Boss-work (that doth neatly swell)
The (won and lost) Battails of *Israel*,
As an abbridgement, where to life appear
The noblest acts of eight or nine score year.
Gedeon. Lo, here an army, stooping by the side
Of a deep River (with their Thirst half dry'd)
Sups, licks, and laps the stream; of all which rout,
The Captain chuses but three hundred out;
And arming each but with a Trump and Torch,
About a mighty Pagan Hoast doth march,
Making the same through their drad sudden sound,
With their own Arms themselves to inter-wound:
A hellish rage of mutuall furie swels
The bloody hearts of barbarous Infidels,
So that the friends that in one Couch did sleep,
Each others blade in eythers breast do steep:
And all the Camp with head-less dead is sown,
Cut off by Cozen-swords, kill'd by their own.
Iephthe. Lo there, another valiant Champion,
Who having late triumphant Laurels won;
His heed-less Vow (in-humane) to ful-fill,
His onely Daughter doth unkindly kill:
The frantick Mother, all unbrac't (alas!)
With silver locks unkemb'd about her face;
Arming her rage with nails, with teeth, and tongue,
Runs-in, and rushes through the thickest throng:
And, shee will save, and shee will have (shee sayes)
Her Deer, her Daughter; and then hold she layes
Upon the Maid: and tearing-off her Coat,
Away shee runs, thinking shee her had got. (full;
The Priest dissolves in tears, th' Offring is cheer-
The Murdred's valiant, and the Murderer fearfull;
The Father leads with slow and feeble pase,
The Daughter seems to run to death a-pace;
As if the Chaplet that her temples ties,
Were *Hymens* Flowrs, not Flowrs for Sacrifice:
Her grace and beauties still augment; (in fine)
Whoso beholds her sweet, love-darting Eyn,
Her Cheeks, Lips, Brow's; fresh Lillies, Corall, Jet;
Hee sees (or seems to see) a Sun to set.
And (to conclude) the Graver, Maul, and Mould,
Have given such life to th' Iron, Brass, and Gold,
That here wants nothing but the Mothers screech,
The Father's sigh, and the sweet Daughters speech.
Samson. Loe heer, another shakes his unshav'n tresses,
Triumphing on a Lion torn in peeces:
O match-less Champion! Pearl of men at-arms,
That emptiest not an Arcenall of Arms,
Nor needest shops of *Lemnian* Armourers,
To furnish weapons for thy glorious Wars:
An Asses Jaw-bone is the Club where-with
Thy mighty arm, brains, beats, and battereth
Th' uncircumcised Camp: all quickly scud;
And th' Hoast that flew in dust, now flows in blood.
Heer, th' Iron Gates, whose hugenes wont to shake
The massie Towrs of *Gaza*, thou dost take
On thy broad shoulders: there (in seeming jest)
Crushing their Palace-pillars (at a feast)
Thou over-whelm'st the House, and with the fall
The *Philistims* blasphemimg Princes all. (crush,
Heer, from ones head, which two huge coins doe
(As whay from Cheese) the battred brains do gush:
Heer lies another in a deadly swoune;
Nail'd with a broken rafter to the ground:
Another, heer pasht with a paine of Wall,
Hath lost his soule, and bodies shape withall:
Another, heer o're-taken as he fled,
Lyes (Tortois-like) all hidden but the head:
Another, covered with a heap of lome,
Seems with his moving to re-move his Toomb:
Even as the soft, blinde, Mine-inventing Moule,
In velvet Robes under the Earth doth roule,
Refusing light, and little ayre receives,
And hunting Worms her moving hillocks heaves.
Simile.
The Leviats wife. Lo, lower heer, a beastly Multitude
On one poor Woman all their lusts intrude;
Whose Spouse (displeas'd with th' execrable Fact)
Into twelves Peeces her dead Body hackt;
And, to twelve Parts of ISRAEL them transfers,
As twelve quick tinders of intenstin Wars.
The Arke taken by the Philistines. And lower yet behold (with hatefull scorn)
The ARK of God to DAGON's Temple born;
But, th' Idol yeelds to GOD, and DAGON fals
Before the ARK, which *Heathens* pride appals.
The Battaile betweene the Israelites and Assyrians with their iron Chariots. BARAC thus arm'd, th' ASORIANS sets-upon,
That bright in Brass, steel, gold, and silver shone:
But his young Souldiers were much daunted tho,
To see the fearfull Engins of the Foe;
Nine hundred chariots, whirling swift and light,
Whose glistering Irons dazle even their sight;
Whose barbed Steeds bear in their heads a Blade
Of the right temper of DAMASCUS made
(As proud of it as Unicorns are wont
Of their rich Weapon that adorns their Front)
Amidst their Pettral stands another Pike:
On either side, long grapples (Sickle-like)
The like at eyther Nave: so that (in Wars)
'Tis present death t'approach these broaching Cars.
Debora comforteth and incourageth the Israelites. But DEBORA, her Troops encouraging,
Bestirs her quick, and steps from wing to wing:
Courage (saith she) brave Souldiers, sacred Knights,
Strike, and strike home, lay on with all your mights:
Stand, fear them not (O Champions of the Faith)
God drives your Foes into the snares of Death.
Doubtless, they are your own: their armed Charrets
They are but Buggs to daunt dejected spirits.
No, no (my Hearts) not Arms, nor Engins glorious,
But 'tis the heart that makes a Camp victorious:
Or rather, 'tis Gods Thunder-throwing hand,
Which only doth all Warr's succes command:
And, VICTORIE his Daughter whom hee now
(For his own sake) frankly bestows on you,
Simile. Even as a sort of Shepheards, having spi'd
A Wolfe come stealing down a Mountaines side,
Cry shrill, *Now-now*, up-hill, *a Wolfe a Wolfe*;
Now, now (saies *Eccho*) up-hill, *a Wolf, a Wolf*;
And such a noyse between the Vales doth rise,
That th' hungry thief thence without hunting flies:
So th' *Hebrews*, heartned with her brave discourse,
Gave such a shout, that th' armed Cars and Horse
Turn sudden back, their Drivers Art deceive;
And, changing side, through their own Army cleave.
Gods enemies overthrowne by their owne Engines. Some, with the blades in everie Coursers brow,
Were (as with Launces) bored through & through:
Some torn in peeces with the whirling wheels:
Some trod to death under the Horses heeles:
Simile. As (in some Countries) when in season hot,
Under Horse feet (made with a whip to trot)

They

They uſe to threſh the ſheaves of Winter-Corn,
The grain ſpurts-out, the ſtraw is brus'd and torn.
Some (not direct before the Horſe, nor under)
Were with the Scithes mow'n in the midſt a-ſun-
Simile. As in a Mead the Graſs, yet in the flowr, (der:
Fals at the Foot of the wide-ſtraddling Mower,
That with a ſtooping back, and ſtretched arm,
Cuts-croſs the ſwathes to winter-feed his Farm.
If there reſt any reſolute, and loth
To loſe ſo ſoon their Arms and honors both
At firſt aſſault, but rather bravely bent
To ſee ſo fierce and bloudy Fight's event;
Both DEBORAH and BARAC thither pli'd:
Deborah prayes while Barac fights. But (as 'tis writ of the milde AMRAMIDE, (man,
And NUN's great Son, that Heav'n-deer MARS-like
Who did tranſplant the Tribes to CANAAN)
Shee (in the zeale of her religious ſprite)
Lifts-up her hands to pray, and he to fight.
Hee charges fierce, hee wounds, hee ſlaughters all
The Infidels utterly overthrown, and Sisera their Captain ſlain by Jahel. But SISERA, their Captain generall;
Who flies to JAHEL, and by her is ſlain
Driving a nail into his ſleeping brain.
Samuel's badge. At laſt, the Helm of head-ſtrong ISRAEL
Coms to the hand of famous SAMUEL;
One rarely-wiſe, who weds his Policy,
To divine gifts of ſacred Prophecie:
But, his two greedy Sons, digreſſing quite
From his good ſteps, diſ-taſte the ISRAELITE
Iſrael askes a KING. Of th' ancient RULE of th' Heav'nly Potentate:
So that all ſeek a ſudden *Change* of STATE.
Aſſembled then in ſacred PARLIAMENT,
Up ſtarts a Fellow of a mean Deſcent
(But of great ſpirit, well-ſpoken, full of wit,
And courage too, aſpiring high to ſit)
And having gain'd attention, thus he ſayes:
1. A Declamation of a Plebeian for Democracie or People-Sway. Divine Deſigne! O purpoſe worthy-praiſe,
To now-*Reform* the STATE, & ſoundly *heal* (*weal*:
With wholſome Lawes th' hurts of the *Common-*
But (prudent ISRAEL) take now heed or never;
Change not an Ague for a burning Fever;
In ſhaking-off confuſed *Anarchie*,
To bee intic't t' imbrace a *Monarchie*,
Admir'd of Fools, ador'd of Flatterers,
Of Softlings, Wantons, Braves, and Loyterers:
The Freedome and Defence of the baſe Rabble;
But, to brave mindes a Yoak intolerable.
For, who can brook, millions of men to meaſure
Breath, Life, and Moving, all at One man's pleaſure?
One, to keep all in awe? One at a beck
A whole great Kingdome to controule and check?
Is't not a goodly ſight, to ſee a Prince,
Void of all Vertue full of inſolence,
To play with Noble States, as with a ſtraw?
A Fool, to give ſo many Wiſe the Law?
A Beaſt, to govern Men? An infant, Eld?
A Hare to lead fierce Lions to the Field?
The corruption and licentiouſneſs of moſt Princes Courts. Who is't but knowes, that ſuch a Court as this,
Is th' open Shop of ſelling Offices?
Th' harbour of Riot, ſtews of Ribaldry,
Th' haunt of Profuſion, th' Hell of Tyrannie:
That no-where ſhines the REGAL Diadem,
But (Comet-like) it boads all vice extreme?
That not a King among ten thouſand Kings,
But to his Luſt his Law in bondage brings?
But (ſhameleſs) triumphs in the ſhame of Wives?
But bad, prefers the bad, and good deprives?
But gildeth thoſe that glorifie his Folly;
That ſooth and ſmooth, and call his Hell-neſs holy?
But with the Torrent of continuall Taxes
(Pour'd everie where) his meaneſt Subjects vexes;
As an ill-ſtated Bodie doth diſtill
Simile. On 's feebleſt parts his cold-raw humors ſtill.
That Form of RULE is a right *Common-weal*,
Where all the *People* have an Enter-deal:
Where (without aw or law) the Tyrants ſword
Is not made drunk with blood, for a Miſs-word:
Where, Each (by turn) doth *Bid* and doth *Obey*;
Where, ſtill the *Commons* (having Soveraign-*ſway*)
Share equally both Rigour and Reward
To each-man's merit: giving no regard
To ill-got Wealth, nor mouldy Monuments (cents:
From great-great-Grand-ſires ſcutcheon'd in Deſ-
Where, *Learned* men, un-ſoule-clog'd (as it were)
With ſervile gyves of Kings imperious Fear,
Fly even to Heav'n; and by their Pens inſpire
Poſterity with Vertue's glorious Fire:
Where, Honours honeſt Combat never ceaſes,
Nor Vertue languiſhes, nor Valour leeſes
His ſprightful nerves, through th' envie of a *Prince*,
That cannot brook another's excellence;
Or, pride of thoſe, who (from great Elders ſpring)
Have nothing but Their glory on their tongue;
And deeming Others Worth, enough for them,
Vertue and *Valour*, and all *Arts* contemn:
Or, baſe Deſpair, in thoſe of meaner Calling, (ling;
Who on the ground ſtill (worm-like) baſely craw-
Dare not attempt (not ſcarcely thinke, preciſe)
Any great Act or glorious Enterpriſe;
Becauſe Ambition, Cuſtom, and the Law,
From high Eſtate hath bounded them with aw.
Where, hee that never rightly learn'd t' obey
Commandeth not, with heavie Sword of *Sway*:
Where, each i' th' Publick having equall part,
All to ſave all, will hazzard life and heart:
Where; *Liberty* (as dear as life and breath)
Born with us firſt, conſorts us to our death.
Simile. Shall ſavage Beaſts like-better Nuts and Maſt
In a free Forreſt, than our choyce Repaſt
In iron Cages? and ſhall wee (poor Sots)
Whom Nature Maſters of our ſelves allots,
And Lords of All beſides; ſhall wee go draw
On our own necks an eaſe-leſs Yoak of Aw?
Rather (O JACOB) chuſe wee all to die,
Than to betray our Native *Libertie*;
Than to become the ſporting Tennis-ball
Of a proud *Monarch*; or to yeeld us thrall
To ſerve or honour any other King
Than that drad LAW which did from SINA ring.
2. Another, of a reverend Senator for *Ariſtocratie*, or the rule of a choſen Synode of the beſt men. Another then, whom Age made venerable,
Knowledge admir'd, and Office honourable,
Stands up, and ſpeaks (majeſtically-milde)
On other Piles the COMMON-WEAL to build.
Doubt-leſs (ſaid he) with waſte of time & Soap,
Y'have labour'd long to waſh an ÆTHIOPE:
Y' have drawn us heer a goodly form of STATE
(And well wee have had proofe of it of late):
Shall wee again the Sword of JUSTICE put
In mad mens hands, ſoon their own throats to cut?

What

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Comparison. What Tiger is more fierce? what Bear more fell?
What Chaff more light? What Sea more apt to ſwell
Than is th' unbridled Vulgar, paſſion toſs't;
In calms elated, in foul-weather loſt?
What boot deep projects, if to th' eyes of all
They muſt be publiſht in the common Hall?
Sith known Deſignes are dangerous to act:
And, th' un-cloſe Chiefe did never noble fact.

Simile. DEMOCRACY is as a toſſed Ship,
Void both of *Pole* and Pilot in the deep:

Simile. A *Senate* fram'd of thouſand Kinglings ſlight;
Where, voices paſs by number, not by weight;
Where, wiſe men doe propound, and Fools diſpoſe:
A Fair, where all things they to ſale expoſe:

Simile. A Sink of Filth, where aye th' infamouſeſt,
Moſt bold and buſie, are eſteemed beſt:

Simile. A Park of ſavage Beaſts, that each-man dreads:
A Head-leſs Monſter with a thouſand heads.

What ſhall wee then doe? ſhall wee by and by
In Tyrants paws deject us ſervilely?
Nay, rather, ſhunning the extremities,
Let us make choiſe of men upright and wiſe;
Of ſuch whoſe Vertue doth the Land adorn,
Of ſuch whom Fortune hath made Noble-born,
Of ſuch as Wealth hath rais'd above the pitch
Of th' object vulgar; and to th' hands of ſuch
(Such as for Wiſdome, Wealth, and Birth excell)
Let us commit the Reans of ISRAEL;
And ever from the ſacred Helm exclude
The turbulent, baſe, moody *Multitude*.

Take away Choyce, and where is Vertue's grace?

Simile. What? ſhall not Chance unto Deſert give place?
And Lots, to Right? Shall not the blinde be led
By thoſe whoſe eyes are perfect in their head?
Chiefly, amid ſuch baulks, and blocks and pits,
As in beſt *State*-paths the beſt *States*-man meets?

Comparison. Who may be better truſted with the key
Of a great Cheſt of Gold and Gems than they
That got the ſame? And who more firm and fit
At *carefull* Stern of POLICIE to ſit,
Than ſuch as in the ſhip moſt venture bear: (fear:
Such as their owne wrack with the State's wrack
Such as, Content, & having Much to loſe, (chooſe?
Even Death it ſelfe, rather than Change, would

3. The Oration of a Noble yong Prince for *Monarchy* or the ſole Soveraintie of a KING. While hee diſcourſt thus on a Theam ſo grave,
Up-roſe a Gallant, noble, young, and brave,
Foe to the Vulgar, one that hop't (perchance)
One-day t' attain a Scepters governance,
And thus hee ſpeaks: Your RULE is yet too *Free*.
Y' have proin'd the leaves, not boughs of *Publick*-
Y' have qualifide, but not *yet* cur'd our grief: (*Tree*:
Y' have in our Field ſtill left the tares of Strife,
Of Leagues, and Factions. For, plurality
Of Heads and Hands to ſway an *Emperie*,

Simile. Is for the moſt part like untamed Buls:
One, this way hales: another, that way puls:
All every-way; hurried with Paſſion's windes
Whither their Luſt-ſtorms do tranſport their minds;
At length, the ſtrongeſt bears the weakeſt down,
And to himſelfe wholly uſurps the Crown:
And ſo (in fine) your *Ariſtocracie*
He by degrees brings to a *Monarchie*.

* A paſſion following any ſickneſſe. In brief, the Scepter *Ariſtocratike*:
And *People-ſway*, have * *Symptomes* both alike:
And neither of them can be permanent
For want of *Union*; which of Government
Is both the Life-bloud, and Preſervative, (thrive.
Whereby a STATE young, ſtrong, and long doth
But, MONARCHY is as a goodly Station,
Built skilfully, upon a ſure Foundation:
A quiet Houſe, wherein (as principall)
One Father is obey'd and ſerv'd of all:
A well-rig'd Ship, where (when the danger's neer)
A many Maſters ſtrive not who ſhall ſteer. (Sun:
The world hath but One God: Heav'n but One
Quails but One Chief: the Hony-birds but One
One Maſter-Bee: and Nature (natively)
Graves in our hearts the Rule of MONARCHY.
At ſound of whoſe Edicts, all joynt-proceed:
Under whoſe Sway, Seditions never breed:
Who, while conſulting with Colleagues he ſtands,
Lets not the Victory eſcape his hands:
And, that ſame *Majeſty*, which (as the Baſe
And Pedeſtall) ſupports the weight and grace,
Greatneſs and glory of a well-Rul'd *State*,
Is not extinguiſht nor extenuate,
By being parcelliz'd to a plurality
Of petty Kinglings, of a mean Equality:

Simile. Like as a goodly River, deep and large,
Able to bear Ships of the greateſt Charge, (ded,
If, through new Dikes, his trade-full Waters gui-
Be in a hundred little brooks divided; (ſame:
No Bridge more fears, nor Sea more weighs the
But ſoone it loſes both his trade and name.
And (to conclude) a wiſe and worthy *Prince*,
A KING, compleat in Royall excellence,
Is even the Peoples prop, their powrfull nerves,
And lively Law, that all intire preſerves:
His Countrie's life, and ſoule, ſight and fore-ſight;
And even th' Almightie's ſacred Picture right.

While yet he ſpake, the People loudly cri'd,
A KING, a KING; wee'll have a KING for Guide,
Hee ſhall command: Hee ſhall conduct our Hoaſts,
And make us Lords of the IDUMEAN Coaſts.

A *KINGS* Prerogative. Ingrate, ſaid SAMUEL will you then reject
Th' Almighties Scepter? doe you more affect
New POLICY, than his old PROVIDENCE?
And change th' Immortall for a mortall Prince?
Well (Rebels) well, you ſhall, you ſhall have one:
But doe yee know what follows thereupon?
Hee, from your Ploughs ſhall take your Horſes out,
To ſerve his Pomp, and draw his Train about
In gilden Coaches (a wilde wanton ſort
Of Popinjayes and Peacocks of the Court):
Hee ſhall your choiſeſt Sons and Daughters take
To bee his Servants (nay, his ſlaves to make):
You ſhall plant Vineyards, hee the Wine ſhall ſup:
You ſhall ſowe Fields, and hee ſhall reap the Crop:
You ſhall keep Flocks, & hee ſhall take the Fleece:
And PHARAO's Yoak ſhall ſeem but light to his.

Saul annoynted King of *Iſrael*. But, ISRAEL doth wilfully perſevere,
And SAMUEL (preſt and importuned ever)
Annoynteth SAUL (the Son of CIS) a Man
Whoſe curſed end marr'd what hee well began.

A check to buſie, ſeditious Malcontents in any State. You, too-too-light, buſie, ambitious wits,
That Heav'n and Earth confound with furious fits:
Fantaſtick Franticks, that would innovate,
And every moment change your form of STATE:
That

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That weening high to flie, fall lower ſtill: (Ill:
That though you change your Bed change not your
See, ſee how much th' Almighty (the moſt High)
Heer-in abhors your fond inconſtancie.

The authority of every kinde of Government is from God.

The PEOPLE-STATE, the ARISTOCRACY,
And ſacred KINGDOM, took authority
A-like from Heav'n: and theſe three Scepter-forms
Flouriſh a-vie, as well in Arts and Arms,
As prudent Laws. Therefore, you ſtout *Helvetians*,
Griſons, *Genevians*, *Raguſins*, *Venetians*,

Therefore every People to perſiſt in the State eſtabliſhed.

Maintain your Liberties, and change not now
Your ſacred Lawes rooted ſo deep with you.
On th' other ſide, wee that are borne and bred
Under KINGS Awe, under one *Supreme Head*,
Let us ſtill honour their drad *Majeſties*,
Obey their Lawes, and pay them Subſidies.
Let's read, let's hear no more theſe factious Teachers,
Theſe ſhame-leſs *Tribunes*, theſe ſeditious Prea-
That in all places alwayes belch and bark (chers,
Aloud abroad, or whiſper in the dark,
Railing at Princes (whether good or bad)
The true Lievtenants of Almighty God.
And let not us, before a KING, prefer
A *Senate*-ſway, nor Scepter *Popular*.
'Tis better bear the *Youth-ſlips* of a KING,
I' th' *Law* ſome fault, i' th' *State* ſome blemiſhing,
Than to fill all with Blood-flouds of *Debate*;
While, to *Reform*, you would *Deform* a STATE.
One cannot (with-out danger) ſtir a ſtone
In a great Building's old foundation:
And, a good Leach ſeeks rather to ſupport,
With ordered dyet, in a gentle ſort,
A feeble Body (though in ſickly plight)
Than with ſtrong Med'cines to deſtroy it quite.

* A laſt Execration of the Popiſh Powder-Plot on the fifth of November, 1605.

And therefore, Curſed, *ever* Curſed *be*
Our * Hell-*ſpurr'd* PERCIE'S *fell* Conſpiracie;
And every head, *and every* hand *and* heart,
That did Conceive *or but* Conſent *his part*:
POPE-*prompted* Atheiſts, *faining* Superſtition,
To cover Cruelty, *and cloak* Ambition:
Incarnate Divels, Enemies of Man,
Dam-Murdering Vipers, Monſters in-humane,
Diſ-natur'd NERO'S, *impious* EROSTRATES,
That with one Puff *would* blowe-up *all* Eſtates;
Prince's *and* Peer's *and* Peoples *Government*
(For, of all Three conſiſts our PARLIAMENT)
Religion, Order, Honeſty, *and all*,
And more than all that Fear *can fear to fall.*

And therefore, Bleſſed, *ever* Bleſſed *be*
Our glorious GOD'S *immortall Majeſtie*; (*keeps*,
ENGLAND'S *Great* Watch-man, *hee that* Iſrael
Who never ſlumbers, *and who never* ſleeps:
Our gratious Father, *whoſe ſtill-firm affection*
Defends us ſtill with wings of his Protection:
Our loving Saviour, *that thus Saves us ſtill*
(Us ſo unworthy, us ſo prone to ill):
Our ſecred Comforter *(the Spirit of Light)*
Who ſteers us ſtill in the True FAITH *aright:*
The TRINITIE, *th' Eternall* THREE *in* ONE,
Who by his Pow'r and Providence alone,
Hath from the Furnace of their Fiery *Zeal* (WEAL,
Preſerv'd our PRINCE, *our* PEERS, *our* PUBLICK.

Therefore, O PRINCE *(our noſtrils deereſt breath)*
Thou true Defender *of true Chriſtian* FAITH,
O! let the Zeal of GOD'S *Houſe eat thee up:*
Fill BABYLON *her meaſure in her* Cup:
Maim the King-maiming Kinglings of Bezec:
Pittie not Agag, *ſpare not* Amalech:
Hunt, hunt *thoſe* Foxes, *that would under-mine*
Root, Body, Branches of the Sacred Vine:
O! ſpare them not. To ſpare Them, is to ſpoil
Thy Selfe, thy Seed, thy Subjects, and thy Soil.

Therefore, O PEERS, *Prince-loyall* Paladines,
True-noble Nobles, *lay-by by-Deſignes:*
And in God's quarrell and your Countries, bring
Counſell and Courage to aſſiſt your KING
To counter-mine againſt the Mines *of* ROME;
To conquer Hydra, *and to over-come*
And clean cut-off his Horns, and Heads, and all
Whoſe hearts doe Vow, *or knees doe* Bow *to* Baal:
Be Zealous for the LORD, *and Faith-full now,*
And honour Him, and Hee will honour you.

Fathers, *and* Brethren, *Miniſters of* CHRIST,
Ceaſe civill Warrs: war all on Anti-Chriſt;
Whoſe ſubtle Agents, *while you* ſtrive *for ſhels,*
Poyſon the kernel with Erroneous *Spels:*
Whoſe Envious Seed-men, *while you* Silent *Sleep,*
Sowe Tares *of* Treaſon, *which take root too deep.*
Watch; watch your Fold: feed, feed your lambs at home:
Muzzle *theſe* Sheep-clad *bloudy* Wolves *of* ROME.

Therefore, O PEOPLE, *let us Praiſe and Pray*
Th' Almighty-moſt (whoſe Mercy laſts for aye)
To give us grace, to ever-keep in minde
This MIRACLE *of his* Protection *kinde:*
To true-Repent *us of our hainous* Sin
(Pride, Luſt, *and* Looſeneſs) *we have wallowed in:*
To ſtand ſtill conſtant *in the pure* Profeſſion
Of true RELIGION (*with a due diſcretion*
To try *the* Spirits, *and by peculiar choyce*
To knowe our Shepheards *from th'* Hyæna's *voyce*):
And, ever loyall to our PRINCE, *t' expoſe*
Goods, Lands, and Lives, againſt his hate-full Foes:
Among whom (Lord) if (yet) of Thine *be found,*
Convert them quickly; and the reſt Confound. (*too,*

And (to Conclude) PRINCE, PEERS, *&* PEOPLE
Praiſe all at once, and ſelfly each of you,
His Holy Hand, *that (like as long-agoe,*
His Sidrach, Miſach *and* Abednego)
From the hot Furnace *of* POPE-Powder *Zeal (weal.*
Hath Sav'd our PRINCE, *our* PEERS, *our* PUBLICK-

The end of the THIRD DAY *of the* SECOND WEEK.

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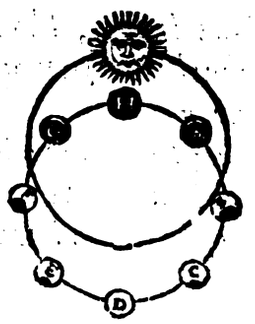
DAVID.

THE FOURTH DAY OF THE SECOND WEEKE.

Containing,

I. The Tropheis,
II. The Magnificence,
III. The Schism,
IV. The Decay.

Translated,
&
Dedicated
To Prince Henry *his Highnes.*



Acceptam refero.

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TO PRINCE HENRY HIS HIGHNES.

A SONNET.

*HAving new-*muſtred *th'* HOAST *of all this* ALL,
Your Royall Father in our Fore-ward *ſtands;*
Where (Adam-*like*) *Himſelfe alone Commands*
A WORLD *of* Creatures, *ready at his Call.*
Our Middle-ward *doth not unfitly fall*
To famous Chiefs, *whoſe grave-brave heads and hands*
In Counſail'd Courage ſo Conduct our Bands,
As (*at a brunt*) *affront the force of* Baal.
Our Reare-ward (*Sir*) *ſhall be your Princely* Charge,
Though laſt, not leaſt (*ſith it moſt Honour brings*)
Where Honour's Field before you lies more large:
For, Your Command *is of a* Camp *of* KINGS,
Some good, ſome bad: Your Glory *ſhall be, heer*
To Chuſe and Uſe *the good, the bad* Casſhier.

A STANZA.

HEwell of NATURE, *joy of* ALBION,
To whoſe perfection Heav'n *and* Earth *conſpire:*
That, in Times fulneſs, Thou maiſt bleſs this Throne
(*Succeeding in the* Vertues *of thy Sire*)
As happily thou haſt begun, goe-on;
That, as thy Youth, *we may thine* Age *admire;*
Acting *our* Hopes (*which ſhall revive our hearts*)
Pattern and Patron both of Arms *and* Arts.

Joſuah Sylveſter.

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The Tropheis.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE FOURTH DAY OF THE II. WEEKE, OF *BARTAS.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Saul's *fall from* Favour, *into Gods* Disgrace.
David *design'd* Successor *in his Place:*
Braving Goliah, *and the* Philistins
Hee bravely foyles: Hee flies his furious Prince.
Seem-Samuel *rais'd:* Saul *routed*; *Selfely-slain:*
King Davids TROPHEIS, *and triumphant* Reign:
His heavenly Harp-*skill* (*in King* JAMES *renew'd*):
His humane frailty, heavily pursu'd.
Bersabe *bathing:* Nathan *bold-reproving:*
David *repenting* (*Our* REPENTANCE *moving*).

Saul King of Israel, fortunate at the first, is afterward rejected, and *David* elected in his stead.

HEroïk force, and Prince-fit forme withall,
Honour the Scepter of courageous *Saul*;
Successe confirmes it: for the pow'r Divine
Tames by his hand th' outrageous *Philistine*,
Edom, and *Moab*, and the *Ammonite*,
And th' ever-wicked, curst *Amalekite*:
O too-too-happy! if his arrogance
Had not transgrest Heav'ns sacred Ordinance:
But therefore, God in's secret Counsell (just)
Him even alreadie from his Throne hath thrust,
Degraded of his gifts; and in his stead
(Though privily) annoynted *Jesse*'s Seed,
Th' honour of *Jacob*, yea of th' Universe,
Heav'ns darling *DAVID*, *Subject* of my Verse.

Invocation.

Lord, sith I cannot (nor I may not once)
Aspire to *DAVID*'s Diadems and Thrones;
Nor lead behinde my bright *Triumphal-Car*
So many Nations Conquered in War:
Nor (*DAVID*-like) my trembling Aspes adorn
With bloody *TROPHEIS* of my Foes forlorn:
Vouchsafe mee yet his *Verse*: and (Lord) I crave
Let me his Harp-strings, not his Bowe-strings have;
His Lute, and not his Lance, to worthy-sing
Thy glory, and the honour of thy King.
For, none but *DAVID* can sing *DAVID*'s worth:
Angels in Heav'n thy glory sound; in Earth,
DAVID alone; whom (wth Heav'ns love surpriz'd)
To praise thee there, thou now hast Angeliz'd.
Give mee the Laurell, not of War, but Peace;
Or rather give mee (if thy grace so please)
The *Civik Garland* of green Oaken boughs, (brows,
Thrice-three times wreath'd about my glorious

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To ever-witneſs to our after-friends
How I have reſcu'd my con-Citizens, (move
Whom profane *Fames-Thirſt* day and night did
To be beſlav'd to th' yoake of wanton *Love*:
For (not to mee, but to thee, Lord, be praiſe)
Now, by th' example of my *Sacred* Layes,
To *Sacred Loves* our nobleſt ſpirits are bent,
And thy rich Name 's their onely argument.
HEE, WHOM in private wals, with privie ſigne,
The great King-maker did for *King* aſſigne,
Begins to ſhow himſelfe. A fire ſo great
Could not live flame-leſs long: nor would God let
So noble a ſpirits nimble edge to ruſt
In Shepheards idle and ignoble duſt.
My Son, how certain wee that saying prove,
That doubtfull Fear ſtill waits on tender Love?
DAVID (ſaith *Jeſſe*) I am full of fears
For thy deer Brethren: Each aſſault, ſalt tears (ſtab
Draws from mine eyes; me thinks each point doth
Mine *Eliab*, *Samna*, and *Aminadab*.
Therefore goe viſite them, and with this Food
Beare them my bleſſing; ſay I wiſh them good;
Beſeeching God to ſhield and them ſuſtain,
And ſend them (ſoon) victorious home again.
Gladly goes *DAVID*, and anon doth ſpie
Two ſteep high Hils where the two Armies lie,
A Vale divides them; where, in raging mood
(*Coloſſus*-like) an armed Gyant ſtood:
His long black locks hung ſhagged (ſloven-like)
A-down his ſides: his buſh-beard floated thick;
His hand and arms, and boſome briſtled were
(Moſt Hedge-hog-like) with wyer in ſtead of haire.
His foule blaſphemous mouth, a Caves mouth is;
His eyes two brands, his belly an Abyſſe:
His legs two Pillars; and to ſee him goe,
Hee ſeem'd ſome ſteeple reeling to and fro.
A Cypreſſe-Tree, of fifteen Summers old,
Pyramid-wiſe waves on his Helm of gold.
Whoſe gliſtring brightnes doth (with rayes direct)
Againſt the Sun, the Sun it ſelf reflect;
Much like a Comet blazing bloodie-bright
Over ſome Citie, with new threatfull light,
Preſaging down-fall or ſome diſmall fate,
Too-neer approaching to ſome ancient State.
His Lance a Loom-beam, or a Maſt (as big)
Which yet hee ſhaketh as an Oſier twig;
Whoſe harmfull point is headed ſtifly-ſtraight
With burniſht Braſſe above an Anvils weight:
Upon whoſe top (in ſtead of Bannaret)
A hiſſing Serpent ſeems his foes to threat:
His brazen Cuiraſſe, not a Squire can carrie;
For 'tis the burthen of a Dromedarie:
His Shield (where *Cain* his brother *Abel* ſlaies, (raiſe;
Where *Chus* his ſon, Heav'n-climbing Towrs doth
Where th' *Ark* of God, to th' *Heathen* captivate,
To *Dagon* 's Houſe is led with ſcorne and hate)
Is like a Curtain made of double planks
To ſave from ſhot ſome hard-beſieged Ranks.
His threatfull voice is like the ſtormfull Thunder
When hot-cold Fumes teare ſulph'ry clouds aſun-
O Fugitives! this is the forti'th day (der.
(Thus barkes the Dog) that I have ſtalked aye
About your fearfull Hoaſt: that I alone
Againſt your beſt and choyſeſt Champion,
In ſingle Combate might our Cauſe conclude,
To ſhun the ſlaughter of the multitude.
Come then, who dares; and to be ſlaine by mee,
It ſhall thine honour and high Fortune be.
Why am I not leſs ſtrong? my common ſtrength
Might find ſome Brave to cope with at the length.
But, fie for ſhame, when ſhall wee ceaſe this geare:
I to defie, and you to flie for feare?
If your hearts ſerve not to defend your Lot,
Why are you arm'd? why rather yeeld you not?
Why rather doe you (ſith you dare not fight)
Not prove my mildneſs, than provoke my might?
What needed Coats of braſſe and Caps of ſteel
For ſuch as (Hare-like) truſt but to their heel?
But, ſith I ſee not one of you (alas!)
Alone dares meet, nor looke mee in the face,
Come tenne, come twenty, nay come all of you,
And in your ayde let your great God come too:
Let him rake Hell, and ſhake the Earth in ſunder,
Let him be arm'd with Lightning & with Thunder:
Come, let him come and buckle with mee heer:
Your goodly God, leſſe than your ſelves, I feare.
Thus having ſpew'd, the dreadfull *Cyclop* ſtirr'd
His monſtrous Limbes; beneath his feet hee rear'd
A cloud of duſt: and, whereſoe're hee wend,
Flight, Feare, and Death, his ghaſtly ſteps attend.
Even as a paire of buſie chattering Pies,
Seeing ſome hardie Tercell from the skies
To ſtoop with rav'nous ſeres, feel a chill feare,
From buſh to buſh, wag-tayling here and there;
So that no noyſe, nor ſtone, nor ſtick can make
The tim'rous Birds their Covert to forſake:
So th' *Hebrew* Troopes this braving Monſter ſhun;
And from his ſight, ſome here, ſome there, doe run.
In vain the King commands, intreats and threats;
And hardly three or foure together gets.
What ſhame (ſaith he) that our Victorious Hoaſt
Should all be daunted with one Pagans boaſt?
Brave *Jonathan*, how is thy courage quail'd?
Which, yerſt at *Boſes*, all alone aſſail'd
Th' whole *Heathen* Hoaſt. O Worthy *Abner* too,
What chance hath cut thy Nerves of Valour now?
And thou thy ſelf (O *Saul*) whoſe Conquering hand
Had yerſt with *Trophеis* filled all the Land,
As far as *Tigris*, from the *Japhean* Sea:
Where is thy heart? how is it fall'n away?
Saul is not *Saul*: O! then, what *Iſraelite*
Shall venge God's honour and Our ſhame acquite?
Who, ſpurr'd with anger, but more ſtird with zeal,
Shall foyle this Pagan, and free *Iſrael*?
O! who ſhall bring me this Wolf's howling head,
That Heav'n and Earth hath ſo un-hallowed?
What e're hee be, that (laviſh of his ſoule)
Shall with his blood waſh-out this blot ſo foule,
I will innoble him, and all his Houſe;
Hee ſhall enjoy my Daughter for his Spouſe:
And ever ſhall a Deed ſo memorable
Be (with the Saints) ſacred and honourable.
Yet for the *Duel* no man dares appear:
All wiſh the Prize; but none will win 't ſo deer:
Big-looking Minions, brave in vaunts and vows,
Lions in Court, now in the Camp be Cows:
But, even the blaſt that cools their courage ſo,
That makes my *DAVID* 's valiant rage to glowe.
My

Iſſe (or *Iſhai*) ſendeth *David* to ſee his brethren in the Campe.

Deſcription of *Goliah*.

Simile.

Simile

Saul ſtirreth up his Souldiers, and propoſeth ample Reward to him that ſhall undertake the Philiſtine.

His braving Defiance to the Hoaſt of *Iſrael*.

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David's offer.

My Lord (ſaith He) behold, this hand ſhall bring
Th' Heav'n-ſcorning head unto my Lord the King.
Alas, my Lad, ſweet Shepheard (anſwers *Saul*)
Thy heart is great; although thy limbs be ſmall:
High flie thy thoughts; but we have need of more,
More ſtronger Toyls to take ſo wilde a Boare:
To tame *Goliah*, needs ſome Demi-god,
Some *Nimrod*, rather than a Shepheard-Lad
Of ſlender growth, upon whoſe tender Chin
The budding doun doth ſcarcely yet begin.
Keep therefore thine own Rank, and draw not thus
Death on thy ſelfe, diſ-honour upon us,
With ſhame and ſorrow on all *Iſrael*,
Through end-leſs Thraldome to a Foe ſo fell.

His affirmation.

The fainteſt Harts, God turns to Lions fierce,
To Eagles Doves, Vanquiſht to Vanquiſhers:
God, by a Womans feeble hand ſubdues
Jabins Lievtenant, and a Judge of *Jewes*.
God is my ſtrength: therefore (O King) forbear,
For *Iſrael*, for thee, or mee, to fear:
No ſelf-preſumption makes mee raſhly brave;
Aſſured pledge of his proud head I have.
Seeſt thou theſe arms, my Lord? Theſe very arms
(Steeld wth the ſtrength of the great God of Arms)
Have bath'd Mount *Bethlem* with a Lions blood:
Theſe very arms, beſide a ſhady wood,
Have ſlain a Bear, which (greedy after prey)
Had torn and born my fatteſt ſheep away.
My God is ſtill the ſame: this ſavage Beaſt,
Which in his Fold would make a Slaughter-feaſt,
All-ready feels his fury and my force;
My foot al-ready tramples on his Corps:
With his owne ſword his curſed length I lop,
His head already on the ground doth hop.
The Prince beholds him, as amaz'd and mute
To ſee a minde ſo young, ſo reſolute:
Then ſon (ſaith hee) ſith ſo confirm'd thou art,
Goe, and Gods bleſſing on thy valiant heart;
God guide thy hand, and ſpeed thy weapon ſo,
That thou return triumphant of thy Foe.
Hold, take my Corſlet, and my Helm, and Lance,
And to the Heav'ns thy happy Prowes advance.
The faithfull Champion, being furniſht thus,
Is like the Knight, which 'twixt *Eridanus* (bright
And th' heav'nly *Star-Ship*, marching bravely-
(Having his Club, his Caſque, and Belt bedight
With flaming ſtuds of many a twinkling Ray)
Turns Winters night into a Summers day.
But, yer that hee had halfe a furlong gon,
The maſſie Lance and Armour hee had on
Did load him ſo, hee could not freely move
His legs and arms, as might him beſt behoove.

Simile.

Even ſo an *Iriſh* Hobby, light and quick
(Which on the ſpur over the bogs they prick
In higheſt ſpeed) if on his back hee feel
Too-ſad a Saddle, plated all with ſteel,
Too-hard a Bit with-in his mouth; behinde,
Crooper and Trappings him too-cloſe to binde;
Hee ſeems as lame, hee flings and will not goe;
Or, if hee ſtir, it is but ſtiff and ſlowe.
DAVID therefore lays-by his heavie load;
And, on the grace of the great glorious *GOD*
(Who by the weakeſt can the ſtrongeſt ſtoop)
Hee firmly founding his victorious hope,
No Arrows ſeeks, nor other Arcenall;
But, from the Brooke that runs amid the Vale,
Hee takes five Pebbles and his Sling, and ſo,
Courageouſly incounters with his Foe.
What Combat 's this? On the one ſide, I ſee
A moving Rock, whoſe looks doe terrifie (make
Even his owne Hoaſt; whoſe march doth ſeem to
The Mountain tops of *Succoth* even to ſhake:
On th' other ſide, a ſlender tender Boy
Where grace and beautie for the prize doe play:
Shave but the doun that on his Chin doth peer,
And one would take him for *Anchiſes* Pheer:
Or, change but weapons with that wanton Elf,
And one would thinke that it were *Cupids* ſelfe.
Gold on his head, ſcarlet on either Cheek,
Grace in each part, and in each geſt, alike;
In all ſo lovely, both to Foe and Friend,
That very Envie cannot but commend
His match-leſs beauties: and though ardent zeale
Fluſh in his face againſt the Infidell,
Although his Fury fume, though up and down
Hee nimbly traverſe, though he fiercely frown,
Though in his breaſt boyling with manly heat,
His ſwelling heart doe ſtrongly pant and beat;
His Storme is calm, and from his modeſt eyes
Even gratious ſeems the grimmeſt flaſh that flies.
Am I a Dog, thou Dwarfe, thou Dandiprat,
To be with ſtones repell'd and palted at?
Or art thou weary of thy life ſo ſoone?
O fooliſh boy! fantaſticall Baboone!
That never ſaw'ſt but ſheep in all thy life;
Poore ſotte, 'tis heer another kinde of ſtrife:
Wee wraſtle not (after your Shepheards guiſe)
For painted ſheep-hooks, or ſuch pettie Prize,
Or for a Cage, a Lamb, or bread and cheeſe:
The Vanquiſht Head muſt be the Victors Fees.
Where is thy ſweatie duſt? thy ſun-burnt ſcars
(The glorious marks of Souldiers train'd in Wars)
That make thee dare ſo much? O Lady-Cow,
Thou ſhalt no more be-ſtar thy wanton brow
With thine eyes rayes: Thy Miſtreſs ſhall no more
Curle the quaint Treſſes of thy Golden ore:
I'll trample on that Gold; and Crowes and Pyes
Shall peck the pride of thoſe ſweet ſmiling eyes:
Yet, no (my girle-boy) no, I will not 'file
My feared hands with blood ſo faintly-vile:
Goe ſeek thy match, thou ſhalt not die by mee,
Thine honour ſhall not my diſhonour be:
No (ſilly Lad) no, wert thou of the Gods
I would not fight at ſo un-knightly oddes.
Com barking Curre (the *Hebrew* taunts him thus)
That haſt blaſphem'd the God of Gods, and us;
The oddes is mine (villain, I ſcorne thy Boaſts)
I have for Ayde th' Almighty Lord of Hoaſts.
Th' *Ethnick*'s a-fire, and from his goggle eyes
All drunk with rage and blood, the Lightning flies:
Out of his bever like a Boare he fomes:
A helliſh fury in his boſome roames:
As mad, hee marcheth with a dreadfull paſe,
Death and deſtruction muſter in his face:
Hee would a-freſh blaſpheme the Lord of Lords
With new deſpights; but in the ſteed of words
Hee can but gnaſh his teeth. Then, as an Oxe

Simile.

Straid 'twixt the hollow of ſteep Hils and Rocks,

Through craggie Coombs, through dark & ragged
Lowes hideouſly his ſolitary Mournings: (turnings,
The Tyrant ſo from his cloſe helmet blunders
With horrid noiſe, & this harſh voyce he thunders:
Thy God reigns in his Ark, and I on Earth:
I Challenge Him, Him (if hee dare come forth)
Not Thee, baſe *Pigmee*. Villain (ſayes the *Jew*)
That blaſphemy thou inſtantly ſhalt rue.
Simile. If e'r you ſaw (at Sea) in Summer weather,
A Galley and a Caraque cope together
(How th' one ſteers quick, & th' other veers as ſlow
Lar-boord and ſtar-boord from the poop to prow:
This, on the winde; that on her Owres relies:
This daunteth moſt; and that moſt damnifies)
You may conceive this Fight: th' huge *Polypheme*
Stands, ſtifly ſhaking his ſteel-pointed beam:
David doth traverſe (round about him) light,
Forward and back, to th' left hand, and the right,
Steps in and out; now ſtoops, anon hee ſtretches;
Then hee recoyls, on either hand hee reaches;
And ſtoutly-active, watching th' adverſe blowes,
In every poſture doth himſelfe diſpoſe.
Simile. As, when (at Cock-pit) two old Cocks doe fight,
(Briſtling their Plumes, & (red with rage) do ſmite
With ſpurs and beak, bounding at every blow,
With freſh aſſaults freſhing their fury ſo,
That, deſperate in their un-yeelding wrath,
Nothing can end their deadly fewd but death)
The Lords about, that on both ſides doe bet,
Look partially when th' one the Field ſhall get,
And, trampling on his gaudy plumed pride,
His proſtrate Foe with bloody ſpurs beſtride,
With clanging Trumpet and with clapping wing,
Triumphantly his Victory to ſing:
So th' *Hebrew* Hoaſt, and ſo the *Heathen* ſtranger
(Not free from fear, but from the preſent danger)
Behold with paſſion theſe two Knights, on whom
They both have wagerd both their Fortunes ſum:
And either ſide, with voyce and geſture too,
Heartens and cheers their Champion well to doe;
So earneſt all, that almoſt every one
Seems even an Actor, not a looker-on.
All feel the skirmiſh 'twixt their Hope and Fear:
All caſt their eyes on this ſad Theater:
All on theſe two depend, as very Founders
Of their good Fortune, or their Fates Confounders.
O Lord, ſaid DAVID (as hee whirld his Sling)
Be bowe and Bowe-man of this ſhaft I fling.
With ſudden flerk the fatall hemp lets goe
The humming Flint, which with a deadly blow
Pearc't inſtantly the *Pagans* ghaſtly Front,
As deep as Piſtol-ſhot in boord is wont.
The villain 's ſped (cryes all the *Hebrew* band)
The Dog, the Atheiſt feels Gods heavie hand.
Goliah overthrown. Th' *Iſaacian* Knight, ſeeing the blow, ſtands ſtill.
Simile. Fro th' Tyrants wounds his ruddy ſoule doth trill;
As from a crack in any pipe of Lead
(That conveyes Water from ſome Fountains head)
Hiſſing in th' Ayre, the captive Stream doth ſpin
In ſilver threds her cryſtall humour thin.
The Gyant, wiping with his hand his wound,
Cries Tuſh, 'tis nothing: but eftſoones the ground
Sunk under him, his face grew pale and wan,
And all his limbs to faint and fail began:
Thrice heaves hee up his head; it hangs as faſt,
And all a-long lies *Iſaac*'s dread at laſt,
Covering a rood of Land; and in his Fall,
Reſembles right a lofty Towre or Wall,
Simile. Which to lay levell with the humble ſoyl
A hundred Miners day and night doe toyl;
Till at the length ruſhing with thundrous roar,
It ope a breach to th' hardy Conquerour.
Then, two loud cries, a glad and ſad, were heard:
Wherewith reviv'd, the vaunting Tyrant ſtird,
Reſummoning under his weak Controule
The fainting Remnants of his flying Soule;
And (to be once more buckling yer hee dies,
With blow for blow) hee ſtrives in vain to riſe.
Such as in life, ſuch in his death hee ſeems;
For even in death hee curſes and blaſphemes:
And as a Curre, that cannot hurt the flinger,
Flies at the ſtone and biteth that for anger;
Goliah bites the ground, and his own hands
As Traytors, falſe to his fell hearts commands.
Simile. Then th' *Hebrew* Champion 'heads the Infidell
With his own ſword, and ſends his ſoule to Hell.
Pagans diſperſe; and the *Philiſtian* ſwarms
Have Armes for burthen, & have flight for Armes;
Danger behinde, and ſhame before their face;
Rowting themſelves, although none give them chaſe.
Devids Thankſgiving for the victorie. Armi-potent, Omnipotent, my God,
O let thy Praiſe fill all the Earth abroad;
Let *Iſrael* (through Thee, victorious now)
Inceſſant ſongs unto thy glory vow:
And let mee Lord (ſaid *DAVID*) ever chuſe
Thee ſole, for Subject of my ſacred *Muſe*.
O wondrous ſpectacle! unheard-of Sight!
The Monſter's beaten down, before the Fight:
A Dwarfe, a Shepheard, conquers (even unarm'd)
A Gyant fell, a famous Captain, arm'd.
From a frail Sling this Batt'ry never came,
But 'twas the Breach of a Tower-razing Ram:
This was no caſt of an uncertain Slinger,
'Twas Croſſe-bow-ſhot: rather it was the finger
Of the Al-mightie (not this hand of mine)
That wrought this work ſo wondrous in our eyne:
This hath Hee done, and by a woman weak
Can likewiſe ſtone the ſtout *Abimelech*:
Therefore, for ever, ſinging ſacred Layes,
I will record his glorious Pow'r and Praiſe.
Then, *Jacob*'s Prince him joyfully imbraces,
Prefers to honours, and with favours graces,
Imployes him farre and nigh; and farre and neer,
From all ſad cares hee doth his Soveraign cleer.
In Camp hee curbs the *Pagans* arrogance:
In Court hee cures the Melancholy Tranſe
That toyls his ſoule; and, with his tunefull Lyre,
Effects of Muſick. Expels th' ill Spirit which doth the body tyre.
For, with her ſheath, the ſoule commerce frequents,
And acts her office by his inſtruments;
After his pipe ſhee dances: and (againe)
The body ſhares her pleaſure and her paine;
And by exchange, reciprocally borrowes
Som meaſure of her ſolace & her ſorrows. (pleas'd,
Th' Eare (door of knowledge) with ſweet warbles
Sends them eftſoones unto the Soule diſeas'd,
With dark black rage, our ſpirits pacifies,
And calmly cools our inward flames that fries.

So,

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Examples of the same.

So, O *Tyrtéus*, changing Harmonie,
Thy Rowt thou changeſt into Victorie.
So, O thrice-famous, Princely *Pellean*,
Holding thy heart's reanes in his Tune-full hand,
Thy *Timothie* with his Melodious skill
Armes & diſ-armes thy Worlds-drad arme (at wil),
And with his *Phrygian* Muſick, makes the ſame
As Lion fierce; with *Dorick*, milde as Lambe.
So, while in *Argos* the chaſte Violon
For 's abſent Soveraign doth grave-ſweetly grone,
Queen *Clytemneſtra* doth reſiſt th' alarmes
Of lewd *Ægyſthus*, and his luſtfull Charmes.
So, at the ſound of the ſweet-warbling braſſe,
The Prophet rapting his ſoule's ſoule a ſpace,
Refines himſelfe, and in his phantaſie
Graves deep the ſeal of ſacred Prophecie.
For, if our Soule be Number (ſome ſo thought)
It muſt with Number be refreſhed oft;
Or, made by Number (ſo I yeeld to ſing) (bring
Wee muſt the ſame with ſome ſweet Numbers
Simile. To ſome good Tune: even as a voice (ſometime)
That in 'its Part ſings out of tune and time,
Is by another voice (whoſe meaſur'd ſtrain
Cuſtome and Art confirms) brought in again.
It may be too, that DAVID's ſacred Ditty
Quickned with *Holy-Writ*, and couched witty,
Exorciſt-like, chac't *Natures* cruell Foe,
Who the Kings ſoule did toſs and torture ſo.
How e'r it were, Hee is (in every thing)
A profitable ſervant to the King:
Who envious yet of his high Feats and Fame,
His Faith, and Fortitude, diſtruſts the ſame:
And, the divine Torch of his Vertues bright
Brings him but ſooner to his lateſt Night:
Save that the Lord ſtill ſhields him from on hie,
And turns to triumph all his Tragedy.
O bitter ſweet!! burſt (thus raves the King)
Sauls envie to David. To hear them all, in Camp and Court to ſing,
SAUL *hee hath ſlaine a thouſand*, DAVID *ten*,
Ten thouſand DAVID. O faint ſcorn of men!
Loe how, with Luſtre of his glorious parts,
Hee ſteals-away the giddy peoples hearts;
Makes lying Prophets ſooth him at a beck;
Thou art but King in name, Hee in effect:
Yet thou indur'ſt it; haſte thee, haſte thee (Sot)
Choak in the Cradle his aſpiring Plot;
Prevent his hopes, and wiſely-valiant
Off with his head that would thy foot ſupplant.
Nay, but beware; his death (belov'd ſo well)
Will draw thee hatred of all *Iſrael*.
Sith then ſo high his heady valour flies,
Sith common glory cannot him ſuffice,
Sith Danger upon Danger hee purſues,
And Victorie on Victorie renewes;
Let's put him to 't: Let's make him Generall,
Feed him with winde, and hazard him in all:
So ſhall his owne Ambitious Courage bring
For Crown a Coffin to our *Junior* King:
Yea, had hee *Sangars* ſtrength, and *Sampſons* too,
Hee ſhould not ſcape the taske I'll put him to.
But yet, our DAVID more than all atchieves,
And more and more his grace and glory thrives:
The more hee does, the more hee dares adventure,
His reſt-leſs Valour ſeeks ſtill new Adventure.
For, feeling him arm'd with th' Almightie's Spirit,
Hee recks no danger (at the leaſt to feare it).
Then, what does *Saul?* When as hee ſaw no ſpeed
By ſword of Foes ſo great a Foe to rid,
Hee tries his own: & one-while throwes his dart,
At un-awares to thrill him to the heart:
Or treacherouſly hee layes ſome ſubtill train,
At boord, or bed, to have him (harm-leſs) ſlain:
On nothing elſe dreams the diſloyall wretch,
But *Davids* death; how *David* to diſpatch.
Which had been done, but for his Son the Prince
(Who deerly tenders *Davids* Innocence,
Jonathans love to David. And neerly marks and hearks the Kings Deſignes,
And warns the *Jeſſean* by ſuſpect-leſs ſignes)
But for the kinde Courageous *Jonathan*,
Who (but attended onely with his man)
Neer *Senean* Rocks diſcomfited, alone,
The *Philiſtines* victorious Gariſon.
About his eares a Showr of Shafts doth fall;
His Shield 's too-narrow to receive them all:
His ſword is dull'd with ſlaughter of his Foes,
Wherefore the dead hee at the living throwes:
Head-lined helmes, heaw'n from their trunks hee takes,
And thoſe his vollies of ſwift ſhot he makes.
The Heathen Hoaſt dares him no more affront,
Late number-leſs; but, eaſie now to count.
David therefore, flying his Princes Furie,
From end to end flies all the Land of *Jurie*:
But now to *Nob*; t' *Adullam* then, anon
To Deſart *Zif*, to *Keilah*, *Maaon*,
Having for roofe heav'ns arches ſtarry-ſeeld;
And, for repaſt, what waving woods doe yeeld.
The Tyrant (ſo) fruſtrate of his intent,
Wreakes his fell rage upon the innocent;
If any winke, as willing t' have not ſeen-him,
Or if (unweeting what 's the oddes between-him
And th' angry King) if any had but hid-him:
Hee dies for it (if any have but ſpid-him):
Yea the High-Prieſt, that in Gods preſence ſtands,
Eſcapeth not his paricidiall hands;
Nor doth hee ſpare in his unbounded rage,
Cattell, nor Curre, nor State, nor Sexe, nor Age.
Contrariwiſe, *David* doth good for ill,
Hee Hates the haters of his Soveraign ſtill.
And though hee oft incounter *Saul* leſſe ſtrong
Than his own ſide; forgetting all his wrong,
Hee ſhewes him, aye, loyall in deed and word
Unto his Liege, th' Anointed of the Lord;
Reſpects and honours him, and mindes nō more
The Kings unkindneſs that had paſt before.
One day as *Saul* (to eaſe him) went aſide
Into a Cave, where *David* wont to hide,
David (un-ſeen) ſeeing his Foe ſo neer
And all alone, was ſtrook with ſudden fear,
As much amaz'd and muſing there-upon;
When whiſp'ring thus his Conſorts egge him on:
Who ſought thy life is fall'n into thy lap;
Do'ſt thou not ſee the Tyrant in thy Trap?
Now therefore pull this Thorn out of thy foot:
Now is the Time if ever thou wilt doe 't:
Now by his death eſtabliſh thine eſtate:
Now hugge thy Fortune yer it be too-late:
For, hee (my Lord) that will not, when hee may,
Perhaps hee ſhall not, when hee would (they ſay).

Why tarriest thou? what dost thou trifle thus?
Wilt thou, for *Saul*, betray thy selfe and us?
Won with their words, to kill him he resolves:
But, by the way thus with himselfe revolves:
Hee is a Tyrant. True: But now long since,
And still, hee bears the mark of lawfull Prince:
And th' Ever-King (to whom all Kings doe bow)
On no pretext, did ever yet allow
That any Subject should his hand distain
In sacred blood of his owne Soverain.
Hee hunts me cause-less. True: but yet, Gods word
Bids mee defend, but not offend my Lord.
I am annoynted King; but (at Gods pleasure)
Not publickly: therefore I wait thy leasure.
For, thou (O Lord) regardest Thine, and then
Reward'st, in fine, Tyrants and wicked men.
Thus having said, hee stalkes with noise-less foot
Behinde the King, and softly off doth cut
A skirt or lap of his then-upper clothing;
Then quick avoydes: and, *Saul*, suspecting nothing,
Comes forth anon: and *David* afterward
From a high Rock (to be the better heard)
Cries to the King (upon his humble knee)
Come neer (my Liege) come neer, and fear not mee,
Fear not thy servant *David*. Well I know,
Thy Flatterers, that mis-inform thee so,
With thousand slanders daily thee incense
Against thy Servants spot-less innocence: (sting
Those smooth-slie Aspicks, with their poysony
Murder mine honour, mee in hatred bring
With thee and with thy Court (against all reason)
As if Convicted of the Highest Treason:
But my notorious Loyalty (I hope)
The venom of their Vip'rous tongues shall stop;
And, with the splendor of mine actions bright,
Disperse the Mists of Malice and Despight.
Behold, my Lord (Truth needeth no excuse)
What better witness can my soule produce
Of faithfull Love, and Loyall Vassalage,
To thee, my Liege, than this most certaine gage?
When I cut-off this lappet from thy Coat,
Could I not then as well have cut thy throat?
But rather (Soverain) thorow all my veins
Shall burning Gangrens (spreading deadly pains)
Benum my hand, than it shall lift a sword
Against my Liege, th' annoynted of the Lord;
Or violate, with any insolence,
Gods sacred Image in my Soverain Prince.
And yet (O King) thy wrath pursues me still;
Like silly Kid, I hop from hill to hill;
Like hated Wolves, I and my Souldiers starve:
But, judge thy selfe, if I thy wrath deserve.
No (my Son *David*) I have done thee wrong:
Good God requite thy good: there doth belong
A great Reward unto so gratious deed.
Ah, well I see it is above decreed
That thou shalt sit upon my Seat supreme,
And on thy head shalt wear my Diadem:
Then, O thou sacred and most noble Head
Remember Mee and mine (when I am dead):
Be gratious to my Blood, and raze not fell
My Name and Issue out of *Israel*.
Thus said the King; and tears out-went his words:
A pale despair his heavie heart still-girds:

Anti-Bellarmin, and his Disciples, Authors or Fautors of our Powder-mine.

His feeble spirit presaging his Mis-fortune,
Doth every-kinde of Oracles importune;
Suspicious, seeks how *Clotho*'s Clew doth swell;
And, cast off Heav'n, will needs consult with Hell.
In *Endor* dwelt a Beldam in those dayes,
Deep-skild in Charms (for, this weak sex alwayes
Hath in all Times been taxt for *Magick* Tricks,
As proneſt Agents, for the Prince of *Styx*:
Whether, because their soft, moist, supple brain,
Doth easie print of every seal retain:
Or, whether wanting Force and Fames desart,
Those Wizards ween to win it by *Black-Art*.)
This *Stygian* scum, the *Furies* fury fell,
This Shop of Poysons, hideous Type of Hell,
This sad *Erinnys*, *Milcom*'s Favourite,
Chamosh his Joy, and *Belzebubs* Delight,
Delights alonely for her exercise
In secret Murders, sudden Tragedies;
Her drink, the blood of Babes; her dainty Feast
Mens Marrow, Brains, Guts, Livers (late deceast).
At Weddings aye (for Lamps) shee lights debates;
And quiet Love much more than Death shee hates:
Or if shee reak of Love, 'tis but to trap
Some severe *Cato* in incestuous Lap.
Somtimes (they say) shee dims the Heav'nly Lamps
She haunts the graves, she talks with ghost, she stamps
And cals-up Spirits, and with a wink controules
Th' infernall Tyrant, and the tortur'd Soules.
Art's admiration, *Israels* Ornament,
That (as a Queen) Command'st each Element,
And from the Toomb deceased Trunks canst raise,
(Th' unfaithfull King thus flatters her with praise)
On steepest Mountains stop the swiftest Currents,
From driest Rocks draw rapid-rowling Torrents,
And fitly hasten *Amphitrites* Flood,
Or stay her Ebbe (as to thy selfe seems good):
Turn day to night: hold windes within thy hand,
Make the Sphears move, and the Sun still to stand:
Enforce the Moon so with thy Charms som-times,
That for a stound in a deep Swoun shee seems:
O thou all-knowing Spirit! daign with thy spell
To raise-up heer renowned *Samuel*,
To satisfie my doubtfull soule, in sum,
The issue of my Fortunes yet to-com.
Importun'd twice or thrice, shee, that before
Resembled one of those grim Ghosts (of yore)
Which she was wont with her un-wholsom breath
To re-bring-back from the black gates of death,
Growes now more ghastly, and more Ghost-like
Right like to Satan in his Rage-full Trim. (grim,
The place about darker than Night shee darkes,
She yels, she roars, she houles, she brayes, she barks,
And, in un-heard, horrid, Barbarian termes,
Shee mutters strange and execrable Charmes;
Of whose Hell-raking, Nature-shaking Spell,
These odious words could scarce be hearkned well:
Eternall Shades, infernall Deities,
Death, Horrors, Terrors, Silence, Obsequies,
Demons, dispatch: If this dim stinking Taper
Be of mine owne Sons fat; if heer, for paper,
I write (detested) on the tender skins
Of time-less Infants, and abortive Twins
(Torn from the wombe) these Figures figure-less:
If this black Sprinkle, tuft with Virgins tress,

The woman witch of *Endor*.

Dipt,

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Dipt, at your Altar, in my Kinſmans blood;
If well I ſmell of humane fleſh (my food):
Haſte, haſte, you Fiends: you ſubterranean Powrs:
If impiouſly (as fits theſe Rites of yours)
I have invok't your grizly Majeſties,
Hearken (O Furies) to my Blaſphemies,
Regard my Charms, and mine inchanting Spell,
Reward my ſins, and ſend up *Samuel*
From diſmall darknes of your deep Abyſs,
To anſwer me in what my pleaſure is:
Diſpatch, I ſay, (black Princes) quick, why when?
Have I not Art, for one, to ſend you ten?
When? ſtubborn Ghoſt! The Palfraies of the ſun
Doe fear my Spels; and when I ſpur, they run:
The Planets bow, the Plants give ear to me,
The Forreſts ſtoop, and even the ſtrongeſt Tree,
At drierie ſound of my ſad whiſperings,
Doth propheſie, foretelling future things:
Yea (maugre *Jove*) by mine almighty Charms,
Through Heav'n I thunder with imperious Arms:
And comſt not thou? O, ſo: I ſee the Sage,
I ſee th' aſcent of ſome great man: his age,
His ſacred habit, and ſweet grave aſpect
Some God-like rayes about him round reflect:
Hee 's ready now to ſpeak, and pliant too
To cleer thy doubtings, without more adoo.
Saul flat adores; and wickedly-devout,
The fained *Prophets* leaſt word leaves not out.
What doſt thou *Saul*? O *Iſra'ls* Soveraign,
Witches, of late, fear'd only thy diſdain:
Now th' are thy ſtay. O wretch doſt thou not know
One cannot uſe th' ayde of the Powrs below
Without ſome Pact of Counter-Services,
By Prayers, Perfumes, Homage, and Sacrifice?
And that this Art (meer Diabolical)
It hurteth all, but th' Author moſt of all?
And alſo, that the impious Athêiſt,
The Infidel, and damned Exorciſt,
Differ not much. Th' one, Godhead quite denies:
Th' other, for God, foul Satan magnifies:
The other, Sathan (by inchantment ſtrange)
Into an Angel of the Light doth change.
When as God would, his voyce thou wouldſt not (hear;
Now he forbids thee, thou conſult'ſt elſe-where:
Whom (living Prophet) thou neglect'ſt, abhorr'ſt,
Him (dead) thou ſeekſt, & his dead Trunk ador'ſt:
And yet, not him nor his; for th' ougly Fiend
Hath no ſuch powr upon a Saint t' extend,
Who fears no force of the blaſphemous Charms
Of mumbling Beldams, or Hels damned Arms:
From all the Poyſons that thoſe powrs contrive,
Charm-charming Faith 's a full Preſervative.
In Soule and Bodie both, Hee cannot come;
For they re-joyne not till the day of Doom:
His Soule alone cannot appear; for why,
Soules are inviſible to mortall eye:
His bodie only, neyther can it be;
For (duſt to duſt) that ſoon corrupts (wee ſee).
Beſides all this, if 't were true *Samuel*,
Should not (alas) thine eyes-ſight ſerve as well
To ſee and know him, as this Sorcereſſe,
This hatefull Hag, this old Enchantereſſe,
This Divel incarnate, whoſe drad Spell commands
The rebell-Furie of th' Infernall Bands?
Hath *Lucifer* not Art enough to fain
A bodie fitting for his turn and train?
And (as the rigour of long Cold congeals
To harſh hard Wooll the running Water-Rils)
Cannot hee thicken thinneſt parts of Air,
Commixing Vapours? glew them? hue them fair?
Even as the Rain-bowe, by the Suns reflection
Is painted fair in manifold complection:
A body, which wee ſee all-readie formd;
But yet perceive not how it is performd:
A Body perfect in apparent ſhow;
But in effect and ſubſtance nothing ſo:
A Bodie, heart-leſs, lung-leſs, tongue-leſs too,
Where Sathan lurks, not to give life thereto;
But to the end that from this Counter-mure,
More covertly hee may diſcharge more ſure
A hundred dangerous Engins, which hee darts
Againſt the Bulwarks of the braveſt hearts:
That, in the Sugar (even) of ſacred Writ,
Hee may em-pill us with ſome bane-ful bit:
And, that his counterfeit and fained lips,
Laying before us all our hainous ſlips,
And Gods drad Judgments and juſt Indignation,
May under-mine our ſureſt Faiths Foundation.
But, let us heare now what he ſaith. O *Saul*,
What frantick furie art thou mov'd with-all,
To now re-knit my broken thrid of life?
To interrupt my reſt? And 'mid the ſtrife
Of ſtruggling Mortals, in the Worlds affairs
(By powr-full Charms) to re-entoyl my Cares?
Inquir'ſt thou what 's to come? O wretched Prince!
Too much, too-ſoon (what I fore-told long ſince):
Death 's at thy door: to-morrow Thou and Thine
Even all ſhall fall before the Philiſtine:
And great-good *David* ſhall poſſeſſe thy Throne,
As God hath ſaid, to be gain-ſaid by none.
Th' Author of Lies (againſt his guiſe) tels true:
Not that at-once hee Selfly all fore-knew,
Or had revolv'd the leaves of Deſtinie
(The Childe alonely of Eternity):
But rather through his buſie obſervation
Of circumſtance, and often iteration
Of reading of our Fortunes and our Fals,
In the cloſe Book of clear Conjecturals,
With a far-ſeeing Spirit; hits often right:
Not much unlike a skilfull Galenite,
Who (when the *Criſis* coms) dares even foretell
Whether the Patient ſhall doe ill or well.
Or, as the Star-wiſe ſometimes calculates
(By an Eclipſe) the death of Potentates;
And (by the ſtern aſpects of greateſt Stars)
Prognoſticates of Famine, Plague, and Wars.
As hee foretold, in brief, ſo fell it out:
Brave *Jonathan* and his two brethren ſtout
Are ſlain in fight; and *Saul* himſelf forlorn,
Leſt, Captive, hee be made the Pagans ſcorn,
Hee kils him-ſelf; and, of his Fortune froward,
To ſeem not conquer'd, ſhews himſelfe a Coward.
For, 'tis not Courage (whatſoe'r men ſay)
But Cowardize, to make ones Self away.
Tis even to turn our back at Fears alarms:
Tis (baſely-faint) to yeeld up all our Arms.
O extreme Rage! O barbarous Cruelty,
All at one blowe, t' offend Gods Majeſtie,

Againſt thoſe that reſort to Witches.

Againſt the illuſion of Sathans falſe Apparitions and Walking Spirits.

Simile.

Simile.

How Sathan comes to tell things to come.

Saul's death.

Againſt ſelfe-killing

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The State, the Magistrate, Thy Selfe (in fine):
Th' one, in destroying the deer work divine
Of his almighty Hands; the next, in reaving
Thy needfull Service, it should be receiving;
The third, in rash-usurping his Commission;
And last, Thy Self, in thine own Selfs perdition,
When (by two Deaths) one voluntary wound
Doth both thy body and thy soule confound.
But *Isbosheth* (his deer Son) yet retains
His place a space, and *David* only reigns
In happy *Juda*. Yet, yer long (discreet) (meet:
Hee makes th' whole Kingdoms wracked ribs to
And so Hee rules on th' holy Mount (a mirror)
His Peoples Joy, the Pagans only Terror,
Comparison. If ever, standing on the sandy shoar, (roar
Y' have thought to count the rowling waves that
Each after other on the *British* Coast,
When *Æolus* sends forth his Northern Poast;
Wave upon wave, Surge upon Surge doth fold,
Sea swallows Sea, so thickly-quickly roul'd,
That (number-less) their number so doth mount,
That it confounds th' Accompter and th' Accompt:
So *David's* Vertues when I think to number,
Their multitude doth all my Wits incumber;
That Ocean swallows mee: and mazed so,
In the vast Forrest where his Praises grow,
I know not what high Fir, Oak, Chest-nut-Tree,
(Rather) what Brasil, Cedar, Ebonie
My *Muse* may chuse (*Amphion*-like) to build
With curious touch of Fingers Quaver-skild
(Durst shee presume to take so much upon-her)
A Temple sacred unto *Davids* honour.
Epitome of *Davids* vertues. Others shall sing his minds true Constancie,
In oft long exiles tri'd so thorowly:
His life compos'd after the life and likeness
Of sacred Patterns: his milde gracious meeknes
Tow'rds railing *Shimei*, and the * Churlish Gull: * Nabal.
His lovely eyes and face so beautifull.
Some other shall his equity record,
And how the edge of his impartiall sword
Is ever ready for the Reprobate,
To hewe them down; and help the Desolate:
How hee no Law, but Gods drad Law enacts:
How hee respects not persons, but their Facts:
How brave a Triumph of Selfs-wrath he showes,
Killing the Killers of his deadly Foes.
Some other shall unto th' Empereall Pole
The holy fervour of his zeal extoll:
How for the wandring Ark hee doth provide
A certain place for ever to abide:
And how for ever every his designe
Is ordered all by th' Oracle Divine.
Upon the wings of mine (elf-tasked) Rime,
Through the cleer Welkin of our Western clime,
Ile only bear his *Musick* and his *Mars*
(His holy *Songs*, and his triumphant *Wars*):
Loe there the sacred Mark whereat I aim;
And yet this Theam I shall but mince and maim,
So many Yarnes I still am fain to strike
Into this Web of mine intended WEEK.
Of his valour and victories. The *Twelve* stout *Labours* of th' *Amphitrionide*
(Strongest of Men) are justly magnifi'd:
Yet, what were They but a rude Massacre
Of Birds and Beasts, and Monsters here and there?
Not Hoasts of Men and Armies overthrown;
But idle Conquests; Combats One to One:
Where boist'rous Limbs, and sinnews strongly knit,
Did much availe with little ayd of Wit.
Bears, Lions, Giants, foyl'd in single fight,
Are but th' Essayes of our redoubted Knight:
Under his Arms sick *Aram* deadly droops:
Unto his pow'r the strength of *Edom* stoops:
Stout *Amalek* even trembles at his name:
Proud *Ammons* scorn he doth return with shame:
Subdueth *Soba*: foyls the *Moabite:*
Wholly extirps the down-trod *Jebusite*;
And (still victorious) every month almost
Combats and Conquers the *Philistian* Hoast:
So that, *Alcides* massie Club scarce raught
So many blows, as *David* Battels fought.
Th' expert great *Captain, who the *Pontiks* quaild, * Pompey.
Wun in strange Wars; in Civill fights hee fail'd:
But, *David* thrives in all: and fortunate,
Triumphs no lesse of *Sauls* intestine hate,
Of *Ishbosheth*'s and *Absalon*'s designes,
Than of strong *Aram*, and stout *Philistines*.
Good-Fortune alwaies blows not in the Poop
Of valiant *Cæsar*, shee defeats his Troop,
Slayes his Lievtenants; and (among his Friends)
Stabb'd full of Wounds, at length his Life shee ends:
But *David* alwaies feels Heav'ns gracious hand;
Whether in person Hee himself command
His royall Hoast: or whether (in his stead)
By valiant *Joab* his brave Troops be led:
And happiness, closing his aged eye,
Ev'n to his Toomb consorts him constantly.
Fair victorie, with Him (even from the first)
Did pitch her Tent: his Infancy shee nurst
With noble Hopes, his stronger years shee fed
With stately *Tropheis*, and his hoary head
She crowns & comforts with (her cheerfull Balms)
Triumphant *Laurels* and victorious *Palms*.
The Mountains stoop to make him easie way;
And *Euphrates*, before him, dryes away:
To Him great *Jordan* a small leap doth seem;
Without assault, strong Cities yeeld to Him:
Th' Engine alone of His far-fear'd Renown (down:
Beats (Thunder-like) Gates, Bars, and Bulwarks
Gads goodly Vales, in a gore Pond hee drenches;
Philistian Fires, with their own bloud he quenches;
And then in *Gob* (pursuing still his Foes)
His wrath's just Tempest on fell Giants throws.
O strong, great *Worthies* (will some one day say,
When your huge Bones they plough-up in the clay)
But, stronger, greater, and more WORTHY Hee,
Whose Heav'n-lent Force & Fortune made you be
(Maugre your might, your massie spears & shields)
The fart'ning dung-hill of those fruitfull Fields.
His enemies, scarcely so soon hee threats
As overthrows, and utterly defeats.
On *Davids* head, God doth not spin good hap;
But pours it down aboundant in his Lap:
And Hee (good Subject) with his Kingdom, ever
T' increase th' Immortall Kingdom doth endevour.
His swelling Standards never stir abroad,
Till hee have Cald upon th' Almighty God:
Hee never conquers but (in heav'nly Songs)
Hee yeelds the Honour where it right belongs:
And

His Poesie.

And evermore th' Eternals sacred praise (raise.
(With Harp and Voyce) to the bright Stars doth
Scarce was hee borne, when in his Cradle prest
The Nightingale to build her tender nest:
The Bee within his sacred mouth seeks room
To arch the Chambers of her Honey-comb:
And th' heav'nly *Muse*, under his roof descending
(As in the Summer with a train down-bending,
Wee see some *Meteor*, winged brightly-fair (Aire,
With twinkling rayes, glide through the crystall
And suddenly, after long-seeming flight,
To seem amid the new-shav'n Fields to light)
Him softly in her Ivorie arms shee folds,
His smiling face shee smilingly beholds:
Shee kisses him, and with her *Nectar* kisses
Into his Soule shee breathes a Heav'n of Blisses;
Then laies him in her lap: and while shee brings
Her Babe a-sleep, this *Lullabie* she sings.

Praises Lullaby.

Live, live (sweet-Babe) the Miracle of Mine,
Live ever Saint, and grow thou all Divine:
With this Celestiall Winde, where-with I fill
Thy blessed bosom, all the World full-fill:
May thy sweet Voyce, in Peace, resound as far
And speed as fair as thy drad Arm in War:
Bottom nor Bank, thy Fames Sea never bound:
With double Laurels be thy Temples crown'd.
See (Heav'n-sprung spirit) see how th'allured North,
Of thy Childs-cry (shrill sweetly warbling forth)
Al-ready tastes the learned, dainty pleasures.
See, see (yong Father of all sacred Measures)
See how, to hear thy sweet harmonious sound,
About thy Cradle here are thronging (round) (ping:
Woods, but with ears: Floods, but their fury stop-
Tigres, but tame: Mountains, but alwaies hopping:
See how the Heav'ns, rapt with so sweet a tongue,
To list to thine, leave their own Dance and Song.
O Idiot's shame, and Envie of the Learned!
O Verse right-worthie to be ay eterned!
O richest Arras, artificiall wrought
With livelier Colours of Conceipt-full Thought!
O royall Garden of the rarest Flowers
Sprung from an Aprill of spirituall Showers!
O Miracle! whose star-bright beaming Head
When I behold, even mine own Crown I dread.

Excellency of the Psalmes of *David*.

Never elsewhere did plenteous Eloquence,
In everie part with such magnificence
Set forth her Beauties, in so sundry fashions
Of Robes and Jewels (suting sundry passions)
As in thy Songs: Now like a Queen (for Cost)
In swelling Tissues, rarely-rich imbost
With precious Stones: neat, City-like, anon,
Fine Cloth, or Silk, or Chamlet puts shee on:
Anon, more like some handsome Shepheardesse,
In courser Cloaths shee doth her cleanly dresse:
What-e're she wear, Wooll, Silk, or Gold, or Gems,
Or Course or Fine; still like her Self she seems;
Fair, Modest, cheerfull, fitting time and place,
Illustring all even with a heav'n-like grace.
Like proud loud *Tigris* (ever-swiftly roul'd)
Now, through the Plains thou pour'st a Flood of
Now, like thy *Jordan*, (or *Meander*-like) (gold:
Round-winding nimbly with a many-Creek, (thee.
Thou runn'st to meet thy self's pure streams behind
Mazing the Meads wher thou dost turn & wind thee.
Anon, like *Cedron*, through a straighter Quill,
Thou straine'st out a little Brook or Rill,
But yet, so sweet, that it shall ever be
Th' immortall *Nectar* to Posteritie:
So cleer, that *Poësie* (whose pleasure is
To bathe in Seas of Heav'nly Mysteries)
Her chastest feathers in the same shall dip,
And deaw withall her choycest workmanship:
And so devout, that with no other Water
Devoutest Souls shall quench their thirst heerafter.
Of sacred *Bards* Thou art the double Mount,
Of faith-full Spirits th' Interpreter profound:
Of contrite Hearts the cleer Anatomy:
Of every Sore the Shop for remedie:
Zeal's Tinder-box: a Learned Table, giving
To spirituall eys, not painted *Christ*, but living.
O divine Volume, *Sions* cleer deer Voice,
Saints rich Exchequer, full of comforts choice:
O, sooner shall sad *Boreas* take his wing
At *Nilus* head, and boist'rous *Auster* spring
From th' icie floods of *Iceland*, than thy Fame
Shall be forgot, or Honour fail thy Name:
Thou shalt survive throughout all Generations,
And (plyant) learn the language of all Nations:
Nought but thine Airs through air & sea shal sound,
In high-built Temples shall thy Songs resound,
Thy sacred Verse shall cleer Gods cloudy face,
And, in thy steps the noblest Wits shall trace.
Grosse Vulgar, hence; with hands profanely vile,
So holy things presume not to defile,
Touch not these sacred stops, these silver strings:
This Kingly Harp is only meet for Kings.
And so behold, towards the fartheſt North,
Ah see, I see upon the Banks of *FORTH*
(Whose forceful stream runs smoothly serpenting)
A valiant, learned, and religious King,
Whose sacred Art retuneth excellent
This rarely-sweet celestiall Instrument:
And *Davids* Truchman, rightly doth resound
(At the Worlds end) his eloquence renown'd.
Dombertans Clyde stands still to hear his voyce:
Stone-rowling *Tay* seems thereat to rejoyce:
The trembling *Cyclads*, in great *Lummond*-Lake,
After his sound their lusty gambols shake: (wave,
The (Trees-brood) Bar-geese, mid th' *Hebridian*
Unto his Tune their far-flown wings do wave:
And I my selfe in my pyde * *Pleid* a-slope,
With Tune-skild foot after his Harp do hop.
Thus, ful of God, th'Heav'n *Sirene* (Prophet-wise)
Pours-forth a Torrent of *mel*-Melodies,
In DAVIDS praise. But DAVIDS foule defect
Was yet un-seen, un-censur'd, un-suspect.
Oft in fair Flowrs the banefull Serpent sleeps:
Somtimes (wee see) the braveſt Courser trips:
And sometimes *David*'s Deaf unto the Word
Of the Worlds Ruler, th' everlasting Lord:
His Songs sweet fervor slakes, his Souls pure Fire
Is dampt and dimm'd with smoak of foule desire:
His Harp is layd aside, hee leaves his Layes,
And after his fair Neighbours Wife hee neighs.
Fair *Bersabe*'s his Flame, even *Bersabe*,
In whose chaste bosom (to that very day)
Honour and Love had happy dwelt together,
In quiet life, without offence of either:

* A kind of light mantle made of a thin checkerd Cloth, worne by the Highlanders in Scotland: and now much used with us for Saddle clothes.

But

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But, her proud Beauty now, and her Eies force,
Began to draw the Bill of their Divorce:
Honour gives place to Love: and by degrees
Fear from her heart, shame from her fore-head flees.
The Presence-chamber, the High street, the Temple
These Theaters are not sufficient ample
To shew her Beauties, if but Silk them hide:
Bersabe bathing. Shee must have windows each-where open wide
About her Garden-Baths, the while therein
Shee basks & bathes her smooth Snow-whiter skin;
And one-while set in a black Jet-like Chair,
Perfumes, and combes, and curls her golden hair:
Another-while under the Crystall brinks,
Her Alabastrine wel-shapt Limbs shee shrinks
Like to a Lilly sunk into a glasse:
Like soft loose *Venus* (as they paint the Lasse)
Born in the Seas, when with her eyes sweet-flames,
Tonnies and *Triton*, shee at-once inflames:
Or like an Ivorie Image of a *Grace*,
Neatly inclos'd in a thin Crystall Case:
Another-while, unto the bottom dives,
And wantonly with th' under-Fishes strives:
For, in the bottom of this liquid Ice,
Made of *Musâick* work, with quaint device
The cunning work-man had contrived trim
Carpes, Pikes, and Dolphins seeming even to swim.
David gazing. *Ishai*'s great son, too-idly, walking hie
Upon a Tarras, this bright star doth spy;
And sudden dazled with the splendor bright,
Fares like a Prisoner, who new brought to light
From a *Cymmerian*, dark, deep dungeon,
Feels his sight smitten with a radiant Sun.
But too-too-soon re-cleer'd, hee sees (alas)
Th' admired Tracts of a bewitching Face.
Her sparkling Eye is like the Morning Star:
Her lips two snips of crimsin Sattin are:
Her teeth as white as burnisht silver seem
(Or *Orient* Pearls, the rarest in esteem):
Her Cheeks and Chin, and all her flesh like Snows
Sweet intermixed with Vermillion Rose,
And all her sundry Treasures selfly swell,
Proud, so to see their naked selves excell.
What living Rance, what rapting Ivorie
Swims in these streams? O what new Victorie
Triumphs of all my TROPHEIS? O cleer Therms,
If so your Waves be cold; what is it warms,
Nay, burns my heart? If hot (I pray) whence comes
This shivering winter that my soule benums,
Freezes my Senses, and dis-selfs me so
With drousie Poppey, not my self to know?
O peer-less Beauty, meerly beautifull;
(Unknown) to me th' art most un-mercifull:
Alas! I dye, I dy (O dismall lot!)
Both for I see thee, and I see thee not
But a-far-off, and under water too:
O feeble Power, and O (what shall I doe?)
Weak Kingly-State! sith that a silly Woman (mon.
Stooping my Crown, can my soule's Homage sum-
But, O Imperiall power! Imperiall State!
Could (happy) I give Beauties Check the Mate.
Simile. Thus spake the King: and, like a sparkle small
That by mischance doth into powder fall,
Hee's all a-fire; and pensive, studies nought,
But how t' accomplish his lascivious thought:
Which soon he compast; sinks himself therein;
Forgetteth *David*; addeth Sin to Sin:
And lustfull, playes like a young lusty Rider Simile.
(A wilfull Gallant, not a skilfull Guider)
Who, proud of his Horse pride, still puts him to 't:
With wand and spur, layes on (with hand and foot)
The too-free Beast; which, but too-fast before
Ran to his ruine, stumbling evermore
At every stone, till at the last hee break
Against some Rock his and his Riders neck.
For, fearing, not Adulteries fact, but fame:
A jealous Husbands Fury for the same:
And lessening of a Pleasure shar'd to twain:
He (treach'rous) makes her valiant Spouse be slain.
The Lord is mov'd: and, just, begins to stretch
His Wraths keen dart at this disloyall wretch:
When *Nathan* (then bright Brand of Zeal & Faith)
Comes to the King, and modest-boldly saith:
The Prophet *Nathan*'s Parable, reproving *David*. Vouchsafe my Liege (that our chief Justice art)
To list a-while to a most hainous part.
First to the fault give ear: then give consent
To give the faulty his due punishment.
Of late a Subject of thine own, whose flocks
Powl'd all Mount *Libans* pleasant plenteous locks;
And to whose Heards could hardly full suffice
The flowry Verge that longst all *Jordan* lies;
Making a feast unto a stranger-Guest,
None of his own aboundant Fatlings drest;
But (privie Thief) from a poor neighbour by
(His faithfull Friend) hee takes feloniously
A goodly Lamb; although hee had no more
But even that one; whereby hee set such store,
That everie day of his own hand it fed,
And every night it coucht upon his bed,
Supt of his Cup, his pleasant morsels pickt,
And even the moisture from his lips it lickt.
Nay, more my Lord. No more (replyes the King,
Deeply incenst) 'Tis more than time this thing
Were seen into; and so outragious Crimes,
So insolent, had need be curbd betimes:
What, ever Wretch hath done this Villany
Shall Dye the Death; and not alonely Dye,
But let the horror of so foul a Fact
A more than common punishment exact.
O painted Toomb (then answer'd sacred *Nathan*)
That hast God in thy Mouth, in thy Minde Sathan:
Thou blam'st in other thine own Fault donounc't,
And unawares hast 'gainst thy self pronounc't
Sentence of Death, O King, no King (as then)
Of thy desires: Thou art the very man:
Yea, thou art hee, that with a wanton Theft
Hast just *Uriah*'s onely Lamb bereft:
And him, O horror! (Sin with Sin is further'd)
Him wth the sword of *Ammon* hast thou murther'd.
Bright beauties eye, like to a glorious Sun,
Hurts the sore eye that looks too-much there-on:
Thy wanton eye, gazing upon that eye,
Hath given an entrance too-too-foolishly
Unto that Dwarfe, that Divell (is it not?)
Which out of sloath, within us is begot;
Who entring first but Guest-wise in a room,
Doth shortly Master of the house become;
And makes a Saint (a sweet, milde minded man)
That 'gainst his Life's Foe would not lift his hand,

To

To plot the death of his deer faith-full Friend,
That for his Love a thouſand lives would ſpend.
Ah! ſhak'ſt thou not? is not thy Soule in trouble
(O brittle duſt, vain ſhadow, empty bubble!)
At Gods drad wrath, which quick doth calcinize
The marble Mountains and the Ocean dries?
No, thou ſhalt know the weight of Gods right hand;
Thou, for example t' other Kings ſhalt ſtand.
Death, ſpeedy death, of that adult'rous Fruit,
Which even al-ready makes his Mother rue't,
Shall vex thy Soule, and make thee feele (indeed)
Forbidden pleaſure doth repentance breed.
Ah ſhame-leſs beaſt! Sith thy brute Luſt (forlorn)
Hath not the Wife of thy beſt Friend forborn,
Thy Sons (diſ-natur'd) ſhall defile thy bed
Inceſtuouſly; thy fair Wives (raviſhed)
Shall doublely thy luſt-full ſeed receive:
Thy Concubines (which thou behinde ſhalt leave)
The wanton Rapes of thine own Race ſhall be:
It ſhall befall that in thy Familie,
With an un-kinſmans kiſſe (un-loving Lover)
The Brother ſhall his Siſters ſhame diſcover:
Thou ſhalt be both Father and Father-in-law
To thine own blood. Thy Children (paſt all aw
Of God or Man) ſhall by their inſolence
Even juſtifie thy bloody foule offence.
Thou ſinn'dſt in ſecret: but *Sol*'s bluſhing eye
Shall be eye-witneſs of their villanie:
All *Iſrael* ſhall ſee the ſame: and then,
The Heav'n-ſunk Cities in *Aſphaltis* Fen,
Out of the ſtinking Lake their heads ſhall ſhow,
Glad, by thy Sons, to be out-ſinned ſo.
Thou, thou (inhumane) didſt the Death conſpire
Of good *Uriah* (worthy better Hire):
Thou cruell didſt it: therefore, Homicide,
Cowardly treaſon, curſed Paricide,
Un-kinde Rebellion, ever ſhall remain (ſtain.
Thy houſe-hold Gueſts, thy houſe with blood to
Thine own againſt thine own ſhal thrill their darts:
Thy Son from thee ſhall ſteal thy peoples hearts:
Againſt thy Self hee ſhall thy Subjects arm,
And give thine Age many a fierce alarm,
Till hanged by the hair 'twixt Earth and Sky (Eye)
(His Gallows pride, ſhame of the Worlds bright
Thine own Lievtenant, at a crimſin ſpout,
His guilty Soule ſhall with his Lance let-out.
And (if I fail not) O what Tempeſt felt
Beats on the head of harm-leſs *Iſrael!*

The Plague of Peſtilence.

Alas! how many a guiltleſſe *Abramide*
Dyes in three dayes, through thy too-curious Pride!
In hate of thee, th' Air (thick and ſloathfull) breeds
No ſlow Diſeaſe; both young and old it ſpeeds;
All are indifferent: For through all the Land
It ſpreads, almoſt in turning of a hand:
To the ſo-ſick, hard ſeem the ſofteſt plumes; (fumes:
Flames from his eies, from's mouth coms Jakes-like
His head, his neck; his bulk, his legs doth tire;
Outward, all water; inward, all a-fire:
With a deep Cough his ſpungy Lungs he waſtes:
Black Blood and Choler both at once he caſts:
His voyces paſſage is with Biles-belayd,
His Soul's Interpreter, rough, foul, and flayd:
Thought of the Grief it's rigor oft augments:
'Twixt Hope and Fear it hath no long ſuſpenſe:
With the Diſeaſe Death joyntly traverſeth:
Th' Infections ſtroak is even the ſtroak of Death.
Art yeelds to th' anguiſh: Reaſon ſtoops to rage:
Phyſicians skill, himſelfe doth ſtill engage.
The ſtreets too ſtill: the Town all-out of Town:
All Dead, or Fled: unto the hallowed ground
The howling Widow (though ſhee lov'd him deer)
Yet dares not follow her dead Husbands Beer.
Each mourns his loſſe, each his own caſe complains,
Pel-mel the living with the dead remains.

Simile.

As a good natur'd and well-nurtur'd Childe,
Found in a fault (by's Maſter ſharply-milde)
Bluſhing and bleaking, betwixt ſhame and fear,
With down-caſt eyes laden with many a tear,
More with ſad geſture, than with words, doth crave
An humble Pardon of his Cenſor grave:
So *David*, hearing th' holy Prophets Threat,
Hee apprehends Gods Judgments dradly-great;
And (thrill'd with fear) flies for his ſole defence
To pearly Tears, Mournings, and ſad Laments:
Off goes his Gold; his glorie treads hee down,
His Sword, his Scepter, and his precious Crown:
Hee faſts, he prayes, he weeps, he grieves, he grones,
His hainous ſins hee bitterly bemones:
And, in a Cave hard-by, hee roareth out
A ſigh-full Song, ſo dolefully devout,
That ev'n the Stone doth groan, and pearc't withall,
Lets it's ſalt teares with his ſad tears to fall.

David's repentance.

Ay-gracious Lord (thus ſings hee night and day)
Waſh, waſh my Soule in thy deep Mercies Sea:
O Mercie, Mercie Lord, aloud he Cries;
(And Mercie, Mercie, ſtill the Rock replies).

Pſal. 51.

O God, my God, ſith for our grievous Sin
(Which will-full wee ſo long have weltred in)
Thou powr'ſt the Torrents of thy Vengeance down
On th' *azure* Field with *Golden Lillies* ſow'n:
Sith everie moment thy juſt Anger drad
Roars, thunders, lightens on our guilty head:
Sith Famine, Plague, and War (with bloody hand)
Doe all at once make havock of this Land:
Make us make uſe of all theſe Rods aright;
That wee may quench with our Tears-water quite
Thine Ire-full Fire: our former Vices ſpurn;
And, true-reform'd, Juſtice to Mercie turn.

Application to *France*.

And ſo, O Father, (*Fountain of all* Good,
Ocean of Juſtice, Mercie's *bound-leſs* Flood)
Since, for Our Sins, *exceeding all the reſt,*
As moſt ingrate-full, though moſt rarely bleſt,
After ſo long Long-Sufferance *of* Thine:
So-many Warnings *of thy* Word *divine*:
So-many Threatnings *of thy dreadfull* Hand:
So-many Dangers *ſcapt by* Sea *and* Land:
So-many Bleſſings *in ſo good a* King:
So-many Bloſſoms *of that fruit-full* Spring:
So-many Foes *abroad*; *and* Falſe *at home*:
So-many Reſcues *from the rage of* Rome;
So-many Shields *againſt ſo many Shot*:
So-many Mercies *in that* Powder-Plot
(*So light regarded and ſo ſoon forgot*).

The like to *England*, now for many yeers together grievously afflicted with the Plague.

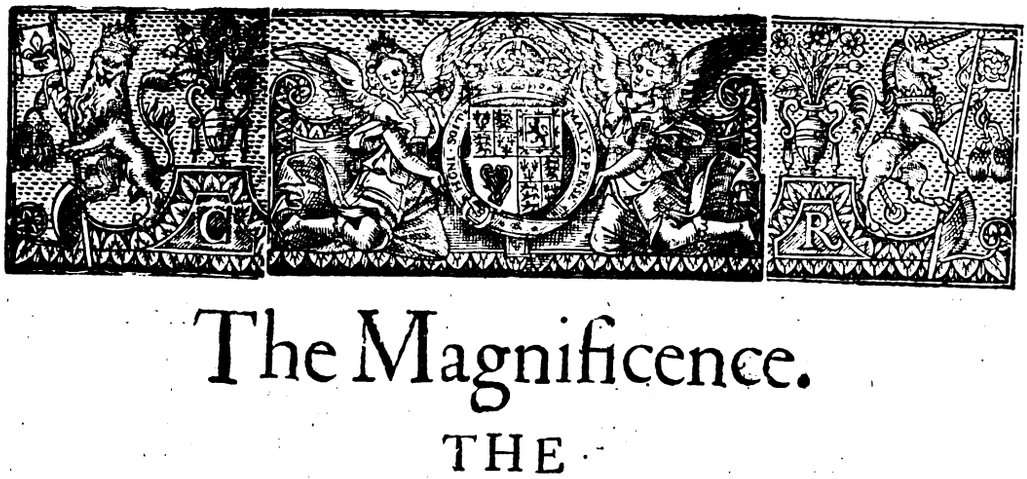
Since, for Our Sins, *ſo many and ſo great,*
So little mov'd with Promiſe *or with* Threat,
Thou, now at laſt (*as a juſt jelous* God)
Strik'ſt us thy Self with thine immediate Rod,

Thy

Thy Rod *of* PESTILENCE : *whose rage-full ſmart,*
With deadly pangs piercing the ſtrongeſt heart,
Tokens *of* Terror *leaves us where it lights :*
And ſo infects us (*or at leaſt affrights*)
That Neighbour Neighbour, Brother brother *ſhuns;*
The tendreſt Mother *dares not ſee her* Sons ;
The neereſt Friend *his deereſt* Friend *doth flye* ;
Yea, ſcarce the Wife *dares cloſe her* Husbands *eye.*
For, through th' Example *of our* Vicious *life,*
Simile. *As* Sin *breeds* Sin, *and* Husband *marr's the* Wife,
Siſter *prouds* Siſter, Brother *hardens* Brother,
And one Companion *doth corrupt another :*
So, through Contagion *of this dire* Diſeaſe,
It (*juſtly*) *doth thy heav'nly* Juſtice *pleaſe,*
To cauſe us thus each other to infect :
Though This wee fly, and That too nigh affect.
Since, for our Sins, *which hang ſo faſt upon-us,*
So dreadfully thy Furie *frowneth on-us* ;
Sith ſtill thou Strikeſt, *and ſtill Threat'neſt more,*
More grievous Wounds than wee have felt before :
O gracious Father, give us grace (*in fine*)
To make our Profit *of theſe* Rods *of thine* ;
*That, true-*Converted *by thy milde* Correction,
Wee may abandon every foule Affection :
That Humblenes *may flaring* Pride *diſ-plume :*
That Temperance *may* Surfaiting *conſume :*
That Chaſtity *may chaſe our wanton* Luſt :
That Diligence *may wear-off* Slothfull *ruſt :*
That Love *may live, in* Wrath *and* Envies *place :*
That Bounties *hand may* Avarice *deface :*
That Truth *may put* Lying *and* Fraud *to flight :*
That Faith *and* Zeal *may keep thy* Sabbaths *right :*
That Reverence *of thy drad* Name *may baniſh*
Blaſphemous Oaths ; *and all* Profaneneſs *vaniſh.*
Since, for our ſins (*as well in Court as Cottage*)
Of all Degrees, all Sexes, Youth and Dotage,
Of Clarks and Clowns; Rich, Poor; & great & ſmall,
Thy fearfull Vengeance, *hangeth over all* ;
O Touch us all with Horror of our Crimes :
O Teach us all to turn to thee betimes :
O Turn us (*Lord*) *and wee ſhall turned be :*
Give what thou bidſt, and bid what pleaſeth thee:
Give us REPENTANCE ; *that thou mayſt* repent
Our preſent PLAGUE, *and future* Puniſhment.

FINIS.

THE



The Magnificence.

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE FOURTH DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

OF BARTAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Death-ſummon'd DAVID, *in his ſacred Throne*
Inſtals (inſtructs) his young Son SALOMON:
His (pleaſe-God) Choice of WISEDOM, *wins him* Honor,
And Health *and* Wealth *(at once) to wait upon her:*
His wondrous Doom, *quick* Babe's *Claim to decide:*
Miſ-Matches *taxt, in His with* PHARAONIDE:
Their pompous Nuptials: *Seav'n Heav'n-*Maſquers *there,*
The glorious TEMPLE, Builded *richly-rare.*
Salem's *Renown drawes* Saba *to his Court:*
King JAMES, *to His, brings* BARTAS, *in like ſort.*

HAppy are You (O You delicious Wits)
That ſtint your Studies, as your *Fury* fits:
That in long Labours (full of pleaſing pain)
Exhauſt not wholly all your learned brain:
That, changing Note, now light and grave anon,
Handle the Theam that firſt you light upon:
That, here in *Sonnets*, there in *Epigrams*,
Evaporate your ſweet Soule-boyling Flames.
But my deer Honor, and my ſacred Vows,
And Heav'ns decree (made in that Higher-Houſe)
Hold mee faſt fetter'd (like a Gally-ſlave)
To this hard Task. No other care I have,
Nought elſe I dream of; neither (night nor day)
Ayme at ought elſe, or look I other way:
But (alwaies buſie) like a Mil-ſtone ſeem
Still turned round with the ſame rapid ſtream.
Thence is't that oft (maugre *Apollo*'s grace)
I humme ſo harſh; and in my Works inchaſe
Lame, crawling Lines, according to the Fire,
Which (more or leſſe) the whirling *Poles* inſpire:
And alſo mingle (Linſie-woolſie-wife)
This gold-ground Tiſſue with too-mean ſupplies.
You, all the yeat long, do not ſpend your wing:
But during only your delightfull Spring
(Like Nightingales) from buſh to buſh you play,
From tune to tune, from Myrtle ſpray to ſpray:
But, I too-bold, and like the Swallow right,
Not finding where to reſt mee, at one flight
A bound-leſs ground-leſs Sea of Times I paſſe,
With *Auſter* now, anon with *Boreas*.
Your quick Career is pleaſant, ſhort, and eath;
At each Lands-end you ſit you down and breathe

Simile.

On some green bank; or, to refresh you, finde
Some Rosie-arbour, from the Sun and winde:
But, end-less is my Course: for, now I glide
On Ice; then (dazled) head-long down I slyde:
Now up I climb: then through the Woods I craul,
I stray, I stumble, somtimes down I fall.
Simile. And, as base Mortar serveth to unite
Red, white, gray Marble, Jasper, Galactite:
So, to connex my queint Discourse, somtimes
I mix loose, limping, and ill-polisht Rimes.
Yet will I not this Work of mine give o're.
The Labour's great; my courage yet is more;
My heart's not yet all voyd of sacred heat:
There's nothing Glorious but is hard to get.
Hils were not seen but for the Vales betwixt:
The deep indentings artificiall mixt
Amid *Musâicks* (for more ornament)
Have, prizes, sizes, and dyes different.
And O! God grant, the greatest spot you spie
In all my Frame, may be but as the Fly,
Which on her ruff (whiter than whitest snows)
To whiten white, the fairest Virgin sowes:
(*Or like the Velvet on her brow, or, like*
The dunker Mole on Venus *dainty Cheek*)
And, that a few faults may but lustre bring
To my high furies where I sweetest sing.
DAVID wext old and cold; and's vitall Lamp,
Lacking it's oyle of Native moist, grew damp
(But by degrees); when with a dying voyce
(But lively vigour of Discretions choyce)
Hee thus instructs his young Son SALOMON,
And (as Heav'n cals) instals him in his Throne.
Davids instructions to his son Salomon. Whom, with-out Force, Uproar, or Rivaling,
Nature and Law, and Fortune make a King;
Even hee (my Son) must be both *Just* and *Wise*,
If long hee look to *Rule* and *Royalize*:
But hee, whom only Fortunes Favour rears
Unto a Kingdome, by some new-found stairs;
Hee must appeare more than a Man; and cast
By rarest Worth to make his Crown sit fast.
My SALOMON, thou knowst thou art my Yongest:
Thou knowst, besids, out of what bed thou sprũgest:
Thou seest what love all *Israel* bears thy Brother:
To honour Thee, what wrong I doe to other;
Yea, even to Nature and our Native Law:
'Tis thy part therefore in all points to draw
To full perfection; and with rare effect,
Of Nobleſt Vertues hide thy Births defect.
A king (first of all) ought to be Religious. Thou, *Israels* King, serve the great King of All,
And only on his Conducts pedestall
Found thine affaires: upon his *Sacred Lore*
Thine eyes and minde be fixed evermore:
The barking rage of bold Blasphemers hate:
Thy Soveraigns maners (Vice-Roy) imitate.
Nor think the thicknes of thy Palace wals,
Thine iron-gates, and high gold-seeled Hals,
Can let his eye to spy (in everie part)
The darkest Closets of thy Mazie Heart.
Valorem. If Birth or Fate (my Son) had made thee Prince
Of *Idumeans* or of *Philistins*,
If *Pharaoh's* Title had befall'n to thee,
If the *Medes* Myter bowed at thy knee,
Wert thou a *Sophy*; yet with Vertues luster
Thou ought'st (at least) thy Greatnes to illuster:
But, to Command the Seed of *Abraham*,
The *Holy Nation* to controule and tame,
To bear a *Josuahs* or a *Samsons* load,
To be Gods Vice-Roy, needs a *Demi-God*.
Before old Servants give not new the start
(Kings-Art consists in Action more than Art.)
Old Wine excelleth new: Nor (giddily)
Will a good Husband grub a goodly Tree
In his faire Orchards midst, whose fruitfull store
Hath grac't his Table twenty years and more;
To plant a graft, yer e'r hee taste the same,
Save with the teeth of a (perhaps) false Fame.
Impartiall in bestowing preferments. These Parasites are ev'n the Pearls and Rings
(Pearls, said I? Perils) in the ears of Kings:
For O, what Mischief but their Wiles can work?
Sith ev'n within us (to their ayd) doth lurk
A smoother Soother, ev'n our own *Selfs-love*
(A maladie that nothing can remove)
Which, with these strangers, secretly combin'd
In League offensive (to the firmest Minde)
Perswades the Coward: hee is *Wisely*-meek:
The Drunkard, *Stout*: the Perjure, *Politick*:
The cruell Tyrant, a *just* Prince they call;
Sober, the Sott: the Lavish, *Liberall*:
And, quick-nos'd Beagles, senting right his Lore
(Transform'd into him) ev'n his Faults adore.
Simile. Impatient of parasites and flatterers. Flie then those Monsters: and give no accesse
To men infamous for their wickednesse:
Endure no Atheist, brook no Sorcerer
Within thy Court, nor Thief, nor Murderer:
Lest the contagion of their banefull breath
Poyson the publick fountain, and to death
Infect Thy manners (more of force than Law)
The spring, whence Subjects good or bad wil draw.
To banish Atheists and all notoriously wicked persons from his presence. Rule thine Affects, thy furie and thy fear:
Hee's no true King, who no self's-sway doth bear:
Not what thou couldst, but what thou shouldst effect:
And to thy lawes, first thine own self subject.
For, ay the Subject will (fear set a-side)
Through thick and thin, having his King for guide.
To overrule his own passions and affections. Shew thy Self gracious, affable and meek;
And be not (proud) to those gay godlings like,
But once a yeare from their gilt Boxes ta'en,
To impetrate the Heav'ns long wisht-for raine.
To be milde and gracious. To fail his Word, a King doth ill beseem:
Who breaks his faith, no faith is held with him,
Deceipt's deceiv'd: Injustice meets unjust:
Disloyall Prince armes subjects with distrust;
And neighbour States wil in their Leagues cõmend
A Lion, rather than a Fox, for Friend.
To be faithfull of his promise. Be prodigall of Vertues, just reward:
Of punishments be sparing (with regard)
Arm thou thy brest with rarest Fortitude;
Things eminent are ever most pursu'd:
On highest Places, most disgraces threat:
The roughest windes on widest gates do beat.
To be readier to reward than punish. Toyl not the World with wars ambitious spite:
But if thine Honour must maintain thy Right,
Then shew thee DAVID's Son; and wisely-bold
Follow't as hot, as thou begin'st it cold:
Watch, Work, Devise, and with unweary limb,
Wade thorough Foords, and over Chanels swim.
Not to be quarrellous, yet quicke and courageous in a just cause. Let tufted Planes for pleasant shades suffice,
In heat; in Cold, thy Fire be exercise:
His exercise in warre.

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A Targe thy Table, and a Turf thy Bed:
Let not thy Mouth be over-dainty fed:
Let labour be thy sauce, thy Cask thy Cup;
Whence for thy *Nectar* some ditch-water sup:
Let Drums, and Trumpets, and shrill Fifes & Flutes
Serve thee for Citterns, Virginals and Lutes:
Trot up a Hill; Run a whole Field for Race;
Leap a large Dike; Tosse a long Pike, a space:
Perfume thy head with dust and sweat: appear
Captain and Souldier. Souldiers are on fire,
Having their King (before them marching forth)
Fellow in fortune, witness of their Worth.

In peace not to be over-studious: yet, to understand the Principles of all Prince-fit Sciences.

I should inflame thy heart with learnings love;
Save that I know what divine habits move
Thy profound Spirit: only, let th' ornament
Of Letters wait on th' Art of *Regiment*:
And take good heed, lest as excesse of humour
In Plants, becomes their Flowring Lifes consumer;
So too-much Study, and delight in Arts,
Quench the quick vigour of thy Spirituall parts,
Make thee too-pensive, over-dull thy Senses,
And draw thy Mind from Publick cares of Princes.
With a swift-winged soule, the Course survay
Of Nights dim Taper and the Torch of Day:
Sound round the Cels of th' Ocean dradly-deep:
Measure the Mountains snowie tops and steep:
Ferret all Corners of this neather Ball;
But to admire the Makers Art in all,
His power and prudence: and, resemble not
Some simple Courtier, or the silly Sot
That in the base-Court all his time hath spent,
In gazing on the goodly Battlement,
The chamfred Pillers, Plinths, and Antique Bosses,
Medals, Ascents, Statues, and strange Colosses;
Amaz'd and musing upon everie piece
Of th' uniforme, faire stately Frontispice;
Too-too-self-rapt (through too-self-humouring)
Losing himselfe, while others finde the King (eyes:

Simile.

Hold-even the ballance, with clean hands, clos'd
Revenge severely Publike Injuries;
Remit thine Own. Heare the Cries, see the Tears
Of all distressed poor Petitioners.
Sit (oft) thy selfe in Open Audience:
Who would not be a Judge, should be no Prince.
For, *Justice* Scepter and the Martiall Sword
Ought never sever, by the sacred Word.
Spare not the Great; neither despise the Small:
Let not thy Laws be like the Spiders Caul,
Where little Flies are caught and kild; but great
Passe at their Pleasure, and pull-down the Net.
Away with Shepheards that their Flocks deface:
Chuse Magistrates that may adorn their Place;
Such as feare God, such as will judge uprightly:
Men by the servants judge the Master lightly.
Give to the vertuous; but thy Crowne-demain
Diminish not: give still to give again:
For there too-deep to dip, is Prodigalitie;
And to dry-up the Springs of Liberalitie.

The principall and peculiar office of a King.

Simile.

But above all (for Gods sake) Son, beware,
Be not intrapt in Womens wylie snare.
I feare, alas (good Lord, supremely sage,
Avert from mine th' effect of this Præsage)
Alas! I feare that this sweet Poyson will
My house here-after with all Idols fill.

His Labor, hoc opus.

But, if that neither vertues sacred love,
Nor fear of Shame thy wanton Minde can move
To watch in Armes against the Charms of those;
At least, be warned by thy Fathers Woes.
Fare-well my Son: th' Almighty cals me hence:
I passe, by Death, to Lifes most excellence:
And, to go Raign in Heav'n (from world-cares free)
The Crown of *Israel* I resign to thee.
O thou that often (for a Princes Sin)
Transport'st the Scepter, even from Kin to Kin,
From Land to Land; Let it remain with Mine:
And, of my Sons Sons (in successive Ligne)
Let that All-Powerfull deer-drad Prince descend,
Whose glorious Kingdome never shall have end;
Whose iron Rod shall Satans Rule undoe:
Whom *Jacob* trusts in; Whom I thirst for too.

Initium Regni Salomon.

DAVID deceast: His Son (him tracking right)
With heart and voyce worships the God of might;
Enters his Kingdome by the Gate of Pietie;
Makes Hymns and Psalms in laud of the true Deity;
Offers in *Gibeon*; where, in Spirit hee sees

His vision.

(While his Sense sleeps) the God of Majesties,
The Lord of Hoasts; who, crown'd with radiant
Offers him choyce of these 4. lovely Dames (flames,

Description of Glory.

Fifst, Glorie, shaking in her hand a Pike
(Not Maid-like Marching, but brave Souldier-like)
Among the Stars her stately head shee bears,
A silver-Trumpet shril a-slope shee wears,
Whose Winde is Praise, & whose *Stentorian* sound
Doth far and wide o'r all the world rebound.
Her wide-side Robes of Tissue passing price,
All Storie-wrought with bloody Victories,
Triumphs & Tropheis, Arches, Crowns and Rings;
And, at her feet, there sigh a thousand Kings.

Of Riches.

Not far from her, comes *Wealth*, all rich-bedight
In *Rhea*'s, *Thetis*, *Pluto*'s Treasures bright:
The glittering stuff which doth about her fold
Is rough with Rubies, stiffe with beaten gold.
With eyther hand from hollow steanes shee pours
Pactolian surges and *Argolian* showrs.
Fortune, and Thrift, and Wakefulnes and Care,
And Diligence, her daily Servants are. (bears,

Of Health.

Then cheerfull *Health*: whose brow no wrinkle
Whose cheek no paleness, in whose eye no tears;
But like a childe, shee 's pleasant, quick, and plump,
Shee seems to fly, to skip, to daunce, & jump: (shine:
And Life's bright Brand in her white hand doth
Th' *Arabian* birds rare plumage (platted fine)
Serves her for Sur-coat: and her seemly train,
Mirth, Exercise and Temperance sustain,

W. dome.

Last, *Wisdom* comes, with sober countenance:
To th' ever-Bowrs her oft a-loft t' advance,
The light Mamuques wing-less wings shee has:
Her gesture cool, as comely-grave her pase:
Where e'r shee go, shee never goes without
Compasse and Rule, Measure and weights about:
And by her side (at a rich Belt of hers)
The Glasse of Nature and her-Self shee wears.
Having beheld their Beauties bright, the Prince
Seems rapt al-ready even to Heav'n from hence;
Sees a whole *Eden* round about him shine:
And, 'mid so many Benefits divine,
Doubts which to chuse. At length hee thus begun:
O Lord (saith hee) what hath thy Servant done,

That so great blessings I should take or touch,
Or thou shouldst daign to honour mee so much?
Thou dost prevent my Merit; or (deer Father)
Delightst to Conquer even my Malice rather.
Fair *Victorie*'s a noble Gift: and nought
Is more desired, or is sweeter thought,
Than even to quench our Furie's thirst with bloud,
In just Revenge on those that wrong our Good:
But oft (alas) foul *insolence* comes after;
And, the long Custome of inhumane Slaughter,
Transforms in time the mildest Conquerors
To Tigres, Panthers, Lions, Bears, and Boars. (ture
Happy seems He, whose count-less Heards for Pa-
Dis-roab (alone) mount *Carmels* moatly Vesture:
For whom alone a whole rich Country, torn
With timely Tools, brings forth both wine & corn:
That hath soft *Sereans* yellow Spoyls, the Gems
And precious stones of the *Arabian* streams,
The Mines of *Ophir*, th' *Entidorian* Fruits,
The *Saban* odours, and the *Tyrian* Sutes.
But yet wee see, where Plenty chiefly swayes,
There Pride increases, Industry decayes:
Rich men adore their Gold: whoso aspires
To lift to Heav'n his sight and Soules Desires,
Hee must be poor (at least-wise like the Poor)
Riches and Fear are fellows evermore.
I would live long, and I would gladly see
My Nephews Nephews, and their Progenie:
But the long Cares I fear, and cumbers rife,
Which commonly accompany long-Life.
Who well lives, long lives: for this Age of ours
Should not be numbred by years, daies and hours:
But by our brave Exploits: and this Mortality
Is not a moment, to that Immortality.
But in respect of Lady *Wisedoms* grace
(Even at their best) the rest are all but base.
Salomons choyce. *Honour* is but a puffe; *Life* but a vapour;
Wealth but a Wish; *Health* but a sconce of paper:
A glistring *Scepter* but a Maple twig;
Gold, Drosse; *Pearls*, Dust, how-ever bright and big.
She's Gods own Mirror, she's a Light, whose glance
Springs from the Lightning of his Countenance;
Shee's mildest Heav'ns most sacred influence:
Never decayes her beauties exellence;
Aye like her-Self: and shee doth alwaies trace
Not only the same path; but the same pace. (prove
Without her, *Honour*, *Health*, and *Wealth* would
Three Poysons to mee. *Wisdom* (from above)
Is th' only *Moderatrix*, spring, and guide,
Organ and Honour of all Gifts beside.
Her, her I like, her only (Lord) I crave,
Her Company for ever let mee have:
Let mee for ever from her sacred lip,
Th' *Ambrosiall* Nard, and Rosiall *Nectar* sip:
In everie Cause, let mee consult with her:
And, when I Judge, be shee my Counsellour.
Let, with her staffe, my yet-Youth govern well
In Pastures fair the Flock of *Israel*,
A compt-less Flock, a Flock so great (indeed)
As of a Shepheard sent from Heav'n had need.
Lord, give her mee: alas! I pine, I die;
**Pyraust.* Or if I live, I live her * *Flame-bred-Flie*:
And (new *Farfalla*) in her radiant shine,
Too-bold, I burn these tender wings of mine.

Hold, take her to thee, said the Lord: and sith
No beauty else thy soule enamoreth;
For ready hand-maids to attend upon her,
Ile give thee also *Health*, and *Wealth*, and *Honour*;
(For 't is not meet, so High-descended Queen,
So great a Lady, should alone be seen)
The rather, that my Bounty may invite
Thee, serving Her, to serve Mee day and night.
King SALOMON, awaked, plainly knew
That this divine strange *Vision* never grew
From the sweet Temper of his sound Complexion;
But that it was some Peece of more Perfection,
Some sacred Picture admirably drawn
With Heav'nly pencill, by an Angels hand.
For (happy) Hee had (without Art) the Arts,
And learning (without learning) in all parts:
A more than humane Knowledge beautifies
His princely actions: up to Heav'n hee flies,
Hee dyves to hell, hee sounds the Deep, hee enters
To th' inmost Cels of the Worlds lowest Centers.
His excellent Wisedome and Understanding in all things.
The secret Riddles of the sacred Writ
Are plain to him: and his deep-pearcing Wit,
Upon few Words of the Heav'n-prompted stile,
In a few Daies, large Volumes can compile.
Hee (learned) sees the Sun's Eclipse, *sans* terror:
Hee knows the Planets never erring Error;
And, whether Nature, or some Angel move
Their Sphears, at once with triple Dance above:
Whether the Sun self-shine; his sister, not:
Whether, Spring, Winter, Autumn, Summer hot,
Be the Suns Sons: what kinde of mounting vapor
Kindles the Comet, and the long-tail'd Taper:
What boystrous lungs the roaring whirlers blown:
What burning Wings the Lightning rides upon:
What Curb the Ocean in his bounds doth keep:
What pow'r nights Princesse pours upon the Deep:
Whether the Heav'ns sweet-sweating Kiss appear
To be Pearls parent, and the Oysters Pheer;
And whether, dusk, it makes them dim withall;
Cleer, breeds the cleer; and stormy brings the pale.
Whether from Sea the Amber-greece be sent;
Or be some Fishes pleasant excrement.
Hee knows, why th' Earth's immoveable & round,
The lees of Nature, Center of the Mound:
Hee knows her measure. And hee knows beside,
How *Coloquintida* (duely apply'd)
Within the darknes of the Conduit-Pipes,
Amid the winding of our in-ward Tripes,
Can so discreetly the *White humour* take;
Rheubarb, the *Yellow*; *Hellebore*, the *Black*:
And, whether That in our weake Bulks be wrought,
By drawing 't to them; or by driving 't out.
In brief, from th' Hysop to the Cedar-Tree,
Hee knows the Vertues of all Plants that be.
Hee knows the Reason why the Woolfs fell tooth
Gives a horse swiftnes; and his footing, sloth:
Why the Sex-changing, fierce *Hyena's* eye
Puts curstest Curs to silence suddenly:
Why th' irefull Elephant becommeth tame
At the approaching of the fleecie Lamb:
Why th' eye-bold Eagle never fears the flash
Or force of Lightning, nor the Thunder-clash: (egs
Why the wilde Fen-Goose (wch keeps warme her
With her broad feet under her heatfull legs,

And,

And tongue-leſs, cries) as wing-lim'd, cannot flie,
Except ſhee (glad) Seas brinie glaſſe deſcrie.
Hee knoweth alſo, whether that our ſtone
Be caked Earth, or Exhalation:
Whether the Metals (that we daily ſee)
Be made of Sulphur and of Mercurie;
Or, of ſome Liquour by long Cold condenſt,
And by the Heat well purified and cleans'd;
Or, of a certaine ſharp and cindrous humor;
Or whether hee that made the Waving Tumor;
The motly Earth; and th' Heav'nly Sphears refin'd,
All-mighty, made them ſuch as now we finde.
Hee comprehends from whence it is proceeding,
That ſpotted *Jaſper*-ſtones can ſtaunch our bleeding:
Saphires, cure eyes, the *Topaz* to reſiſt
The rage of Luſt; of drink the *Amethiſt*:
And alſo, why the cleareſt *Diamant*
(*Jealous*) impugns the thefts of th' *Adamant*.
Tunes, Meaſures, Numbers, and Proportions
Of Bodies with their Shadows, als' hee kons;
And (fild with *Nectar*-deaws, which heaven drips)
The Bees have made honey within his lips.
But hee imbraceth much more earneſtly
The gain-full Practice than cold Theory:
Nor reaks hee ſo of a Sophiſtick pride
Of prattling knowledge (too-ſelf-magnifi'd)
As of that goodly Art to govern well
The ſacred Helms of *Church* and *Common-weal*,
And happily to entertain in eyther,
A harmony of Great and Small together.
Eſpecially Hee 's a good *Juſticer*,
And to the Laws doth life and ſtrength confer.
Simile. And, as the higheſt of *Bigaurian* Hils
Ay bears his head up-right, and never yeelds
To eyther ſide, ſcorns Winde and Rain and Snow,
Abides all weathers with a cheerfull brow;
Laughs at a Storm, and bravely tramples under
His ſteddy knees, the proud, loud, rowling Thunder:
So hee 's a Judge inflexibly-upright.
No Love, nor Hatred of the Guilty wight
(What e'r hee wear for Calling, (mall or great)
His Venging blade can eyther blunt or whet;
Hee ſpurneth Favours, and he ſcorneth Fears,
And under foot hee treadeth private tears:
Gold 's radiant Luſtre never blears his Eye:
Nor is hee led through Ignorance a-wry.
His Voyce is held an Oracle of all:
The ſoule of Laws hee wiſely can exhale:
In doubtfull Caſes hee can ſubtilize,
And wylieſt pleaders hearts anatomize.
Scarce fifteen times had *Ceres* (ſince his Birth)
With her gilt Treſſes glorifi'd the Earth;
When hee decides, by happy Wiſdoms means,
The famous quarrell of two crafty Queans.
The controverſie between the two Harlots for the live Childe. Is 't poſſible, O Earth (thus cries the firſt)
But that (alas) thou ſhouldſt for anger burſt,
And ſwallow quick this execrable Quean!
It 's poſſible (O gracious Soveraign)
That comming new from doing ſuch a deed
So horrible, ſhee ſhameleſs dares proceed
T' approach thy ſight, thy ſacred Throne t' abuſe,
Not begging pardon, but even bent t' accuſe?
Laſt night, with furfeit and with ſleep ſur-cloyd,
This care-leſs ſtep-dam her own Child o'r-layd:
And ſoftly then (finding it cold and dead)
Layes it by mee and takes mine in the ſtead.
Heer, old, bold ſtrumpet, take thy baſtard brat,
Hence with thy Carion, and reſtore me that,
Reſtore mee mine, my lovely living Boy,
My hope, my hap, my love, my life, my joy.
O cruell chance! O ſacrilegious!
Shall thy foul lips my little Angel buſſe?
At thy fond prattling, ſhall hee prett'ly ſmile?
And tug, and touze thy greazie locks the-while?
And all his Child-hood fill thy ſoule with glee?
And, grown a man, ſuſtaine thine age and thee?
While wretched I have only, for my ſhare,
His Births hard Travell, and my burthens Care,
His reſt-leſs rocking, wiping, waſhing, wringing;
And to appeaſe his wayward Cries with ſinging?
O moſt unhappy of all Woman-kinde!
O Child-leſs Mother! O! why is my Minde
More paſſion-ſtirred, than my hand is ſtrong?
But rather than Ile pocket up this wrong;
To be reveng'd, Ile venter two for one,
Ile have thy Life, although it coſt mine owne.
O filthy Bitch! Vile Witch (ſayes th' other tho)
O! who would think that Wine could mad one ſo?
O impudent! though God thou fearſt not, fear (bear.
The Kings cleere judgement, who Gods place doth
Art not content t' have call'd (or rather cry'd)
Mee Whore, and Thief, Drunkard and Paricide:
But thou wilt alſo have my Childe, my deer
(Whom with ſo ſtrong a knot Love links ſo neer)
My Babe, my Bliſs? Yea marry (Minks) and ſhall:
Who takes my Childe, ſhall take my life with-all.
Juſt *Davids* juſt Son; for thy Fathers ſake,
For his deer love, for all that he did make
Of thee a Childe, when hee (re-childing) ſought
With childiſh ſport to ſtill thy cryes, and taught
(Or 'gan to teach) with language ſoft and weak,
Thy tender tongue ſome eaſie tearme to ſpeak:
Or, when (all bloody, breath-leſs, hot hee came
Laden with ſpoyles of Kings hee overcame,
Hee ran t' imbrace thee, rockt thee in his Targe,
And when thou cry'dſt, upon his ſhoulder large
Did ſet thee up, while thou his beard didſt tug,
Play'dſt with his noſe, about his neck didſt hug,
Gap'tſt on his glittering Helm, and ſmil'dſt to ſee
Another SALOMON there ſmile on thee:
And underneath his dancing Plume didſt play
Like Bird in buſh; ſporting from ſpray to ſpray;
I doe adjure thee to attend my Plea:
By the ſweet name of thy deer *Berſabe*,
Who in the night, ſhivering for cold, ſo oft;
Hath bow'd her ſelf over thy Cradle ſoft;
Who both the bottles of her *Nectar* white
Hath ſpent upon thee, hundred times a night;
Who on thy head hath ſet her pearly Crown,
And in Thy life liv'd more than in her Own:
I doe adjure thee (O great King) by all
That in the World wee ſacred count or call,
To doe me Right: and if, too-milde, alas,
Too mercifull thou wilt not Sentence paſſe
Of juſt revenge for my received wrong;
Yet, reave mee not what doth to mee belong,
What liberall Nature hath beſtow'd on mee,
What I am ſeis'd-of (without thank to thee);

For pitty do not my heart blood deprive,
Make mee not Childleſs; having Childe a-live.
While both, at once, thus to the King they Cry,
'Tis mine, 'Tis mine: thou ly'ſt; and thou doſt lye:
The partiall People divers Verdict ſpend;
Some favour th' one, others the other friend:
Simile. As, when two Gameſters hazzard (in a trice)
Fields, Vine-yards, Caſtles, on the Chance of Dice,
The ſtanders-by, diverſly ſtird with-in,
Wiſh, ſome that This, and ſome that That may win:
Waver twixt Hope and Feare: and everie-one 's
Moov'd, with the mooving of the guilefull Bones.
Only, the King demurrs: his prudent ears
Finde like, both reaſons, both complaints, both tears:
The Infants face could not diſcipher whether
Of both ſhould be the very Mother: neither
Could calculation of their ages, cleer
The Judges doubt, nor any proof appear.
Then, thus Hee weighs (but as in dreaming wiſe);
Th' induſtrious Judge, when all proofs fail him, flies
Unto Conjectures drawn (the probableſt)
Out of the Book of Natur's learned breſt;
Or to the Rack: Now, Mothers love (thinks hee)
Is Natures own unchangeable Decree:
And there 's no Torture that exceeds the pains
Which a kinde Mother in her Childe ſuſtains.
The doubt admirably decided. Then (as awake) Come, Come, no more a-doo,
Diſpatch (ſaith he) Cleave the quick Childe in two,
Look that the Sword be ſharp; in ſuch a caſe,
Needs muſt our Pitty give our Juſtice place:
Juſtice (ye ſee) can judge him whole to neyther:
Divide him therefore, and give half to eyther.
O difficult! but thus the King deſcries
Their hearts deep ſecrets: all diſcovered lies,
The vizor 's off; their Tongues, ſincerely preſt,
With true inſtinct, their very Thoughts expreſt:
Be 't (ſaid the ſtepdam) ſo, ſith 't muſt be ſo:
Divide him juſtly from the top to toe.
No (ſaid the other) rather, I renounce
My right in him, take thou him all at once,
Enjoy him all; Ile rather have him Thine
A-live, and whole, than dead and mangled Mine.
Thine (quoth the King) he 's Thine by Birth (I ſee)
Thine by thy Love, and Thine by my Decree.
Simile. Now, as with Gold grows in the ſelf-ſame Mine
Much *Chryſocolle*, and alſo Silver fine:
The wonderfull proſperity of *Salomon* and his people. So ſupreme *Honour*, and *Wealth* (matcht by none)
Second the *Wiſdom* of great SALOMON.
Hee far and neer commands by Land and Seas;
A hundred Crowns doe homage unto His:
His neereſt Bounds, *Nile* 's Sea and *Sidon* ſeem,
And *Euphrates* bows his moyſt horns to him:
Peru, they ſay (ſuppoſing *Ophir* ſo)
By yeerly Fleets into his *Fisk* doth flowe:
In *Sion* Gold 's as common as the Sand:
As Pebles, Pearles: Through-out all *Jury* Land,
There ſeems an Ocean of all happineſſe
To over-flow; and all doe all poſſeſſe:
Each under his own Vine and his own Tree,
His Grapes and Figs may gather quietly.
Thus hee abounds in Bliſs; not ſo to change-ill
Man into Beaſt, but make of Man an Angel,
To praiſe th' Immortall, who to him hath given
Even heer a Taſte of the delights of Heav'n.

This great, wiſe, wealthy, and well-ſpoken King
His ſweet renown o'r all the World doth ring:
The *Tyrian*, for Confederate deſires him:
Pharaoh for Son: th' Alien no leſſe admires him
Than his own Subject: and his eyes ſweet flames,
As far as *Nilus*, fire the flower of Dames.
Mis-Matches juſtly taxed. O SALOMON, ſeeſt thou not (O miſ-hap!)
This Mariage is no Mariage, but a Trap?
That ſuch a mongrell Match of differing Creed,
Of mortall quarrels is th' immortall ſeed?
That Ox and Aſſe can never well be broak
To draw one Plough together in one yoak?
Who-ever weds a Miſcreant, forth-with
Divorceth God: our Faith ſtill wavereth;
It needs an Aide and not a Tempter nigh,
Not th' inſtrument of th' old Deceiver ſlie,
Not deadly poyſon in our Coach to couch,
Sleep in our boſome, and our breaſt to touch,
And breathe into us (in a kinde of kiſſing)
An Ir-religion of the Serpents hiſſing.
Shee that from *Egypt* comes (O King) is none
Fleſh of thy Fleſh, nor yet Bone of thy Bone:
But a ſtrange Bone, a barbarous Rib, a Peece
Impoyſoned all with *Memphian* Leproſies.
But, thou wilt ſay, thy Love hath ſtript yer-while
Her ſpotted ſuit of Idol-ſerving *Nile*:
And clad her all, in Innocence, in white;
Becomn by Faith a true-born *Abramite*.
It might be ſo: and to that ſide I take,
The rather, for that *ſacred Beauties* ſake,
Where-of ſhee is a figure. Yet, I fear
Her Train will ſtain thy Kingdom every-where,
Corrupt thy Court: and God will be offended
To have his People with ſtrange People blended;
The mighty Lord, who hath preciſely ſaid,
You ſhall not theirs, nor they your daughters wed.
A pleaſant deſcription of Love's fruitfull Grove. Under the gentle *Equinoctiall Line*,
Faire amorous Nature waters freſhly-fine
A little *Grove* clad in eternall green,
Where all the yeer long luſtie *May* is ſeen,
Suiting the Lawns in all her pomp and pride
Of lively Colours, lovely varifi'd: (one
There ſmiles the ground, the ſtarry-flowers each
There mount the more, the more th' are trod upon:
There all grows toyl-leſs; or, if tild it were,
Sweet *Zephyrus* is th' only Husband there.
There *Auſter* never roars, nor Hail diſ-leaves,
Th' immortall Grove, nor any branch bereaves.
There the ſtraight Palm-Tree ſtoopeth in the Calm
To kiſs his Spouſe, his loyall Female Palm:
There with ſoft whiſpers whiſtling all the yeer
The broad-leav'd Plane-tree Courts the Plane his Peer,
The Poplar wooes the Poplar, and the Vine
About the Elme her ſlender armes doth twine:
Th' Ivie about the Oak: there all doth proove,
That there all ſprings, all grows, all lives in *Love*.
Opinion 's Portar, and the Gate ſhee bars
'Gainſt *Covetize*, cold *Age*, and ſullen *Cares*,
Except they leave-off and lay down before
Their troublous load of *Reaſon* at the doore;
But opens wide, to let-in Baſhfull-Boldneſs, (neſs,
Dumb-ſpeaking Signs, Chill-Heat, & Kindled-cold-
Smooth ſoothing vows, deep ſorrows ſoon appeasd,
Tears ſudden dry'd, fell Angers quickly pleas'd,
Smiles,

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Smiles, Wylie-Guiles, queint witty-pretty Toyes,
Soft *Idleneſs*, and ground-leſs bound-leſs Joyes,
Sweet *Pleaſure* plunged over head and ears
In ſugred *Nectar*, immateriall Fears, (cruell,
Hoarſe Waaks, late Walks, Pain-pleaſing kindly
Aſpiring *Hope* (*Deſire*'s immortall fuell)
Licentious Looſneſs, Prodigall Expence,
Inchaunting Songs, deep Sighs, and ſweet Laments.
These frolike *Lovelings* fraighted Neſts do make
The balmy Trees o'r-laden Boughs to crack;
Beauty layes, *Fanoie* ſits, th' inflamed heat
Of *Love* doth hatch their Couvies nicely-neat:
Some are but kindled yet, ſome quick appeare,
Some on their backs carrie their Cradles deer,
Some douny-clad, ſome (fledger) take a twig
To pearch-upon, ſome hop, from ſprig to ſprig:
One, in the freſh ſhade of an Apple-Tree
Lets hang its Quiver, while ſoft-pantingly
Texhales hot Vapour: one, againſt a Sparrow
Tries his ſtiff Bowe and Gyant-ſtooping Arrow:
Another flieſets lime-twigs for the Wren,
Finch, Linot, Tit-mouſe, Wag-Tail (Cock & Hen):
See, ſee how ſome their idle wings forſake,
And (turn'd, of Flyers, Riders) one doth take
A Thruſh, another on a Parrat rides,
This mounts a Peacock, that a Swan beſtrides,
That manageth a Pheaſant: this doth make
The Ring-Dove turn: that brings the Culver back:
See how a number of this wanton Frie
Doe fondly chaſe the gawdie Butter-flie,
Som with their flowrie Hat, ſom with their hands
Som wᵗʰ ſweet Roſe-boughs, ſom wᵗʰ Myrtle wāds:
But, th' horned Bird, with nimble turns, beguiles
And ſcapes the ſnares of all theſe Loves a-whiles.
Leave Wags (Cries *Venus*) leave this wanton Play:
For ſo, in ſtead of Butter-Flyes, you may,
You may (my Chicks) a Childe of *Venus* ſtrike:
For, ſome of mine have Horns and all alike. (darts
This ſaid: eftſoones two twins whoſe gold-head
Are never ſteeped but in Royall hearts;
Come, Brother deer (ſaid either) come let's to't,
Let's each a ſhaft at yon two boſoms ſhoot.
Their winged words th' effect enſues as wight,
Two or three ſteps they make to take their flight,
And quick-thick ſhaking on their ſinnewie ſide
Their long ſtrong ſarcels, richly triple-di'd
Gold-Azure-Crimſin; th' one aloft doth ſoar
To *Paleſtine*, th' other to *Nilus* ſhore.

PHARONIDA. *Pharo*'s faire daughter (wonder of her Time)
Then in the blooming of her beauties Prime,
Was queintly dreſſing of her Treſſ-full head
Which round about her to the ground did ſpread:
And, in a rich gold-ſeeled Cabinet,
Three Noble Mayds attend her in the feat.
One with a piece of double dented Box
Combs out at length her goodly golden locks:
Another 'noynts them with Perfumes of price:
Th' other with bodkin or with fingers nice,
Frizzles and Furls in Curls and Rings a part;
The reſt, looſe dangling without ſeeming Art,
Wave to and fro, with cunning negligence
Gracing the more her Beauties excellence:
When, arm'd with Arrows burning, brightly keen,
Swift Swallow-like, one of theſe Twins comes in;
And, with his left wing hiding ſtill his Bowe,
Into her boſome ſhot, I wot not how.
My ſide! my heart (the Royall Maid cries out) Loves firſt Feaver.
O! I am ſlaine: But, ſearching all about,
When ſhee perceiv'd no blood, nor bruiſe; alas
It is no wound; but, ſleeping on the graſſe,
Some ſnake (ſaith ſhee) hath crept into mee quick,
It gnawes my heart: ah, help mee, I am ſick,
Have mee to bed: eigh mee, a friezing-frying,
A burning cold torments mee living-dying.
O cruell Boy, alas, how mickle gall
Thy baenfull ſhaft mingles thy Mell withall!
The Royall Maid, which with her Mates was wont
Smile, skip and dance on Fields inammeld front,
Loves ſoleneſſe, ſadneſs, and Self-privacie;
Sighes, ſobs & throbs, & yet ſhee knowes not why:
The ſumptuous pride of maſſie *Piramides*
Preſents her eyes with Towrs of *Jebuſides*;
In *Niles* cleer Cryſtall ſhee doth *Jordan* ſee;
In *Memphis*, *Salem*; and un-warily
Her hand (unbidden) in her Sampler ſets
The King of *Juda*'s Name and Counterfeits:
Who, medi'ting the Sacred TEMPLE's Plot,
By th' other Twin at the ſame time is ſhot:
The ſhaft ſticks faſt, the wound's within his veins:
Sleep cannot bring a-cleer his pleaſing pains;
PHARONIDA's his heart, PHARONIDA
Is all his Theam to talk-of, night and day:
With-in his ſoule a civill War hee feeds:
Th' all-ſeeing Sun now early backs his Steeds,
Now mounts his Mid-day, and then ſetteth ſoon:
But ſtill his Love ſtands at the hot high Noon.
Hee rides not his brave Courſers (as hee wont)
Nor reads, nor writes, nor in his Throne doth mount
To hear the Widow's Cauſe; neglects his Court,
Neglects his Rule; Love rules him in ſuch ſort.
You prudent Legats, Agents for this Marriage,
Of Rings and Tablets you may ſpare the Carriage:
For, witty Love hath with his lovely ſhaft
In eithers heart grav'n others lively Draught:
Each Lives in other, and they have (O ſtrange!)
Made of their burning hearts a happy Change.
Better abroad, than home, their hearts delight;
Yet long their bodies to their hoaſts t' unite.
Which ſoon enſues: the Virgin's ſhortly had
From Mothers armes imbracing gladly-ſad:
And th' aged Father, weeping as hee ſpake,
Bids thus Adieu when ſhee her leave doth take;
Sweet Daughter deer, *Oſiris* be thy guide,
And loving *Iſis* bleſſe thee and thy Bride
With golden Fruit; and daily without ceaſe
Your mutuall Loves may as your years increaſe.
Wives, Maids and Children, young and old, each-
Wᵗʰ looks & vows from Turrets follow her: (wher,
Calm *Nilus* calmer than it wont is grow'n,
Her Ships have merry windes, the Seas have none:
Her footing makes the ground all fragrant-freſh:
Her ſight re-flowres th' *Arabian* Wilderneſs:
Jury rejoyces, and in all the way
Nothing but Trumpets, Fifes and Timbrels play:
The flowr-crown'd People, ſwarming on the Green,
Crie ſtill, *God ſave*, *God ſave*, *God ſave the Queen*;
May ſhee be like a ſcion, pale and ſick
Through th' over-ſhading of a Sire too thick:

Which

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Which being transplanted, free, sweet aire doth sup,
To th' sweating Clouds her grovie top sends up,
And prospers so in the strange soyl, that (till'd)
Her golden Apples all the Orchard gild.
No streets are seen in rich JERUSALEM:
For, under-foot fine scarlet paveth them,
Silks hang the sides, and over-head they hold
Archt Canapies of glistring Cloth of gold.
They throng, they thrust, an ebbing-flowing Tide
A Sea of Folk follows th' adored Bride:
The joyfull Ladies from their windows shed
Sweet showrs of flowrs upon her radiant head;
Yet jealous, lest (dy'd in their native grain)
Her Rosie Cheeks should Natur's Roses stain.
But loe, at last, th' honour of Majestie,
Glory of Kings, King SALOMON draws nigh:
Loe, now both Lovers enter-glauncing sweet
(Like Sun and Moon, when at full view they meet
In the mid-month) with amorous rayes reflection
Send mutuall Welcoms from their deep affection:
Both a-like young, like beautifull, like brave,
Both grac't a-like; so like, that whoso have
Not neer observ'd their heads unlikenesses,
Think them two *Adons*, or two *Venusses*.
These novice Lovers at their first arrive
Are bashfull both; their passions strangely strive:
The soules sweet Fire his ruby flames doth flush
Into their Faces in a modest blush: (vail'd
Their tongues are ty'd, their star-bright eyes seem
With shame-fac't Cipres; all their senses fail'd.
But, pompous *Hymen*, whither am I brought?
Am not I (heathen) under th' happy Vault
Whereall the Gods, with glorious mirth enhanc't,
At *Thetis* Nuptials ate, and drank, and danc't?
Salomons nuptials. Heer, th' *Idumeans* mighty *Jove* treads, under
His tripping feet, his bright-light burning Thunder.
A-while hee layes his Majestie aside,
To court, and sport, and revell with his Bride;
King, playes the Courtier; Soveraign, Suter 'coms;
And seems but equall with his Chamber-Grooms:
But yet, what e'r hee doe, or can devise,
Disguised Glory shineth in his eyes.
Heer, many a *Phœbus*, and heer many a *Muse*
On Heav'nly Layes so rarely-sweet doe use
Their golden bowes, that with the rapting sound
Th' Arches & Columns wel-nigh dance the Round.
Heer, many a *Juno*, many a *Pallas* heer,
Heer, many a *Venus*, and *Diana* cleer
Catch many a gallant Lord, according as
Wealth, Beauty, Honour, their affection drawes.
Heer, many a *Hebe* fair, heer more than one
Quick-serving *Chiron* neatly waits upon
The Beds and Boords, and pliant bears about
The boawls of *Nectar* quickly turned out;
And th' over-burdned Tables bend with weight
Of their *Ambrosiall* over-filled fraight.
Heer, many a *Mars* un-bloody Combats fights,
Heer, many a *Hermes* findes out new delights,
Heer, many a horned *Satyr*, many a *Pan*, (*Fawn*
Heer, *Wood-Nymphs*, *Flood-Nymphs*, many a *Faiery*
With lusty frisks and lively bounds bring-in
Th' Antike, *Morisko*, and the *Mattachine*: (supt
For, even God's Servants (God knowes how) have
The fugred baen of *Pagan* Rites corrupt.

But, with so many lively Types, at will
His rich rare Arras shall some other fill:
Of all the sports, I 'll onely chuse one *Measure*,
One stately *Mask* compos'd of sage-sweet pleasure;
A *Dance* so chaste, so sacred, and so grave
(And yet so gracefull, and so lofty-brave)
As may beseem (except I mee abuse)
Great SALOMON, and my celestiall *Muse*.
The Tables voided of their various Cates,
They rise at once; and, suiting their Estates,
Each takes a Dame, and then to Dance they com
Into a stately, rich, round-arched Room,
So large and lightsom, that it (right) they call
The Universall, or the Worlds great Hall.
O what delight, to see so rich a showe
Of Lords and Ladies dancing in a rowe
All in a Round, reaching so far and wide
O'r all the Hall to foot-it side by side!
Their eyes sweet splendor seems a *Pharos* bright,
With clinquant Rayes their Body's clothed light:
'Tis not a Dance, but rather a smooth sliding,
All move alike, after the Musicks guiding:
Their Tune-skill'd feet in so true Time doe fall,
That one would swear one Spirit doth bear them all:
They poste un-moving; &, though swift they passe,
'Tis not perceiv'd: of hundred thousand pase,
One single back they: Round on Round they dance:
And, as they traverse, cast a fruitfull glance.
Just in the middle of the Hall, *a-sloap* The MASK of Planets.
(Even from the floor unto the very top)
A broad rich *Baldrick* there extendeth round,
In-laid with gold upon an azure ground;
Where (cover'd all with Flames) in wondrous art
Five *Lords*, two *Ladies* dance; but each a-part.
Heer trips an old-man in a Mantle dy'd Saturn.
Deep Leaden-hue, and round about him ty'd
With a Snake-girdle biting off her tail.
Within his Robes stuff (in a winding trail)
Creeps Mandrake, Comin, Rue and Hellebore;
With lively figures of the Bear and Boar,
Camell, and Asse (about to bray well-nigh):
There the *Strimonian* Fowle seems ev'n to crie;
The Peacock, even to prank. For Tablet fine,
About his neck hangs a great Cornaline,
Where some rare Artist (curiousing upon 't)
Hath deeply cut Times triple-formed Front:
His pase is heavie, and his face severe;
His Body heer; but yet his Minde else-where.
There the Lord *Zedec* him more spritely bears, Iupiter.
Milde, fair and pleasant; on his back hee wears
Tin-colour'd Tissue, figur'd all with Oaks,
Ears, Violets, Lillies, Olives, Apricocks;
Bordred with Pheasants, Eagles winged-black,
And Elephants with Turrets on their back;
Pointed with Diamonds, powdred and imbost
With Emeralds, perfum'd with wondrous Cost.
The third leads quicker on the selfsame Arch Mars.
His *Pyrrhik* Gallard, like a star-like March:
His face is fiery: Many an Amethist,
And many a Jasper of the perfectest
Doth brightly glister in the double gilt
Of the rich Pommell and the pretious Hilt
Of his huge Fauchin, bow'd from hand to heel:
His boistrous body shines in burnisht Steel:

His

His Shield flames bright with gold, imboſſed high
With Wolves and Horſe ſeem-running ſwiftly by,
And frieng'd about with ſprigs of Scammony,
And of *Euphorbium*, forged cunningly.
Venus. But, O fair Faëry, who art thou, whoſe eyes
Inflame the Seas, the Ayre, the Earth, and Skies?
Tell us, what art thou, O thou faireſt Fair,
That trimm'ſt the Trammels of thy golden hair
With Myrtle, Thyme and Roſes; and thy Breſt
Gird'ſt with a rich and odoriferous * *Ceſt*,
* A Spoufe-beck. Where all the wanton brood of ſweeteſt Loves
Doe neſtle cloſe; on whom the Turtle-Doves,
Pigeons, and Sparrowes day and night attend,
Cooing and wooing whereſoe'r thou wend:
Whoſe Robe's imbroidered wth Pomgranat boughs,
Button'd with Saphires, edg'd with Beryll rowes:
Whoſe capering foot, about the ſtarry floor, (fore?
The Dance-guide Prince now follows, now 's be-
Art thou not Shee, that with a chaſte-ſweet flame
Did'ſt both our Brides hearts into one heart frame?
Mercury. And, was not Hee, that with ſo curious ſteps,
Next after thee, ſo nimbly turns and leaps,
Say, was not Hee the witty Meſſenger,
Their eloquent and quick Interpreter?
How ſtrange a ſuit! His medly Mantle ſeems
Scarlet, Wave-laced with Quick-ſilver ſtreams;
And th' end of every Lace, for tuft hath on
A precious Porphyre, or an Agate ſtone:
A crie of Hounds have heer a Deer in Chaſe:
There a falſe Fox, heer a ſwift Kid they trace:
There Larks and Linots, and ſweet Nightingals
(Fain'd upon fained Trees) with wings and tails
Looſe hanging, ſeem to ſwell their little throats,
And with their warbling, ſhame the Cornets notes.
Light Fumitory, Parſly, Burnets blade,
And winding leaſe his criſpy Locks beſhade:
Hee 's light and lively, all in Turns and Tricks;
In his great Round, hee many ſmall doth mix:
His giddy courſe ſeems wandring in diſorder;
And yet there 's found, in this diſorder, order.
Avoid baſe Vulgar, back Profane, ſtand-by;
Theſe ſacred Revels are not for your eye:
Come, gentle Gentles, Noble Spirits, draw neer,
Preaſſe through the Preaſſe, com take your places
To ſee at full the Bride-groom and the Bride, (heer,
A lovely Pair, Exactly beautifi'd
With rare perfections, paſſing all the reſt,
Sole-happy Cauſes of this ſumptuous Feaſt.
Loe where thy come: O what a ſplendor bright!
Miñ eyes doe dazle. O thou primer Light!
Sun of the Sun, thy Rayes keen point rebate,
Thy dread-ſpread Fire a little temperate:
O, dart (direct) on thy fair Spouſe a-ſpace
Thine eyes pure light, the luſtre of thy Face:
For, I no longer can endure it, I
Am burnt to aſhes: O, I faint, I die.
But, bleſſed Couple, ſith (alas) I may-not
Behold you both unmasked (nay, I can-not)
Yet in theſe Verſes let mee tell (I pray)
Your Dance, your Courting, and your rich Array.
Luna. The Queen 's adorn'd down to her very heels
In her fair hair (whence ſtill ſweet deaw diſtils)
Halfe hanging down; the reſt in rings and curls,
Platted with ſtrings of great, round, orient Pearls:
Her gown is Damask of a Silver-ground,
With Silver Seas all deeply-frienged round:
With Gourds & Moon-wort branched richly-fair,
Flouriſht with beaſts that onely eate the Ayre.
But why, my *Muſe*, with Pencill ſo preciſe
Seek'ſt thou to paint all her rich Rarities?
Of all the Beauties, Graces, Honours, Riches,
Wherwith rich Heav'n theſe Maskers all inriches,
Shee 's even the Mother: and then, as a Glaſſe,
On the Beholders their effects ſhee caſts.
A Garland, braided with the Flowry foulds
Of yellow Citrons, Turn-Sols, Mary-golds, Sol.
Beſet with Bal'nites, Rubites, Chryſolites,
The royall Bride-groom's radiant brows be-dights:
His ſaffron'd Ruffe is edged richly-neat
With burning Carbuncles, and every ſet
Wrought rarely-fine with branches (draw'n upon)
Of Laurell, Cedar, Balm and Cinnamon:
On his Gold-grounded Robe the Swan ſo white
Seems to his honour ſome new Song t' indite.
The Phenix there builds both her neſt and tomb:
The Crocodile out of the waves doth come:
Th' amazed Reaper down his ſickle flings;
And ſudden Fear grafts to his Ancles wings.
There the fierce Lion, from his furious eye,
His mouth and noſtrils, fiery Flames lets-flie,
Seems with his whisking train his rage to whet;
And, wrath-full ramping, ready even to ſet
Upon a Heard of fragrant Leopards:
When loe, the Cock (that light his rage regards)
A purple Plume timbers his ſtately Creſt,
On his high Gorget and broad hardy Breſt
A rich Coat-Armour (*Or* and *Azure*) ſhines,
A frienge of raveld gold about his Loins,
In lieu of Baſes. Beard as red as blood;
A ſhort Beak bending like the Eagles brood:
Green-yellow eyes, where Terrours Tent is pight;
A Martiall gait, and ſpurred as a Knight:
Into two arches his proud Train divides,
With painted wings hee claps his cheerfull ſides,
Sounds his ſhrill Trumpet, and ſeems with his ſight
The Lions courage to have daunted quite.
Theſe happy Lovers, with a practiz'd paſe,
Forward and backward and a-ſide doe trace;
They ſeem to dance the *Spaniſh Pavane* right:
And yet their Dance, ſo quick and lively-light,
Doth never paſs the Baldricks bounds (at all) (Hall.
Which grav'n with Star-Beaſts over-thwarts the
When the brave Bride-groom tow'rds Mount *Silo*
A 1000 Flowrs ſpring in his ſpritefull paſes: (traces,
When towards Mount *Olivet* he ſlides, there grows
Under his feet a thouſand Froſty Snows:
For, the Floor, beaten with his Meaſures ever,
Seems like the Footing of the nimble Weaver.
This lovely Couple now kiſſe, now recoil,
Now with a lowring eye, now with a ſmile:
Now Face to Face they Dance, now ſide by ſide,
With Courſe un-equall: and the tender Bride
Receives ſtrange Changes in her Countenance,
After her Lovers divers-ſeeming glance.
If unawares ſome Envious come between
Her and her Love, then is ſhee ſad be-ſeen,
Shee ſhuts her eye, ſhee ſeems ev'n to depart:
Such force hath true Love in a noble heart.

But

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But all that's nothing to their Musick choyce:
Tuning the warbles of their Angell-Voyce
To Foot and Viol, and Care-charming Lute,
In amorous Ditty thus doe they dispute;

The Epithalamy.

O "Bright-ey'd Virgin! O how fair thou art!
"O how I love thee, My Snow-winged Dove!
"O how I love thee! Thou hast rapt my heart.
"For thee I Die: For thee I Live, my Love.

"How fair art thou, my Dear! How dear to mee!
"Dear Soule (awake) I faint, I sink, I swoun
"At thy dear Sight: and, when I sleep, for Thee
"Within my breast stil wakes my sharp-sweet woūd.

"My Love, what Odours thy sweet Tresse it yeelds!
"What Amber-greece, what Incense breath'st thou
"From purple fillets! and what Myrrh distils (out
"Still from thy Fingers, ring'd with Gold about!

"Sweet-heart, how sweet is th'odour of thy praise!
"O what sweet airs doth thy sweet air deliver
"Unto my burning Soule! What hony Layes (ver.
"Flowe from thy throat! thy throat a golden Ri-

"Among the Flowrs, my Flowr 's a Rose, a Lilly:
"A Rose, a Lilly; this a Bud, that blow'n:
"This fragrant Flowr first of all gather will-I,
"Smell to it, kisse it, wear it as mine owne.

"Among the Trees, my Love 's an Apple-Tree,
"Thy fruitfull Stem bears Flowr & Fruit together:
"I'll smell thy Flowr, thy Fruit shall nourish mee,
"And in thy Shadow will I rest for ever.

While *Hesperus* in azure Waggon brought
Millions of Tapers over all the Vault,
These gorgeous Revels to sweet Rest give place,
And the Earths *Venus* doth Heav'ns *Venus* trace.
These Spousals past, the King doth nothing minde
But *The Lords House*; there is his care confin'd:
His Checker's open, hee no cost respects;
But sets a-work the wittiest Architects.

The building of the TEMPLE.

Millions of hands be busie labouring;
Through all the Woods, wedges, and beetles ring:
The tufted tops of sacred *Libanon*,
To climb Mount *Sion*, down the stream are gone:
Forrests are saw'd in Transoms, Beams and Sorters;
Great Rocks made little, what wth Saws & Hāmers:
The sturdy Quar-man with steel-headed Cones
And massie Sledges stenteth out the stones,
Digs through the bowels of th' Earth baked stiff,
Cuts a wide Window through a horned Cliff
Of ruddy Porphyre, or white Alabaster,
And masters Marble, which no Time can master.
One melts the White-stone with the force of Fire:
Another, leveld by the *Lesbian* Squire,
Deep under ground (for the Foundation) joyns
Well-polisht Marble, in long massie Coins;
Such, both for stuff, and for rare artifice,
As might beseem some royall Frontispice.
This heaws a Chapter; that a Frize doth frame;
This carves a Cornich; that prepares a Jambe;
This forms a Plynth; that fits an Architrave;
This planes a Plank: and that the same doth grave,
Gives life to Cedars dead, and cunningly
Makes Wood to move, to sigh and speak well-nigh:
And others, rearing high the sacred Wall,
By their bold Labours Heav'n it selfe appall:
Cheerly they work, and plie it in such sort
As if they thought long Summer-dayes too-short.
As in Grape-Harvest, with unweary pains, Simile.
A willing Troop of merry-singing Swains
With crooked hooks the strouting Clusters cut,
In Frails and Flaskets them as quickly put,
Run bow'd with burdens to the fragrant Fat,
Tumble them in, and after pit-a-pat
Up to the Waste; and, dancing in the Must,
To th' under-Tub a flowry showr doe thrust:
They work a-vie, to th'eie their Work doth grow,
Who saw't i'th' Morning, scarce at Night can know
It for the same: and God himselfe doth seem
T' have taen to task this Work, and work for them
While in the Night sweet Sleep restores with rest
The weary limbs of Work-men over-prest. (like,
Great King, whence came this Courage, *Titan*-
So many Hils to heap upon a rick?
What mighty Rowlers, and what massie Cars
Could bring so far so many monstrous Quars?
And, what huge strength of hanging vaults embow'd
Bears such a weight above the winged Cloud?
If on the Out-side I doe cast mine eye,
The Stones are joyn'd so artificially,
That if the Mason had not checkerd fine
* *Syre*'s Alabaster with hard Serpentine, * Syrian.
And hundred Marbles no less fair than firm:
The whole, a whole Quar one might rightly tearm.
If I look In, then scorn I all with-out:
Surpassing Riches shineth all about:
Floor, Sides and Seeling cover'd triple-fold,
Stone lin'd with Cedar, Cedar limn'd with Gold:
And all the Parget carv'd and branched trim
With Flowrs and Fruits, and winged Cherubim.
I over-passe the sacred Implements,
In worth far passing all these Ornaments:
Th' Art answers to the stuff, the stuff to th' use.
O perfect Artist! thou for Mould did'st chuse
The Worlds *Idea*: For, as first the same
Was sever'd in a Three-fould divers Frame,
And God Almighty rightly did Ordain
One all Divine, one Heav'nly, one Terrene;
Decking with Vertues one, with Stars another,
With Flowrs, & Fruits, & Beasts, & Birds, the other:
And plaid the Painter, when hee did so gild
The turning globes, blew'd seas, & green'd the field,
Gave precious stones so many coloured luster,
Enameld Flowrs, made Metals beam and glister:
The Carver, when hee cut in leaves and stems
Of Plants, such veins, such figures, files and hems:
The Founder, when hee cast so many Forms
Of winged Fowls, of Fish, of Beasts, of Worms.
Thou dost divide this *Sacred House* in Three;
Th' HOLY OF HOLIES, wherein none may be
But God, the Cherubins, and (once a year)
The *Sacred Figure* of Perfection dear,
Of God's eternall Son (Sins sin-less check)
The everlasting true MELCHISEDEC:
The fair *mid*-TEMPLE, which is ope alone
To Sun-bright *Levits*, who on *Israel* shone

With

With Rayes of Doctrine; and who, feeding well
On the *Lawes* Hony, ſeem in Heav'n to dwell:
And th' utter PORCH, the Peoples reſidence,
The Vulgars Ile, the World of Elements:
And various Artiſt honour'ſt all the Parts
With *Myron*'s, *Phidias*, and *Apelles* Arts.
This Pattern pleas'd thee ſo, th' haſt fram'd by it
Th' eternall Watch-births of thy ſacred Wit:
Thy pithy Book of *Proverbs*, richly-grave,
Unto the PORCH may right relation have;
For that it gives us Oeconomike Lawes,
Rules politick, and private civill Sawes;
And (for the moſt) thoſe Leſſons generall
At Humane matters ayme the moſt of all.
Eccleſiaſtes the *Mid*-TEMPLE ſeems:
It treadeth down what-ever Fleſh eſteems
Fair, pleaſant, precious, glorious, good or great;
Drawes us from earth, and us in Heav'n doth ſeat;
And, all the World proclaiming *Vain of Vains*,
Mans happineſſe in Gods true Fear maintains.
SANCTUM-SANCTORUM is thy *Song of Songs*,
Where, in *Myſterious* Verſe (as meet belongs)
Thou marrieſt *Jacob* to Heav'ns glorious King:
Where, thou (devoted) doſt divinely ſing
CHRIST'S and his CHURCHES *Epithalamy*:
Where (ſweetly rapt in ſacred Extaſie)
The faithfull Soule talks with her God immenſe,
Hears his ſweet Voyce, her ſelfe doth quinteſſence
In the pure flames of his ſweet-pearcing eyes
(The Cabinets where Grace and Glory lies)
Enjoyes her Joy, in her chaſte bed doth kiſſe
His holy lips (the Love of Loves) her Bliſſe.
When hee had finiſht and had furniſht full
The *Houſe of God*, ſo rich, ſo beautifull;
O God, ſaid *Salomon*, great *Onely-Trine!*
Which of this *Myſtike* ſacred Houſe of Thine
Haſt made mee Builder; build mee in the ſame
A living Stone. For thy dear DAVID'S name,
On DAVID'S branches DAVID'S bliſſe revive;
That on his Throne his Iſſue ſtill may thrive.
O All-compriſing, None-compriſed Prince,
Which art in Heav'n by thy Magnificence,
In Hell by Juſtice, each-where by thy Pow'rs,
Dwell heer, dear Father, by thy grace (to Ours).
If, in a doubtfull Caſe, one needs muſt ſwear,
Looſe thou the Knot, and puniſh thou ſevere
Th' audacious Perjure; that hence-forth none chance
Tax thee of Malice, or of Ignorance.
If our diſ-flowred Trees, our Fields Hail-torn,
Our empty Ears, our light and blaſted Corn,
Preſage us Famine; If, with ten-fold chain,
Thy hand hath lockt thy Water-gates of Rain;
And, tow'rds this Houſe wee humbled caſt our eye,
Hear us, O Lord, hear our complaint and crie.
If Captives wee in a ſtrange Land bewail,
If in the Wars our Force and Fortune fail;
And, towards this Houſe we humbled caſt our eie,
Hear us, O Lord, hear our complaint and crie.
If Strangers, mov'd with rumour of thy Miracles,
Come heer to Offer, to conſult thine Oracles,
And in this Houſe to kneel religiouſly:
Hear them, O Lord, hear their complaint and crie:
Hear them from Heav'n; and, by thy Favours preſt,
Draw to thy TEMPLE, North, South, Eaſt & Weſt.

Dedication of the Temple.

The paſſe-Man *Wiſdome* of th' *Iſaacian* Prince,
A Light ſo bright, ſet in ſuch eminence,
(Un-hideable by envious Arrogance,
Under the Buſhell of black Ignorance)
Shines every where, illuſtres every place:
Among the reſt it Lightens in the Face
Of the fair Princeſſe, that with prudent hand
The ſoft *Arabian* Scepter doth command,
The Queen of *Saba*, where continuall Spring
Red Cinnamon, Incenſe and Myrrhe doth bring;
Where private men do Prince-like Treaſures hold,
Where Pots be Silver, Bedſteds beaten Gold,
Where Wals are rough-caſt wth the richeſt Stones,
Caſt in Devices, Emblems, Scutchions.
Yet, leaving all this Greatneſs of her owne,
Shee comes to view the State of SALOMON,
To hear his Wiſdome, and to ſee his Citie,
Refuge of Vertues, School of Faith and Pitie.

The Queen of *Saba*.

You that doe ſhut your eyes againſt the rayes
Of glorious Light, which ſhineth in our dayes;
Whoſe ſpirits, ſelf-obſtin'd in old muſty Error,
Repulſe the *Truth* (th' *Almightie's ſacred Mirror*)
Which day & night at your deaf Doors doth knock;
Whoſe ſtubbornneſſe will not at all un-lock
The ſacred *Bible*, nor ſo much as look,
(To talk with God) into his holy Book:
O, fear you not, that this great Princeſſe ſhall
Of thank-leſs Sloath one day condemne you all?
Who (both a Woman, Queen, and Pagan born)
Eaſe, Pleaſures, Treaſures, doth deſpiſe and ſcorn;
To paſſe with great pains, and with great expence,
Long weary Journeys full of diffidence;
And nobly travels to another Land
To hear the words but of a (mortall) Man? (temple
Her Time's not loſt: there (rapt) ſhee doth con-
The ſumptuous beauties of a ſtately TEMPLE,
The lofty Towrs of hundred Towns in one,
A pompous Palace, and a Peer-leſs Throne,
Wals rich without; furniſht in richer ſort:
Number of Servants doth adorne the Court,
But more their Order. There, no noiſe is heard,
Each his owne Office onely doth regard:
And (in one inſtant) as the quaverings
Of a quick Thumb move all the divers ſtrings
Of a ſweet Guittern; and, its skill to grace,
Cauſeth a Treble ſound, a Mean, a Baſe:
So SALOMON, diſcreetly with a beck,
A wink, a word, doth all the Troops direct:
Each of his Servants hath his proper Leſſon,
And (after his Degree) each hath his faſhion.

A inſt re-proofe of all obſtinate Recuſants.

This Queen, yer parting from her fragrant Iles,
Arm'd her with Riddles and with witty Wiles,
T' appoſe the King; and ſhee reſolves ſhee will
With curious Queſtions ſift and ſound his Skill.
But loe what *Oedipus!* The Law-learn'd Sage,
Which at the Bar hath almoſt ſpent his age,
Cannot ſo ſoon a common Doubt decide,
Where Statutes, Cuſtoms, and Book-Caſes guide,
As hee diſſolves her *Gordian*-knots, and ſees
Through all her nights, and ev'n at pleaſure frees
Such doubts, as doubt-leſs might have taskt, t' un-
The *Brachman*, *Druide*, and *Gymnoſophiſt*: (twiſt,
And knowing, Good becoms more Good, the more
It is en-common'd, hee applies therefore
T' inſtruct

T' inſtruct her in the Faith; and (envious-idle)
His brains rich Talent buries not in Idle.
Alas, I pitie you: alas (quoth Hee)
Poor Soules beſotted in Idolatrie,
Who worſhip Gold and Silver, Stocks and Stones,
Mens Workmanſhip, and Fiends Illuſions;
And, who (by your ſage *Mages* Lore miſ-led)
So-many Godlings have imagined:
Madame, there is but one ſole God, moſt-High,
Th' Eternall King; nay, ſelf-Eternitie.
Infinit, All in all, yet out of all,
Of Ends the End, of Firſts Originall,
Of Lights the Light, Eſſence ſurpaſſing Eſſence,
Of Pow'rs pure Act, of Acts the very Puiſſance,
Cauſe of all Cauſes, Ocean of all Good,
The Life of Life, and of all Beauty Flood:
None-ſeen All-Seer, Starr's-guide, Sight of Seeing,
The Uni-form, which gives all forms their Beeing.
God, and One, is all One; whoſo the Unitie
Denies, hee (Atheiſt) diſannuls Divinitie:
Th' Unitie dwels in God, i'th' Fiend the Twine:
The greater World hath but one Sun to ſhine,
The leſſer but one Soule, both but one God,
In Eſſence One, in Perſon *Trinely*-odde.
Of this great Frame, the Parts ſo due-devis'd,
This Bodie, tun'd ſo, meaſur'd, ſympathiz'd,
This TEMPLE, where ſuch Wealth & Order meet,
This Art in every part cannot proceed
But from one Pattern; and that but from one
Author of all, who all preſerves alone.
Elſe ſhould wee ſee in ſet Batalions
A hundred thouſand furious Partizans,
The World would nurſe civill inteſtine Wars,
And wrack it ſelfe in it ſelfs factious Jars.
Beſides, God is an infinite Divinitie:
And who can think of more than one Infinity?
Seeing the one reſtrains the others might,
Or rather reaves its name and beeing quite.
Therefore (O Pagans) why doe you confine
The infinite in narrow Walls of Lime?
Why ſhut you Him in a baſe Trunk or Tree;
Why paint you Whom no mortall èye can ſee?
Why offer you your carnall ſervices
Unto the Lord, who a meer Spirit is?
Why then doe you (ſaid ſhee) by our example,
Incloſe th' Immortall in this earthly TEMPLE?
Lock him within an *Arke*? and, worſe than wee,
Feed him with Fumes, and bloody Butchery?
This *Sacred Houſe* ſo fair (reply'd hee then)
Is not to contain God, but godly men
Which worſhip him: and, wee doe not ſuppoſe
That Hee, whoſe Arms do Heav'n & Earth incloſe,
Is cloſed in a *Cheſt*; but th' ancient Pact,
The ſolemne Cov'nant, and the ſure Contract,
Which leagues us with our God, & each with other,
And (holy Bond) holds Heav'n and Earth together,
As for our *Incenſe*, *Waſhings*, *Sacrifices*,
They are not (as is thought) Our vain Devices;
But, God 's their Author, and himſelfe Ordains
Theſe Elements, whereby hee entertaines
And feeds our underſtanding in the hope
Of his deer Son (of all theſe Things the Scope);
Setting before us th' Only Sacrifice, (vice.
Which in CHRIST 's Blood ſhall waſh-out all our
Come then, O Lord, Come thou Lawes finiſher,
Great King, great Prophet, great Selfs Offerer:
Come, come thou thrice Great Refuge of our State,
Come, thou our Ranſome, Judge and Advocate:
Milde Lamb, Salve-Serpent, Lion generous,
Un-challeng'd Umpire betwixt Heav'n and Us,
Come thou the Truth, the Subſtance and the End
Of all our Offrings (whither, all doe tend):
Come O MESSIAS, and doe now begin
To Reign in *Sion*, to triumph o'r Sin;
And, worſhipped in Spirit and Truth, reſtore
Upon the Earth the Golden age of yore:
Accept this Queen, as of all Heathen Princes
The deer Firſt-Fruits: take on thee our Offences,
That, ſtript of *Adam* 's ſinfull ſute, in fine
With ſacred Angels wee in Heav'n may ſhine.
The Queen, nigh ſunk in an amazefull Swoun,
Beſpake him thus: My Lord, prattling renown
Is wont in flying to increaſe ſo far,
That ſhee proclaims things greater than they are:
And, rareſt Spirits reſemble Pictures right, Simile.
Whereof the rareſt ſeem more exquiſite,
Far-off, than neer: but, ſo far as thy Fame
Excels all Kings, thy vertues paſſe the fame:
Thy peer-leſs Praiſe ſtoops to thy Learned tongue,
And envious bruit hath done thy Wiſdome wrong.
So may I ſay, even ſo (O SCOTTISH King) Application to the King's Majeſtie.
Thy winged Fame, which far and wide doth ring,
From th' edge of *Spaine* hath made mee ventrouſly
To croſſe the Seas, thy *Britain* 's end to ſee:
Where (Lord!) what ſaw I? nay, what ſaw I not?
O King (Heav'n-choſen, for ſome ſpeciall Plot)
World's Miracle, O Oracle of Princes?
I ſaw ſo much, my Soule miſtruſts my Senſes.
A gray-beards Wiſdome in an amber-buſh,
A *Mars*-like Courage in a Maid-like bluſh,
A ſettled Judgement with a ſupple Wit,
A quick Diſcourſe, profound and pleaſing yet;
Virgil and *Tully*, in one ſpirit infus'd,
And all Heav'ns Gifts into one Head diffus'd.
Perſiſt, O King, glory on glory mount;
And as thy Vertues thine owne Fame ſurmount,
So let thy future paſſe thy former more,
And goe-before thoſe that have gone-before:
Excell thy ſelfe: and, brave, grave, godly Prince,
Confirm my Songs eternall Evidence.

FINIS.

THE

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The Schisme.

THE THIRD BOOK OF THE FOURTH DAY OF THE II. WEEKE, OF BARTAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Rejecting Old, Young-Counsail'd rash ROBOAM
Loseth Ten Tribes; *which fall to* JEROBOAM.
Hee, Godding Calves, *makes* Israel *to Sin:*
His Scepter therefore shortly fails his Kin.
BA'Z', ZIMRI, OMRI, ACHAB (*worst of all*)
With JEZABEL. Elias *conquers* Ba'l;
Commands the Clouds; rapt-up *to Heav'n, alive,*
Elisha's Works: his bones *the dead revive.*
SAMARIA's *tragick* Siege. *A Storm at Sea,*
For Jonas *sake: repentant* NINIVE.

The miserie of a State distracted by factious into Civill Wars.

HEer sing I ISAAC's civill Brawls and Broils;
Jacobs Revolt; their Cities sack, their Spoils:
Their cursed Wrack, their *Godded Calves:* the *rent*
Of th' *Hebrew Tribes* from th' *Isheans* Regiment.

Application

Ah I see wee not, some seek the like in *France?*
With rage-full swords of civill Variance,
To share the sacred *Gaulian* Diadem?
To strip the *Lillies* from their native stem?
And (as it were) to *Cantonize* the State
Whose Law did awe Imperiall *Rhine* (of late)
Tiber and *Iber* too; and under whom
Even silver *Jordan*'s captive floods did foam.

Deprecation.

But, let not us, good Lord, O let not us
Serve servilely a hundred Kinglings thus,
In stead of one great Monarch: never let
The lawfull Heir from his owne Throne be beat;
This Scepter yearly to be new possest;
Nor every Town to be a Tyrants nest:
Keep all intire, re-stablish prudent Reign,
Restore the Sword to *Justice* hand again;
That, blest with Peace, thy blessed Praise (O Lord)
My thankfull Layes may more and more record.

A Parliament or Assembly of the Estates of Israel.

THE GENERAL *States* of *Israel*, gathered all,
By thousands now, within strong *Sichem*'s Wall;
All joyntly name ROBOAM for their King,
But (strictly stout) his Pow'r thus limiting:
Command (say they) & Rule in *Abram*'s Fold,
Not as a Wolf, but as a Shepheard should:
Slacken the reans of our late Servitude:
Lighten our gall'd backs of those Burthens rude,
Those heavie Imposts of thy Father (fierce):
Repress the rapin of thine Officers:

The People capitulate with their new King.

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So, wee will serve thee, life and goods at-once:
If other-wise; thy service wee renounce.
Heer-with amaz'd, the moody Prince, in post
Sends for those Ancients which had swayed most
His Fathers Counsails: and hee *seems* to crave
Their sage Advices, in a case so grave.
The Counsell of the ancient Nobles.
God hath not made, say they (jumping together)
Subjects for Kings, but Kings for Subjects rather:
Then, let not thine (already in distress)
Be gnaw'n by others; by thy self much less.
What boots a Head, with-out the hand and foot?
What is a Scepter, and no Subjects to't?
The greater Milt, the Bodie pines the more:
The Checker's fatting makes the people poor:
A Princes Wealth in Subjects Wealth is set:
The Bank of Thrift, where gold doth gold beget:
Where the good Prince comes never but at need:
For, hee is prais'd for a good Heard (indeed)
Whose Flock is fat and fair, with frolick bounds
Frisking and skipping up and down the Douns.
Among the Beasts fullest of furious gall,
The Vulgar 's fiercest, wildest, worst of all;
Hydra with thousand heads, and thousand stings,
Yet soon agre'd to war against their Kings.
If then you wish, their barking rage to cease
Cast them a bone; by an abatement, cease
Their wringing Yoak, thy pittie let them prove:
And ground thy Greatness on thy Peoples love.
Or, if thou (fell) wilt needs feed on their ice,
Yet use no threats, nor give them flat Denies:
But, to establish thy yet-new estate,
Give them some hope, and let them feed on that:
And (wisely) minde thy Fathers *Saying* sage,
That *A soft answer* (soon) *appeaseth rage*.
Roboam, leaving their sound advice, leaneth rather to the young furie of his Minions and Flatterers.
ROBOAM, scorning these old Senators,
Leans to his Yonglings, Minions, Flatterers
(Birds of a feather) that with one accord
Cry-out, importune, and perswade their Lord,
Not sillily to be by such disturb'd,
Nor let him-selfe so simply to be curb'd;
But, to repress, press, and oppress the more
These Male-contents, but too-well us'd before:
With iron teeth to bruise their idle bones,
To suck their Marrow out; and (for the nonce)
Their rebell Pride to fetter (as it were)
And lock their Furie in the stocks of Fear,
And to shake-off (on th' other side) and shun
Those Gray-beards old and cold direction,
Their sawcy censures, snibbing his Minority;
Where-by (too-proud) they trip at his Authority,
Usurp his place; and (too-too-malapert)
Would teach a wiser than themselves his part:
To know that hee 's a King; and that hee took
Even in the womb, as th' outward limbs and look,
So th' inward graces, the Discretion
And deep fore-sight of prudent SALOMON;
And, in the shop of Nature, learn'd (long since)
The Art of *State*, the Office of a Prince.
Wisdome (fond King) her sacred Seat erects
In hoarie brains: and Day the Day directs:
Th' old-man fore-sees a-far; by *past* events
Hee (prudent) ponders *future* accidents:
The Young-man knowes not (new-com, as it were)
This wily World, but as a passenger;
And, more with Courage than with Counsail's
Barely beholds things on the outer side. (guide,
Yet, to the last thou lean'st; and, frowning fell,
Check'st thus the Sons of noble *Israel*:
The Kings rashness threatning rigour.
Ah! rebell Slaves! you, you will Rule your King:
You'll be his Carvers: you will clip his wing:
You'l hold the sacred helm; Controule the Crown:
You'l rate his State, and turn all up-side-down.
But, know you (varlets) whom you dally-with?
My little finger over-balanceth
My Father 's loynes: hee did but rub you light,
I'l flay your backs; hee bow'd, I'l break yee quite.
Hee threatned Rods (or gentle Whips of cord)
But I will have your carrion shoulders goar'd
With scourges tang'd with rowels: and my Name
Shall make you quake, if you but hear the same.
Simile.
As rapid streams, incountring in their way
With cloft-driv'n piles of some new bank or bay,
Or steady pillers of a Bridge built now,
Which last-past Summer never saw, nor knew;
Swell, roar, and rage far fiercer than they wont,
And with their foam defile the Welkins front:
So yerst griev'd *Isaac*, now grown desperate,
With loud proud tearms doth thus expostulate:
The Revolt of the ten Tribes.
Why? what have wee to doe (what part? what
With *Boözian Ishay* 's avaricious race? (place?)
Goe, Reign (proud *Juda*) where thou wilt; for wee
Nill bear the burthen of thy Tyranny;
Goe, use else-where thy cruell threats and braves;
Wee are thy Brethren, wee, and not thy Slaves.
Thus cry the People, and th' ill-counsail'd *King*
Un-kingly yeelds to their rude mutining:
And flies eft-soons with some few *Benjamites*,
The zealous *Levites*, and the *Judaïtes*:
The rest revolt, and chuse for Soveraign
A shame-less, faith-less, bold and busie-brain,
An *Ephraimite*, who (double-false) doth fall
Both from his King and from his God withall.
Ieroboam.
For, hee fore-sees, that if th' *Isacians* still
(As Law injoyn'd) should mount on *Sion* Hill
To sacrifice; with beauty of that *Temple*,
Their Princes sight, the Doctrine and Example
Of sacred *Levites*, they would soon be taken,
And drawn aboord the Bark they had forsaken.
To rent the Church therefore hee doth devise,
And God's true Spouse doth Harlot-like disguise:
Will have them hence-forth worship God the Lord
Under the Form of Hay-fed *Calves* (abhorr'd)
In *Dan* and *Bethel*: brings up Service new:
Profane, usurping sacred *Aaron* 's Dew.
But, how (ingrate) requit'st thou God, in this?
Hee, of a Servant, made thee King of His:
Thou, of a God, mak'st him a horned Steer;
Sett'st Altar against Altar; and, the deer,
Cleer Star of *Truth* beclouding with the vail
Of thine Ambition, mak'st all *Israel* fail,
And fall with-all into the Gulfe of Death,
So deep (alas!) that from thence-forth, un-eath
Could th' operation of so many Miracles,
In their hard hearts reprint the *Sacred Oracles*.
One-day (the while this Priest-King sacrifiz'd)
To 's clov'n-foot God in *Bethel* (self-deviz'd)
A zealous Prophet from the Lord there came,
Who boldly thus his brutish rage doth blame:

O odious Houſe, O execrable Cell,
O Satans Forge, O impious Shop of Hell;
Accurſed Altar, that ſo braves and boaſts
Againſt the Altar of the Lord of Hoaſts!
Behold, from *David* ſhall a King return (burn,
That on thy ſtones thine owne Prieſts bones ſhall
Thus ſaith the Lord: and this ſhall be the Signe
(Prodigiouſly to ſeal his Word in mine)
Thou now in th' inſtant ſhalt in ſunder ſhatter,
And in the Ayre ſhall thy vile cinders ſcatter.
Take, take the Sot, ſaid then th' ungodly Prince,
And (as hee ſpake in rage-full vehemence)
Reacht-out his arm: but, inſtantly the ſame
So ſtrangely with'red and ſo numb became,
And God ſo ruſtied every joynt, that there
(But as the Body ſtird) it could not ſtir:
Th' unſacred Altar ſudden ſlent in twain;
And th' aſhes, flying through th' un-hallowed Fane,
Simſe. Blinde the blinde Prieſts; as in the Summer (oft)
The light, white Duſt (driv'n by the Winde aloft)
Whirling about, offends the tendreſt eye,
And makes the Shepheards (with-out cauſe) to cry.
O holy Prophet (prayes the Tyrant then)
Dear man of God, reſtore my hand again:
His hand is heal'd. But (obſtinate in ill)
In His Calf-ſervice Hee perſevers ſtill,
Still runs his race, ſtill every day impairs,
And of his Sins makes all his Sons his heirs,
The King of *Juda* little better proves,
His Fathers by-paths ſo *Abijam* loves;
The People, pliant to their Princes guiſe,
Forget their God, and his drad Law deſpiſe.
God, notwithſtanding (of his ſpeciall grace)
Entails the *Scepter* to the ſacred race
Of his deer *David*: and hee bindes with boughs
Of glorious Laurels their victorious brows:
And evermore (how-ever Tyrants rave)
Some form of Church in *Sion* hee will have.
Aza. *Aza*, *Abijam*'s Son; *Jehoſaphat*
The ſon of *Aza* (rightly zealous) hate
All Idol-gods: and, warring with ſucceſs,
Dung *Iſaac*'s Fields with forrain carcaſſes.
In *Aza*'s ayd fights th' arm armi-potent,
Which ſhakes the Heav'ns, rakes Hils, and Rocks
Againſt black *Zerah*'s overdaring boaſt, (doth rent,
That with drad deluge of a Million-Hoaſt
O'r-flow'd all *Juda*; and, all ſacking (fell)
Tranſported *Africk* into *Iſrael*:
Hee fights for his; who, ſeeing th' *Ammonite*,
The *Idumean*, and proud *Moabite*,
In battell 'ray, caus'd all his Hoaſt to ſing
This Song aloud, them thus encouraging.
Sa, ſa (my hearts) let's cheerly to the charge;
Having for Captain, for Defence, and Targe,
That glorious Prince to whom the raging Sea
Hath heretofore, in foaming pride, giv'n way:
Who, with a ſigh (or with a whiſtle, rather)
Can call the North, South, Eaſt, and Weſt together:
Who, at a beck, or with a wink, commands
Millions of millions of bright-winged-bands:
Who, with a breath, brings (in an inſtant) under (der.
The proudeſt Pow'rs: whoſe arrows are the Thun-
Deſcription of Diſcord. While yet they ſang, fell *Diſcord* reaching-far,
Hies to the *Heathen* that encamped are:
Clean through her mantle (tatterd all in flakes)
Appears her breſt all-over gnaw'n with Snakes,
Her ſkin is ſcarr'd, her teeth (for rage) doe gnaſh,
The Baſilisk with-in her eyes doth flaſh;
And, one by one, ſhee plucks-off (in deſpig'ht)
Her hairs (no hairs, but hiſſing Serpents right)
And, one by one, ſhee ſeverally beſtowes-'em
Through all the Camp, in every Captains boſom,
Blowes every vein full of her furious mood,
Burns every Souldier with the thirſt of blood:
And, with the ſame blade that ſhee died once
In valiant *Gedeon*'s (Brother-ſlaught'red) Sons,
Shee ſets the Brother to aſſail the Brother,
The Son the Sire, and deareſt friends each-other.
The ſwords, new draw'n againſt their Enemies,
Now (new revolted) hack their owne Allies:
And *Mars* ſo mads them in their mutuall Jar,
That ſtrange, turns civill; civill, houſhold War:
Proud *Edom* heaws *Moab* and the *Ammonite*;
Ammon hunts *Edom* and the *Moabite*;
Moab aſſaults *Ammon* and *Edom* too;
And each of them wars firſt with th' other two,
Then with themſelves: then *Ammon Ammon* thrils,
Moab wounds *Moab*, *Edom Edom* kils.
From Hoaſt to Hoaſt, blind-fold Deſpair, in each,
Diſports her ſelfe; thoſe that are one in ſpeech,
Under one Colours, of one very coat,
Combat each other, cut each others throat.
Rage-full confuſion every-where commands,
Againſt his Captain the Lievtenant ſtands,
The Corporall upon his Serjant flies,
And baſeſt Boyes againſt their Maſters riſe.
Nay, drad *Bellona* paſſeth fiercely further, (ther,
Th' owne Uncle doth his owne dear Nephew mur-
The Nephew th' Uncle with the like repayes,
Coſen thrils Coſen, Kinſ-man Kinſ-man ſlayes:
Yea, even the Father kils his Son moſt cruell,
And from one belly ſprings a bloody Duell; (ther,
Twins fiercely fight: and while each woundeth o-
And drawes the life-blood of his half-ſelfe Brother,
Feels not his owne to fail, till in the place
Both fall; as like in fury as in face:
But, ſtrength at length (not ſtomach) fals in either;
And, as together born, they die together.
The faithfull Hoaſt draws neer, and gladly goes
Viewing the bodies of their breath-leſs Foes.
Men, Camels, Horſe (ſome ſaddled, ſome with-out)
Pikes, Quivers, Darts, lie mingled all about
The bloody Field; and from the Mountains nigh
The Rav'ns begin with their pork-porking cry:
Heer ſeems an Arm, a Gyant late did owe,
As if it would to a Dwarf's ſhoulder growe:
A Princes hand there (known by precious ſignes)
Unto the arm of a baſe Porter joynes;
An old-Man's head heer to a Stripling's neck;
And there lean buttocks to a brawny back:
Heer of a bodie juſtly cloven in two,
The bloody tripes are trailing to and fro;
There, five red fingers of a hand cut-off
Gripe ſtill the truncheon of a ſteeled ſtaff;
And, there (at once, all broached on one Lance)
Lie three brave Horſe-men in a deadly Tranſe.
Chariots, unfurniſht and unharneſt, ſtood,
Over the ſpoaks, up to the naves in blood:

Miraculous ſlaughter of the Heathen by their mutuall ſwords divided among themſelves.

The confuſion of ſuch a Campe ſo together by the ears.

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Th' *Engaddian* Showes melt in vermilion ſtreams,
And (now no marvell) *Jarvel* warmly ſteams,
Stopt with dead bodies; ſo, that never-more
It ſhould have ſeen the Ocean (as before)
Nor paid the Tribute that his Dutie craves,
Save that the crimſin holp the cryſtall waves.
Praiſed be God (ſaid *Juda*) praiſed be
The Lord of Hoaſts, the King of Majeſtie,
That moawes his Foes; that doth his own protect,
That holds ſo deer the blood of his Elect;
That fights for us, and teacheth us to fight,
Conquer, and triumph o're the *Pagan*'s might;
And (finally) doth puniſh Tyrants fell,
With their owne ſwords, to ſave his *Iſrael*.
Wicked generation of the wicked. But, notwithſtanding *Jeroboam*'s Plot,
His third Succeſſor yet ſucceeds him not;
A barbarous Furie reigneth in his Race,
His bloody Scepter ſhifteth hands apace:
Nadab his ſon, and all his ſeed beſide,
Feels curſed *Baaſha*'s cruell Paricide;
And *Baaſha*'s iſſue is by *Zimri* ſlain,
Zimri by *Zimri*: then doth *Omri* reign;
Omri, accurſed for his owne tranſgreſſion,
But more accurſed for the foule ſucceſſion
Of ſuch a Son as *Achab* (ſold to Sin)
That boldly brings *Sidonian* Idols in,
Builds unto *Baal*; and, of all Kings the worſt,
Weds *Jezabel*, addes Drunkenneſs to Thirſt.
2. Simile. Blinde Superſtition's like a drop of Oyle
Still ſpreading, till it all a Garment ſpoyl:
Or, like a ſpark, fall'n in a floor of Mat,
Which ſoon inflameth all the Chamber; that,
Fires the whole Houſe; the Houſe, the Town about;
Conſuming all, and never going-out,
Till Goods, and Bodies, Towrs and Temples high,
All in a Toomb of their owne aſhes lie:
When one begins (how little be't) to ſtray
From the divine Law's little-beaten way,
Wee curſed fall into the black Abyſſe
Of all foule Errors: Every Sin that is
Dons ſacred Mask; and, monſters moſt abhord,
Killing the Saints wee think to pleaſe the Lord,
As *Achab* did; who vanquiſht with the ſpel,
Speech, grace, and face of painted *Jezabel*,
Preſumes to lay his ſacrilegious hand
On th' oyled Prieſts that in Gods preſence ſtand,
Of honeſt Men his Towns depopulates,
Leſſens the Number of his Noble States,
T' augment his Lands; and, with the blood of His,
Writes th' Inſtruments of his new Purchaſes.
But ſlain (at laſt) by th' Hoaſt of *Benhadad*,
2. Ahaziah. His Son * ſucceeds him, (and almoſt as bad)
Hee breakes his neck, and leaves his fatall place,
To 's brother *Joram*, laſt of *Achab*'s race;
An odious race, th' alliance of whoſe blood
Corrupts the Heirs of *Joſaphat* the good.
Cauſing his Son (charm'd with *Athalia*'s wile)
In 's Brother's blood his armed arms to file,
And *Ahaziah*'s giddy brain t' infect
With the damn'd Error of *Samarian* Sect.
But though theſe Kings did openly oppugn
And ſtubbornly the King of Heav'n impugn;
Though *Abrah'ms* iſſue (now degenerate)
Did but too-neer their Princes imitate;

Though over all, a *Chaos* of confuſion,
A Hell of Horror, Murder, and Deluſion,
A Sea of Sins (contempt of God and Good)
Cover'd theſe Kingdoms (as another Flood):
God left not yet that Age without his Oracles:
A hundred Prophets, ſtrong in word and miracles,
Reſiſt their rage, and from ſad drowning keep
The wracked planks on th' Idol-Ocean deep.
Cleer Summer Noons need not a candle-light; Simile.
Nor ſound, Phyſician; but clean oppoſite:
So, in our Soules, the more Sin 's Floods doe flow,
The more God makes his Mercie's Gulfe to grow.
For his Embaſſage in ſad *Achab*'s dayes, Elijah the Prophet.
Thesbite Elijah did th' Almighty raiſe;
Who, burning-bold in ſpirit and ſpeech, cries-out,
In *Achab*'s ears, and all his Court about:
O impious *Achab*, fear'ſt thou not (quoth hee)
The ſulph'ry flames and Thunder-bolts that be
Already roaring in the dreadfull fiſt
Of God the Lord, that doth the proud reſiſt, (mer,
Revengeth wrongs, th' outrageous *Heathens* Ham-
Terror of Terrors, and all Tyrants Tamer?
Doſt thou not know, Hee threats to *Iſrael*
A Heav'n of Braſs, if they his grace repel,
Reject his love, and get them other Loves,
Whoring about with forrain Gods, in Groves?
God cannot lie: his dreadfull Threatnings ever
Draw dreadfull Judgements (if our Sin perſever):
As the Lord lives, this Thirſtie yawning Plain
In ſeav'n ſix month's drinks not a drop of Rain.
No ſooner ſpoken, but in preſent view, Deſcription of the extreme Draught in Iſrael for three years and a half.
The Heav'ns begin to change their wonted hew;
Th' Ayre deadly thick, doth quickly vaniſh quite;
To a ſad Day ſucceeds a ſadder Night:
A bloody vapour and a burning cloud,
By day, begirt the Sun, all coaly-browd);
Ny night, the Moon denies to fading Flowrs
Her ſilver ſweat, and pearly-purled ſhowrs:
The Welkin's ſtudded with new Blazing-Stars,
Flame-darting Lances, fiery Crowns and Cars,
Kids, Lions, Bears, wrapt in prodigious Beams,
Dreadfull to ſee: and *Phœbus* (as it ſeems)
Wearie of travell in ſo hot a time,
Reſts all the while in boyling *Cancer*'s clime.
Hils, lately hid with ſnow, now burn amain:
May hath no Deaw, nor February Rain:
Sad *Atlas* Nieces, and the *Hunter*'s Star
Have like effect as the *Canicular*:
Zephyre is mute, and not a breath is felt,
But hectick *Auſter*'s, which doth all things ſwelt,
And (panting-ſhort) puffs every-where upon
The with'red Plains of wicked *Shomeron*,
Th' unſavory breath of Serpents crawling o're
The *Lybians* peſt-full and un-bleſt-full ſhore.
Now Herbs to faile, and Flowrs to fall began; The miſerable effects thereof.
Mirtles and Bayes for want of moyſt grew wan:
With open mouth the Earth the aide doth crave
Of black-blew Clouds: cleer *Kiſhon*'s rapid wave
Wars now no more with Bridges arched round;
Soreck, for ſhame, now hides him under ground:
Mokmur, whoſe murmur troubled with the noiſe
The ſleeping Shepheards, hath nor ſtream, nor voice:
Cedron's not *Cedron*, but (late) *Cedron*'s bed,
And *Jordan*'s Current is as dry, as dead,

The

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The beam-brow'd Stag, & strong-neckt Bull do lie
On pale-fac't banks of *Arnon* (also drie)
But, neither, sup, nor see the Crystall Wave,
Over the which so often swom they have:
The lusty Courser, that late scorn'd the ground,
Now lank and lean, with crest and courage downd,
With rugged tongue out of his chained mouth,
With hollow-flanks panting for inward drouth,
Rouling his Bit, but with a feeble rumor,
Would sweat for faintnes, but he wanteth humour:
The Towr-back't Camel, that best brooketh Thirst,
And on his bunch could have transported yerst
Neer a whole Household, now is able scant
To bear himself, hee is so feebly-faint.
Both young and old, both of the base and best,
Feel a fell *Ætna* in their thirstie brest:
To temper which, they breathe, but to their woe:
For, for pure ayre, they sup into them, so,
A putride, thick, and pestilentiall fume, (sume.
Which stuffs their Lights, and doth their lives con-
There 's not a Puddle (though it strangely stink)
But drie they draw't, Sea-Water 's dainty Drink:
And fusty-Bottles, from beyond-Sea, (South)
Bring *Nile* to *Somer*, for the Kings owne mouth.
For, though the Lord th' whole Land of *Syria*
Th' heat of his Anger on *Samaria* lights (smites;
With greatest force; whose furious Prince implies
The Prophet Cause of all these miseries.
Therefore, hee fearing *Achab*'s ragefull hate,
Down to Brook *Cherith*'s hollow banks him gate;
Where, for his Cooks, Caters, & Wayters, tho
From the foure windes the winged people goe.
Thence, to *Sarepta*; where hee craves the ayde
Of a poor Widow: who thus mildely said,
Alas! fain would I, but (God wot) my store
Is but of bread for one meal, and no more:
Yet, give mee (saith hee) give mee some (I pray);
Who soweth sparing, sparing reapeth aye:
Sure, a good turn shall never guerdon want;
A Gift to Needlings is not given, but lent:
'Tis a Well of Wealth, which doth perpetuall run:
A fruitfull Field which thousand yeelds for one.
While thus hee said, and staid; the Widow glad,
Gives to him frankly all the bread shee had:
Shee'lost not by't: for, all the *Famin*-while,
That rag'd in *Tyre*, her little Flowr and Oyle
Decreased not, yet had shee plenty still,
For her and hers to feed in time their fill.
At length befell fell Death to take away
Her onely Son, and with her Son her Joy:
Shee prayes her Guest, and hee implores his God,
And stretching him upon the breath-less Lad;
Thus cries aloud: Vouchsafe mee, Lord, this boon,
Restore this child's soule, which (it seems) too-soon
Thou hast bereft: O! let it not be said,
That heer for nought I have so oft been fed:
Let not my presence be each-where abhorr'd;
Nor Charity with thee to want Reward.
As a small seedling of that fruitfull Worm,
Which (of it selfe) fine shining Sleaves doth form,
By the warm comfort of a Virgin brest,
Begins to quicken, creepeth (as the rest)
Re-spins a-fresh, and, in her witty loom,
Makes of her corps her corps a pretious Toomb:
This Childe (no Man, but Man's pale Module now)
With death i' th' bosom, horror on the brow,
The bait of Worms, the Booty of the Beer,
At sacred words begins his eye to rear;
Swimming in Death, his pow'rs doe re-assemble,
His spirits (rewarm'd) with-in his artirs tremble;
Hee fetcht a sigh; then lively rising too,
Talks, walks, and eats, as hee was wont to doe.
Fain would the Mother have besought the Seer
T' have past the rest of his cold Old-age heer:
But th' holy Spirit him sudden hence doth bring
Unto *Samaria* to th' incensed King;
Who rates him thus: O Basilisk! O Bane!
Art not thou Hee that sow'st th' *Isaacian* Plain
With Trouble-Tares? Seditious, hast not thou
Profan'd the Lawes of our Fore-fathers now?
Broken all Orders, and the Altars bann'd
Of th' holy Gods, Protectors of our Land?
Since thy fond Preaching did heer first begin,
More and more heavie hath Heav'ns anger bin
Upon us all; and *Ba'l*, blasphem'd by thee,
Hath since that season never left us free
From grievous Plagues: it is a Hell wee feel,
Our Heav'n is Brass, our Earth is all of Steel.
No, no, O King (if I the Truth shall tell)
Thou, thou art hee that trobblest *Israel*.
Thou (give mee leave) thou & thy Grand-sires, mad
After strange Gods in every Grove to gad,
Have left the true, wise, wondrous (all-abroad)
Omnipotent, victorious, glorious God:
Such shall you prove him; if you dare oppone
All your *Ba'l*-Prophets against mee, but one.
Content, quoth *Achab*. Then to *Carmel*'s top
The Schismick Priests were quickly called up;
Unto their *Ba'l* an Altar build they there;
To God, the Prophet doth another rear: (prove
Both have their Beast; and by their prayer must
Whose God is GOD, by Fire from Heav'n above.
The People's eyes, and ears, and mindes are bent
Upon these Marvails, to observe th' event
(Marvails, which might well cleer the difference
That had so long depended in suspence
'Twixt *Israel* and *Juda*; and direct
Th' Earth how to serve Heav'ns sacred Architect)
As when two Buls, inflamed fiercely-fell,
Met front to front, their forked arms doe mell,
The feeble Heards of Heifers in a maze,
'Twixt hope and fear, unfeeding, stand at gaze,
To see the Fight, and censure which doe prove
The valiantest, that hee may be their Love.
Ba'l's bawling Priests call and cry out for life,
They gash their flesh, with Launcet and with knife,
They, cruell, make their blood to spin about.
(As Claret wine from a pearc't Peece doth spout)
And, madly shaking heads, leggs, sides and arms,
They howling chaunt these *Dithyrambik* charms;
Help, Help, O *Ba'l*, O *Ba'l* attend our cryes,
Ba'l, heare us *Ba'l*, O *Ba'l*, bow down thine eyes:
O Stratian, Clarian, Eleutherian Pow'rs,
Panomphean God, approve us thine, thee ours:
O *Epicarpian*! O *Epistatirian*,
Phyxian, Feretrian, O *Exacestirian*,
Xenian, Messapian, O *Lebradean* BA'L,
O *Assabine*, BA'L-SAMEN, hear our Call.

The like Imputation in our dayes, the blind Popelings and prophane Worldlings have laid upon the Gospel and the Preachers thereof.

Similie.

Baals Priests.

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Elijah, that their bloody Rites abhord,
And knowes aright the service of the Lord,
T'appease his wrath hee doth not scarre his skin;
Nor with self-wounds presume his grace to win,
Nor makes himselfe unfitting for his function,
By selfly stripes (as causing more compunction)
Nor, thrild with bodkins, raves in frantick-wise,
And in a furie seems to prophetize;
But offers God his heart, in stead of blood:
His speech is sober, and as milde his mood.
Ironia. Cry loud, quoth he: your Gods is yet perchance
In a deep sleep, or doth in Arms advance
Against his Foes (th' *Egyptian* Deities)
Or is consulting how to keep the Flies
From off his Altar. But, O *Israel!*
Alas! why yoak'st thou God with *Ba'l* (or *Bel*)?
Alas! how long thus wilt thou halt 'twixt either,
And fondly mix Darnell and Wheat together
In thy Faith's Field? If *Ba'l* be God indeed,
Then boldly serve him, seek him sole at need:
But, if blew Sea, and winged Firmament,
Th' all-bearing Earth, and Storm-breed Element,
Be but the least Works of th' Almighty hand
Of *Jacob*'s God: If Heav'n, Ayre, Sea, and Land,
And all in all, and all in every one,
By his owne finger be sustain'd alone:
If hee have cast those curs'd Nations out,
Which yerst defil'd this fair, fat Land about;
To give it thee, to plant thee in their place,
Why him alone do'st thou not aye imbrace,
And serve him onely in thy Soule and Heart,
Who in his Love brooks none to share a part?
The cord un-twisted weakens: and who serves
Two Lords at-once, to lose them both deserves.
Ba'l dead (thou seest) hears not his Servants call,
Much less can grant them their Desires at all:
But, *Jacob*'s God, JEHOVA, ELOHIM,
Never deceives their hope that trust in him.
Hear mee therefore, O Lord, and from above
With Sacred Fire (thy Soveraign pow'r to prove)
Consume this Bullock, and shew by the same
That thou art GOD, and I thy Servant am:
And to thy Fold (thy *Churches* Lap) repeal
Thy wandring Flock, thy chosen *Israel*.
Simile. As fals a Meteor in a Summer Even,
A sudden Flash comes flaming down from Heav'n,
Licks drie the Dikes, and instantly, at-once,
Burns all to Ashes, both the Altar-stones,
And th' Offered Bullock: and the People fall
In zealous fury on the Priests of *Ba'l*;
And, by *Elijah*'s prayer, soone obtain
Rain, which so often they had askt in vain.
For, what is it *Elijah* cannot doe?
If hee be hungry, Fowls, and Angels too,
Become his Stewards. Fears hee th' armed Bands
Of a fell Tyrant? from their bloody hands
To rescue him, Heav'n (his confederate)
Consumes with Fire them and their fierie hate.
Or, would hee passe a Brook that brooks no Bay,
Nor Bridge, nor Bank? The Water gives him way.
Or, irks him Earth? To Heav'n alive hee hies,
And (saving *Henoch*) onely Hee not-dies.
This Man of God, discoursing with his heir
Of th' upper Kingdome, and of Gods Affair,
A sudden whirl-winde, with a whiffing Fire,
And flaming Chariot rapts him up intire,
Burns not, but 'fines; and doth (in fashion strange)
By death-less Death, mortall immortall change.
A long-tail'd squib, a flaming ridge, for rut (cut.
Seems seen a while, where the bright Coach hath
This sacred Rape, nigh rapt *Elisha* too:
Who, taking up his Tutors Mantle, though,
Follows as far as well hee could with eye
The fire-short Palfreys, through the sparkling Sky;
Crying, My father, father mine fare-well,
The Chariots and the Horse of *Israel*.
Elijah taken up alive into Heaven.
The *Thisbian* Prophet hangs not in the Air,
Amid the Meteors to be tossed there,
As Mists and Rains, and Hail, and hoarie Plumes,
And other Fierie many-formed Fumes:
Amid the Air tumultuous Satan roules;
And not the Saints, the happy, heav'nly Soules.
Nor is hee nailed to some shining Wheel,
Ixion-like continually to reel;
For CHRIST his flesh, transfigur'd, and divine,
Mounted above the Arches *Crystalline:*
And where CHRIST is, from pain and passion free,
There (after death) shall all his Chosen be.
Elijah therefore climbs th' *Emperiall Pole*;
Where, ever-blest in body and in soule,
Contemns this World, becoms an Angel bright,
And doth him firm to the TRINE-ONE unite.
But how, or why should Hee this vantage have
Yer CHRIST (right call'd the *first-fruits* of the
O happy passage! O sweet, sacred Flight! (Grave)?
O blessed Rape! thou rapt'st so my sprite
In this Dispute, and mak'st my weaker wit
So many wayes to cast-about for it,
That (I confess) the more I doe contend,
I more admire, and less I comprehend.
For lack of wings, then, biding heer below
With his Successor, I proceed to show,
How, soon as hee took-up his Cloak (to beare it)
Within *Elisha* shin'd *Elijah*'s Spirit;
Elijah, or *Elisha*. By pow'r whereof, immediatly hee cleaves
An un-couth way through *Jordan*'s rapid waves:
Past hope hee gives to the *Sunamian* Wife
A Son; and soone restores him dead to life:
With sudden blindness smites the *Syrian* Troup
The which in *Dothan* did him round incoup:
Increaseth bread, and of a pound of Oyle
Fils all the Vessels in a town that while:
His hoary head (in *Bethel*) laught to scorn,
Is veng'd by Bears, on forty children torn:
Naaman's cleans'd; and for foule *Simonie*,
Gehazi's punisht with his Leprosie:
Mends bitter Broath, hee maketh Iron swim
As porie Cork, upon the Water's brim.
Rich *Jericho*'s (sometimes) *Sal*-peetry soyl,
Through brinie springs that did about it boyl,
Brought forth no fruit, & her un-wholsome Brooks
Voyded the Town of Folk, the Fields of Flocks:
The Towns-men, therefore, thus besought the Seer,
Thou seest our Citie's situation heer
Is passing pleasant; but the ground is naught,
The Water worse: wee pray thee mend the fault,
Sweeten our Rivers, make them pleasanter,
Our Hils more green, our Plains more fertiler.

The

The Prophet cals but for a Cruſe of Salt
(O ſtrangeſt cure!) to cure the brynie fault
Of all their Floods: and, caſting that in one
Foul ſtinking Spring, heals all their ſtreams anon:
Not, for an hour, or for a day, or twain,
But to this Day they ſweet and ſound remain.
Their Valley, walled with bald Hils before,
But even a horror to behold, of-yore;
Is now an *Eden*, and th' All circling Sun,
For fruitfull Beauty; ſees no Paragon.
There (labour-leſs) mounts the victorious Palm,
There (and but there) grows the all-healing Balm,
There ripes the rare cheer-cheek Myrobalan,
Minde-gladding Fruit, that can un-old a Man.
O skilfull Husbands, give your fatteſt Plains
Five or ſix earths; ſpare neither coſt nor pains,
To water them; rid them of weeds and ſtones,
With Muck and Marle batten and baſte their bones;
Unleſs God bleſs your Labour and your Land,
You plough the Sea, and ſow upon the ſand.
This, *Furie* knows; a Soyl ſomtimes (at leaſt)
Sole Paradiſe of all the proudeſt Eaſt:
But now the bruteſt and moſt barren place,
The curſe of God, and all the Worlds diſgrace:
And alſo *Greece*, on whom Heav'ns (yerſt ſo good)
Rain nothing now but their dread Furie's Flood.
The grace of God is a moſt ſure Revenue,
A Sea of Wealth, that ever ſhall continue,
A never-failing Field, which needs not ay
The cool of Night, nor comfort of the Day.
What ſhall I ſay? This ſacred Perſonage
Not only profits to his proper Age;
But, after life, life in his bones hee leaves,
And dead, the dead hee raiſeth from their graves.
Not is *Eliſha* famous more for Miracles,
Than for the Truth of his ſo often Oracles:
Hee ſhows the Palms and Foils of *Iſrael*,
Benhadad's death, the Reign of *Hazael*:
Beyond all hope, and paſſing all appearance,
Dejected *Joram*'s neer relief hee warrants.
The ſiege and Famine of Samaria. For, now the *Syrian*, with inſulting Powrs,
So ſtrict beſiegeth the *Samarian* Towrs,
That even al-ready in each nook agriſing,
Fell, wall-break (all-break) *Famine*, ill-adviſing
Howls hideouſly: even the bare bones are ſeen
(As ſharp as knives) thorow the empty ſkin
Of the beſt bred; and each-man ſeems (almoſt)
No man indeed but a pale ghaſtly Ghoſt. (pine;
Some ſnatch the bread from their own Babes, that
Some eate the Draff that was ordain'd for Swine,
Some doe defile them with forbidden fleſh,
Som bite the graſs their hunger to refreſh; (change;
Some, gold for Birds-dung (weight for weight) ex-
Some, of their Boots make them a Banquet ſtrange,
Some fry the Hay-duſt, and it ſavorie finde;
Some, Almond-ſhels and Nut-ſhels gladly grinde,
Some mince their Fathers Wils, in Parchment writ,
And ſo devoure their birth-right at a bit.
The King, when (weary) hee would reſt awhile,
Dreams of the dainties he hath had yer-whil. (jaws;
Smacks, ſwallows, grindes both with his teeth and
But, only winde his beguil'd belly draws:
And, then awaking, of his own ſpare Diet
Robs his own breaſt, to keep his Captains quiet.
Hee is importun'd heer and there about:
Above the reſt, a Woman ſkrieketh out
In mournfull manner, with diſ-ſheveled haire;
Her face deſpight, her faſhion ſhews deſpaire.
O! ſtay my Liege, hear, hear a grievous thing; Mothers eate their own Children.
Juſtice, great *Joram*, Juſtice, gentle King.
O no, not Juſtice: (did I Juſtice crave?)
Fondling, in Juſtice, thou canſt nothing have
But a juſt death; nay, but a Torture fell;
Nay, but a Torment like the pains of Hell.
Yet, even this Plea is worſe than death to mee:
Then grant mee Juſtice, Juſtice let it be.
For (O!) what horror can reſtrain deſire
Of juſt revenge, when it is once a-fire?
My Lord, I bargain'd, and (to bind the Pact)
By ſolemne Oath I ſealed the Contract;
Contract, indeed cruell, yet could not be
Infring'd, or broken, without crueltie.
(Tell it, O Tongue: why ſtayſt thou ſo upon it?
Dar'ſt thou not ſay-it, having dar'd, and don-it?
Not having fear'd heav'ns king, how canſt thou fear
An earthly King?) Then, thus (my Liege) while-yer
I, and my Neighbour deſp'rately agreed,
Joyntly to eate, ſucceſſively our ſeed;
Our own deer Children: and (O luck-leſs Lot!)
Mine firſt of all, is deſtin'd to the Pot:
Forth-with I catch him, and I ſnatch him to mee
Up in mine armes: hee ſtraight begins to woo-mee,
Stroaks, colls, and hugs me, with his arms & thighs:
And, ſmiling ſweet, Mam-mam, mam-mam, he cries;
Then kiſſes mee: and with a thouſand toyes,
Thinks to delight mee with his wonted joyes.
I look away; and, with my hand addreſt,
Bury my knife within his tender breſt:
And, as a Tigreſſe, or the Dam of Bears,
A Fawn or Kid in hundred gobbets tears,
I tear him quick, dreſs him, and on our Table
I ſet him: Oh! ('t is now no time to fable)
I taſte him firſt, I firſt the feaſt begin,
His blood (my blood) runs round about my Chin,
My Childe returns, re-breeding in my Womb;
And of my Fleſh my Fleſh is ſhamefull Tomb:
Soon (cloyd (alas!) but little could I eat,
And up again that little ſtrives to get.
But ſhee, ſhee layes it in, ſhee greedy plyes it:
And all night long ſhee ſits to gourmandize-it:
Not for her fill ſo much of ſuch (think I)
As to prolong the more my miſerie:
O God, ſaid ſhee (and ſmiles in eating it)
What a ſweet morſell! what a dainty bit!
Bleſt be the breſt that nurc't ſuch meat for mee;
But more the Womb that bare it, ſo to be.
So (to be brief) my Son is eat: But hers
Alive and luſty in her armes ſhee bears.
Why ſhould her pitie, rather her deſpite,
Doe both her Faith, Mee, and my Son, un-right?
Ah! for her belly, rather than her Boy,
Shee playd this prank (and robd mee of my Joy).
Shee did it not, of tender heart to ſave him;
But, greedy-gut, that ſhee alone might have him.
Therefore, O King, doe Juſtice in this caſe:
Nor crave I pardon of thy Princely grace
For mine Offence; (ſuch an Offence, I know,
As yet grim *Minos* never judg'd below)

For

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For if I ſhould, how ſhould I do, for meat;
Not having now another Childe to eate?
No: this is all I crave before I dye,
That I may taſte but of Her ſons ſweet thigh:
Or, that (at leaſt) mine eye, more juſt than cruell,
May ſee him ſlain by her, my Horrors fuell.
But, if you weigh not mine unfained tears
(Indeed un-worthy): yet vouchſafe your ears
To the loud Plaints of my lamenting Son;
Who, with ſtrange murmurs rumbling up & down,
Seems in my bowels as reviv'd to groan,
And to your Highnes, thus to make his moan;
Sir, will you ſuffer, without all revenge,
Mens curſed Malice boldly to infringe
Law, Faith, and Juſtice, Vows, and Oaths, and all;
As buzzing Flies tear Cob-webs on a wall?
Ah! ſhall I then deſcend alone below?
Dye un-reveng'd? foſter my cruell Foe?
And then, caſt-forth in fouleſt Excrement,
Infect the Aire, offend the Element;
The while her Darling, on his Hobby-horſe
About the Hall ſhall ride, and prance, and courſe;
And imitate mens actions (as an Ape)
Build paper-Towrs, make Puppets, ſit in Lap?
No: let him die, let him (as I) be cut,
Let him (as I) be in two Bellies put:
Full-fill the Pact; that ſo our wretched mothers
Their guilt & grief, may eyther's match wth others.
The King, leſs mov'd with pitty than with horror,
Thunders theſe words, raging in threat-full terror;
Vengeance and miſchief on mine own head light,
If curſt *Eliſha* keep his head this night:
And, as hee ſpake, forth in a rage hee flings,
To execute his bloody Threatenings.
Sir, ſaid the Prophet, you have ſeen the ſcathe
Devouring Famine here performed hath;
But, by to-morrow this time (God hath ſaid)
Samaria's Gates ſhall even abound with bread.
Tuſh, ſaid a Minion of the Court, hard by
(Of ſurly ſpeech, proud gait, and lofty eye) (wide,
Though God ſhould open all Heav'ns windows
It cannot be: Yes, Infidell (reply'd
The zealous Propher) Thou thy Selfe (in ſum)
Shalt ſee it then: but ſhalt not taſte a crum.
Thus ſayd *Eliſha*, and th' Almighty Powr
Perform'd his ſayings in the very howr.
Her ſcarlet Robe *Aurora* had not donn'd,
Nor had ſhee yet limn'd the *Euphratean* ſtrond
With trembling ſhine, neyther was *Phœbus* yet
Willing to wake out of a drouzie Fit,
When pallid FEAR, flyes to the *Pagan* Hoaſt,
Wilde-ſtaring Hag, ſhiv'ring, and wav'ring moſt;
Shee, that her voyce and viſage ſhifts ſo oft:
Shee that in Counſails ſtrives to lift aloft
Irreſolution, to be Preſident
(Canker of Honour, curſe of Government):
Shee that even trembles in her ſureſt Arms,
Starts at a leaf, ſwouns at report of harms:
Beleeves all, ſees all; and ſo ſwayeth all,
That, if ſhee ſay, the Firmament doth fall:
There be three Suns: This, or that Mountain ſinks:
Pauls *Church doth reel, or the foundation ſhrinks:*
It is beleev'd, 't is ſeen: and, ſeis'd by Her,
The other Senſes are as apt to err.

Deſcription & effects of feare.

Claſhing of Arms, rattling of iron Cars,
Murmur of Men (a World of Souldiers)
Neighing of Horſe, noiſe of a thouſand Drums
With dreadful ſound fiō the next Vale there coms.
The *Syrian* Camp, conceiving that the Troops
Of *Nabathites*, *Hethites*, and *Ethiops*,
Hyr'd by th' *Iſaacians*, came from everie ſide,
To raiſe their Siege, and to repell their pride;
Fly for their lives, diſordered and diſperſt
(Amid the Mountains) ſo well ordered yerſt.
One, in his Cap-caſe leaves-behinde his Treaſure:
To bridle's horſe another hath not leaſure;
Another, hungry on the graſs hath ſet
His Break-faſt out, but dares not ſtay to eat.
One thinks him far, that yet hath little gone:
Another wins him in plain ground, anon
Hee breaks his neck into a Pit: another
Hearing the Boughs that bruſh againſt each other,
And doubting it to bee the Conquerer,
Hee wretched dies of th' only wound of FEAR.
As, after tedious and continuall rain,
The honey-Flies haſte from their Hives again,
Suck heer and there, and bear into their bowr
The ſweeteſt ſap of everie fragrant flowr:
So from beſieg'd *Samaria* each man hies,
Unto the Tents of fear-fled Enemies:
Wherein, ſuch ſtore of corn and wine they pill,
That in one day their hungry Town they fill:
And in the Gate, the Croud, that iſſueth,
Treads th' unbeleeving Courtier down to death;
So that (at once) even both effects agree
Juſt with *Eliſha*'s Holy Prophecie.
From this Schoole comes the Prophet *Amethite*,
The twice-born Preacher to the *Ninivite*.
Jonas, be gon: hie, hie thee (ſaid th' Almighty)
To *Ninivé*, that great and wanton City:
Cry day and night, cry out unto them all;
Yet forty dayes, and Ninevé *ſhall fall.*
But, 'gainſt th' Eternall, *Jonas* ſhuts his eare,
And ſhips himſelf to ſail another-where:
Wherefore, the Lord (incenſed) ſtretcht his arm,
To wrack the wretch in ſudden fearfull ſtorm.
Now, *Nereus* foams, and now the furious waves
All topſie-turned by th' *Æolian* ſlaves,
Do mount & roule: Heav'n wars againſt the waters,
And angry *Thetis* Earth's green bulwarks batters:
A ſable ayr ſo muffles-up the Sky,
That the ſad Saylers can no light deſcry:
Or, if ſome beam break through their pitchie night,
'Tis but drad flaſhing of the Lightnings light.
Strike, ſtrike our ſaile (the Maſter cryes) amain,
Vaile miſne and ſprit-ſail: but hee cryes in vain;
For, in his face the blaſts ſo bluſter ay,
That his Sea-gibb'riſh is ſtraight born away.
Confuſed cryes of men diſmay'd in minde,
Seas angry noiſe, loud bellowing of the Winde,
Heav'ns Thunder-claps, the tackles whiſteling
(As ſtrange Muſicians) dreadfull deſcant ſing.
The Eaſtern winde drives on the roaring train
Of white-blew billows, and the clouds again
With freſh Seas croſſe the Sea, and ſhee doth ſend
(In counter-change) a rain with ſalty-blend.
Heav'ns (head-long) ſeem in *Thetis* lap to fall,
Seas ſcale the skies, and God to arm this All

The Ship-wrack of *Jonas*.

A lively deſcription of the ſtorm at Sea.

Againſt

Againſt one ſhip, that skips from ſtars to ground,
From wave to wave (like *Balloons* windy bound)
While the ſad Pilot, on a foamy Mount,
Thinks from the Pole to ſee Hels pit profound;
And, then, caſt down unto the ſandy ſhole,
Seems from lowe Hell to ſee the lofty Pole:
And feeling foes within, and eke without,
As many waves, ſo many deaths doth doubt.
The billows, beating round about the ſhip,
Unchauk her keel, and all her ſeams unrip;
Whereby the waters, entring uncontroul'd,
Ebbing abroad, yet flow apace in hold:
For every Tun the plied Pump doth rid,
A floud breaks in; the Maſter maſtered
With dread and danger (threatning every-way)
Doubts where to turn him, what to doe, or ſay,
Which wave to meet, or which ſalt ſurge to flye;
So yeelds his charge, in Sea to live or dye.
Simile. As, many Canons, 'gainſt a Caſtle bent,
Make many holes, and much the rampire rent,
And ſhake the wall, but yet the lateſt ſhock
Of fire-wing'd Bullets batters down the Rock:
So, many mounts, that muſter 'gainſt this Sail,
With roaring rage doe this poor ſhip aſſail;
But yet the laſt (with foaming furie ſwoln,
With boiſtrous blaſts of angry tempeſts boln)
Springs the main-maſt: the maſt with boyſtrous fall
Breaks down the deck, and ſore affrights them all.
Pale Idol-like, one ſtands with arms a-croſs:
One moans himſelf: one mourns his childrens loſs:
One, more than Death, this form of Death affrights:
Another cals on Heav'ns un-viewed Lights:
One, 'fore his eyes his Ladies looks beholds:
Another, thus his deadly fear unfolds:
Curſt thirſt of gold! O how thou cauſeſt care!
My bed of Doun I change for hatches bare:
Rather than reſt, this ſtormy war I choſe:
T' inlarge my fields, both land and life I loſe:
Like peizleſs plume, born-up by *Boreas* breath,
With all theſe wings I ſoar, to ſeek my death,
To Heav'n and Hell, by angry *Neptune* led,
Where leſt I ſcape it, all theſe ſails I ſpread.
Then thus another: ſure no winde (quoth hee)
Could raiſe this Storme; ſome rarer Prodigie
Hath caus'd this *Chaos* (cauſe of all our grief)
Some *Atheiſt* dog, ſome Altar-ſpoyling theef
Lurks in this ſhip: come (Mates) by lot let 's try
(To ſave the reſt) the man that ought to dy.
'T is I, quoth *Jonas*, I indeed am cauſe
Of this black night, and all the fearfull flaws
Of this rough Winter; I muſt ſole appeaſe
(By my juſt death) theſe wrath-ful wrack-ful Seas.
Then up they heave him ſtraight, & from the waſte
Him ſuddenly into the Sea they caſt.
The King of Winds cals home his churliſh train,
And *Amphitrité* ſmooths her front again:
Th' ayrs cloudy Robe returns to Cryſtall clear,
And ſmiling Heav'ns bright Torches re-appear
So ſoon as *Jonas* (to them all appeaſe)
O'r head and ears was ſouſed in the Seas.
Thrice comes hee up, and thrice again goes down
Under the waves (yer hee do wholly drown):
But then hee ſinks; and, wretched, roul'd along
The ſands, and Oaſe, and rocks, and mud among,
Thus, thus hee cries with lips of zealous faith;
Mercy, my God, ſhew mercie, Lord (hee ſaith).
Then God (who ever hears his childrens wiſh)
Provided ſtraight a great and mighty Fiſh,
That ſwilling ſwallow'd *Jonas* in her womb;
A living Corps layd in a living Toomb.
Like as a Roach, or Ruff, or Gudgeon, born Simile.
By ſome ſwift ſtream into a weer (forlorn)
Friſks to and fro, aloft and under dives,
Fed with falſe hope to free their Captive lives:
The Prophet ſo (amazed) walks about
This wondrous Fiſh, to finde an iſſue out,
This mighty Fiſh, of Whale-like hugineſs,
Or bigger-bellied, though in body leſſe.
Where am I, Lord? (alas!) within what vaults?
In what new Hell doſt thou correct my faults?
Strange puniſhment! my body thou bereav'ſt
Of mother-earth, which to the dead thou leav'ſt:
Whither thy wrath drives mee, I doe not know.
I am depriv'd of air, yet breathe and blow:
My ſight is good, yet can I ſee no sky:
Wretch, nor in Sea, nor yet a-ſhore am I:
Reſting, I run; for, moving is my Cave:
And, quick, I couch within a living Grave.
While thus hee plain'd; the third day on the ſand
The friendly Fiſh did caſt him ſafe a-land.
And then, as if his weary limbs had been
So long refreſht, and reſted at an Inne,
Hee ſeems to flee; and comn to *Ninivè*,
Your ſins have reached up to Heav'n (quoth hee):
Wo and alas, woe, woe unto you all:
Yet forty dayes, and Ninivè *ſhall fall.*
Thus *Jonas* preacht: but, ſoon the Citizens,
Sincerely toucht with ſenſe of their foul ſins,
Diſpatch (in haſte) to Heav'n, *Repentance* ſad,
Sweet-charming *Prayer*, *Faſting* hairy-clad.
Repentance makes two Torrents of her eies,
Her humble brow dares ſcant behold the skies:
Her ſobbing breaſt is beaten blew and black:
Her tender fleſh is rent with rugged ſack:
Her head (all hoar'd with hearty ſorrows paſt)
With duſt and aſhes is all over-caſt.
Prayer 's head, and ſides, and feet are ſet about
With gawdy wings (like *Joves Arcadian* Scout):
Her body flaming, from her lips there fumes
Nard, *Incenſe*, *Mummy*, and all rich Perfumes.
Faſting (though faint) her face with joy ſhe cheers,
Strong in her weaknes, yong in aged years;
Quick health 's preſerver, curbing *Cupid* 's fits,
Watchfull, purge-humors, and refining wits.
Then *Faith* (Grand-Uſher of th' Emperial Court)
Uſhers theſe Legats by a golden Port
Into the *Preſence*, and them face to face (place;
Before th' All-Monarch 's glorious Throne doth
Where (zealous) proſtrate on her humble knee,
Thus *Prayer* ſpeaks in Name of all the Three:
God, ſlow to wrath! O Father, prone to grace!
Lord, ſheathe again thy vengeance-ſword a ſpace.
If at thy beam of Juſtice thou wilt weigh
The works of men that wander every day:
If thou their mettall by that touch-ſtone try
Which fearfull-ſounding from thy mouth doth fly:
If thou ſhalt ſumm their ſins (which paſs the ſand)
Before thee, Lord, who ſhall endure to ſtand?

Not

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Not *Ninivé* alone shall perish then;
But all this All be burnt to ashes clean:
And even this day shall thy just wrath prevent
The dreadfull Day of thy last Dooms event.
This world to *Chaos* shall again return;
And on thine Altars none shall incense burn.
O therefore spare (Lord) spare the *Ninivites,*
Forgive their sins; and, in their humbled sprites,
From this time forth thy sacred Laws ingrave:
Destroy them not, but daign them Lord to save:
Look not (alas!) what they have been before;
But us regard, or thine own mercy more.
Then, God reacht out his hand, unfolds his frowns,
Disarms his arm of Thunder bruising-Crowns,
Bows graciously his glorious flaming Crest,
And mildely grants, in th' instant, their request.

FINIS.

THE

The Decay.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE FOURTH DAY OF THE II. WEEK.

OF BARTAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Ambitious bitter fruit, fell Achab's *Stock,*
With his proud Queen (a painted Beauty-mock)
Extirpt by JEHU: JEHU's *ligne likewise*
Shallum *Supplants. King-killing Treacheries*
Succeed a-row, with Wrack of ISRAEL.
Time-suiting Batts: Athalia *Tigress fell.*
JOASH *well-nurtur'd, natur'd-ill, doth run*
After his kinde: hee kils his Tutors Son.
ZENACHERIB: *life-lengthned* EZECHIAH:
NABUCHADNEZAR: *Captive* ZEDECHIAH.

Ambition pourtrayed to the life.

HUff-puft AMBITION, Tinder-box of WAR,
Down-fall of Angels, *Adam*'s murderer,
Parent of Treasons, Reason's Contradiction,
Earth's Enemie, and the Heav'ns Malediction,
O! how much Blood hath thy respect-less Age
Shed in the World! showred on everie Age!
O Scepter's, Throne's, and Crown's insatiat Thirst,
How many Treasons hast thou hatched yerst!
For, O! what is it that hee dares not doe,
Who th' Helm of Empire doth aspire unto?
Hee (to beguile the simple) makes no bone
To swear by God (for, hee beleeves there 's none);
His Sword's his Title; and who scapes the same,
Shall have a Pistoll, or a poysony Dram:
Hee, fear'd of all, fears all: hee breaks at once
The chains of Nature and of Nations:
Sick of the Father, his kinde heart is woe
The good old man travels to Heav'n so slowe:
His own dear Babes (yet Cradled, yet in Clouts)
Haste but too fast; are at his heels hee doubts:
Hee passeth to his promis'd Happiness
Upon a Bridge of his Friends Carcases;
And mounts (in fine) the golden Throne by stairs
Built of the Sculs of his own Countries heirs.
Yet thou permitt'st it, Lord; nay, with thy wings
Cover'st such Tyrants (even the shame of Kings).
But, not for nothing dost thou them forbear;
Their cruell scalps a cruell end shall tear:
And, when the Measure of their Sin is full,
Thy hands are iron, though thy feet be wooll.
The Throne of Tyrants totters to and fro:
The blood-gain'd scepter lasts not long (we know):

Nail

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Nail driveth Nail: by Tragick deaths device,
Ambitious hearts do play at * *Level fice*;
Prov'd but too plain in both the houses Royall
Of Jacobs issue, but too-too disloyall:
As, if thou further with thy grace divine
My Verse and Vows, shall heer appear in time.
GOD NOW no longer could support th' excess
Of *Achab*'s House, whose cursed wickedness
Was now top-full: and, Dogs already stood
Fawning and yawning for their promis'd blood.
Heav'ns haste their work. Now, in tumultuous wise
'Gainst *Achab*'s Son doe his own Souldiers rise;
Jehu's their Captain: who foresees, afar,
How-much, dispatch advantageth in War;
And, politick, doubles his Armies speed
To get before; yea, before *Fame*, indeed.
Joram, surpriz'd in feeble Bulwarks then
(Unfurnished of Victuals and of Men)
And, chiefly, wanting royall fortitude,
Un-kingly yeelds unto the Multitude.
Bold *Nimshi*'s Son, Sir *Jehu*, what 's this Thing?
What mean these Troops? what would you of the King?
Where shal the bolt of this black thunder fal?
Say, bringst thou Peace? or bringst thou war withal?
Said *Joram*, loud: but, *Jehu* louder saith,
No (wretch) no Peace, but bloody wars and death.
Then fled the King: and (as a Ship at Sea,
Hearing the Heav'ns to threaten every way,
And Winter-Storms with absent Stars compack,
With th' angry Waters to conspire her wrack,
Strives not to ride it out, or shift abroad,
But plies her Oars, and flies into the Road)
Hee jerks his Jades, and makes them scour amain
Through thick and thin, both over Hill and Plain.
Which, *Jehu* spying, and well eying too,
As quick resolveth what he hath to doe;
Cries, Boy, my Bowe: then nocks an Arrow right,
His left hand meets the head, his breast the right.
As bends his Bowe, hee bends; lets goe the string:
Through the thin air, the winged shaft doth sing
King *Joram*'s *Dirge*; and, to speed the more,
Pearces behinde him, and peeps-out before.
The Prince now hurt (that had before no heart)
Fals present dead, and with his Courtly-Cart
Bruiz'd in the Fall (as had the *Thisbite* said)
The Field of *Naboth* with his blood beraid:
And *Salem*'s King had also there his due,
For joyning hands with so profane a Crew.
Then, the proud Victor leads his loyall Troops
Towards the Court (that all in silence droops);
And more for Self-love, than for God 's pure zeale,
Means to dispatch, th' Earths burden, *Jezabel*.
The Queen had inkling: instantly shee sped
To curl the Cockles of her new-bought head:
The Saphyr, Onyx, Garnet, Diamond,
In various formes cut by a curious hand,
Hang nimbly dancing in her hair, as spangles:
Or as the fresh red-yellow Apple dangles
(In Autumn) on the Tree, when too and fro
The Boughs are waved with the winds that blow.
The upper garment of the stately Queen,
Is rich gold Tissue, on a ground of green;
Where th' art-full shuttle rarely did encheck
The * cangeant colour of a Mallards neck:
'T is figur'd o'r with sundry Flowrs and Fruits,
Birds, Beasts, & Insects, creeping Worms, & Neuts,
Of Gold-Smiths Work: a fringe of Gold about,
With Pearls and Rubies richly-rare set-out,
Borders her Robe: and everie part descries
Cunning and Cost, contending for the prize.
Her neat, fit, Startups of green Velvet like,
Flourisht with silver; and beneath the knee,
Moon-like, indented; butt'ned down the side
With *Orient* Pearls as big as Filberd's pride.
But, besides all her sumptuous equipage
(Much fitter for her State than for her age)
Close in her Closet, with her best complexions,
Shee mends her Faces wrinkle-full defections,
Her Cheek shee cherries, and her Eye shee cheers,
And fains her (fond) a Wench of fifteen yeers;
Whether she thought to snare the Dirkes affection;
Or dazle, with her pompous Prides reflection,
His daring eyes (as Fowlers with a Glass,
Make mounting Larks come down to death apace):
Or, were it, that in death shee would be seen
(As 't were) interr'd in *Tyrian* Pomp, a Queen.
Chaste Ladie-Maids, heer must I speak to you,
That with vile *Painting* spoyl your native hue
(Not to inflame yonglings with wanton thirst,
But to keep fashion with these times accurst)
When one new taen in your seem-beauties snare,
That day and night to *Hymen* makes his prayer,
At length espies (as who is it but spies?)
Your painted brests, your painted cheeks and eyes,
His Cake is dough; God dild you, hee will none;
Hee leaves his sute, and thus hee saith anon:
What shall I doe with such a wanton Wife,
Which night and day would cruciate my life
With jealous pangs? sith every-way shee sets
Her borrow'd snares (not her own hairs) for Nets
To catch her Cuckoos; with loose, light Attires,
Opens the doore unto all lewd Desires;
And, with vile Drugs adultering her Face,
Closely allures th' Adulterers imbrace.
But, judge the best: suppose (saith hee), I finde
My Lady chaste in body and in minde
(As sure I think): yet, will shee mee respect,
That dares disgrace th' eternall Architect?
That (in her pride) presumes his Work to tax
Of imperfection; to amend his tracts,
To help the Colours which his hand hath laid,
With her frail fingers with foul dirt beraid?
Shall I take her that will spend all I have,
And all her time, in pranking proudly-brave?
How did I doat! the Gold upon her head,
The Lillies of her brests, the Rosie-red
In eyther cheek, and all her other Riches,
Wherewith she bleareth sight, & sense bewitches,
Is none of hers: it is but borrow'd stuff,
Or stoln, or bought, plain Counterfeit in proof:
My glorious Idol I did so adore,
Is but a Visard, newly varnisht o'r
With spauling Rheums, hot Fumes, and Ceruses:
Fo, phy; such poysons one would loath to kisse:
I wed (at least, I ween to wed) a Lasse
Yong, fresh and fair: but, in a year (alas!)
Or two, at most; my lovely lively Bride
Is turn'd a Hag, a Fury by my side;

With

* A kinde of Christmas play: wherein each huntech other from his seat. The name seemes derived from the French *Iecter Jus*, in English, Arise up.

Jehu.

Simile.

Simile.

Jezebel.

Her pride.

* Changeable.

Her painting.

A just Invective against those two (predominant) Court Qualities.

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With hollow, yellow teeth (or none perhaps)
With ſtinking breath, ſwart cheeks, & hāging chaps;
With wrinkled neck; and ſtooping as ſhee goes,
With driveling mouth, and with a tniveling noſe.
The Queen thus pranked, proudly gets her up
(But ſadly though) to her guilt Palace top;
And, ſpying *Jehu*, from the window cride:
Art thou there, *Zimri*, curſed Paricide?
Fell maſter-killer, canſt thou chuſe but fear
For like offence, like puniſhment ſevere?
Bitch, cries the *Duke*, art thou there barking ſtill?
Thou Strumpet, Thou art Cauſe of all this Ill:
Thou brought'ſt *Samaria* to Thine Idol-Sin:
Painting and pois'ning firſt thou broughteſt in
To Court and Country, with a thouſand mo
Looſe *Syrian* vices, which I ſhame to ſhowe.
Thou brought'ſt-in Wrong, with Rapine & Oppreſ-
By Perjury ſupplanting Mens poſſeſſion (ſion,
And life withall: yea, Thou haſt been the Baen
Of Peers and Seers (at thy proud pleaſure ſlain):
Thou life of ſtrife, thou Horſe-leach ſent from hell,
Thou Drouth, thou Dearth, thou Plague of *Iſrael*,
Now ſhalt thou dy: Grooms (is there none for me?)
Quick, caſt her down, down with her inſtantly.
The perfection of Court-ſhip. O tickle Faith! O fickle truſt of Court!
Theſe Palace-mice, this buſie-idle ſort
Of fawning Minions, full of ſooths and ſmiles,
Theſe Carpet-Knights had vow'd and ſworn yer-
Promis'd, proteſted unto *Jeſabel*, (whiles,
Rav'd, brav'd and bann'd (like *Rodomont* in Hell)
That in her cauſe they every Man would dy,
And all the World, and Hell and Heav'n defie;
Now, Icy Fear (ſhiv'ring in all their bones)
Makes them with Fortune turn their backs at once.
They take their queen betwixt their traitrous hands,
And hurl her headlong, as the *Duke* commands;
Whoſe Courſer, ſnorting, ſtamps (in ſtately ſcorn)
Upon the Corps that whilom Kings had born:
And, to fulfill from point to point the Word
Elijah ſpake (as Legat of the Lord)
The Dogs about doe greedy feed upon
The rich-perfumed, royall Carrion:
And Folk by thouſands iſſuing at the Gate,
To ſee the ſight, cry thus (as glad thereat)
Ses, ſes, heer Dogs, heer Bitches, doe not ſpare
This Bitch that gnaw'd her ſubjects bones ſo bare;
This cruell Cur, that made you oft becom
Saints Torturers, and many a Prophets Tomb:
This Whore of *Ba'l*, tear her ſo ſmall, that well
No man may ſay, Heer lieth *Jezabel*.
Jehu's drad Vengeance doth yet farther flowe;
Curſt *Achab*'s iſſue hee doth wholly mowe:
Hee ſlaies (moreover) two and forty men
Of *Ahaziah*'s hap-leſs Bretheren:
Ba'l's Idoll-Clergy hee doth bring to nought,
And his proud Temple turns into a Draught:
Good proofs of zeal. But yet a Diadem,
Deſire of Reign, keeps from *Jeruſalem*
His ſervice due; content (at home) by halves
To worſhip God under the form of Calves.
His Son and Nephews track too-neer his trace;
And therefore *Shallum* doth un-horſe his race:
The murd'rer *Shallum* (after one Months Reign)
By *Manahem* as murdrouſly is ſlain:
The traitor *Manahem*'s wicked-walking Son
By trait'rous *Pekah* unto death is don:
And ſo on *Pekah*, for *Pekaiah*'s death,
Hoſheah's treaſon, treaſon quittanceth;
A proud, ingrate, perfidious, troublous King,
That to Confuſion did *Samaria* bring. (ported
Their Towns tranſ-villag'd, the *Ten Tribes*, tranſ-
To a far Clime (whence never they reverted)
Sojourn in forreign ſoil, where *Chobar*'s ſtreams
Serve them for *Jordan*; *Baſan*, *Chiſon* ſeems:
While *Aſſur*'s ſcorn, and ſcum of *Euphrates*
Dance up and down th' *Iſraelian* Palaces,
Drink their beſt *Nectars*, anchor in their Ports,
And lodge profanely in their ſtrongeſt Forts.
But, changing air, theſe change not mind (in *Jury*).
For, though fierce Lions homicidiall fury
Make them retire under th' Almighties wing,
Their Country-gods with the true God they ming:
They mix his Service, plow with Aſſe and Oxe;
Diſguiſe his Church in ſuits of Flax and Flocks,
Caſt (in one wedge) Iron and Gold together:
Jew-Gentiles, both at once: but, both is neither.
Tale of the Bat. There is a Tale, that once the Hoaſt of Birds,
And all the Legions of Grove-haunting Heards,
Before the Earth ambitiouſly did ſtrive,
And counter-plead for the Prerogative:
Now, while the Judge was giving audience,
And either ſide in their ſeem-Rights defence
Was hot and earneſt at the noiſe-full Bar,
The neuter *Bat* ſtood fluttering ſtill afar:
But ſhee no ſooner hears the Sentence paſt
On the Beaſts ſide; but, ſhuffling her in haſte
Into their Troop, ſhee them accompanieth,
Shows her large forehead, her long ears, and teeth.
The Cauſe was (after) by Appeal remov'd
To *Nature*'s Court; who by her Doom approv'd
The others Plea: then flies the ſhame-leſs Bat
Among the Birds, and with her Chit-chit-chat
Shee ſeems to ſing: and, proud of wings, ſhee plaies
With nimble turns, & flies a thouſand waies. (cride,
Hence, beak-leſs-Bird; hence winged-Beaſt, they
Hēce, plume-leſs wings (thus, ſcorn her either ſide)
Hence, Harlot, hence; this ever be thy Dole;
Be ſtill Day's Priſoner in thy ſhame-full hole:
May never Sun (vile Monſter) ſhine on thee:
But th' hate of all, for ever, maiſt thou be.
Application Such is this People: for, in plenteous ſhow'rs
When God his bleſſings upon *Iſaak* pow'rs,
Thenare they *Iſaak*'s Sons: but, if with thunder
Hee, wrath-full, tear the *Hebrew* Tree in ſunder,
Theſe Traitors rake the boughs, and take the fruit;
And (*Pagans* then) the *Jews* they perſecute.
And ſuch are thoſe, whoſe wily, waxen minde
Takes every Seal, and ſails with every Winde;
Not out of Conſcience, but of Carnall Motion,
Of Fear, or Favour, Profit, or Promotion:
Thoſe that, to eaſe their Purſe, or pleaſe their Prince,
Pern *their Profeſſion, their Religion mince;*
Prince-Proteſtants, *Prince*-Catholiks; Preciſe,
With Such *a Prince; with other, otherwiſe:*
Yea, oldeſt Gangræns *of blinde-burning Zeal*
(*As the* Kings Evill) *a new* KING *can heal.*
And thoſe Scœne-ſervers *that ſo lowd have cride*
'Gainſt Prelats *ſweeping in their ſilken* Pride,

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Their wilfull Dumbneſs, *forcing others dumb*
(To Sion's *grievous Loſs, and gain of* Rome)
Their Courting, Sporting, *and* Non-reſidence,
Their Avarice, *their* Sloth *and* Negligence:
Till ſome fat Morſels in their mouths doe fall;
And then, as choakt, *and ſudden* chang'd *with-all,*
Themſelves exceed in all of theſe, much more
Than the Right-Reverend *whom they taxt before.*
And thoſe Chamæleons *that conſort their* Crew;
In Turky, *Turks: among the* Jews, *a Jew:*
In Spain, *as Spain: as* Luther, *on the* Rhine:
With Calvin *heer: and there with* Bellarmine:
Looſe, with the Lewd: *among the gracious, grave:*
With Saints, a Saint: and among Knaves, a Knave.
But all ſuch Neuters, *neither hot nor cold,*
Such double Halters *between* GOD *and* GOLD,
Such Luke-warm *Lovers will the* Bride-groom *ſpue*
Out of his mouth: his mouth hath ſpoke it true.
O ISRAEL, I pity much thy caſe:
This Sea of Miſchiefs, which in every place
So over-flowes thee, and ſo domineers;
It drowns my ſoule in griefs, mine eyes in tears:
My heart 's through-thrilled with your miſeries
Already paſt; your Fathers Tragedies.
But (O!) I dy; when in the ſacred ſtem
Of royall JUDA, in *Jeruſalem*,
I ſee fell Diſcord, from her loathſom Cage,
To blow her poiſon with ambitious rage;
Sion to ſwim in bloud; and *Achab*'s Daughter
Make *David*'s Houſe the Shambles of her ſlaughter.
Athaliah. Curſed *Athâliah* (ſhee was called ſo)
Knowing her Son, by *Nimſhi*'s Son, his ſo
(For *Joram*'s ſake) to be diſpatcht; diſloyall,
On th' holy Mount uſurps the Scepter Royall:
And, fearing leſt the Princes of the Blood
Would one-day rank her where of right ſhe ſhould,
She cuts their throats, hangs, drowns, deſtroies them
Not ſparing any, either great or ſmall; (all,
No, not the infant in the Cradle, lying
Help-leſs (alas!) and lamentably crying
(As if bewailing of his wrongs unknown);
No (O extreme!) ſhee ſpareth not her own.
Simile. Like as a Lion, that hath tatter'd heer
A goodly Heifer, there a luſty Steer,
There a ſtrong Bull (too-weak for him by half)
There a fair Cow, and there a tender Calf;
Strouts in his Rage, and wallows in his Prey,
And proudly doth his Victory ſurvay;
The graſs all goary, and the Heard-groom up
Shiv'ring for fear upon a-Pine-Trees top:
So ſwelleth ſhee, ſo growes her proud Deſpight;
Nor Aw, nor Law, nor Faith ſhee reaks, nor Right.
Her Cities are ſo many Groves of Thieves:
Her Court a Stew, where not a chaſte-one lives:
Her greateſt Lords (giv'n all, to all exceſs)
In ſtead of Prophets, in their Palaces
Have Lectures read of Luſt and Surfeting,
Of Murder, Magick, and Impoiſoning.
While thus ſhe builds her tott'ring Throne upon
Her childrens bones, *Jehoſheba* ſaves one,
One Royall Imp, yong *Ioaſh*, from the pile
Simile. (As when a Fire hath fiercely rag'd awhile
In ſom fair Houſe, the avaricious Dame
Saves ſom choice Caſquet from the furious flame)
Hides him, provides him: and, when as the Sun
Six times about his larger Ring hath run,
Jehoiada, her husband, brings him forth
To the chief Captains and the Men of worth;
Saying: Behold, O Chiefs of *Juda*, ſee,
See heer your Prince, great *Davids* Progeny,
Your rightfull King: if mee you credit light,
Beleeve this Face, his Fathers Picture right;
Beleeve theſe Prieſts, which ſaw him from the firſt,
Brought to my houſe, there bred, and fed, and nurs't.
In ſo juſt Quarrell, holy Men-at-arms,
Imploy (I pray) your anger and your Arms:
Plant, in the Royall Plot, this Royall Bud:
Venge *Obed*'s blood on ſtrangers guilty blood:
Shake-off, with ſhouts, with fire & ſword together,
This Womans yoak, this Furie's bondage rather.
Then ſhout the People with a common cry,
Long live King Joaſh; *long, and happily:* *Ioaſh.*
God ſave the King: God ſave the noble ſeed
Of our true King; and ay may They ſucceed.
This news now bruited in the wanton Court,
Quickly the Queen coms in a braving ſort
Towards the Troop; and ſpying there anon
The ſweet yong *Prince* ſet on a Royall Throne,
With Peers attending him on either hand,
And ſtrongly guarded by a gallant Band;
Ah! Treaſon, Treaſon, then ſhee cries aloud:
Falſe *Joyada*, diſloyall Prieſt, and proud,
Thou ſhalt abide it: O thou Houſe profane!
I 'll lay thee levell with the ground again:
And thou, yong Princox, Puppet as thou art,
Shalt play no longer thy proud Kinglings Part
On ſuch a Kixey ſtage: but, quickly ſtript,
With wiery Rods thou ſhalt to death be whipt;
And ſo, goe ſee thy Brethren, which in Hell
Will welcom thee, that badſt not them Farewell.
But, ſuddenly the Guard layes hold on her,
And drags her forth, as 't were a furious Cur,
Out of the ſacred Temple; and, with ſcorn,
Her wretched corps is mangled, tugg'd and torn.
Th' High-Prieſt, inſpired with a holy zeal,
In a new League authentikly doth ſeal
Th' obedient People to their bounteous Prince;
And both, to God; by joint obedience.
Now, as a Bear-whelp, taken from the Dam, *Simile.*
Is in a while made gentle, meek and tame
By witty uſage; but if once it hap
Hee get ſom Grove, or thorny Mountains top,
Then plaies hee *Rex*; tears, kils, and all conſumes,
And ſoon again his ſavage kind aſſumes:
So *Joaſh*, while good *Joiada* ſurvives,
For Piety with holy *David* ſtrives;
But, hee once dead, walking his Fathers waies,
(Ingrately-falſe) his Tutors * ſon hee ſlaies. *Zacharias.
Him therefore ſhortly his own ſervants ſlay:
His Son, ſoon after, doth them like repay:
His People, him again: then, *Amaziah*
Uzziah follows, *Joatham Uzziah.*
As one ſame ground indifferently doth breed *Simile.*
Both food-fit Wheat and dizzie Darnell ſeed;
Baen-baening * Mug-wort, and cold Hemlock too; *Artemiſia
The fragrant Roſe, and the ſtrong-ſenting Rue:
So, from the Nobleſt Houſes oft there ſprings
Som monſtrous Princes, and ſom vertuous Kings;

Iehoiada preſerveth Ioaſh.

And

And all-fore-seeing God in the same Line
Doth oft the god-less with the godly twine,
The more to grace his Saints, and to disgrace
Tyrants the more, by their own proper Race.
Ahaz, betwixt his Son and *Joathan*
(Hee bad, they good) seems a swart *Mauritan*
Betwixt two *Adons*: *Ezechiah* plac't
Between his Father and his Son, is grac't
(Hee good, they bad) as 'twixt two Thorns, a Rose;
Ezechiah. Whereby his Vertue the more vertuous showes.
For, in this Prince, great DAVID, the divine,
Devout, just, valiant, seems again to shine.
Simile. And, as wee see from out the sev'rall Seat
Of th' ASIAN Princes, self-surnamed *Great*
(As the *great Cham*, *great Turk*, *great Russian*,
And if less *Great*, more glorious *Persian*)
Araxis, *Chesel*, *Volga*, and many moe
Renowned Rivers, Brooks, and Floods, doe flowe,
Falling at once into the *Caspian* Lake, (make:
With all their streams his streams so proud to
So, all the Vertues of the most and best
The true pattern of an excellent Prince. Of Patriarchs, meet in this Princes brest:
Pure in Religion, Wise in Counselling,
Stout in Exploiting, Just in Governing;
Un-pust in Sun-shine, un-appall'd in Storms
(Not, as not feeling, but not fearing Harms)
And therefore bravely hee repels the rage
Of proudest Tyrants (living in his Age)
And (ay un-daunted) in his Gods behalf
Hazards at once his Scepter and himself. reigne
For, though (for Neighbours) round about him
Idolaters (that would him gladly gain)
Though Godlings, heer of wood, & there of stone,
A Brazen heer, and there a Golden one,
With Lamps and Tapers, even as bright as Day,
On every side would draw his mind astray:
Though *Assur*'s Prince had with his Legions fell
Forrag'd *Samaria*, and in *Israel*
Quencht the small Faith that was; and utterly
Dragg'd the Ten Tribes into Captivity,
So far, that ev'n the tallest Cedar-Tree
In *Libanon* they never since could see:
His constancy in the service of God, and zealous reformation of all abuses in the same. Yet, EZECHIAH serves not Time; nor Fears
The Tyrants fury: neither roars with Bears,
Nor howls with Wolves, nor ever turns away:
But, godly-wise, well-knowing, that Delay
Gives leave to Ill; and Danger still doth wait
On lingering, in Matters of such waight;
Hee first of all sets-up th' Almightie's Throne:
And under that, then hee erects his own.
Th' establishing of Gods pure *Law* againe,
Is as the Preface of his happy Reigne. (passes,
The *Temple* purg'd, th' High-places down hee
Fels th' hallow'd groves, burns th' Idol-gods to ashes,
Which his own Father serv'd; and, *Zeal*-full, brake
The *Brazen Serpent*, *Moses* yerst did make.
For, though it were a very Type of CHRIST,
Though first it were by th' *Holy-Ghost* devis'd,
And not by Man (whose bold blinde fancie's pride
Deforms God's Service, strayes on either side,
Flatters it self in his Inventions vain,
Presumes to school the *Sacred Spirit* again,
Controuls the Word, and (in a word) is hot
In his own fashion to serve God, or not)
Though the Prescript of *Ancient use* defend it,
Though *Multitude*, though *Miracles* commend it
(True Miracles, approved in conclusion,
Without all guile of Mens or Fiends illusion)
The King yet spares not to destroy the same,
When to occasion of Offence it came;
But, for th' Abuse of a fond Peoples will,
Takes that away which was not selfly ill:
Much less permits hee (thorough all his Land)
One rag, one relique, or one sign to stand
Of *Idolism*, or idle superstition
Blindly brought-in, without the *Word's Commission.*
This zealous Hate of all Abhomination,
This royall Work of thorough-*Reformation*,
This worthy Action wants not recompense:
God, who his grace by measure doth dispense,
Who honours them that truly honour him,
To EZECHIAH not so much doth seem
His sure Defence, as his Confederate:
His Quarrel's His, Hee hates who him doe hate,
His fame Hee bears about (both far and nigh)
On the wide wings of Immortality:
To *Gath* Hee guideth his victorious Troup,
Hee makes proud *Gaza* to his Standards stoup,
Strong *Ascalon* Hee razeth to the ground:
And punishing a People wholly drown'd
In Idolism, and all rebellious Sins,
Adds to his Land the Land of *Philistins.*
Yea, furthermore, 'tis Hee that him with-draws
From out the bloudy and ambitious paws
Of a fell Tyrant, whose proud bounds extend (end;
Past bounds for breadth, and for their length past
Whose swarms of Arms, insulting every-where,
Made all to quake (ev'n at his name) for feare.
Already were the *Cœlo-Syrian* Tow'rs
All sackt, and seized by th' *Assyrian* Pow'rs:
And, of all Cities where th' *Isaacians* reign'd,
Only the great *Jerusalem* remain'd;
When *Rabsakeh*, with railing insolence,
Railing of Rabsakeh, in the name of his Master Zenecherib breathing and blaspheming against God and good king Ezechias Thus braves the *Hebrews* and upbraids their Prince
(Weening, them all with vaunt-full threats to snib)
Thus saith th' almighty, great *Zenacherib*:
O *Salem*'s Kingling, wherefore art thou shut
In these weak walls? is thine affiance put
In th' ayd of *Egypt*? O deceitfull prop!
O feeble stay! O hollow-grounded hope!
Egypt's a staffe of Reed; which, broken soon,
Runs through the hand of him that leans there-on,
Perhaps thou trustest in the Lord thy God:
What! whom so bold thou hast abus'd so broad,
Whom to his face thou daily hast defi'd,
Depriv'd of Altars, robb'd on every side
Of his High-places, hallow'd-Groves, and all
(Where yerst thy Fathers wont on him to call)
Whom (to conclude) thou hast exiled quite
From every place, and with profane despight
(As if condemned to perpetuall dark)
Keep'st him close-Prisoner in a certain Ark?
Will Hee (can Hee) take *Sion*'s part and Thine;
And with his Foes will Hee unjustly joyn?
No (wretched) know, I have His Warrant too
(Expres Commission) what I have to doe:
I am the Scourge of God: 'tis vain to stand
Against the pow'r of my victorious hand:

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I execute the counſails of the Lord:
I proſecute his Vengeance on th' abhorr'd
Profaners of his Temples: and, if Hee
Have any Pow'r, 'tis all conferr'd to mee.
Yield therefore, *Ezechia*, yield; and waigh
Who I am; who thou art: and by delay
Blowe not the Fire which ſhall conſume thee quite,
And utterly confound the *Iſraelite*.
Alas! poor People, I lament your hap:
This lewd Impoſtor doth but puff you up
With addle hope, and idle confidence
(In a deluſion) of your God's Defence.
Which of the Gods, againſt my pow'r could ſtand,
Or ſave their cities from my mightier hand? (com?
Where's *Hamath*'s God? Where's *Arpad*'s God be-
Where *Sephervaim*'s God? and where (in ſumm
Where are the Gods of *Heva*, and *Iva* too?
Have I not Conquer'd all? So will I doo
You and your God; and I will lead you all
Into *Aſſyria*, in perpetuall Thrall:
I'll have your *Manna*, and your *Aron*'s *Rod*,
I'll have the *Ark* of your Almighty God,
All richly furniſht, and new furbiſht o'r,
To hang among a hundred Tropheis more:
And your great God ſhall in the Roule be read
Among the Gods that I have Conquered:
I'll have it ſo, it muſt, it ſhall be thus,
And worſe than ſo, except you yeeld to us.
Scarce had hee done, when *Ezechias*, gor'd
With blaſphemies ſo ſpew'd againſt the Lord,
Hies to the Temple, tears his purple weed,
And falls to Prayer, as ſure hold at need.
Prayer, the Refuge of the godly.
O King of All, but Ours, eſpecially;
Ah! ſleep'ſt thou Lord? What boots it, that thine ey
Pearceth to Hell, and even from Heav'n beholds
The dumbeſt Thoughts in our hearts in-moſt folds,
If thou perceiv'ſt not this proud Chalenger,
Nor hear'ſt the barking of this foul-mouth'd Cur?
Not againſt us ſo much his threats are meant,
As againſt Thee: his Blaſphemies are bent
Againſt Thy Greatnes; whom hee (proudly-rude)
Yoaks with the Godlings which hee hath ſubdu'd.
'Tis true indeed hee is a mighty Prince,
Whoſe numbrous Arms, with furious inſolence,
Have over-born as many as with-ſtood,
Made many a Province even to ſwim in bloud,
Burnt many a Temple; and (inſatiate ſtill)
Of neighbour Gods have wholly had their will.
But, O! What Gods are thoſe? Gods void of Beeing
(Save, by their hands that ſerve them) Gods un-ſee-
New, up-ſtart Gods, of yeſter-daies device; (ing,
To Men indebted, for their Deities:
Gods made with hands, gods without life, or breath;
Gods, which the Ruſt, Fire, Hammer conquereth.
But, thou art Lord, th' invincible alone,
Th' All-ſeeing GOD, the Everlaſting ONE:
And, whoſo dares him 'gainſt thy Pow'r oppoſe,
Seems as a Puff which roaring *Boreas* blowes,
Weening to tear the *Alps* off at the Foot,
Or Clowds-prop *Athos* from his maſſie Root:
Who but miſ-ſpeaks of thee, hee ſpets at Heav'n,
And his owne ſpettle in his face is driven.
Lord, ſhew thee ſuch: take on thee the Defence
Of thine owne glory, and our innocence:
Cleer thine own name of blame: let him not thus
Triumph of Thee, in triumphing of us:
But, let there (Lord) unto thy Church appear
Juſt Cauſe of Joy, and to thy Foes of fear.
God hears his Cry, & (from th' Emperial Round)
Hee wrathfull ſends a winged Champion down;
Who, richly arm'd in more than humane Arms,
Mowes in one night of Heathen men at Arms
Thrice-three-ſcore thouſand, & five thouſand more,
Feld round about; beſide, behinde, before.
Miraculous ſlaughter of the Aſſyrians.
Heer, his two eyes, which Sun-like brightly turn,
Two armed Squadrons in a moment burn:
Not much unlike unto a fire in ſtubble,
Which, ſodain ſpreading, ſtil the flame doth double,
And with quick ſuccour of ſome Southern blaſts
Crick-crackling quickly all the Countrie waſtes.
Simile.
Heer the ſtiff ſtorm, that from his mouth he blows,
Thouſands of Souldiers each on other throwes:
Even as a Winde, a Rock, a ſodain Flood
Bears down the Trees in a ſide-hanging Wood;
Th' Yew over-turns the Pine, the Pine the Elm,
The Elm the Oak, th' Oak doth the Aſh o'r-whelm;
And from the top, down to the vale below,
The Mount 's diſ-mantled and even ſhamed, ſo.
Simile.
Heer, with a Sword (ſuch as that ſacred blade
For the bright Guard of *Eden*'s entry made)
Hee hacks, he heaws; and ſometimes with one blow
A Regiment hee all at once doth mowe:
And, as a Cannon's thundry roaring Ball,
Batt'ring one Turret ſhakes the next withall,
And oft in Armies (as by proof they finde)
Kills oldeſt Souldiers with his very winde:
The whiffing flaſhes of this Sword ſo quick,
Strikes dead a many, which it did not ſtrike.
Simile.
Heer, with his hands hee ſtrangles all at-once
Legions of Foes. O Arm that Kings diſ-thrones!
O Army-ſhaving Sword! Rock-razing Hands!
World-toſſing Tempeſt! All-conſuming Brands!
O, let ſom other (with more ſacred fire,
Than I, inflam'd) into my Muſe inſpire
The wondrous manner of this Overthrow,
The which (alas!) God knowes, I little know:
I but admire it in confuſed ſort;
Conceive I cannot; and, much leſs, report.
Come-on, *Zenacherib*: where's now thine Hoaſt?
Where are thy Champions? Thou didſt lately boaſt,
Th' hadſt in thy Camp as many Souldiers,
As Sea hath Fiſhes, or the Heav'ns have Stars:
Now, th' art alone: and yet, not all alone:
Fear and Deſpair, and Fury wait upon
Thy ſhame-full Flight: but, bloody Butcher, ſtay:
Stay, noyſom Plague, fly not ſo faſt away,
Fear not Heav'ns Fauchin: that foul breſt of thine
ſhall not be honor'd with ſuch wounds divine:
Nor ſhalt thou yet in timely bed deceaſe;
No: Tyrants uſe not to Depart in Peace:
As bloud they thirſted, they are drown'd in blood;
Their cruell Life a cruell Death makes good.
Senacherib ſlaine by his own ſons.
For (O juſt Judgement!) lo, thy Sons (yer-long)
At *Niſroch*'s Shrine revenge the *Hebrews* wrong:
Yea, thine own Sons (foul eggs of fouler Bird)
Kill their own Father, ſheath their either ſword
In thine own throat; and, heirs of all thy vices,
Mix thine own blood among thy Sacrifices.

This

Ezechiah's sickneſſe.

This Miracle is ſhortly ſeconded
By one as famous, and as ſtrange, indeed.
It pleas'd the Lord with heavie hand to ſmite
King *Ezechiah*; who in dolefull plight
Upon his bed lies vexed grievouſly,
Sick of an Ulcer paſt all remedy.
Art fails the Leach, and iſſue faileth Art,
Each of the Courtiers ſadly wails a-part
His loſſe and Lord: Death, in a mourn-full ſort,
Through every Chamber daunteth all the Court;
And, in the City, ſeems in every Hall
T' have light a Taper for his Funerall.

* The Prophet *Iſaiah*.

Then *Amos* * Son, his bed approaching, pours
From plentious lips theſe ſweet & golden ſhow'rs;
But that I know, you know the Lawes Divine,
But that your Faith ſo every-where doth ſhine,
But that your Courage ſo confirm'd I ſee;
I ſhould, my Liege, I ſhould not ſpeak ſo free:
I would not tell you, that incontinent
You muſt prepare to make your Teſtament:
That your Diſeaſe ſhall have the upper hand:
And Death already at your Door doth ſtand.

A comfortable Viſitation of the ſick.

What? fears my Lord? Know you not heer beneath
Wee alwayes ſail towards the Port of Death;
Where, who firſt anch'reth, firſt is glorified?
That 't is decreed, confirm'd, and ratified,
That (of neceſſity) the fatall Cup,
Once, all of us muſt (in our turn) drink up?
That Death's no pain, but of all pains the end,
The Gate of Heav'n, and Ladder to aſcend?
That Death's the death of all our ſtorms and ſtrife,
And ſweet beginning of immortall Life?
For, by one death a thouſand deaths wee ſlay:
There-by, wee riſe from body-Toomb of Clay,
There-by, our Soules feaſt with celeſtiall food,
There-by, wee com to th' heav'nly Brother-hood,
There-by, w' are chang'd to Angels of the Light,
And, face to face, behold Gods beauties bright.
The Prophet ceaſt: and ſoon th' *Iſaacian* Prince,
Deep apprehending Death's drad form and ſenſe,
Unto the Wall-ward turns his weeping eyes:
And, ſorrow-torn, thus (to himſelfe) he cries:

A prayer for a ſick perſon, *mutatis mutandis*.

Lord, I appeal, Lord (as thine humble childe)
From thy juſt *Juſtice* to thy *Mercy* milde:
Why will thy ſtrength deſtroy a ſilly-one,
Weakned and waſted even to skin and bone;
One that adores thee with ſincere affection,
The wrack of Idols, and the Saints protection?
O! ſhall the good thy ſervant had begun
For *Sion*, reſt now by his death undon?
O! ſhall a Pagan After-king reſtore
The Groves and Idols I have raz'd before?
Shall I dye Childeleſs? ſhall thine Heritage
In vain expect that glorious golden Age
Under thy CHRIST? O! mercy, mercy, Lord:
O Father milde, to thy dear Childe accord
Som ſpace of life: O! let not, Lord, the voice
Of Infidels at my poor death rejoyce.

The Kings praier heard and his life prolonged 15. years.

Then ſaid the Seer; Be of good cheer, my Liege:
Thy ſighes and tears and prayers ſo beſiege
The throne of Pitty, that, as pearc't with-all,
Thy ſmiling Health God yeeldeth to re-call,
Wils, to his Temple (three daies hence) thou mount,
Retracts his Sentence, and corrects his count,
Makes Death go back, for fifteen yeers: as lo,
This *Dial*'s ſhadow ſhall heer back-ward go.

The Sun goes back.

His Word's confirm'd with wonderfull effect:
For, lo, the *Dial*, which doth houres direct
(Life's-guider, Day's-divider, Sun's-conſorter,
Shadow's dull ſhifter, and Time's dumb reporter)
Puts-up-again his paſſed Hours (perforce)
And back-ward goes againſt his wonted courſe.
'Tis Noon at Mid-night; and a triple morn
Seems that long day to brandiſh and adorn:
Sol goes, and coms; and, yer that in the Deep
Of *Atlas* ſhade hee lay him down to ſleep,
His bright, light-winged, gold-ſhod wheels do cut
Three times together in the ſelf-ſame rut.
Lord! what are wee? or, what is our deſerving!
That, to confirm our Faith (ſo prone to ſwerving)
Thou daign'ſt to ſhake heav'ns ſolid Orbs ſo bright;
Th' Order of Nature to diſ-order quite?
To make the Sun's Teem with a ſwift ſlowe paſe,
Back, back to trot; and not their wonted Race?
That, to diſpell the Night ſo blindely-black,
Which ſiels our ſouls, thou mak'ſt the ſhade go back
On *Ahaz Dial*? And, as ſelf-un-ſtable,
Seem'ſt to revoke thine *Acts* irrevocable,
Raze thine own Dooms (toſt in unſteddy ſtorm)
And, to reform us, thine own ſpeech reform;
To give thy Self the Ly: and (in a Word)
As Self-blam'd, ſoftly to put-up thy Sword? (cious!

Thrice-glorious God! thrice great! thrice gra-
Heer-in (O Lord) thou ſeem'ſt to deal with us,
As a wiſe Father, who with tender hand

Simile.

Severely ſhaking the correcting Wand,
With voice and geſture ſeems his Son to threat:
Whom yet indeed hee doth not mean to beat;
But, by this curb of fained Rigor, aims
To awe his Son: and ſo him oft reclaims.
This Prince no ſooner home to Heav'n returns,
But *Iſrael* back to his vomit turns;
Him re-bemires: and, like a head-ſtrong Colt,
Runs headlong down into a ſtrange Revolt.
And, though *Joſias*, Heav'n-deer Prince (who yong
Coms wiſely-old, to live the older long)
Had re-advanc't the ſacred Lawes divine,
Propt *Sion*'s Wall (all ready to decline)
With his own back; and, in his happy Reign,
The Truth re-flowr'n, as in her Prime again:
Yet *Jacob*'s Heirs ſtrive to reſemble ſtill

Simile.

A ſtiff-throw'n Bowl, which running down a Hill,
Meets in the way ſom ſtub, for rub, that ſtops
The ſpeed a ſpace; but inſtantly it hops,
It over-jumps; and ſtayes not, though it ſtumble,
Till to the bottom up-ſide-down it tumble.

Nebuchadnezzar beſiegeth Jeruſalem.

With puiſſant Hoaſt proud *Nebuchadnezzar*
Now threatned *Juda* with the worſt of War:
His Camp coms marching to *Jeruſalem*,
And her old Wals in a new Wall doth hem.
The buſie-Builders of this newer Fold,
In one hand, Swords, in th' other, Trowels hold,
Nor ſelder ſtrikes with blades than hammers there;
With firmer foot the Sieged's ſhock to bear,
Who ſeem a ſwarm of Hornets buzzing out
Among their Foes, and humming round about,
To ſpet their ſpight againſt their Enemies,
With poyſonie Darts, in noſes, brows, and eyes.

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Cold *Capricorn* hath pav'd all *Juda* twice
With brittle plates of cryſtal-cruſted Ice,
Twice glaſed *Jordan*; and the Sappy-bloud
Of trees hath twice re-perriwig'd the Wood,
Since the firſt ſiege: What? ſayd the younger ſort,
Shall wee growe old, about a feeble Fort?
Shall wee (not Martial, but more Maſon-skild)
Shall wee not batter Tow'rs, but rather build?
And while the *Hebrew* in his ſumptuous Chamber
Diſports himſelfe, perfum'd with Nard and Amber,
Shall Wee, ſwelting for Heat, ſhiv'ring for Cold,
Heer, far from home, lie in a ſtinking Hold?
Shall time deſtroy us? ſhall our proper ſloath —
Annoy us more than th' *Hebrews* valour doth?
No, no, my Lord: let not our Fervour fault,
Through length of Siege; but let us to th' Aſſault.
Let 's win't and wear it: tut (Sir) nothing is
Impoſſible to *Caldean* courages.
Contented, ſaid the King: brave Blouds away,
Goe ſeek Renown, 'mid wounds and death, to-day.
Now, in their breſts, brave *Honor*'s Thirſt began:
Nabuzaradan. Mee thinks, I ſee ſtout *Nabuzaradan*
Already trooping the moſt reſolute
Of every Band, this plot to proſecute.
Each hath his Ladder; and, the Town to take,
Bears to the Wall his Way upon his back:
But, the brave Prince cleaves quicker than the reſt
His ſlender Firr-poles, as more prow's-full preſt.
Alike they mount, affronting Death together;
But, not alike in face, nor fortune neither:
A Sealado. This Ladder, ſlippery plac't, doth ſlide from under:
That, over-ſloap, ſnaps in the midſt aſunder;
And ſouldiers, falling, one another kill
Simile. (As with his weight, a hollow Rocky-Hill,
Torne with ſome Torrent, or Tempeſtuous windes,
Shivers it ſelfe on ſtones it under-grindes):
Some, raſhly climb'd (not wont to climb ſo high)
With giddy brains, ſwim headlong down the Sky:
Some over-whelm'd uuder a Mil-ſtone-ſtorm,
Loſe, with their life, their living bodies form.
Yet mounts the Captain, and his ſpacious Targe
Bears off a Mountaine and a Forreſt large
Of Stones and Darts, that fly about his ears;
His teeth do gnaſh, he threats, he ſweats, & ſwears:
As ſteady there, as on the ground hee goes;
And there, though weary, hee affronts his Foes,
Alone; and halfly-hanging in the ayr,
Againſt whole Squadrons ſtanding firmly fair:
Upright hee rears him, and his Helmet brave
(Where, not a Plume, but a huge Tree doth wave)
Reflecting bright, above the Paripet,
Affrights th' whole City with the ſhade of it.
Then, as halfe Victor, and about to venter
Over the Wall, and ready even to enter;
With his bright Ganlet's ſcaly fingers bent
Graſping the coping of the battlement,
His hold doth fail, the ſtones un-faſtned, fall
Down in the Ditch, and (headlong) hee with-all:
Yet, hee eſcapes, and gets again to ſhoar;
Thanks to his ſtrength: but, to his courage more.
Nergal. Now heer (mee thinks) I hear proud *Nergal* rave:
In War (quoth hee) Maſter or Match to have,
By *Mars* I ſcorn; yea, *Mars* himſelf in Arms;
And all the Gods with all their braving Storms.
O wrathfull Heav'ns, roar, lighten, thunder threat;
Gods, do your worſt; with all your batt'ries beat:
If I begin, in ſpight of all your powrs
I'll ſcale your Wals, I'll take your Cryſtall Towrs.
Thus ſpewd the Curre; and (as hee ſpake) withall
Climbs-up the ſteepeſt of a dreadfull Wall,
With his bare-feet on rougheſt places ſprawling,
With hook-crookt hãds upon the ſmootheſt craw-
As a fell Serpent, which ſom Shepheard-lad (ling. *Simile.*
On a ſteep Rock incounters gladly-ſad,
Turning and winding nimbly to and fro,
With wriggling paſe doth ſtill approach his Foe,
And with a Hiſs, a Friſk, and flaſhing eye,
Makes ſodainly his faint Aſſailer fly:
Even ſo the Duke, with his fierce countenance,
His thundring-voice, his helms bright radiance,
Drives *Paſhur* from the Walls and *Jucal* too
(A jolly Prater, but a Jade to doo;
Braver in Counſail than in Combat, far)
With *Sephatiah*, tinder of this War;
And *Malchy*, hee that doth in Priſon keep
Under the ground (a hundred cubits deep)
Good *Jeremy*, an inſtrument, alone
Inſpir'd with breath of th' everliving ONE.
Let's fly, cryes *Paſhur*: fly this Infidell,
Rather this Fiend, the which no weight can fell.
What force can front, or who incounter can
An armed Faulcon, or a flying Man?
While *Nergal* ſpeeds his Victory too-faſt,
His hooks diſ-pointed, diſappoint his haſte;
Prevent him, not of praiſe, but of the Prize
Which (out of doubt) hee did his own ſurmize.
Hee ſwears and tears: (what ſhould? what could hee
He cannot up, nor will he down, therefore. (more)?
Unfortunate! and vainly-valiant!
Hee's fain to ſtand like the *Funambulant* *Simile.*
Who ſeems to tread the air, and fall hee muſt,
Save his Self's weight him counter-poyſeth juſt;
And ſave the Lead, that in each hand hee bears,
Doth make him light: the gaping Vulgar fears,
Amaz'd to ſee him; weening nothing ſtranger
Than Art to maſter Nature, lucre danger.
At laſt, though loath (full of deſpight and rage)
Hee ſlideth down into a horrid hedge,
Curſing and banning all the Gods; more mad
For the diſgrace, than for the hurt hee had.
Els-where the while (as imitating right *Mines and Counter-mines.*
The Kinde-blinde Beaſt, in ruſſet Velvet dight)
Covertly marching in the Dark by day,
Samgarnebo ſeeks under ground his way.
But *Ebedmelech*, warn'd of his Deſignes,
With-in the Town againſt him counter-mines
Courageouſly, and ſtill proceedeth on,
Till (reſolute) hee bring both Works to one;
Till one ſtrict Berrie, till one winding Cave
Becom the Fight-Field of two Armies brave.
As the ſelfe-ſwelling Badgerd, at the bay *Simile.*
With boldeſt Hounds (inured to that Fray)
Firſt at the entry of his Burrow fights,
Then in his Earth; and either other bites:
The eager Dogs are cheer'd with claps and cryes:
The Angry Beaſt to his beſt chamber flies,
And (angled there) ſits grimly inter-gerning;
And all the Earth rings with the Terryes yearning:

So

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So fare theſe Miners; whom I pitty muſt,
That their bright valour ſhould ſo darkly jouſt.
While hotly thus they skirmiſh in the vault,
Quick *Ebedmelech* cloſely hither brought.
A Dry-fat, ſheath'd in latton plates with-out,
With-in with Feathers fill'd, and round about
Bor'd full of holes (with hollow pipes of braſs)
Save at one end, where nothing out ſhould paſs;
Which (having firſt his *Jewiſh* Troops retir'd;
Juſt in the mouth of th' enter-Mine hee fir'd:
The ſmoak whereof with odious ſtink doth make
The *Pagans* ſoon their hollow Fort forſake:
Simile. As from the Berries in the Winter's night
The Keeper draws his Ferret (fleſht to bite).
Now *Rabſhakeh* (as buſie) other-where
A rowling Towr againſt the Town doth rear,
And on the top (or higheſt ſtage) of it
A flying Bridge to reach the Courtin fit,
With Pullies, poles; and planked Battlements
On everie ſtorie, for his Mens defence.
On th' other ſide, the Townſ-men are not ſlow
With counter-plots to counter-puſh their Foe:
Now, at the wooden ſide, then at the front;
Then at the Engins of the *Perſian* Mount,
* Inſtruments of Wars wherin wilde-fire is put. With Brakes and Slings, and * *Phalariks* they play;
To fire their Fortreſſe, and their Men to ſlay:
But yet, a Cord-Mat (ſtifly ſtretcht about)
Defends the Towr, and keeps their Tempeſts out.
While thus they deale; *Sephtiah*, deſperate,
Him ſecretly out of the City gat,
And with a Pole of rozen-weeping Fir,
So furiouſly hee doth himſelfe beſtir,
That with the ſame the walking Fort hee fires:
The cruell flame ſo to the top aſpires,
That (maugre blood, ſhed from above in ſlaughter,
And, from below, continuall ſpouting Water)
It parts the fray: ſtage after ſtage it catches, (ches.
And th' half-broild Souldiers headlong down it fet-
The King (ſtill conſtant againſt all extremes)
To preſs them neerer yet, with mighty beams
Rears a new Plat-form, neerer to the wall,
And covers it, with three-fold ſhelter, all;
The Timber (firſt) with Mud, the Mud with Hides,
The Hides with Wooll-ſacks (wch all Shot derides).
Simile. As th' Aire exhaled by the fiery breath
Of th' Heav'nly Lion, on an open Heath,
Or on the treſſes of a tufted Plain.
Pours-down at-once both Fire and Hail and Rain:
So all at once the *Iſaacian* Souldiers threw
Floods, Flames and Mountains on theſe Engins new:
But th' hungry Flames the Muddy-damp repels;
The Mounts, the Wooll; the drowning Floods, the
There-under (ſafe) the Ram with iron horn, (Fels.
The brazen-headed clov'n-foot Capricorn,
The boiſtrous Trepane, and ſteel Pick-ax play
Their parts apace, not idle night nor day.
Heer, thorough-riv'n from top to toe, the Wall
On reeling props hangs readie ev'n to fall:
There a vaſt-Engine thundreth upſide-down
The feeble Courtin of the ſacred Town.
Simile. If you have bin, where, you have ſeen ſomwhiles,
How with the Ram they drive-in mighty Piles
In *Dover* Peer, to bridle with a Bay
The Sand-caſt Current of the raging Sea;
Swift-ebbing ſtreams bear to the Sea the ſound,
Eccho aſſiſteth, and with ſhrill rebound
Fils all the Town, and (as at Heav'nly Thunder)
The Coaſt about trembles for fear and wonder;
Then have you heard and ſeen the Engins beating
On Sion's Wals, and her foundations threatning.
In fine, the *Chaldees* take *Jeruſalem*,
And reave for ever *Juries* Diadem.
The ſmoaky burning of her Turrets ſteep
Seems ev'n to make the Sun's bright eye to weep:
And wretched *Salem*, buri'd (as it were)
Under a heap of her own Children dear,
For lack of friends to keep her Obſequies,
Conſtraineth ſighs (even) from her Enemies:
Her maſſie Ruines, and her Cinders ſhow
Her Wealth and Greatneſſe yer her over-throw.
A ſudden horror ſeizeth every eye
That views the ſame: and every Paſſer-by
(Yea, were hee *Gete*, or *Turk*, or *Troglodite*)
Muſt needs, for pitie of ſo ſad a Sight,
Beſtow ſome tears, ſome ſwelling ſighs, or groanes
Upon theſe batter'd ſculs, theſe ſcatter'd ſtones.
In Palaces, where lately (gilded rich) (ſcreech:
Sweet Lutes were heard, now luck-leſs Oules doe
The ſacred TEMPLE, held (of late) alone
Wonder of wonders, now a heap of ſtone:
The Houſe of God (*the holi'ſt-holy-Place*)
Is now the Houſe of Vermin vile and baſe:
The Veſſels, deſtin'd unto ſacred uſe,
Are now profan'd in Riot and Abuſe:
None ſcapeth wounds, if any ſcape with life:
The Father's reft of Son, the Man of Wife:
Jacob's exil'd, *Juda*'s no more in *Jurie*,
But (wretched) ſighs under the *Chaldean* furie.
Their King in chains, wth ſhame & ſorrow thrill'd; Reſtia.
Before his face ſees all the faireſt pill'd;
Yea, his own Daughters, and his Wives (alas!)
(Rich Vines and Olives of his lawfull Race)
Whoſe love and beauty did his age delight,
Shar'd to the Souldiers, raviſht in his ſight.
O Father, Father, thus the Daughters cry
(About his neck ſtill hanging tenderly)
Whither (alas!) O, whither hale they us?
O, muſt wee ſerve their baſe and beaſtly Luſts?
Shall they diſſolve our Virgin-zones? Shall they
(Ignoble Grooms) gather our *Maiden-May*,
Our ſpot-leſſe Flowr, ſo carefully preſerv'd
For ſom great Prince, that mought have us deſerv'd?
O Hony-dropping Hils wee yerſt frequented,
O Milk-full Vales, with hundred Brooks indented,
Delicious Gardens of deer *Iſrael*;
Hils, Gardens, Vales, we bid you all fare-well:
Wee (will-wee-nill-wee) hurried hence, as ſlaves,
Muſt now, for *Cedron*, ſip of *Tygris* waves;
And (weaned from our native Earth and Air)
For Hackney-Jades be ſold in everie Fayr;
And (O hearts horror!) ſee the ſhame-leſs Foe
Forcing our Honours, triumph in our woe.
All-ſundring Sword! and (O!) all-cindring Fire!
Which (mercy-leſſe) doe SION's Wrack conſpire,
Why ſpare you us, more cruell (cry'd the Wives)
In leaving ours, than reaving others lives?
Your pity's pity-leſſe, your Pardon Torture:
For, quick diſpatch had made our ſorrows ſhorter;

But

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But your ſeem-Favour, that prolongs our breaths,
Makes us, alive, to dye a thouſand deaths.
For, O deer Husband, deereſt Lord, can wee,
Can wee ſurvive, abſented quite from Thee,
And ſlaves to thoſe whoſe talke is nothing elſe
But thy Diſgrace, thy Gyves, and *Iſraels*?
Can wee (alas!) exchange thy Royall bed
(With cunning-coſt rare-richly furniſhed)
For th' ugly Cabbin and the louzie Couch
Of ſome baſe Ruffon, or ſome beaſtly Slouch?
Can wee, alas! can wretched wee (I ſay)
Wee, whoſe Commands whole kingdoms did obay,
Wee, at whoſe beck even Princes knees did bend,
Wee, on whoſe Train there daily did attend
Hundreds of Eunuchs, and of *Maids* of *Honour*
(Kneeling about vs in the humbleſt manner)
To dreſs us neat, and duly everie Morn
In ſilk and gold our Bodies to adorn;
Dreſs others now? work, on diſgrace-full frame
(Weeping the while) our SION's wofull flame?
Dragging like Moyls? drudge in their Mils? & hold
Brooms in our hands, for Scepter-Rods of gold?
Come, Parrats, come, y' have prated, now enough
(The Pagans cry in their inſulting ruff)
On *Chaldé* ſhoars you ſhall goe ſigh your fill,
You muſt with us to *Babel*: there at will
You may bewail: there, this ſhall be your plight,
Our Maids by day, our Bed-fellows by night.
And as they ſpake, the ſhame-leſs luſt-full crew
With furious force the tender Ladies drew
Even from between th' arms of the wofull King,
Them haling rough, and rudely hurrying;
And little lackt the act of moſt deſpight,
Even in their Father's and their Husbands ſight,
Who, his hard Fortune doth in vaine accuſe,
In vain hee raves, in vain hee roars and rews:
Even as a Lion, pris'ned in his grate,
Whoſe ready dinner is bereft of late,
Roars hideouſly; but his fell furie-ſtorm
May well breed horror, but it brings no harm.
The proud fell *Pagans* do yet farther paſs:
They kill, they tear, before the Father's face
(The more to gore: what Marble but would bleed?)
They maſſacre his miſerable ſeed.
O! ſaid the Prince, can you leſſe pitious be
To theſe Self-yeelders (proſtrate at your knee)
Than ſternly-valiant to the ſtubborn-ſtout
That 'gainſt your rage courageouſly ſtood-out?
Alas! what have they done? what could they doe
To urge revenge and kindle wrath in you?
Poore ſilly Babes under the Nurſes wing,
Have they conſpir'd againſt the *Chaldean* King?
Have theſe ſweet Infants, that yet cannot ſpeak,
Broke faith with you? Have theſe, ſo yong & weak,
Yet in their Cradle in their Clouts, bewayling
Their woes to-com (to all Man-kinde, unfailing)
Diſ-ray'd your Ranks? Have theſe that yet doe craul
Upon all foure, and cannot ſtand, at all,
With-ſtood your Furie, and repulſt your Powrs,
Fruſt'red your Rams, fired your flying Towrs?
And, bravely ſallying in your face (almoſt)
Hew'n-out their paſſage thorough all your Hoaſt?
O! no *Chaldeans*, only I did all:
I did complot the King of *Babels* fall:
I foyld your Troups: I fill'd your ſacred Flood
With *Chaldean* bodies, dy'd it with your blood.
Turn therefore, turn your bloody Blades on-mee;
O! let theſe harm-leſs Little-ones goe free;
And ſtain not with the blood of Innocents
Th' immortall *Tropheis* of your high Attents.
So, ever may the *Riphean* Mountains quake
Under your feet: ſo ever may you make
South, Eaſt, and Weſt your own: on every Coaſt
So, ay victorious march your glorious Hoaſt:
So, to your Wives be you thrice welcom home,
And ſo God bleſs your lawfull-loved womb
With Self-like Babes, your ſubſtance with increaſe,
Your ſelves (at home) with hoarie haires in Peace:
But as a Rock, 'gainſt wch the Heav'ns do thunder,
Th' Aire roars about, the Ocean rageth under, Simile.
Yeelds not a jot: no more this ſavage Crew;
But rather, muſe to finde-out Tortures new.
Heer, in (his ſight) theſe cruell *Leſtrigons*
Between them take the eldeſt of his Sons,
Wth keeneſt ſwords his trembling fleſh they heaw;
One gobbet heer, another there they ſtreaw.
And from the veins of dead-live limbs (alas!)
The ſpirit-full bloud ſpins in his Father's face.
There, by the heels his ſecond Son they take,
And daſh his head againſt a Chimneys back;
The ſcull is paſht in peeces, like a Crock,
Or earthen Stean, againſt a ſtony Rock:
The ſcatter'd batter'd Brains about beſmeard,
Some hang (O horror!) in the Fathers beard.
Laſt, on himſelfe their ſavage furie flies,
And with ſharp bodkins bore they out his eyes:
The Sun hee loſes, and an end-leſs night
Be-clouds for ever his twin-balled ſight:
Hee ſees no more, but feels the woes hee bears;
And now for cryſtall, weeps hee crimſin tears,
For, ſo God would (and juſtly too, no doubt)
That hee which had in *Juda* clean put-out
Th' immortall Lamp of all religious light,
Should have his eyes put-out, ſhould loſe his ſight;
And that his body ſhould be outward blinde,
As inwardly (in holy things) his minde.
O Butchers (ſaid he) ſatiate your Thirſt,
Swill, ſwill your fill of Blood, untill you burſt:
O! broach mee not with Bodkin, but with Knife;
O! reave mee not my bodie's light, but life:
Give mee the ſight not of the Earth, but Skies:
Pull-out my heart: O! poach not out mine eyes.
Why did you not this barb'rous deed diſpatch,
Yer I had ſeen mee an unſceptred Wretch,
My Cities ſackt, my wealthy ſubjects pill'd,
My Daughters raviſht, and my Sons all kill'd?
Or elſe, why ſtayd you not till I had ſeen
Your (beaſt-like) Maſter grazing on the Green:
The *Medes* conſpiring to ſupplant your Throne:
And *Babel*'s glory utter overthrowne?
Then had my ſoule with Fellow-Fals been eas'd:
And then your pain, my pain had part appeas'd.
O ragefull Tyrants! moody Monſters, ſee,
See heer my Caſe; and ſee your ſelves in mee.
Beware contempt: tempt not the Heav'nly Powrs,
Who thunder-down the high-aſpiring Towrs
(But mildely pardon, and permit ſecure
Poor Cottages that lye below obſcure)

Who

Who Pride abhor; who lift us up ſo high,
To let us fall with greater infamie.
Th' Almighty ſports him with our Crowns and us;
Our glorie ſtands ſo fickle-founded thus
On ſlipperie wheels, alreadie rowling down:
Hee give us not, but only ſhews the Crown:
Our Wealth, our Pleaſure, and our Honour too
(Whereat the Vulgar make ſo much adoo)
Our Pomp, our State, our All that can be ſpoken,
Seems as a glaſs, bright-ſhining, but ſoon broken.
Thrice-happy Hee, whom with his ſacred arm,
Th' Eternall props againſt all Haps of Harm;
Who hangs upon his providence alone,
And more prefers GOD's Kingdom than his own.
So happy be great BRITAINE Kings (I pray)
Our Soveraigne JAMES, *and all his Seed for ay;*
Our hope-full HENRY, *and a hundred mo*
Good, faithfull STUARTS (*in ſucceſsive rowe*)
Religious, righteous, learned, valiant, wiſe,
Sincere to Vertue, *and ſevere to* Vice;
That not alone Theſe Dayes *of Ours may ſhine*
In Zeal-*full* Knowledge *of the* TRUTH divine,
And Wee (illightned with her ſacred rayes)
May walk directly in the Saving waies
Of faith-full Service to the ONE *true Deitie,*
And mutuall Practice of all Chriſtian Pietie;
But, that our Nephews, and their Nephews (till
Time be no more) may be conducted *ſtill*
By the ſame Cloud *by day, and* Fire *by night*
(*Through this vaſt* Deſart *of the World's deſpight*)
Towards their Home, *the heav'nly* CANAAN,
Prepared *for us yer the World began:*
That they with us, and wee (complete) *with them,*
May meet triumphant *in* JERUSALEM;
With-in whoſe Pearly Gates and Jaſper Wals
(*Where, th'* Holy LAMB *keeps his high* Nuptials,
Where needs no ſhining of the Sun or Moon;
For, Gods own face makes there perpetuall Noon:
Where ſhall no more be Waylings, Woes, nor Cries;
For, God ſhall wipe all teurs from weeping eyes)
Shall enter nothing filthy or unclean;
No Hog, no Dog, no Sodomite obſcœne,
No Witch, no Wanton, no Idolater,
No Theef, no Drunkard, no Adulterer,
No wicked-liver, neither wilfull Lyer:
Theſe are without, *in* Tophet's *end-leſs Fire.*
Yet ſuch as theſe (*or ſome of theſe, at leaſt*)
Wee all have been: in ſom-what all have miſt
(*And, had wee broken but* one Precept *ſole,*
The Law *reputes us guilty of the whole*):
But, wee are waſhed, *in the* Sacred-Flood;
But, wee are purged, *with the* Sprinkled-Blood;
But, by the Spirit, *wee now are* ſanctifi'd;
And, through the Faith *in* JESUS, juſtifi'd.
Therefore no more let us our ſelves defile,
No more return unto our vomit vile,
No more profane us with Concupiſcence,
Nor ſpot the garment of our Innocence:
But, conſtant in our Hope, *fervent in* Love
(*As even al-ready* converſant Above)
Proceed wee cheerely in our Pilgrimage
Towards our happy promis'd Heritage,
Towards That City *of heart-bound-leſs* Bliſs
Which CHRIST *hath purchaſt with his blood for his:*
To whom, with FATHER, *& the* SPIRIT, *therfore*
Be Glory, Praiſe, and Thanks, for evermore.

Amen Amen

Amen.

FINIS.

PIBRAC. *Quad.* 5.

Say not, My hand This Work to END hath brought:
Nor, This my Vertue hath attained to:
Say rather thus; This, GOD by mee hath wrought:
GOD's Author of the little Good I doe.

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D.O.M.S.

GULIELMO SALUSTIO
POETARUM FACILE PRINCIPI,
SCRIPTORI MIRABILI, PIO
MIRABILIUM ASSERTORI,
PRÆCONI VIRTUTIS DULCI

DOCTOQ.

CUJUS MONUMENTA DOCUMENTA
POSTERIS FUTURA SUNT:
QUI MUSAS EREPTAS PROFANÆ
LASCIVIÆ SACRIS MONTIBUS
REDDIDIT, SACRIS FONTIBUS
ASPERSIT, SACRIS CANTIBUS

IMBUIT,

VIRO VERE NOBILI, MORTALI-
BUS EXUVIIS SPOLIATO,
IMMORTALITATIS
COMPOTI.

A. MM. PP.

His, fateor, nemo exuviis inscribere honorem,
Aut Pater Aonii debuit ipse chori:
Gratia sed quoniam taciti propè nulla doloris,
Neu videar mœstas non maduisse genas;
Audiat ecce gemens etiam me turba gementem:
Ecce, meus vano munere peccet amor.
Et titulus saltem esto, BONA SUPER AETHERA FAMA
NOTUS, EGET NULLO, QUI JACET HIC, TITULO.

Jac. Lectius.

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TO MY EVER-MOST HONOURED MISTRESSE, MISTRESSE ESSEX, WIFE TO THE Right worthie, *William Essex* of Lamborn, Esquire; and eldest Daughter of the right valiant, and Nobly-descended, Sir *Walter Harecourt* of Stanton-Hare-court, Knight Baron of Ellen-Hall.

Wit's, Beautie's, Vertue's *perfect Quintessence*
(*Yet grac't in* soule *with more Divine* perfection)
Grace, with a glance of your milde Eye's reflection,
This humble Pledge of Zeal *and* Reverence:
Which (*as the* Stork, *for gratefull recompence,*
Where shee hath bred, one of her Birds bestoweth)
My thankfull Muse (*who you, like* Duty *oweth*)
Heer consecrates *to your deer excellence.*
Deer Essex *heer* (*to make your* Faith *apparent*
Vnto the Faithfull, and confirm the same)
Embrace (*I pray*) *the* Faith of Abraham
Offering his Isaac (*on th' Almighties warrant*):
So shall th' Imputer *of his* Righteousnes
Impute you yours; and your young Isaacs *bless.*

Your Vertue's

ever-vowed Servant,

Josuah Sylvester.

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TO VERTUES PATTERNE, AND BEAUTIES PARAGON, MISTRESSE IONE ESSEX: now VVife to the right worthie, *William Anderſon*, Eſquire (ſecond Sonne of the late Lord *Anderſon*) and only Siſter of the Honourably-deſcended WILLIAM ESSEX of Lamborn, ESQUIRE.

VRANIA (nobleſt of the learned NINE*)*
Comming from Heav'n, to call my Muſe from Earth,
From Loves looſe Sonnets, *and laſcivious Mirth;*
In ſacred WEEKS *to ſing the Works divine:*
Of all the Nymphs extract from mortall Ligne,
For ſweet Companion picks you only forth
(As beſt reſembling her ſelf's grace and worth)
Deer Beauties beſt, Wits wonder, Vertue's ſhrine.
Sweet, heav'nly temper of a humane ſoule
(Whoſe lovely ſmiles ſet coldeſt hearts a-fire;
But, inſtantly, with modeſt brows controule
Th' aſpiring hope of any bold deſire)
Dain t' entertain in your milde gracefull manner
This Heav'nly Mayd, *the mirrour of your Honour.*

Your Vertues

humble Votary,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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URANIA,

Or, The HEAVENLY MUSE.

1

SCarce had the *April* of mine Age begun,
When brave desire t' immortalize my Name,
Did make mee (oft) Rest and Repast to shun,
In curious project of some learned *Frame*.

2

But, as a Pilgrim, that full late doth light
Upon a crosse-way, stops in sudden doubt;
And, 'mid the sundrie Lanes to finde the right,
More with his Wit than with his feet doth scout:

3

Among the many flowry paths that lead
Up to the Mount, where (with green Bayes) *Apollo*
Crowns happy Numbers with immortall meed,
I stood confus'd, and doubtfull which to follow.

4

One while I sought, the *Greekish-Scæne* to dress
In *French* disguise: in loftier stile anon
T' imbrew our Stage, with Tyrants bloody Gests,
Of *Thebes*, *Mycæna*, and proud *Ilion*.

5

Anon, I sacred to th' *Aonian* Band
My Countries Storie; and, condemning much
The common error, rather took in hand
To make the *Mein French*, than the *Sein* be *Dutch*.

6

Anon, I meant with fawning Pen to praise
Th' un-worthy Prince; and so, with gold & glorie,
T' inrich my Fortunes, and my Fate to raise,
Basely to make my *Muse* a Mercenarie.

7

Then (gladly) thought I, the Wag-Son to sing
Of wanton *Venus*; and the bitter-sweet,
That *Too-much Love* to the best wits doth bring;
The aim, for my nature and mine age, too-meet.

8

While to and fro thus (tossed by *Ambition*)
Yet un-resolved of my Course, I rove;
Lo, suddenly a sacred Apparition;
Some Daughter (think I) of supernall *Jove*.

9

Angelicall her gesture and her gait;
Divinely-sweet her speech and countenance;
Her *Nine*-fold Voice did choicely imitate
Th' harmonious Musick of Heav'ns nimble Dance.

10

Upon her Head, a glorious *Diadem*,
Seven-double-folded, moving diversly;
And on each fold sparkled a precious Gem,
Obliquely turning o're our heads on high:

11

The first of *Lead*, the second *Tin* (mee thought)
Third *Steel*, the fourth of yellow *Gold* was cast,
The fift of pale *Electrum* seemed wrought;
Sixt *Mercurie*; of *Silver* was the last.

12

An *azure Mantle* on her back shee wore,
With art-less Art, in orderly disorder;
Flourisht, and fill'd with thousand *Lamps* and more,
Her sacred Beautie to set-forth and further,

13

Heer flames the *Harp*, there shine the tender *Twins*,
Heer *Charles his Wayn*, there twinkling *Pleiades*.
Heer the bright *Balance*, there the silver *Finns*,
And thousand *Stars* more than I can express.

14

I am URANIA (then aloud, said shee)
Who humane-kinde above the *Poles* transport,
Teaching their hands to touch, and eyes to see
All th' enter-course of the *Celestiall Court*.

15

I quint-essence the Soule, and make the *Poet*
(Passing himselfe) in a Divine Discourse
To draw the deafest, by the ears unto-it,
To quicken stones, and stop the Oceans course.

16

I grant, My learned Sisters warble fine,
And ravish millions with their *Madrigals*:
Yet all, no lesse inferiour unto mine,
Than Pies to Syrens, Geese to Nightingals.

17

Then take Mee (BARTAS) to conduct thy Pen,
Soar up to Heav'n; Sing meth' Almightie's praise:
And tuning now the *Jessean* Harp again,
Gaine thee the *Garland* of eternall *Bayes*.

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18
I cannot (grief-leſs) ſee my Siſters wrongs
Made Bawds to *Lovers*, in deceitfull faynings,
In forged ſighes, falſe tears, and filthy ſongs,
Laſcivious ſhews and counterfait complaynings.

19
Alas! I cannot with drie eies behold
Our holy Songs ſould and profaned thus
To grace the grace-leſs; praiſing (too-too bold)
Caligula, *Nero*, and *Commodus*.

20
But, moſt I mourn, to ſee rare *Verſe* apply'd
Againſt the Author of ſweet *Compoſition*:
I cannot brook to ſee Heav'ns King defy'd
By his own Souldiers, with his own Munition.

21
Man's eies are ſield-up with *Cimmerian* miſt:
And, if ought pretious in his Life hee reach,
Through ſundry hands, by the Heav'ns bountie is't:
But God, himſelfe, the *Delphian* Songs doth teach.

22
Each *Art* is learn'd by *Art*: but POESIE
Is a meer *Heavenly gift*; and none can taſte
The Deaws wee drop from *Pindus* plenteouſly,
If *ſacred Fire* have not his breaſt imbrac't.

23
Thence is't, that manie great *Philoſophers*,
Deep-learned *Clarks* (in *Proſe* moſt eloquent)
Labour in vain to make a gracefull *Verſe*,
Which manie a Novice frames moſt excellent.

24
Thence is't, that yerſt, the poor *Meonian* Bard,
Though Maſter, means, and his own eies hee miſſes,
Of Old and New is for his Verſe preferr'd,
In's ſtout *Achilles*, and his wiſe *Ulyſſes*.

25
Thence is't, that *Ovid* cannot ſpeak in *Proſe*:
Thence is't, that *David* (Shepheard, turned *Poet*)
So ſoon doth learn my *Songs*: and Youths compoſe
After our *Art*, before (indeed) they know it.

26
Dive day and night in the *Caſtalian* Fount,
Dwell upon *Homer* and the *Mantuan Muſe*,
Climb night and day the double-topped Mount,
Where the *Piérian* learned *Maidens* uſe:

27
Read while thou wilt, reade over everie Book
In *Pergamus*, and in the famous Citie
That her great name, of *Alexander* took;
Still ply thy Pen, practiſe thy language (wittie):

28
Take time enough, chooſe ſeat and ſeaſon fit,
To make good *Verſe*; at beſt advantage place thee:
Yet worthie fruit thou ſhalt not reap of it,
For all thy toil, unleſs *Minerva* grace thee.

29
For, out of Man, Man muſt him all advance,
That time-proof *Poems* ever hopes to utter;
And extaſed (as in a *holy Tranſe*)
Into our hands his *Senſive part* muſt put-her.

30
For, as a humane Furie makes a man
Leſs than a man: ſo *Divine-Fury* makes him
More than himſelfe; and ſacred *Phrenzie* then
Above the heav'ns bright flaming arches takes-him.

31
Thence, thence it is that divine *Poets* bring
So ſweet, ſo learned, and ſo laſting *Numbers*,
Where Heav'ns & Natures ſecret works they ſing,
Free from the power of *Fates* eternall ſlumbers.

32
True *Poets*, right are like winde-Inſtruments,
Which full, do ſound; emptie, their noiſe ſurceaſes.
For, with their *Fury* laſts their Excellence;
Their *Muſe* is ſilent, when their *Fury* ceaſes.

33
Sith therfore *Verſes* have from Heav'n their ſpring,
O rareſt ſpirits! how dare you (damned ſcorners)
Profanely wreſt, againſt Heav'ns glorious King,
Theſe ſacred gifts given from your lives adorners?

34
Shall your ingratefull Pens be alwaies waiting,
As Servants to the *Fleſh*, and ſlaves to *Sin*?
Will you your *Volumes* evermore be fraighting
With *Dreames* and *Fables*, idle *Fame* to win?

35
Still wil you fill the World with *Love-ſick* groans?
Still will you fawn on Fooles, and flatter Evill?
Still will you parbreak loathſome paſſions?
Still will you make an Angel of a Divell?

36
Still will you comment on this common Storie?
And (Spider-like) weave idle Webs of folly?
O! ſhall wee never hear you ſing the glorie
Of God, the great, the good, the juſt, the holy?

37
Is't not enough, that in your ſoules, yee feel
Your *Paphian Fire*? but everie Brothel-Lover,
T' inchaunt the wanton with his wanton ſtile,
Muſt (Strumpet-like) his luſtfull flame diſcover?

38
Is't not enough, that you your ſelves doe wallow
In foul delights? but that you muſt intice
Your heed-leſs *Readers*, your looſe Race to follow;
And ſo for *Vertue*, make them fall to *Vice*?

39
Tunes, *Notes*, and *Numbers* (whence wé do transfer
Th' harmonious powr that makes our *Verſe* ſo plea-
The ſterneſt *Catoes* are of force to ſtir, (ſing)
Mans nobleſt ſpirits with gentle *Fury* ſeazing.

40
And, as a Seal printed in wax (almoſt)
Another Seal; A learned *Poet* graveth
So deep his paſſions in his Readers Ghoſt,
That oft the Reader th' Authors form receiveth.

41
For, *Verſe*'s vertue, ſliding ſecretly
(By ſecret Pipes) through th' *intellectuall Notions*;
Of all that's pourtraid artificially
Imprinteth there both good and evill motions.

42
Therefore did *Plato* from his *None-Such* baniſh
Baſe *Poêtaſters*, that with vitious verſe
Corrupted manners, making vertue vaniſh;
The wicked, worſe; and even the good, perverſe.

43
Not thoſe that car'd to match their gracefull Phra-
To grave-ſweet matters: ſinging now the praiſe (zes
Of juſteſt *Jove*; anon from errors mazes
Keeping th' un-ſteady, calling back the ſtraies.

O pro-

44
O profane Writers! your laſcivious Ryme
Makes our beſt *Poets* to be baſely deemed
As Jugglers, Jeſters, and the ſcum of Time;
Yea, with the Vulgar leſs than theſe eſteemed.

45
You make chaſte *Clio*, a light wanton Minion;
Mount *Helicon*, a Stews; your ribaldrie
Makes prudent Parents (ſtrict in their opinion)
To bar their Children reading *Poëtrie*:

46
But, if you would (yet at the laſt) inure-yee
Your *Gnidian Idols* in the duſt to trample,
And rouz the *Genius* of your *ſacred Furie*,
To ſhew the World ſome holy *Works* example;

47
All would admire your Rymes, and do you honour,
As *Secretaries* of the Heav'nly Court;
And *Majeſtie* would make you wait upon-her,
To manage Cauſes of the moſt import.

48
The chain of *Verſe* was at the firſt invented
To handle only ſacred Myſteries
With more reſpect: and nothing elſe was chanted
For long time after in ſuch *Poëſies*.

49
So did my *David* on the trembling ſtrings
Of his divine *Harp* only ſound his *God*:
So milde-ſoul'd *Moſes* to *Jehovah* ſings
Jacob's deliv'rance from th' *Egyptians* Rod.

50
So *Debora* and *Judith*, in the Camp;
So *Job* and *Jeremie*, in cares oppreſſed;
In tune-full *Verſes* of a various ſtamp,
Their joyes and ſighs divinely-ſweet expreſſed.

51
And therefore *Satan* (who transforms him ſlily
T' an Angel of the Light, the more t' abuſe)
In 's Oracles and Idols ſpeaking wily,
Not common Proſe, but curious *Verſe* did uſe.

52
So the fond *made-Prieſts* of *Apollo* ſung
His *Oracles* in ſweet *Hexameters*,
With doubtfull Riddles from a double tongue,
To hapleſs-hopefull, conquered Conquerers:

53
So th' ancient voyce in *Dodon* worſhipped:
So *Æſculapius*, *Hamon*, and the fair
And famous *Sibyls* ſpake and propheſied
In *Verſe*: in *Verſe* the Prieſt did make his praier.

54
So *Orpheus*, *Linus*, and *Heſiodus*
(Whereof the firſt charm'd ſtocks and ſtones, they (ſay)
In ſacred *Numbers* dar'd (to profit us)
Their divine ſecrets of deep skill convay.

55
O! you that long ſo for the *Laurell Crown*,
Where 's poſſible a richer Theam to take (round,
Than his high praiſe, who makes the Heav'ns goe
The Mountains tremble, and dark Hell to quake?

56
This *ſubject* is a deep, broad, bound-leſs Ocean,
Th' aboundant *Horn* of *Plentifull* diſcourſe;
The Magazin of wealth for Wits quick motion;
Of divine Eloquence th' immortall ſource.

57
Baſe Argument, a baſe ſtile ever yeelds:
But (of it ſelfe) a loftie *ſubject* raiſes
Grave ſtately words, and (of it ſelfe) it gilds
It ſelfe; and crowns the Authors Pen with praiſes.

58
If then you would ſurvive your ſelves ſo gladly,
Follow not him who burnt (to purchaſe fame)
DIANA'S Temple: neither him that madly,
To get renown, a *Brazen Bull* did frame.

59
Imploy no more th' *Elixir* of your ſpirit
On *Cytherea* and her winged Son.
How better never to be named were-it,
Than named (blamed) for a miſchief don?

60
Wee, *Thrice three Siſters of Parnaſſus Hill*,
Bee *Virgins* all: your *Pallas* ſelf is ſo:
So is that ſacred *Tree-turn'd Lady* ſtill, (grow.
From whoſe pure locks your ſtill-green *Laurels*

61
Then, conſecrate-mee (rather) your Wits miracles,
To ſacred Stories: ſpend your Eloquence
In ſinging loud thoſe holy Heav'nly *Oracles*,
Pour there your Soules pure pretious quint-eſſence.

62
Let CHRIST (as *Man-God*) be your *double Mount*
Whereon to Muſe; and, for the winged hoove
Of *Pegaſus*, to dig th' immortall Fount,
Take th' *Holy-Ghoſt*, typt in a *Silver-Dove*.

63
Excelling Works preſerve the Memorie
Of thoſe that make them: The *Mauſolean* Toomb
Makes *Artemiſia*, *Scopas*, *Timothie*,
Live to this day, and ſtill in time to come.

64
Name-leſs had *Hiram* been, but for his aid
Towards God 's *Temple*, built in *Iſrael*:
And, but for Gods *Ark*, in dark ſilence laid
Long ſince had been th' *Hebrew Bezaleel*.

65
Then, ſith theſe great and goodly *Monuments*
Can make their makers *after death abide*;
Although themſelves have *Vaniſhed* long ſince,
By Age, and Rage, Fire, Arms and Storms deſtroy'd:

66
O think (I pray) how-much-much greater glory
Shall you attain, when your Diviner quality
In ſacred ſtrains ſhall ſing th' *Almightie's Story*;
Sith from immortall things ſprings immortality.

67
I know you 'll anſwer, that the *Ancient Fictions*
Are (even) your *Song's* ſoule: and that every *Fable*
Ay breeding other, makes by their commixtions
(To vulgar ears) your *Verſe* more admirable.

68
But, what may be more admirable found
Than *Faith's Effects*? Or what doth more controul
Wits curious pride? or with more force confound
The reach and reaſon of a humane ſoule?

69
I'ld rather ſing the *Towr of Babylon*,
Than thoſe *three Mountains*, that in frantick mood
The *Giants* pil'd to pull *Jove* from his Throne:
And *Noahs*, rather than *Deucalions* Flood.

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70
I'ld rather ſing the ſudden *ſhape-depriving*
Of *Aſſur*'s Monarch, than th' *Arcadian* King:
And the *Bethanian Lazarus* reviving,
Than valiant *Theſeus* Sons re-ſodering.

71
Th' one only doth delight their ears that hear it;
The other tends to profit in ſome meaſure:
But, only *Hee the Laurel Crown doth merit,*
Who wiſely mingles profit with his Pleaſure.

72
As ſweeteſt walks are by the waters ſide,
And ſafeſt ſwimming neer the flowry ſhoar:
So, prudent Writers never doe divide (lore.
Knowledge from Mirth, Mirth from Inſtructions

73
Such ſhall you be, if ſuch a taske you take:
For, teaching others, you your ſelves ſhall learn-all
Rules of good life; and happy ſo ſhall make,
As is your ſubject, your own Songs eternall.

74
Abandon then thoſe *Old-wives-Tales* and Toyes;
Leave the *Blinde Lad*, who but the blinde abuſes;
And only, addle, idle hearts annoyes.
Hence-forth no more profane the *Sacred Muſes.*

75
But (O!) in vain, in vain (alas!) I plain-mee;
Some ſubtile Aſpicks, to eſchew my Charming,
Stop their dull ears; ſome *Epicures* diſdain-mee
And my advice, and ſcoff my zealous warning.

76
Some, for a ſeaſon, liſten to my Laws;
But ſoon *Relapſe*, through the Worlds ſorceries:
And this diſcourſe (which but the Vertuous draws)
Enters at one eare, out at th' other flies.

77
Alas! I ſcarce ſee one (nay, none at all)
That Courts not *Venus*, or corrupts not more
His golden *Honey* with profaner *Gall:*
Although this Age of happy Wits have ſtore.

78
But thou, my Darling, whom before thy birth,
The *Sacred Nine*, that ſip th' immortall ſpring
Of *Pegaſus*, predeſtin'd to ſet forth
Th' Almightie's glorie, and his praiſe to ſing:

79
Although their Subject ſeem a barren ſoyl,
Which fineſt Wits have left for fallow fields;
Yet, doe thou never from this task recoyl:
For, *what is rareſt, greateſt glorie yeelds.*

80
Faint not (my-*Saluſt*) though fell *Envie* bark
At the bright *Riſing* of thy fair *Renown*;
Fear not her Malice; for, thy living *Work*
(In ſpight of ſpight) ſhall not be troden down.

81
That *Fames*-foe Monſter, is much like a Curr,
That fiercely barks at everie new-come Gueſt;
But, once-acquainted, after doth not ſtur,
Saving at ſtrangers; fawning on the reſt.

82
Or, like a thick, dark, pitchie Cloud of ſmoak,
That round-about a kindling Fire ſuppreſſes
With waving ſmother, the new Flame to choak:
But, as the *Flame* augments, the *Fume* decreaſes.

83
Wherefore (my deer) that *ſacred Path* purſue,
Where none but heav'n-bleſt happy ſpirits can paſe:
And here I ſwear, that ſhortly for thy due,
Among beſt Wits thou ſhalt have worthy place.

84
With theſe ſweet accents (grac't in utterance)
URANIA holding in her Maiden-hand
A glorious Crown, rapt-up in *ſacred Tranſe*)
My proſtrate ſoule, preſt to her high Command.

85
Since when, alone *that Love* my heart hath fired;
Since when, alone that Winde my ſails hath ſpread:
O happy! might I touch that *Crown* (deſired)
But with my hand, not put it on my head.

86
Now out of zeal *to your deer* Name *and* You
(*Deer* noble Name, *that I muſt ay affect:*
And whoſe Diſaſters *I muſt ever rue*)
This MONUMENT of Honour *I erect*
To you (*ſweet* ESSEX) *as your* Vertues *due,*
For an eternall token *of reſpect:*
Where, your great worth, *& my* good-will *ſhal ſtand*
Inrowld for ever with URANIA's *hand.*

FINIS.

THE

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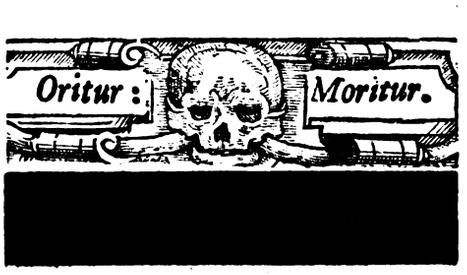
THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH;

Former-ly
DEDICATED,
and now againe,
FOR EVER
Conſecrated to the
gratefull Memorie *of*
the firſt kinde Foſterer of
our tender Muſes, my never-
ſufficiently-Honoured deer Vncle
W. PLUMB, *Eſq.*

For whoſe deer Bones wee would a Toomb advance
Of Gold, and Silver, and CORINTHIAN Braſſe,
With Ivorie Pillars mixt with Jett and Rance,
Rarer and richer than th' old CARIAN'S was;

His Vertues ſhining bright: *And round about it write* *With Stories of his Fame:* *And ſtately decke the ſame*



But, ſith the moſt of our poore Meanes (alas!)
Not the leaſt part of that Rich Pride affoords;
For want of Wealth, wee build a Toomb of Words:

* * *Which (though it coſt leſſe) ſhall out-laſt* * *
* * *The proud cloud-threatning Battlements,* * *
* * *Th' aſpiring Spires by* NILUS *plac't,* * *
* * *And Hell-deepe-founded Monuments.* * *

For greedy waſte of Hours, that all things elſe devours,
Spares the ſweete Maides of ſacred HELICON:
And thoſe faire Ladies, to their Friendes alone,
This precious Gift doe give, Still (after Death) to Live.

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THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

To Guy de Faur, Lord of Pibrac; VV. Saluſtius du BARTAS.

I *Hate thoſe Satyrs, that the beſt ſtill bite:*
I hate the ſhameleſs Pens that ſooth the vicious:
For, theſe be flatterers, and thoſe malicious:
But, wiſe is hee can hit the Mean aright.
I pinch not oft, nor doe I often praiſe:
Yet, muſt I needs praiſe the praiſe-worthy ſtill:
I cannot hold my free and forward quill
From thoſe whom Heav'n adorns with ſpeciall rayes.
Now all that God doth by retail beſtowe
On perfect'ſt men, to thee in groſſe hee gives:
Therefore my Muſe thy praiſe ſo often drives,
For Duties ſake, but not to flatter ſo.
Our Age's wonder! when thy tongue (refin'd
By vſe and Art) in our King's name dilates,
With Counſails, Germane or furr'd Poliſh *States,*
The ſweet-tongu'd Cyneas *thou doſt make us minde.*
In privie counſell, when our miſeries
Thou doſt be-moan, moſt Neſtor-*like thou art:*
And when, in Paris *Parliament, thy part*
Of Lawes thou Plead'ſt, thou ſeem'ſt to Scævolize.
Thy Latin Proſe doth match ſmooth Saluſts *ſtile:*
And when thy Pen diſtils the Nectar *ſweet*
Of Helicon *(where all the Muſes meet)*
Me thinks I read ſweet Virgil *all the while.*
In honour of theſe gifts, this gift I bring,
Small for my paines, great for the argument:
But if the Heav'ns had richer treaſure lent,
Thy New-yeers-gift *ſhould be ſom better thing.*

THE

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

BE THOV FAITHFVL VNTO THE DEATH: AND I WIL GIVE THEE A CROWNE OF LYFE. REVELA. 2.
WE MVST ALL APPEARE BEFORE THE IVDGMENT SEAT OF CHRISTE. ROM. 14.

THE

THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

CANTO I.

1

NEer th' hour that *Erycin' Aurora* cals,
And ſhee the Sun; ſad *Morpheus*, entring in
Through 's horny gate, to ſhew me did begin
A ſacred Virgins ſtately TRIUMPHALS.

2

Then *Faith* (for ſo ſhee hight) bids with celerity,
Of Pen and Paper that I make proviſion
To write the ſumm of this celeſtiall Viſion,
To be recorded unto all Poſterity.

3

I know my task to be impoſſible:
I know, in this, mans eyes are beetle-blinde:
His ears quite deaf; clean void of ſenſe his minde:
But, hardeſt things *Faith* makes moſt poſſible.

4

Eternall Sun, O ſcatter with thy Light
All miſty clouds, that make me not to ſee
Thy health-full Face: and give true *Faith* to me;
Since Faith, ſans *Faith*, cannot be known aright.

5

FAITH ſits triumphant in a Carr of gold,
Of *Tubal*'s making, where blew Saphires ſhine,
Rich Diamonds, and many Rubies fine,
And if ought elſe Earth doth more coſtly hold.

6

Her glorious Charrets rowling wheels are like
The holy wheels the great *Ezechiel* ſaw:
For, one ſelf-ſpirit, ſelf-winde, and will doth draw
Their reſtleſs courſes, equall, both alike.

7

The Bird that led the *Roman* Standards out:
The Bird, that fixtly can oppoſe his eyes
Againſt the greateſt light in all the skies;
High through the air, draws this rich Coach about.

8

Faith flaunts it not in ſilver, ſilk, nor gold,
Nor precious ſcarlet of the *Tyrian* Dy,
Nor paints her face to hide deformity;
But, as ſhee is, ſhee doth her ſelf unfold.

9

Her body (that all bodies doth diſgrace)
Like *Juno*'s Bird is full of watchfull eies,
Whoſe holy glances pearce the lofty skyes,
Pearce Air, and Heav'n, and ſee God face to face.

10

Sh' hath many ſweet and flowing tongues to praiſe
The Lord of Hoaſts: ſh' hath ſtrong and mighty wings
(Paſſing the ſwiftnes of all earthly things)
That in a moment up to Heav'n her raiſe.

11

Her glorious head is compaſt with a Crown,
Not made of Olive, Pine, or Laurell bough,
Nor Parſly Wreath, which *Grecians* did allow
Th' *Olympian* games for ſignals of renown:

12

But, of freſh Roſes pluckt from Honours Tree,
That never ſhrink for Winters chilling froſt,
That wither not when *Titan* parcheth moſt:
For, by the Lord they ever wat'red be.

13

Now, ſtain-leſs *Truth* for Standards doth diſplay
Two Teſtaments: next, *Courage* marſhals right
Th' undaunted Troops that are prepar'd to fight
Under her Colours, into battell-ray.

14

Then, *Conſtancy* bears a two-edged Blade,
And *Patience* an impenetrable Shield;
Whoſe brightnes hath inforc't more mõſters yield,
Than that which of grim *Gorgon*'s head was made.

15

Next, *Charity*, that kindly doth prefer
Her neighbours good before her own utility:
Repentance, *Hope*, and hearty-milde *Humility*,
Doe flank the wings of *Faith*'s triumphant Carr.

16

For, *Faith* (indeed) without her Maids were vain.
But, as the Sun can never lack his light,
Nor Fire want heat: ſo (if wee mark aright)
Faith cannot want theſe Hand-maids in her train.

Before

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17
Before this Coach there is a Beldam gon,
That ſeems (at firſt) fairer than *Helen* was:
But, neerer view'd, ſhee is more foul (alas!)
Than fell *Meger'*, *Alect'*, or *Teſiphon*.

18
Shee never goes (like *Faith*) with open face;
But ſeeks for masks, vizards, and garments gay,
For cloak on cloak to keep the light away,
Of her loath'd limbs to hide the foul diſgrace.

19
Sh'hath tongues (like *Faith*) with which ſhe boldly
Blaſpheming Heav'n with filthy vanities; (chats,
Sh'hath eyes (like *Faith*) but yet (alas!) thoſe eyes
See cleer by night, by day are blinde as Bats.

20
Sh'hath wings (like *Faith*) with which ſhe ſoars
Like *Icarus*, ſhee proudly mounts aloft (on hy:
(Forgetting that her feathers are ſo ſoft)
Till *Phœbus* force her waxen wings doth fry.

21
Shee (whom, *ſans* reaſon, men have *Reaſon* hight)
Since firſt, in Fire, the Lord the Air inclos'd;
In Air the Sea, in Sea the Earth diſpos'd;
Hath with milde *Faith* maintain'd continuall fight;

22
Now, arming Kings, and putting in their brains,
That nothing leſs beſeems their Royall State
Than vnder *Faith* their Scepters to abate;
Than to endure her gentle-ruling reans.

23
Another-while, ſhee puffs with pois'ny-pride
(Whom their diſciples onely Doctors deem)
Such as (I grant) have ſpent much oil, and time,
To draw mens ſoules from the true way, too wide.

24
Yet ſtill, the Lord (who ſtill upholds the juſt)
Hath ſtill the cauſe of holy *Faith* maintain'd;
Hath ſtill ſo well her holy ſide ſuſtain'd,
That ſtill her foes lye groveling in the duſt.

25
A thouſand Princes, bound in fetters faſt,
Before her march, that her milde yoak diſdain'd,
That all the Earth with bloud of Saints diſtain'd,
And Chriſt his Church with Fire and Sword did (waſte.

26
Cain. Hee that (the firſt) in this worlds Pupillage,
Brain'd his owne brother, leads this bloody crew:
Pharaoh. Then th' hardned Tyrant, that did dare purſue
Through the Red-Sea Gods choſen Heritage.

27
Ioaſh. Then ſaw I him that *Zachary* did ſtone;
Athaliah, *Ahab*, wicked *Abian*,
Occazias, *Amon*, *Ahaz*, and *Joram*:
Then all that ſate on the *Samarian* Throne.

28
Nebuchadnezzar. I ſaw *Senacherib*, and Him whoſe Grace
Was turn'd to graſs, proud *Haman*, and withall
Baltſazar. Brave *Holophernes*, and who on the Wall
Read how his Kingdom to the *Medes* ſhould paſſe.

29
Antiochus illuſtris. *Annas* and *Caiaphas*, and him that ſet
His hatefull idoll in the holy Place;
Which five *Jew*-brethren bravely did deface:
All theſe too-late, in ſad repentance fret.

30
Herod. The Tyrant too, that (at our Saviours birth)
In Cradles kill'd ſo many Innocents:
Pilat. And that vile Judge, whoſe feared conſcience
Condemn'd the guilt-leſs Judge of all the earth.

31
Nero. That viperous Monſter (of mankinde the ſhame)
Who, Mother, Wives, Brethren and Siſters ſlue,
Then from a lofty Towr did laugh to view
Romes glittering Spires all on a burning flame.

32
With *Seventh Severus* came accompanied:
Jule, *Maximin*, with fell *Maximian*,
Cruell *Gallerian*, fond *Domitian*,
That (god-leſs) would like God bee honoured.

33
Then ſaw I him that ſerved *Sapores*
For foot-ſtool baſe: I ſaw *Valerian*,
Decius, *Lecinus*, and *Hoſtilian*;
And fell *Maxentius*, marching next to theſe.

34
I ſaw great *Trajan*, learn'd *Aurelius*,
And learned *Diocleſian*: all which three
Among wiſe *Cæſars* might well praiſed bee,
Had they not been 'gainſt Chriſtians barbarous.

35
Juſtin, *The'dorus*, *Conſtantinus* Sonne, Anaſtaſius
Heraclius, *Valence*, *Conſtance*, *Manuel*,
And that *Bizantian* Prince, that did miſ-tell Enmeves.
A four-fould Eſſence in the onely ONE.

36
Then (*Goths* and *Vandals*, *Gens'ric*, *Traſimond*)
Honorius, *Theodorus*, *Totilas*,
Alaricus, and *Rhotoris* (alas!)
Who *Rome* and *Africk* with *Saints* blood have (drown'd.

37
But who is this, that, loaden ſo with chains,
By thouſand hang-men racked with deſpight,
By thouſand Furies tortur'd day and night,
For god-leſs deeds receives ſo righteous pains?

38
Sergius a Neſtorian Monk help Mahomet to make his Alcoran.
'Tis *Mahomet*, who more by *Mavors* Art,
Than 's *Alcaron* (Bird of a Friers neſt)
Hath all ſubdu'd the wealthy golden Eaſt,
And won withall the triple world's beſt part.

39
I ſee Prince *Saladine*, of match-leſs force,
But th' *Alcaron* too-deeply favouring:
Haly the *Caliphe*, and the wanton King
That did our Maids on *Edeſs* Altars force.

40
With wrath and woe old *Ottoman* oppreſt,
Too-late repentance in his face preſents;
And *Mahomet*, the ſecond, much laments
That hee the *Greekiſt* Empery ſuppreſt.

41
Baiazeth. So the proud ſcorn of (ſcourge-Turk) *Tamberlaine*,
That in an iron Cage was cooped ſtraight;
And hee that firſt preſum'd to paſs the Streight
Which *Europ*'s bounds divides from th' *Aſian*.

42
Mahomet 3. Then hee that quittance did with *Scythia* cry,
And over Sea his Scepter rais'd again;
And *Amurath*, that did repell amain
Vincenſlaus, that firſt had made him fly.

Orcan

43
Orcan (the *Phrygian's* fear) and *Calipine*,
Who foil'd *Sigismond's* hoast, his Father fear'd;
And *Bajazeth*, that, being haughty rear'd
By *Germain Tropheis*, did their peace repine.

44
Selim 1. Hee that his Sire and Brother put to death,
Is with a Cable kild; his Son that quail'd
Solymon. Th' *Hungarian* King, and *Rhodes* and *Bud* assail'd,
With trembling fear now quakes like Aspen leaf.

45
Selim. And neer this *Solyman* there doth remain
An empty room for him that yet survives,
Who (by our Kings strange jars) so richly thrives,
That (proud) hee threats both *Germany* and *Spain*,

46
O Wretched Christians! while your civill rage
'Gainst your owne hearts doth arm your proper hands,
O see you not the *Turks* invade your Lands,
And safely spoil the Lords choise heritage?

47
The discord growne 'twixt the *Bulgarian* King,
And th' Eastern *Cæsar*, even the Bridge it was
For hate-Christ Turks the *Hellespont* to pass,
And so in *Greece* a *Pagan* Scepter bring.

48
The discord of two brethren *Morea* lost;
And (O!) I fear lest Christians home-bred fraies
(Dejecting quite Christs Name, and all his praise)
Bring Turks to land in farthest Western Coast.

49
Forget then, Christians, your un-Christian jarrs
(Your civill strife for wagging of a straw)
Joyn hearts and hands, and all joint weapons draw
In *Faith's* defence to fight *Jehova's* warrs.

50
In *Asi'* and *Eypt* make your forces knowne:
Recover *Gaza*, *Antioch*, *Ascalon*,
Tyre, *Sidon*, *Joppa*, and King *Davids* Throne,
And *Famagosta*, lost a yeer agon.

CANTO II.

1
THough bloody Tyrants had in every age
Busiris Altars, Bulls of *Phalaris*,
Gemonid Ladders, making Land and Seas,
And fire, and air, racks of their beastly rage:

2
Yet could they never wound the Church so much,
As have the Writings of the worldly Wise,
Which on mens soules doe felly tyrannize;
The tortures, onely did the bodies touch:

3
These *Sages*, puft with self-conceited pride,
Dare to controule th'Almighties match-less work,
Where mystike Secrets from our senses lurk,
The search whereof the Lord hath us deni'd.

4
And, though the spred of our too-feeble wings
Scant raise us from the ground, they mount aloft
Even up to Heav'n, where they doe measure oft
(By their Wits compass) Gods eternall things.

5
Their knowledge is but meerly ignorance,
They lose the Truth in seeking it too much:
For, Truth doth still conceal her self from such,
And to the humble doth her self advance.

6
Truth alwaies dwels within the holy Tables
Of God's live word; not in our wanton brain,
Which daily coining som strange Error vain,
For Gold takes Lead, for Truth electeth Fables.

7
Long time their reasons were with Reason rife,
To wrack the Church, and *Faith* to ruinate:
But, now I see they doe detest, too-late,
Their former errors and their former life.

8
1 The ancient Sages of the World.
In formost ranck, march all *Gymno-sophists*,
Follow'd by all the cunning *Persian Mages*,
The old *French Druids*, learned *Chaldé-Sages*,
And flow'r of all the *Brachoman-sophists*.

9
2 Philosophers, Greek and Latin.
Pythagoras, *Zeno*, *Xenophanes*,
Parmenides, merry *Democritus*,
Empedocles, and sad *Heraclitus*,
Architas, *Naucides*, *Nausiphanes*.

10
Brief, all the Doctors of the *Latin* Sect,
Tearing their Tresses, melting into tears,
Beating their breasts, detest those dreams of theirs:
And so the greatest of the *Greeks* Elect.

11
Anaximander, *Anaximenes*,
Mylesian *Thales*, *Anaxagoras*,
Gnaw'n with continuall care, cry out (alas)
On their own Errors; and so *Socrates*.

12
Cleanthes and *Chrysippus* next to these,
With *Zeno* (*Stoiks*) that have often strai'd:
And next, the *Cyniks* (all as ill-appai'd)
Diogenes, *Crates*, *Antisthenes*.

13
There, the grand Patrons of each *Academ*,
Plato, *Speusippus*, and *Zenocrates*,
Clytomachus, *Crantor*, *Carneades*;
And hee that labours to conciliate them.

14
There mourns in vain *Pirrhon* (Son of *Plistarchus*)
That (fond) beleeves not what his ears doe hear,
Eyes see, nose smells, tongue tasts, & hands do bear:
Then *Timon*, *Hecatè*, and *Anaxarchus*.

15
Aristotle. There, the *Stagirian* (that, with learned vain,
In's Works includes the *Encyclopedy*)
Sorry t' have led so many souls awry,
With *Strato*, *Theophrastus* doth complain.

16
There, carnall *Epicurus* wails with tears,
And *Metodorus*: next to whom there came
Both *Aristippi*, *Aretas*, that same
Vile wretch that coin'd a worser Sect than theirs:

17
I mean that Monster *Theodorus* hight,
Who shame-less saies, There is no God at all:
And that the Wise may (when occasions fall)
Be Lier, Traitor, Theef and Sodomite.

Alas!

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18
Alas! how true the Proverb proves too-plain,
Saying, *Bad weeds grow every-where apace:*
But, holsom herbs scant spring in any place
Without great labour, and continuall pain.

19
O *Grecians* Bane, thy mortifying Mores
To grow in *Rome* the swelling Seas have crost;
From *Rome* too-soon over the *Alps* have past
As far as *France*, and all her neighbour shoars.

20
Thy deadly Plant now buds on Justice Throne,
In Christian Camps, and Courts of Christian Kings,
In Church and Chair, and every-where so springs,
That with thy thistles all is over-grown.

21
But, now return wee to our task again:
All these Wise-men, of *God* have false defin'd,
Of *Chiefest-good*, *Soules*, or wrong place assign'd
Where (dead) we feel or end-less peace or pain.

22
3. Deceitful Sophists & Apostates, open Enemies to *Christ*.
Those that (since Christ, true Son of righteousnes,
On our *Horizon* brought the daies broad light)
Have led mens soules in darke eternall night,
Feel torments worthy of their wickednes.

23
Next *Symmachus*, *Porphirius* marcheth first:
Lucian, and *Celsus* then, whose hardned heart
The Gospel (knowne) did labour to subvert;
And *Julian* also, of all *Cæsars* worst:

24
Who, knowing well that tortures were but vain
To force the Saints from the right Faith to stray;
(By sugred stile) studies another way,
Turns truth to lies, and lies to truth again.

25
4. Cabalists, and Talmudists, Rabbies.
Next, I perceive the Circumcised Crew
Of *Cabalists*, and burly *Talmudists*,
Troubling the Church with their mysterious Mists;
Who, wel-nie dead, 'gainst CHRIST do spet &
26 spew:
Much like to Snakes, that wagg thir sting-less sting,
When as (their heads and bodies being slain)
They threat their Foes with force-less fury vain,
And to their Graves their Thirst of vengeance
27 bring.
5. Turkish Doctors.
Now come the Doctors of the *Alcaron*;
Who, mingling poison, by their subtil gloze, (close;
The World's blinde eyes with darker Clouds in-
They shew their sorrow by their saddest mone.

28
6. Heretikes old & new.
But, who are these that weare *Faith*'s Livery,
And bear the badge of *Faith*'s best Souldiers;
And yet are loaden with such bolts and bars;
And so despised of *Faith*'s company?

29
These (if I erre not) are the *Heretikes*
Who (pusht by proud and curious spirits) do blend
Both heav'n and Earth, and busily contend
To lead the World in crooked paths and Creeks.

30
Now, as soft windes, with straight constrained (breath
(Through chinks and crannies stealing privily)
Hurt more our health, than boist'rous blasts that fly,
And roule (abroad) the stones upon a heath:

31
And, as the Foe, that shakes the Cities walls
With thundring shot, is not so dangerous
As a lewd Burgess, false and mutinous,
That in the Town stirs-up domestick brauls:

32
So, *Pagans*, *Turks*, *Jews*, do not damnifie
The Faith, like these: their open violence
May bee avoyded: but false fair-pretense
Is hardly 'scaped with much jeopardy.

33
They make (like us) a fair religious showe:
They have (like us) one Church, one FAITH, one
They read (like us) one Bible, and one Word: (Lord:
So fly they are God's Church to over-throwe.

34
In foremost rank, here goe the *Sadducees*,
That doe deny Angels and Resurrection;
Both Spirits of grace, and also of rejection:
Then th' *Essens* foul, and Formall *Pharisees*.

35
Next, that deceiver, that devised first
Church-chaffering: and after him ensues
That Marriage-Foe, who brutishly renues
Pluto's (not *Plato*'s) *Common*-Law accurst.
Simon Magus, Nicolaus, Author of the Sect of the Nicolaits.

36
Cerinthus next, all bruis'd, and bleeding fresh,
Of Beam-past wounds that brain'd him suddenly,
When in the Baths (profane) hee did deny
Christs holy God-head, hidden in our flesh.

37
For having likewise warr'd against the same
God-head of th' only *Man-God*; *Ebion*,
Paul, *Samyan*, *Photin*, *Carp'crate*, *Artemon*,
Shew by their looks their sorrow and their shame.

38
There mourns that *Manes*, who did fondly fain
Two divers Gods, Authors of Good and Ill;
There *Valentin* the ayr with cries doth fill,
Who did deny that bodies Rise again.

39
Cerdon (great Patron of the Stoïcall)
Marcion, *Menander*, piteous Moan doe make:
There sighs *Apelles*; saying, Christ did take
Not (simply) flesh, but flesh fantasticall.

40
There goes *Basilides*, who canoniz'd
Cyrenean Simon in our SAVIOURS stead;
Montanus there (a frantick head indeed)
Who guiltless Children kill'd and sacrifiz'd.

41
There, *Tatians*, *Encratits*, *Severions*,
Sabellians too, which (seeking th' unitie
In Gods great Essence) lost the Trinity;
Abhor'd too-late their fond conclusions.

42
There, th' *Alexandrian* Priest, that yerst did voyd
His entrails at the stool, whose Heresie
(Witching well-neer th' Earths Universitie)
With Sword & Schism the World so much anoi'd,

43
Sadly beholds sad-marching *Macedonius*
And *Eunomus*, who at the first had sown
His poys'ny seeds; but after, of their own
They gathered tw' other Sects erroneous.

Bizantian

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44
Bizantian Nestor, and (our own) *Pelagius*,
Libian, Donatus, Luciferians,
Eutichians fond, and fond *Priscillians*,
All frown and fret for inward grief outrageous.

45
Shall I conceal *Servetus*, and the train
Of those *Deists* that in *Sarmatia* swarms:
And (Kingling) *Muncer*, that with frantick arms,
Founds hundred sorts of Anabaptists vain?

46
Both *Syrtes* sands I might as eas'ly number,
As number those, whose sweet inchanting Writs
With Error's dregs have drenched wanton Wits,
Chiefly 'n this Age, which all corruptions cumber.

47
For, Satan now him so insinuates
In faithless hearts, that ween themselves be wise,
That so foul Error can hee not devise,
But shall be backt by strong associates.

7 Antichrist & the Schismaticks.

48
I see the Beast that bears the purple Whore
(Great Anti-Christ usurping pow'r Divine)
Set on Seav'n Hils; who with her whoredom swine
Makes drunk the Princes that her Seat adore.

49
And (last of all) I see the *Schismaticks*,
Which (renting Christ's unseamed coat in twain)
Trouble the Church-peace with contentions vain;
Follow to neer the steps of *Hereticks*.

CANTO III.

1
GReat Sire's great Son! O live, God's lively face,
Wisedom conceived of the onely Wise:
To us giv'n Giver; First and Last: borne twice;
Once, in full Time; once out of all Times space.

2
Beam of that Sun which fils the world with Light:
Life of our life, our death's death, Stingers sting:
Our perfect, wise, just, holy, valiant King,
Word, that no word can full expres aright:

3
O Lord, draw, draw me, draw me from this throng,
Whose feet and hands are bold to war with Thee:
For, with dry eyes I can them never see,
Nor without griefe recite them in my Song.

4
Ah! I am out; now (my dear God) I goe
From *Babel* to *Jerusalem*, the Land
Of Life, Saints House, and holy Ark, to stand
Against all Seas, and all rough storms that blow.

5
Lo here these Champions that have (bravely-bold)
Withstood proud Tyrants, stoutly consacring
Their lives and soules to God, in suffering:
Whose names are all in Life's fair Book in-roul'd.

6
All-hail, Saint-Souldiers, let us once imbrace:
O valiant Knights! let mee your hands and brows
Adorn with Palms, and with *Apollo's* boughs:
Let present honours former shames deface.

7
Com, sacred Kings; O holy Princes, com:
Com to this Triumph, Lords, whose valiant hands
Have Satan's kingdom sought to bring in bands,
And in your Crowns giv'n *Faith* the chiefest room.

8
Hee, that (the first) *Isaac* infranchised, Moses. Iesus.
Leads by the hand that Duke, whose faithfull word
Stopt *Phœbus* Coursers, and whose conquering
Subdu'd the *Land* the Lord had *Promised*. (Sword

9
Hee, that, but armed with an Asses bone, Samson.
Slew thousand Foes, *Sanger*, *Othoniel*,
Ahod and *Jeptha*, *Barac*, *Samuel*,
And (th' Heathens scourge) triumphant *Gedeon*.

10
That great King-Prophet, Poet, Conqueror, David.
Sweet Psalmograph: *Asa*, that Idols brake:
Hee, that made all the Idol-altars quake; Iosias
And (after) did the Paschall Lamb restore.

11
Jehosaphat, *Joathan*, *Azarias*;
And hee, whose life the Lord did dis-abbridge,
Whom Heav'nly arms, from *Assur* did unsiege;
The most religious, match-less *Ezechias*.

12
Wise *Mardochey*; and the five *Maccabees*;
All, the right heirs of heart and zeal paternall,
Receive their guerdon from the great Eternall,
And up again their stooping standards raise.

13
Before these Warriours, and the Royall Band,
March holy Fathers, that with vertue rare,
And holy Doctrine, did the Divell dare;
Foiling the force of his infernall hand.

14
Enos, by whom this Worlds great Architect Henoch.
Was call'd upon, leadeth (religious):
That holy Father God took-up from us:
And hee, whose ship did save the World Elect. Noah.

15
Then *Sem* and *Japheth*; and great *Abraham*, Isaac.
The Faithfuls Father; and his faithfull Son;
And then his Nephew, that saw Angels run Iacob.
Both up and down from Heav'n to th' earthly frame

16
Aaron, *Eleazer*, *Phinees* full of zeal,
Good *Joyada*, and hundred priests select,
That were by Heav'en, by zeal, and Church, elect
To keep the Law the Lord did once reveal.

17
His Father who was sent to sweep the way Zacharias.
Of sweet *Messias*; then the man suppos'd Ioseph.
To be his Sire; then, Hee that him inclos'd
In 's joyfull arms, aad sung a Swan-like Lay. Simeon.

18
Then *Barnabas*, *Titus*, and *Timothy*,
(*Paul's* famous Friends, Sins fierce and deadly Foes)
And hee that did, by *Sol's* Eclipse, suppose
Som greater Sun to be eclips't than hee.

19
Then (this brave *Triumph* to adorn the more)
All on a row a hundred Prophets com,
Which have so sure foretold the things to-com,
As if (indeed) they had been done before.

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20

Elias. There first coms hee, that in the Coach of fire
By God's strong Spirit was rapt above the Air:
Elizeus. And then his Servant, that was made his heir
Of cloak and knowledge, as hee did desire.

21

Nathan. Hee that reprov'd old *Isha*'s Sceptred Son
For double fault; *Amos, Ezechiel,*
Joel, Semayah, Abdiah, Daniel;
Ionas. And hee that three daies in the Sea did won.

22

Zachariah. With these I see the Son of *Barachy,*
Both *Michais, Baruc, Jehu, Jeremias,*
Agg', Abacuc, Nahum, and *Sophonias,*
Ahias, Hose, Esdras, Malachy.

23

The glorious troop that march before this troop,
Are martyrs all, who (full of constant zeal)
Their faith infract with their own bloods did seal,
And never did to any Tyrant stoop.

24

Their blessed blood is like the morning deaw,
To make more fertil all the Churches field:
These are the weapons that inforce to yeeld
The furious Foe (examples not a few).

25

For, as a fruit-Tree lopped in *December,*
For one old Trunk, many new twigs returns,
Which Nature kindely with sweet fruit adorns:
So, one sole martyr many doth engender.

26

First, *Abel* goes, then *Joyad*'s zealous Son,
That neer the Altar (constant) yeelded breath:
Esay. The next goes hee *Manasses* put to death;
John Baptist Then hee, whose head th' incestuous Dancer won.

27

Next *Salone* and her Sons, who rather chose (ther
To cross the King than God, strengthning each o-
Even in their death; Sons worthy such a Mother,
And Mother worthy of such Sons as those.

28

That *Proto-Martyr*, the young faithfull *Steven,*
Whom th'hatefull *Jews* with hellish rage did stone;
Who, dying, saw Christ Jesus on his Throne,
Leads those that for like cause their lives have giv'n.

29

Som, smeard with hony, for the Flies were feasts:
Som, men did eat; som were on Gridirons broil'd:
Som, nail'd on Crosses; som, in Cauldrons boil'd;
And som were throwne to most devouring beasts.

30

After the Champions of this humble Troop,
I see fair *Sara, Rebecca, Rachel:*
Then *Debora*, stout *Judith*, and *Jahel,* (stoop.
Who (Faith's Viragoes) their proud Foes did

31

Hester. Then shee that (rais'd to Royall state and stile)
Preserv'd her people, in a ranke shee goes
Susanna. With *Naomi, Ruth,* and the Dame that chose
Rather to dy than Nuptiall bed defile.

32

From these, mine eye no sooner traverseth,
But I discerne three Ladies zealous-led,
That sought their living Lord among the dead:
Then *Anna Martha*, and *Elizabeth.*

33

The Virgin Mary. But, my weak eyes cannot endure to gaze
On beaming beauties of that *Mother-Maid,*
Who Sire-less bore her Sire, yet ever-Maid;
Of Faith and Love th' inimitable maze.

34

This, this (my *Muse*) this is th' *Aurora* clear
Which brought the Sun to light the World unkind
A Virgin pure in body and in minde,
Christ's Mother, Sister, Spouse and Daughter dear.

35

God's holy Temple, and the happy stair (Earth,
Whereby the Heav'ns came downe to dwell with
Rich-fraighted Ship, Vessell of rarest worth,
Where *Phœbus* hid his beams most bright and fair.

CANTO IIII.

1

I Thought t' have been now at my Races end,
T'have (though unworthy) born away the prize:
But I fall short, my task doth longer rise;
For, halfe the *Trophe* is yet hardly penn'd.

2

Before *Faith*'s Coach, born in convenient heighth,
Are curious Tables drawn by cunning hand,
Where (after guise of warlik Romans) stand
The Victories of never conquer'd *Faith.*

3

Heer, *Jericho*'s cloud-kissing Tow'rs doe fall, Ios.6.20.
Batter'd alone by *Faith*'s great ordinance:
A count-less hoast of craking Idolants, 2 Kin.18.13. 2 Chr.32.20. Esay 37.21
By *Esay*'s Faith is here confounded all.

4

By Faith, meek *Moses* with a zeal-full ire Exod.7.8.9.
Arms smalleſt Worms th' *Egyptian* King to vex; Dan.6.22.
Daniel, by Faith, fierce Lions fury checks,
And quenches Dragons hot impoisoning fire.

5

Heer, *Paul*, by Faith, fears not (in *Mitylene*) Acts 28.5.
The deadly sting of th' ugly Viper-Worm:
Heer, myching *Jonas* (sunk in sudden Storm) Ionas 2.2.
Of his Deliverance findes a Fish the mean.

6

Then, in another Table, that was fram'd
By Art, exceeding Art; I did espy
Pale Death, blithe Health, and frail Infirmity,
That had by Faith a thousand times been tam'd.

7

Moses, by Faith, doth *Myriam* leperize: Num.12.10. 2 King.6.14. 17.
By Faith, *Elisha* (curing *Naaman*
The *Syrian* Prince) strikes instantly his man
With his Disease, for Bribing Covetize.

8

A man of God, by Faith, first strangely dri'd, 1 Kin.13.46.
Then heald again, that Kings unholy hand,
Who made ten Tribes of God's (then) chosen Land
From God, and from their lawfull Prince, to slide.

9

By Faith, Saint *Paul* stark-blinded *Elymas*: Acts 13.11.
By Faith, Saint *Peter* (full of just disdain)
With sudden death did smite those perjur'd twain, Act.5.5.16
That durst dissemble with the Spirit of Grace.

By

10

Tob.11.11. By Faith, young *Toby* kindely doth reſtore
His Fathers ſight: by ſacred Faith likewiſe,
Acts 3.6. & 14.10. Two crooked Cripples are maid ſtraight to riſe;
In *Lyſtra* th' one, th' other at Temple dore.

11

Acts 21.8. By Faith, Saint *Paul* did a rich *Maltois* cure
Acts 9.34. Of grievous Flix, that him afflicted ſore:
By Faith, Saint *Peter* likewiſe did reſtore
A Palſie-ſick, that eight yeers did indure.

12

Acts 20.10. By Faith, Saint *Paul* did *Eutichus* re-live:
1 Kin.17.21. 2 Kin.4.33. By Faith *Elias* rais'd the *Sareptite*;
Eliſha raiſed the young *Sunamite*:
Acts 9.40. At *Joppa*, *Peter Dorcas* did revive.

13

The foure Elements. Then in another picture I did view
The foure firſt bodies of this maſſie Globe;
Green-gowned *Tellus*, *Vulcan* Scarlet-robe,
Py'd-mantled *Juno*, *Neptune* clad in blew.

14

2 Kin.6.17. *Eliſha*'s Faith brought, from the loftie skies,
Bright fiery Charrets 'gainſt the *Syrian* hoaſt;
1 Kin.18.38. *Elias* Faith (ſcorning the *Ba'l*-Prieſts boaſt)
Fir'd without fire his moated Sacrifice.

15

Dan.3.27. By Faith three *Hebrews*, caſt in ſeaven-fold flame
By a proud Prince, eſcape the raging Fire
(Their very garments ſent-leſs and entire)
While their Tormentors periſh in the ſame.

16

Lev.10.21. Num.16.35. *Moſes*, by Faith, makes Fire from Heav'n to fall
In th' *Hebrew* hoaſt, thoſe wretches to conſume,
Whoſe profane hands, with profane Fire and Fume,
God's holy Altar had polluted all.

17

Num.16.30. *Moſes*, by Faith (heard by the God of pow'r)
Compels the Mountains burly ſides to ſhake;
Commands the Earth to rent, and yawn, and quake,
To ſwallow rebels, and them quick devour.

18

Exod.14.21. *Moſes*, by Faith, divides the Sea in twain,
Exod.17.9. When *Iſrael* came out of *Egypt* Land:
Then in the Deſerts dry and barren ſand,
From flinty Rocks doth plenteous river ſtrain.

19

Exod.7.20. *Moſes*, by Faith, converts to foul black blood
Exod.15.25. The Cryſtall Current of the ſeaven-fold *Nile*,
By Faith again, hee makes (another while)
Thoſe ſtinking waters, holſom, ſweet and good.

20

Thrice, ſilver *Jordan* did it ſelfe divide,
To give ſafe paſſage to God's dear-belov'd:
Ioſ.3.16. 2 Ki.2.8.14. Once by the Faith of valiant *Joſuah* prov'd;
Elias once: once by *Eliſha* tri'd.

21

The zealous *Thisbit* did by Faith ſeal-up (Raine
1 Kin.18.41. The Heav'ns wide windows, that there fell no
In ſeav'n-ſix months; and then by Faith again
(To drench the dry Earth) ſet them all wide-ope.

22

Likewiſe by Faith, the nimble-winged train,
That cleave the Air, are to our ſervice ſet;
1 Kin.17.6.4 Gen.8.11. Exod.16.13. The Rav'ns are made to bring *Elias* meat,
The Dove ſerves *Noah*, Quails for *Moſes* rain.

23

O! who is able Faith to countermand?
If Faith doe force all-taming iron yield,
If Faith make iron float on *Neptunes* field,
If that *Eliſha*'s Faith ſtrong ſteel command. 2 Kin.6.6.

24

Faith hath not only pow'r on things terrene,
Both high and low; but oftentimes doth force
Gods juſtice too, and ſomtimes ſeems (perforce)
Gods purpoſes to change and alter clean.

25

The *Ninivits*, by Faith (repenting) ſhun Ionas 3.10.
their overthrow, that *Jonas* threatned neer:
And *Ahaz* Son by Faith adds fifteen yeer
To his ſhort life, that ſeem'd already done. 2 Kin.20.10

26

Now, if the Giver of this Faith (wee ſee)
Seem to incline and bow unto her ſtill,
As bound and ready to obey her will;
What marvell is 't if Angels be not free?

27

The Angels ſerve in *Ezechias* pay; 2 Kin.19.35.
By Faith, they bring the *Thisbit* needfull Cates, 1 King.19. Acts 12.7.
By Faith, they ope for *Peter* priſon gates: Gen.32.1.
By Faith, to *Jacob* they direct the way.

28

About twelve paces paſt theſe former Pomps,
Full many ſacred Minſtrels ſound on hye
Triumphant Faith's great name and dignity,
Tuning aloft their Clarions, Flutes and Trumps.

29

Mark, *Matthew*, *Luke*, and (the Lords deareſt) *John*,
Chriſts Secretaries, winde with ſuch a breſt
Their warbling Cornets, that from Eaſt to Weſt
Through all the world their ſacred ſound is gon.

30

Both *Jameſes*, one the Son of *Zebedeus*,
Th' other *Alpheus*, *Thomas*, *Simon*, *Andrew*,
Peter, *Matthias*, *Philip*, *Bartholmew*,
Paul (Gentiles Doctor) with the good *Thaddeus*,

31

Sound with ſo ſweet accord their Sagbuts long,
And their ſhrill Fifes (heard from the North to
As if one ſpirit did fill them all the while, (*Nile*)
And one ſame hand had ſet their holy Song.

32

While thus my ſpirit this ſtrange diſcourſe did
Rare-builder *Progne*, earlier than the reſt, (cumber,
Beginning th' out-moſt of her curious neſt,
Brake, with her prattling, my deep pleaſing ſlumber.

33

Sorry to be ſo ſudden wakt, I would
I were a Dor-Mouſe for a hundred yeer,
That I might ſleep full twenty Luſtres heer,
To ſhun the woes that waking I behold.

34

For now (alas!) waking (with griefe) I ſee
Babel triumphing over *Sion* ſtill:
And on the Good th' Ungodly work their will:
The Wicked prais'd, the Righteous ſcorned be.

35

I ſee (alas'!) in theſe lamented Times,
Mens greateſt zeal in bloody murder ſtands:
Profane our hearts, and ſo profane our hands:
Bare Chriſtian name ſerves but to cloak our crimes.

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36
Inceſt 's a ſport, and Murder Man-hood thought:
Diſloyalty a ſpeciall Vertue deem'd:
And Perjury ſound Policy eſteem'd:
Medea's Arts, and *Sodomie* are taught.

37
Maidens be bould, and Wives be impudent,
Princes are Tyrants, People full of rage:
This Age is ſink of every former Age,
Receiving each Sin's ugliest excrement.

38
But, my ſwolne breſt, ſhut-up thy ſighs ſad gate;
Stop, ſtop, mine eyes, the paſſage of your tears;
Caſt-off, my heart, thy deep deſpairing fears;
That which moſt grieves me, moſt doth conſolate.

39
No, no: my Dream is true; ſoon ſhall wee ſee
Faith's glory ſhine. Satan (perceiving nie
His prides Eclipſe) his greateſt force doth try
To ſtop great *Faith*'s triumphant Victory.

40
Sure, if my Card and Compaſſe doe not fail,
W' are neer the Port: where (danger being paſt)
Wee need not fear the billow, nor the blaſt
Of bluſtring windes, nor Seas that can aſſail.

41
Our beaſtly Manners, like *Gomorrha*'s guiſe:
The troubled Seaſons: Wars domeſticall:
The threats of Heav'n: are the fore-runners all
Of CHRIST that coms to hould his laſt Aſſize.

42
That drad-deſired Day ſhall ſoon appear,
Chriſt coms the Rav'ns from Swans to ſet a-ſide:
The tares from wheat: and Goats from Lambs di-
And this brave *Triumph* (that I ſing) is neer. (vide:

23
O Father! while this *Triumph* I expect,
Waiting to ſee the Wicked's utter Fall,
And thy juſt Scepter Ruling over all;
Let lively *Faith* my *Reaſon* ſtill direct.

FINIS.

THE

TETRASTICA.

OR,

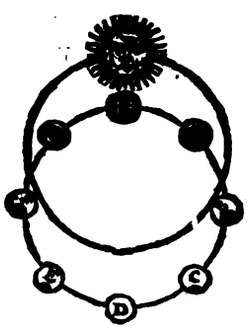
THE QUADRAINS OF GUY DE FAUR,

Lord of Pibrac.

Translated

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.



Acceptam refero.

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TO THE RIGHT EXCELLENT AND MOST HOPEFULL YOUNG Prince, HENRY.

AFter *so many golden Rules of* State,
Religious *Leſſons,* Morall *Precepts grave,*
As in your Fathers * ROYAL-GIFT *you have;*
Theſe ſeeme ſuperfluous, or to come too-late:
Yet, 't is no Error to re-iterate
The Voyce of Wiſedome *to the tender Ear*
Of Princes *(chiefly) ſuch as* You, *that bear*
The Hope *and* Hap *of* Europe *in your* Fate.
And, though You *want not theſe weake helps of ours*
To conſummate Your *Self in* Excellence:
Yet may thoſe Subjects, *which ſhall once be* Yours,
Draw vertuous Wiſedome, *and all duty hence,*
If You *but daign with your dear* Name *to grace-it,*
Which (Load-ſtone-like) ſhall draw them to imbrace-it.

* ΒΑΣΙ-ΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΩ-ΡΟΝ.

IOSUAH SYLVESTER.

THE

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THE QUADRAINS OF PIBRAC.

1

DIEU tout premier, puis Pere & Mere Honore.
Sois juſte & droict : & en toute ſaiſon
Del' innocent pren en main la raiſon :
Car Dieu te doit la-haut juger encore.

Firſt, honour God, *and then thy* Parents *dear :*
Be True *and* Juſt : *and ſee thou never grudge*
The Innocent *oppreſſed cauſe to clear ;*
For, one-day God ſhall alſo be thy Judge.

2

Si en jugeant la faveur te commande,
Si corrompu par or ou par preſens,
Tu fais juſtice, au gré des Courtiſans ;
Ne doute point que Dieu ne te le rende.

If gold and bribes *corrupt thy conſcience,*
If fear *or* favour *in thy* Judgement *ſway-thee,*
If thou reſpect *the* Perſons *difference ;*
Be ſure that God *will in the end repay-thee.*

3

Avec le jour commence ta journée:
De l' Eternel le ſainct nom beniſſant :
Le ſoir auſſi ton labeur finiſſant,
Love-le encor', & paſſe ainſi l' année.

Begin thy Daies-Work when the Day begins,
Firſt bleſſing God's thrice-bleſſed Name (devout)
And then at Evening, when thy labour ends,
Praiſe him again ; ſo bring the Yeer about.

4

Adore auſſis (comme le Grec ordonne)
Dieu en courant ne veut eſtre honorè :
D'un ferme cueur il veut eſtre adorè,
Mais ce cueur là il fault qu'il nous le donne.

Adore thou ſitting (as the Greek *doth bid)*
For, running prayer is prepoſterous :
With ſteadfaſt Heart God will be worſhipped,
But ſuch a heart himſelfe muſt give to us.

5

Neva diſant, ma main a faict ceſt œuure ;
Ou ma vertu ce bel æuure a parfaict :
Mais dis ainſi, Dieu par moy l' æuure a faict :
Dieu eſt l' autheur du peu de bien que l' œuure.

Say not, My hand this Work to end hath brought ;
Nor this my vertue hath attained to :
Say rather thus ; This, God by me hath wrought :
God's author of the little Good I do.

6

Tout l' Univers n'eſt qu'une citè ronde ;
Chacun a droict deſ'en dire Bourgeois,
Le Scythe & More autant que le Gregeois,
Le plus petit que la plus grand du monde.

The World is all but a round Citie like,
Where each may right be ſaid a Citizen :
As well the rude Barbarian *as the* Greek,
As well the meaneſt as the mightieſt men.

7

Dans le pourpris de ceſte citè belle
Dieu a logé l'homme comme en lieu ſainct,
Comme en un Temple, ou luy meſmes ſ'eſt peinct
En mil endroicts de couleur immortélle.

In this fair Citie's goodly Wals God planted
And placed man as in a Sanctuary,
Where Hee, himſelfe in thouſand parts hath painted
With lively colours that doe never vary.

8

Il n'y a coing ſi petit dans ce temple,
Ou la grandeur n'pparoiſſe de Dieu :
L' homme eſt plantè juſtement au miliew,
A fin que mieux par tout il la contemple.

There's not a nook ſo ſmall in all this Temple,
Wherein Gods Greatnes doth not plain appear :
Which that wee might the better all contemple,
Hee placed man juſt in the middle here.

9

Il ne ſcauroit ailleurs mieux la cognoiſtre
Que dedans ſoy, où, comme en un miroir,
La terre il peut & le ciel meſme voir :
Car tout le monde eſt compris en ſon eſtre.

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Yet can hee no where better know the ſame
Than in himſelf, wherein he may behold
(As in a Glaſs) Earth, Water, Air and Flame:
For, all the World, his Eſſence doth infold.

10

Qui a de ſoy perfaicte cognoiſſance
N' ignore rien de ce qu' il fault ſcavoir.
Mais le moyen aſſeurè de l' avoir,
Eſt ſe mirer dedans la ſapience.

Who of himſelfe hath perfect Knowledge gain'd,
Ignoreth nothing that hee ought to know:
But the beſt means whereby it is attain'd,
Is oftentimes to Wiſdom's Glaſs to goe.

11

Ce que tu vois de l' homme n' eſt pas l' homme,
C' eſt la priſon où il eſt inſerre:
C' eſt le tombeau où il eſt interrè,
Le lict branlant où il dort un court ſomme.

That which thou ſeeſt of Man, it is not Man:
'Tis but a Priſon that him captive keeps:
'Tis but a Toomb where Hee's interred (wan)
'Tis but a Cradle where a while hee ſleeps.

12

Ce corps mortel, où l' œil ravi contemple
Muſcles & nerfs, la chair, le ſang, la peau,
Ce n' eſt pas l' homme: il eſt beaucoup plus beau,
Auſſi Dieu l' a reſervè pour ſon temple.

This mortall body, where the raviſht ſenſe
Sees ſinnews, fleſh, bones, muſcles, blood and skinne,
It is not Man: Man's of more excellence,
As the fair Temple *that God dwelleth in.*

13

A bien parler, ce que l' homme on appelle,
C' eſt un rayon de la divinitè:
C' eſt un atome eſclos de l' unitè:
C' eſt un degout de la ſource eternelle.

Rightly to ſpeak: what man wee call and count,
It is a beamling of Divinity:
It is a dropling of th' Eternall Fount:
It is a moatling hatcht of th' Unity.

14

Recognoy donc (homme) ton origine:
Et brave & haut dedaigne ces bas lieux,
Puis que fleurir tu dois la hault ès cieux,
Et que tu es une plante divine.

Then know (O Man) thine own Originall:
And, brave-ambitious, ſcorn baſe Cells of Earth,
Sith thou ſhalt flouriſh in Heav'ns gliſtring Hall,
And art (indeed) a Divine Plant by Birth.

15

Il t' eſt permis t' orgueillir de la race,
Non de ta mere ou ton pere mortel:
Mais bien de Dieu ton vray pere immortel,
Qui t' a moulè au moule de ſa face.

Well maiſt thou vaunt thee of thy glorious Race,
Not from thy mortall Parents either Line:
But from thy true immortall Fathers Grace,
Who by the modell of his Face, made thine.

16

Au ciel n'y à nombre infine d' Idèes,
Platon ſ' e ſt trop en cela meſcontè
De noſtre Dieu la pure volonte
Eſt le ſeul moule a toutes choſes nèes.

There's not in Heav'n a number infinite
Of bright Idèas (Plato *did miſtake*):
God's onely will (the onely Rule of Right)
Was th' onely mould of all that hee did make.

17

Il veut, c' eſt faict: ſans travail & ſans peine
Tous animaux, juſqu' au moindre qui vit,
Il a crèe, les ſouſtient, les nourrit,
Et les de faict du vent de ſon aleine.

Hee Will'd, and it was done: Hee (without pain)
All kinde of Creatures (to the leaſt that is)
Created, feedeth, and doth ſtill ſuſtain:
And re-diſſolves them with that breath of his.

18

Hauſſe tes yeux: la voute ſuſpendue,
Ce beau lambris de la couleur des eaux,
Ce rond parfaict de deux globes jumeaux
Ce firmament eſloignè de la veve:

Lift up thine eyes: The hanging Vault *above,*
The goodly Seeling *of a* Watry *hew,*
The perfect Orb's Twin-Globes *that ever move,*
The ſpangled Firmament ſo far from view:

19

Brief, ce qui eſt, qui fut, & qui peut eſtre,
En terre, en mer, au plus cachè des cieux,
Si toſt que Dieu l' a voulu pour le mieux,
Tout auſſi toſt il a receu ſon eſtre.

All (to be briefe) paſt, preſent, and to come,
In Earth and Sea, and Air (beyond your ſeeing);
So ſoon as God thought good, each in their room
Immediately received all their Being.

20

Ne va ſuivant le troupeau d' Epicure,
Troupeau vilain, qui blaſpheme en tout lieu,
Et meſcroyant ne cognoit autre Dieu,
Que le fatal ordre de la nature.

Shunne Epicures *profane and filthy Sect*
(Bold Miſ-creants, blaſpheming every way)
The which no God acknowledge nor reſpect,
Save onely Nature *and her* fatall *Sway.*

21

Et ce pendant il ſe veautre & patroville
Dans un bourbier puant de tous coſtez:
Et du limon des ſales voluptez
Il ſe repaiſt, comme une orde grenoville.

And in the meane-while (like the grunting Hog)
Lie alwaies wallowing in the ſtinking Mire:
And feed on filth (like to the loathſom Frog)
Voluptuous filth of every Fleſh-deſire.

22

Heureux qui met en Dieu ſon eſperance,
Et qui l' invoque en ſa proſperitè,
Autant au plus qu' en ſon adverſitè:
Et ne fie en humaine aſſeurance.

Happy

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Happy whoſe hope on God alone relies:
And who on him in eyther Fortune call;
As well in calmes as in calamities,
And put no truſt in humane helps at all.

23

Voudrois tu bien mettre eſperance ſeure
En ce qui eſt imbecille & mortel?
Le plus grand Roy du monde n'eſt que tel,
Et a beſoign plus que toy qu' on l'aſſeure.

Canſt thou aſſure thy hopes on worldly things,
Frail mortall things (I pry-thee tell mee, how.)
Such are the greateſt of all earthly Kings,
And have more need to be ſecur'd than Thou.

24

De l' homme droict Dieu eſt la ſauuegarde,
Lors que de tous il eſt abandonnè;
C' eſt lors que moins il ſe trouue eſtonnè,
Car il ſcait bien que Dieu lors plus le garde.

God is the juſt-mans Anchor and his Ayd,
His ſure Defence, when all the World forſakes-him:
And therefore, then is hee the leaſt diſmaid;
Knowing, that God then moſt to ſafe-guard takes him.

25

Les biens du corps, & ceux de la Fortune,
Ne ſont pas biens, a parler proprement:
Ils ſont ſubjects au moindre changement,
Mais la vertue demeure touſiours une.

The goods of Fortune *and the* Bodie *(call'd)*
They are not Goods, if wee them rightly name:
For, to leaſt changes they are ever thrall'd:
" *But* Only Vertue ſtill perſiſts the ſame.

26

Vertu qui giſt entre les deux extrèmes,
Entre le plus & le moins qu' il ne fault;
N' excede in rien, & rienne luy default:
D' autruy n' emprunte, & ſuffit à ſoy-meſmes.

Vertue, *between the two extreams that haunts,*
Between too-mickle and too-little ſizes;
Exceeds in nothing, and in nothing wants:
Borrows of none: but to it ſelf ſuffizes.

27

Qui te pourroit, Vertu, voir toute nue,
O qu' ardemment de toy ſeroit eſpris?
Puis qu' en tout temps, les plus rares eſprits
T' ont faict l' amour au travers d' une nue.

O Vertue! *could wee ſee thy naked face,*
How would thy ſacred Beauties ſweetly mad-us?
Sith rareſt Wits (rapt with a Seeming Grace)
Have in all Ages courted (even) thy Shadows.

28

Le ſage fils eſt du pere la joye:
Or, ſi tu veux ce ſage fils avoir,
Dreſſe le jeune au chemin du devoir:
Mais ton exemple eſt la plus courte voye.

The Parents comfort is a prudent Sonne:
Now, ſuch a Sonne if thou deſireſt ay,
Direct him young in Duties race to run:
But, Thine Example is the neereſt way.

29

Si tu es nè enfant d'un ſage pere,
Que ne ſuis tu le chemin ja battu?
S'il n' eſt pas tel, que ne t' efforces tu,
En bien ſa iſant, couurir ce vitupere?

If thou be borne Son of a prudent Sire,
Why tread'ſt thou not in his fair beaten Trace?
If otherwiſe: why doſt not thou deſire
(By vertuous Deeds) to cover this Diſgrace?

30

Ce n' eſt pas peu, (naiſſant d' un tige illuſtre)
Eſtre eſclairé par ces anteceſſeurs,
Mais c' eſt bien plus luire à ſes ſucceſſeurs,
Que des ayeux ſeulement prendre luſtre.

'Tis no ſmall Honour, from illuſtrous Ligne
To be deſcended by our Predeceſſours:
But 'tis much more, than by their light to ſhine,
Our ſelves to ſhine unto our own Succeſſours.

31

Juſqu' au cercueil (mon fils) vueilles apprendre;
Et tien perdu le jour qui ſ' eſt paſſè,
Si tu n'y as quelque choſe amaſſè,
Pour plus ſcavant & plus ſage te rendre.

Ceaſe not to learne untill thou ceaſe to live:
Think that Day loſt, wherein thou draw'ſt no Letter;
Nor gain'ſt no Leſſon, that new grace may give,
To make thy Selfe Learneder, Wiſer, Better.

32

Le voyageur qui hors du chemin erre,
Et eſgarè ſe perd dedans les bois,
Au droict chemin remettre tu le doibs:
Et s'il eſt cheu, le relever de terre.

If any ſtranger in his journey ſtray
Through doubtfull Paths (as happens now and then)
Direct him rightly in his ready way;
And if hee fall, ſoon help him up again.

33

Ayme l' honneur plus que ta propre vie:
I' entens l' honneur, qui conſiſte au devoir
Que rendre on doit (ſelon l' humain pouuoir)
A DIEU, au Roy, aux Loix, à ſa Patrie.

Thine Honour more than thine own Life reſpect,
Th' honour (I mean) which each mans duty draws
(To th' uttermoſt w' are able to effect)
To GOD, our King, our Country, and our Laws.

34

Ce que tu peux maintenant, ne differe
Au lendemain, comme les pareſſeux:
Et garde auſſi que tu ne ſois de ceux
Qui par autruy font' ce qu'ils pourroint faire.

What (now) thou canſt, defer not till to morrow,
Like ſelfe-lame Sloath *(of foouleſt ſins the Mother):*
Nor be like thoſe who others hands do borrow,
And what themſelves might doe, will do by other.

35

Hante les bons, des meſchans ne t' accointe,
Et meſmement en la jeune ſaiſon,
Que l' appetit pour forcer la raiſon
Arme nos ſens d'vne brutale poincte.

Frequent

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Frequent the good, fly from ungodly folke,
Especially in thy Youths tender season,
The while outrageous appetites provoke,
And arme thy sense against the sway of Reason.

36

Quand au chemin fourchu de ces deux Dames
Tu te verras comme Alcide semond,
Suy celle-la qui par un aspre mont
Te guide au ciel, loing des plaisirs infames.

When to the double way of those two Dames
(Alcides-like) thou shalt be summoned,
Follow thou her who far from glorious shames,
Over steep Mountains up to Heav'n doth lead.

37

Ne mets ton pied au travers de la voye
Du pauure aveugle: & d'un piquant propos:
De l'homme mort ne trouble le repos:
Et du malheur d'autruy ne fay ta joye.

Set not thy foot to make the blinde to fall:
Nor wilfully offend thy weaker Brother.
Nor wound the Dead with thy Tongues bitter gall:
Neyther rejoyce thou in the fall of other.

38

En ton parler sois tousiours veritable,
Soit qu'il te faille en tesmoignage ouyr,
Soit que par fois tu veuilles resiouir
D'un gay propos tes hostes à la table.

Let thy discourse be true in every Word,
Whether as publike Witnes thou be prest
To cleer a Question: whether, at thy Boord
With pleasant chat thou cheer thy welcome Guest.

39

La Verité d'un Cube droict se forme,
Cube contraire au leger mouuement:
Son plan quarré jamais ne se dement,
Et en tout sens à tousiurs mesme forme.

The Truth *resembles right, the* right Cubes *Figure*
(The Cube, *contrary to light instability)*
Whose quadrat flatnesse never doth dis-figure;
Whose solid Forme admits no mutability.

40

L'oyseleur caut se sert du doulx ramage
Des oysillons, & contrefaict leur chant:
Aussi, pour mieux deceuoir, le meschant
Des gens de bien imite le language.

The crafty Fowler, to beguile the Birds,
Deceitfully their own sweet Notes doth faine:
So subtle Mates doe counterfait the words,
And simple guise of honest men and plaine.

41

Ce qu'en secret lon t'a dit ne revele:
Des faicts d'autruy ne sois trop enquerant.
Le curieux volontiers tousiours ment:
L'autre merite estre dict infidele.

Reveale not what in secret hath been told;
Nor busily of Others things inquire.
Th' inquisitive can hardly Counsell hold:
The carry-tale is commonly a Lyer.

42

Fa pois egal, & loyale mesure,
Quand tu deurois de nul estre apperceu:
Mais le plaisir que tu auras receu,
Ren le tousiours auecques quelque usure,

Make alwayes equall weight & lawfull measure,
Though none could spy, thy dealing to discover:
But where thou hast received any Pleasure,
Restore it still with some advantage over.

43

Garde, soigneux, le depost à toute heure:
Et quand on veult, de toy le recouurer,
Ne va subtil des moyens controuuer
Dans un palais, à fin qu'il te demeure.

Keep carefully what thou hast tane in charge:
And when the Owner shall demand-againe-it,
Deny it not; neyther with conscience large
By subtle Law-tricks strive thou to detaine-it.

44

L'homme de sang te soit tousiours en haine:
Hue sur luy, comme fait le berger,
Numidien sur le Tigre leger,
Qu'il voit de loing ensanglanter la plaine.

Hate evermore the bloody homicide;
Hunt him with hue and cry: as Shepheards hunt
The Lybian *Tigre which they have espy'd*
Spoyling his Prey, and rioting upon-'t.

45

Ce n'est pas tout ne faire à nul outrage:
Il faut de plus s'opposer a l'effort
Du malheureux, qui pourchasse la mort,
Ou du prochain la honte & le dommage.

'Tis not enough, that thou do no man wrong:
Thou even in others must suppresse the same;
Righting the Weake, against th' unrighteous Strong,
Whether it touch his Life, his Goods or Name.

46

Qui a desir d'exploite sa prouesse,
Domte son ire, & son ventre; & ce feu
Qui dans nos cueurs s'allume peu a peu,
Souffle du vent d'erreur & de paresse.

Whoso the Fame of Valour doth desire,
Must tame his Anger and his Belly both,
And that heart-swelting, Marrow-melting Fire,
Blown by the winde of error and of sloath.

47

Vaincre soy mesme est la grande victoire:
Chacun chez soy loge ses ennemis,
Qui par l'effort de la raison soubmis,
Ouurent le pas a l'eternelle gloire.

Our-own-Selfes Conquest is the most victorious:
For in our Selves ambush our greatest Foes;
And th' only way to make us ever glorious,
Is by stout Reason still to vanquish those.

48

Si ton amy a commis quelque offense,
Ne va soudain contre luy t'irriter,
Ains doucement, pour ne le despiter,
Fay luy ta plainte, & recoy sa defense.

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If so thy Friend haue done thee some Offence,
Fall not out flat, nor urge him with abuse;
But milde and meekely, without insolence,
Make thy complaint, and take thou his excuse.

49

L'homme est fautif: nul viuant ne peut dire
N'auoir failly: ès hommes plus parfaicts,
Examinant & leurs dicts & leurs faicts,
Tu trouueras, si tu veux, a redire.

All men are faulty: none alive can say,
I haue not Erred; euen the Perfectest,
If thou his Life in word and deed surueigh,
Thou shalt perceiue hee hath Perfection mist.

50

Voy l'hypocrite auec sa triste mine,
Tu le prendrois pour l'aisnè des Catons,
Et ce pendant toute nuict a tastons
Il court, il va pour tromper sa voysine.

See th' Hypocrites severe and Saint-like guise,
Whom th' elder Cato *thou wouldst think for Life;*
Yet in th' darke hee groaping hunts and hies
T' entice and trap his honest Neighbours Wife.

51

Chacher son vice est une peine extrème,
Et peine en vain: fay ce que tu voudras,
A toy au moins cacher ne te pourras,
Car nul ne peult se cacher a soy mesme.

'Tis a most busie, yet a boot-less paine,
To hide ones fault: for doe the best thou can
Thou canst not hide it from thy Selfe (though faine)
For who can hide him from himselfe (O Man)!

52

Aye de toy plus que des autres honte;
Nul plus que toy par toy n'est offensè:
Tu dois premier, si bien y as pensè
Rendre de toy a toy-mesme le compte.

More of thy Selfe, than others be asham'd;
Thy Selfe art most wrong'd by thine own offence:
And of thy Selfe, thy selfe first (Selfly-blam'd)
Must give account to thy Selfes Conscience.

53

Point ne te chaille estre bon d'apparence,
Mais bien de l'estre a preuue & par effect:
Contre un faulx bruit que le vulgaire faict,
Il n'est rempart tel que la conscience.

Care not so much to seeme in outward showe,
As to be good indeed, and in the proofe:
For from false rumours which the Vulgar blowe,
A selfe-cleer Conscience is Defence enough.

54

A l'indigent monstre toy secourable,
Luy faisant part de tes biens a foison:
Car Dieu benit & accroit la maison
Qui a pitie du pauure miserable.

Relieve the needy, after thine ability,
And in their wants participate thy store.
For, God doth blesse with Plenty and Tranquility
The House that pities the distressed poore.

55

Las! que te sert tant d'or dedans la bourse,
Au cabinet maint riche vestement,
Dans tes greniers tant d'orge ou de froment,
Et de bon vin en ta cave une source;

What boot thy bags to be so cramm'd with Coyne?
Thy Ward-Robe stuffed with such store of Change:
Thy Cellars filled with such choyce of Wine?
And of all Graines such Plentie in thy Grange;

56

Si ce pendant le pauure nud frissonne
Deuant ton huys: & languissant de faim,
Pour tout en fin n'a qu'un morceau de pain,
Ou s'en reuà sans que rien on luy donne?

If all the while the naked Poore (halfe dead
With cold and hunger) shiver at thy Gate;
And at the length gets but a peece of bread,
And many times (perhaps) but hardly that?

57

As tu, cruell, le cueur de telle sorte,
De mespriser le pauure infortunè,
Qui, comme toy, est en ce monde nè,
Et, comme toy, de Dieu l'image porte?

Hast thou a heart so cruell, as to scorne
Th' unhappy Poore, that at thy beck doth bow,
Who like thy Selfe into this World is borne,
And bears Gods Image euen as well as Thou?

58

Le malheur est commun à tous les hommes,
Et mesmement aux Princes & aux Roys:
Le sage seul est exempt de ces loix:
Mais où est-il, las, au siecle où nous sommes?

Misfortune is a common lot to all;
Yea, euen to Princes, Kings, and Emperours:
Only the Wise are freed from her thrall,
But O, where are they, in this age of ours?

59

Le sage est libre enferrè de cent chaines,
Il est seul riche, & iamais estranger:
Seul asseure au milieu du danger,
Et le vray Roy des fortunes humain.

The wise man's free, among a thousand chaines;
Hee's only Rich (content with his estate)
Only secure in Dangers, eas'd in paines;
Only true King of Fortune and of Fate.

60

Le menasser du Tyran ne l'estonne:
Plus se roidit quand plus est agitè:
Il cognoist seul ce qu'il à meritè,
Et ne l'attend hors de soy de personne.

Hee is not daunted with a Tyrants threat,
But by his Trouble grows more strong and hard:
Knows his own merit, looks not from the Great
For Recompence; Vertue's her own reward.

61

Vertu ès mœurs ne s'acquiert par l'estude,
Ne par argent, ne par fauer des Roys,
Ne par un acte, par deux, ou par trois,
Ains par constante & par longue habitude.

True

True morall Vertue cannot purchaſt be
By Study, Treaſure, or the grace of Kings:
Nor by one action, nor by two or three:
But long-long practice her perfection brings.

62

Qui lit beaucoup, & jamais ne medite,
Semble à celuy qui mange avidement,
Et de tous mets ſurcharge tellement
Son eſtomach, que rien ne luy profite.

Who readeth much and never meditates,
Is like a greedy Eater of much Food,
Who ſo ſurcloyes his ſtomach with his Cates,
That commonly they doe him little good.

63

Maint un pouvoit par temps devenir ſage,
S' il n'euſt cuidè l' eſtre ja tout à faict.
Quel artiſan fut onc maiſtre parfaict,
Du premier jour de ſon apprentiſſage?

How many might (in time) have wiſe been made;
Before their time, had they not thought them ſo?
What Artiſt e'r was Maſter of his Trade,
Yer he began his Prentiſhip to know?

64

Petite ſource ont les groſſes Rivieres:
Qui bruit ſi hault à ſon commencement,
N'a pas long cours, non plus qui le torrent
Qui perd ſon nom ès prochaines fondrieres.

From ſmalleſt Springs, the greateſt rivers riſe:
But thoſe that roar ſo loud and proud at firſt,
Runne ſeldome farre, but ſoon their glory dyes
In ſom neer Bogg, by their ſelfs-furie burſt.

65

Maudit celuy qui fraude la ſemence,
Ou qui retient le ſalaire promis
Au mercenaire: ou qui de ſes amis
Ne ſe ſouvient ſi non en leur preſence.

Curſed is hee that doth defraud the ſeed:
Or who detains the Hirelings promis'd right:
Or who (ingratefull for the kindeſt deed)
Thinks never of his friends but in their ſight.

66

Ne te parjure en aucune maniere,
Et ſi tu es contrainct faire ſerment,
Le ciel ne jure, ou l' homme ou l' element,
Ains pas le nom de la cauſe premiere.

Forſweare thee not, what ever cauſe be given:
And if for ought thou needs an Oath muſt take,
Swear not by Man, nor by the Earth, nor Heav'n,
But by his ſacred Name who all did make.

67

Car Dieu qui hait le parjure execrable,
Et le punit comme il a merité,
Ne veult que lonteſmoigne verité,
Par ce qui eſt menſonger ou muable.

For God who doth all Perjury deteſt,
And juſtly plagues it as moſt execrable,
Would not wee ſhould the conſtant Truth conteſt
By any thing that's falſe or alterable.

68

Un art ſans plus, en luy ſeul t' exercite:
Et du meſtier d' autruyne t' empeſcant,
Va dans le tient le parfaict recherchant:
Car exceller n' eſt pas gloire petite.

To ſom one Art apply thy whole affection;
And in the Craft of others ſeldome mell:
But in thine own, ſtrive to attain perfection:
For, 'tis no little honour to excell.

69

Plus n' embraſſer que lon ne peut eſtraindre:
Aux grands honneurs convoiteux n' aſpirer:
Uſer des biens, & ne les deſirer:
Ne ſou hater la mort, & ne la craindre.

T' embrace no more than one can manage fit,
Not to the top of Greatneſs to aſpire:
To uſe the World, and yet not covet it:
Neither to dread Death, neither death deſire.

70

Il ne fault pas aux plaiſirs de la couche,
De chaſtetè reſtreindre le beau don:
Et ce pendant liurer à l' abandon
Ses yeulx, ſes mains, ſon oreille & ſa bouche.

We muſt not Chaſtities fair Gift reſtrain
Only to th' actuall Pleaſure of the Night:
And in the mean while not a whit refrain
Our heart, our hand, our tongue, our ear, our ſight.

71

Ha le dur coup qu' eſt celuy de l' oreille!
On en devient quelque fois forcenè:
Meſmes alors qu' il nous eſt aſſenè
D' un beau parler plein de doulce merveille.

O what a hard blow is a box on th' Eare!
Som-time it drives men even beſides their Wit,
Eſpecially when (ſtunned as it were)
With the ſweet wonder of ſmooth words, 'tis ſmit.

72

Mieulx nous vaudroit des aureillettes prendre,
Pour nous ſauver de ces coups dangereux:
Par là ſ' armoient les Pugiles valeureux,
Quand ſur l' arène il leur falloit deſcendre.

'Tis therefore beſt our tender Ears to arme,
To ſhun the danger of thoſe deadly blowes:
Warie Ulyſſes *ſo eſchew'd the Charm*
Of thoſe ſoule-rapting Impes of Acheloes.

73

Ce qui en nous par l' oreille penetre,
Dans le cerveau coule ſoudainement,
Et ne ſcautions y pourvoir autrement,
Que tenant cloſe au mal ceſte feneſtre.

Whatere it be that enters by the Eare,
Immediately into the Brain doth creep;
And th' onely mean to ſhun the miſchiefe there,
Is the Ears Caſement, ever cloſe to keep.

74

Parler beaucoup on ne peut ſans menſonge,
Ou pour le moins ſans quelque vanitè:
Le parler brief convient à verité,
Et l' autre eſt propre à la fable & au ſonge.

Much

Much talk is seldome without Lyes among,
Or at the least without some idle bables:
Unto the truth, brief Language doth belong:
And many words are fit for Dreams and Fables.

75

Du Memphien le grave contenance,
Lots que sa bouche il serre auec le doigt,
Mieulx que Platon enseigne comme on doit
Reverемment honnorer le silence.

Th' Egyptians *grave aspect and sober brow,*
When his fore-finger seales his lips so sure;
Better than Plato, *doth instruct us how*
To honour Silence *with devotion pure.*

76

Comme lon voit, à l'ouurir de la porte
D'un cabinet Royal, maint beau tableau,
Mainte antiquaille, & tout ce que de beau
Le Portugais des Indes nous apporte:

As at the Opening of the Cabinet
Of some great Prince, many rare things wee see,
Rich Monuments, and all that fair and neat,
From eyther Inde Portugals *bring, or wee:*

77

Ainsi desiors que l'homme qui medite,
Et est scauant, commence de s'ouurir,
Un grand thresor vient à se descouurir,
Thresor caché au puis de Democrite.

So when the Wise and Learned doth begin
T'open the organs of his plenteous Wit,
A wondrous Treasure suddenly is seen,
A Treasure hidden in th' Abderians Pit:

78

On dict soudain, voila qui fut de Grece,
Cecy de Rome, & cela d'un tel lieu,
Et le dernier est tiré de l'Hebrieu,
Mais tout en somme est remply de sagesse.

And Standers by, say by and by, This came (Place,
From Greece, *from* Rome *That, That from such a*
And (lastly) that from th' Hebrew *: and the same,*
And all the rest most full of Prudent grace.

79

Nostre heur, pour grand qu'il soit, nous semble
Les ceps d'autruy portent plus de raisins: (moindre:
Mais quant aux maulx que souffrent nos voysins,
C'est moins que rien, ils ont tort de s'en plaindre.

Our Goods (how ever great) the least do seem,
Our neighbours fields still bear the better Grain:
But others harms wee alwayes light esteem;
Tush, they are nothing: why should they complain?

80

A l'enuieux nul tourment ie n'ordonne,
Il est de soy le juge & le bourreau:
Et ne fut onc de DENYS le Toreau
Supplice tel, que celuy qu'il se donne.

To th' Envious-man no Torment I assigne;
For, Judge and Hang-man to himselfe hee is:
And there 's no Denis *Bull, nor Rack (in fine)*
So fell a Torture as that Heart of his.

81

Pour bien au vif peindre la Calomnie,
Il la faudroit peindre quand on la sent:
Qui par bon heur d'elle ne se ressent,
Croire ne peult quelle est ceste Furie.

To pourtray Slaunder, *to the life, behooves*
To doe 't in th' instant while one feeleth her:
For who so happy that her never proves,
Can scarce imagin what shee is, or where.

82

Elle ne faict en l'air sa residence,
Ny soubs les eaux, ny au pro fond des bois:
Sa maison est aux oreilles des Roys,
D'ou elle brave & flestrit l'innocence.

Neyther in th' ayre hath shee her residences,
Nor in the wilde Woods, nor beneath the Waves,
But shee inhabits in the eares of Princes,
Where th' innocent and honest shee depraves.

83

Quand une fois ce monstre nous attache,
Il scait si fort ses cordillons nouer,
Que bien qu'on puisse en fin les desnouer,
Restent tousiours les marques de le attache.

And when this Monster hath once chaunc't to trap
Her spightfull Cords shee can so closely knit, (us,
That though at last wee happen to un-wrap-us;
The print thereof still in our Fames will sit.

84

Judge, ne donne en ta cause sentence:
Chacun se trompe en son faict aisément:
Nostre interest force le jugement,
Et d'un costé faict pancher la balance.

Never give Sentence in thy proper cause:
In our own case wee all erre easily:
Our interest our partiall judgment draws;
And ever makes the ballance hang awry.

85

Dessus la loy tes jugemens arreste,
Et non sur l'homme: ell sans affection;
L'homme au contraire est plein de passion:
L'un tient de Dieu, l'autre tient de la beste.

Upon the Law thy Judgments alwayes ground,
And not on Man: For that 's affection-less;
But Man in Passions strangely doth abound:
Th' one all like God; th' other too-like to Beasts.

86

Le nombre sainct se juge par sa preuue,
Tousiours egal, entier ou departy:
Le droict aussi en Atomes party,
Semblable à soy tousiours egal se treuue.

The sacred Number proveth alwaies even,
Whether divided or intire it be:
So Justice *(shar'd in Atomies) is given*
Still like it selfe, in just equalitie.

87

Nouueau Ulysse appren du long voyage
A gouuerner Ithaque en equité:
Maint-un a Scylle & Charybde euité,
Qui heurte au port, & chez soy faict naufrage.

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Learn by long Travell (as Ulysses *conned)*
To govern right thy native Ithaca :
Many have Scylla *and* Charibdis *shunned,*
That (after) have at home been cast-away.

88

Songe long temps auant que de promettre:
Mais si tu as quelque chose promis,
Quoy que ce soit,& fust : ce aux ennemis,
De l' accomplir en deuoir te fault mettre.

Before thou promise, ponder what and why :
But having Promis'd, what-soever 't were,
Yea, were it to thy greatest Enemy,
Thou must perform, thy tongue hath ty'd thee there.

89

La loy soubs qui l' estat sa force a prise,
Garde la bien, pour gosse qu' elle soit :
Le bon heur vient d' où lon nes' appercoit,
Et bien souuent de ce que lon mespriſe.

Maintain those Lawes (however rude and plain)
Whereby before thy Common-wealth hath thriv'd :
Good fortune oft comes by the meaneſt mean :
How or from whence sometimes is scarce perceiv'd.

90

Fuy jeune & viel de Circe le bruuage :
N' escoute aussi des Sirenes les chants,
Car enchantè tu courrois par les champs,
Plus abrutty qu' une beste sauuage.

In youth and age shunne Circes *banefull Boule,*
Lend not thine eare to Sirens *wanton Notes :*
Leſt thou (inchanted in thy sense and Soule)
Become more brute than Hogs, and Dogs, and Goats.

91

Vouloir ne fault chose que lon ne puisse,
Et ne pouuoir que cela que lon doit,
Mesurant l' un & l' autre par le droit,
Sur l' eternel moule de la Justice.

Wee must our Will *still limit with our* Power,
And bound our Power within the Lists of Law ;
Measuring both, and what so else is our,
By the Right *line th' eternall* Just *did draw.*

92

Changer à coup de loy & d' ordonnance,
Et faict d' estat est un poinct dangereux:
Et si Lycurgue en ce poinct fut heureux,
Il ne fault pas en faire consequence.

A sudden Change *in any mighty* State,
Is full of Danger unto each Degree :
And though Lycurgus *found it fortunate,*
No consequent can that Example be.

93

Ie hay ces mots, De puissance absoluè,
De plein pouuoir, De propre mouuement :
Aux saincts Decrets ils ont premierement,
Puis à nos loix, la puissance tolue.

I hate these phrases : Of Power absolute :
Of full Authoritie : Full proper motion.
The Divine Lawes they have trod under foot,
And humane-too ; for private mens promotion.

94.

Croire leger,& soudain se resoudre,
Ne discerner les amis des flateurs :
Ieune conseil, & nouueaux seruiteurs,
Ont mis souuent les haults estats en pouldre.

Not right-discerning friends from flatterers,
Light-crediting, and sudden Resolution,
Young giddy counsell, and new Servitors,
Have often caus'd the higheſt States confusion.

95

Dissimuler est un vice servile,
Vice suiuy de la desloyautè :
D' où sourd ès cueurs des grands la cruautè,
Qui aboutit à la guerre civile.

Dissimulation *is a servile vice,*
A vice still followed by Disloyaltie,
Whence in great hearts doth crueltie arise,
Which alwayes ends in Civill Mutinie.

96

Donner beaucoup sied bien à un grand Prince,
Pourueu qu'il donne à qui l' a merité,
Et par,non proportion par equalitè,
Et que ce soit sans fouler sa Province.

Nought more beseemes a Prince than Liberality,
So it be given to those that merit well,
By due proportion, not by just equality,
And without burthen to the Common-weale.

97

Plus que Sylla c' est ignorer les lettres,
D' auoir induit les peuples à s' armer :
On trouuera les voulant desarmer,
Que de subjects ils sont deuenus maistres.

'Tis to be more than Sylla *Letter-lesse,*
To hurry Armes into the Vulgars hand :
For, when again you think them to suppresse,
Insteed of Subjects, they will All command.

98

Ry si tu veux un ris de Democrite,
Puis que le monde est pure vanite :
Mais quelque fois touché d'humanité,
Pleure noz maux des larmes d' Heraclite.

Sith all the World is nought but meerly vanity,
Laugh if thou list like blythe Democritus :
Yet somtimes toucht with tender-soul'd humanity,
Weep for our woes with sad Heraclitus.

99

A l' estranger sois humain & propice,
Et s' il se plainct incline à sa raison :
Mais luy donner les biens de la maison,
C'est faire aux tiens,& honte & injustice.

Be kinde to strangers, and propitious,
And to their cause thy willing eare incline :
But to bestow thy Goods out of thy House,
Is shame and wrong unto thy selfe and thine.

100

Ie t'apprendray,si tu veux,en peu d' heure,
Le beau secret du breuuage amoureux :
Ayme les tiens,tu seras aymé d'eux :
Il n'y a point de recepte meilleure.

Ile

Ile teach you here (if any liſt to proue)
A paſsing Loue-drink, any heart to get;
Loue vertuouſly, and be aſſur'd of Loue:
And this (beleeue-it) is the beſt Receipt.

101

Crainte qui vient d'amour & reverence,
Eſt un appuy ferme de Royaute:
Mais qui ſe faict craindre par cruauté,
Luy-meſme craint, & vit en deffiance.

The fear that ſprings from Loue and Reuerence,
A firme ſupport to Royall Greatnes gives:
But he that makes him fear'd for Violence,
Himſelfe fears moſt, and in diſtruſt ſtill lives.

102

Qui ſcauroit bien c'eſt qu'un Diadème,
Il choiſiroit auſsi toſt le tombeau,
Que d'affeubler ſon chef de ce bandeau:
Car auſſi bien il meurt lors à ſoy meſme.

Hee that knew right what were a Diadem,
As ſoon would ſeek in a cold Toomb to lye,
As girt his Temples with that glorious Gem:
For, then begins hee to himſelfe to dye.

103

De jour, de nuict, faire la ſentinelle,
Pour le ſalut d'autruy touſiours veiller,
Pour le public ſans nul gré trauailler,
C'eſt en un mot ce qu'Empire i'appelle.

For, day and night to ſtand as Sentinel;
For publike good ingratefull toyle to take;
Inceſſantly to watch for others weal:
This is, to Raigne, *if wee it rightly take.*

104

Je ne veis onc prudence auec ieuneſſe,
Bien commander ſans auoir obey,
Eſtre fort craint, & n'eſtre point hay,
Eſtre Tyran, & mourir de vieilleſſe.

I never ſaw Wiſedome and Youth, but two:
Nor him Command well, that had not Obay'd:
Nor any fear'd, that was not hated too:
Nor Tyrant, aged in his Toomb be layd.

105

Ne voiſe au bal qui n'ay merà la danſe,
Ny au banquet qui ne voudrà manger,
Ny ſur la mer qui craindra le dangèr,
Ny à la Cour qui dirà ce qu'il penſe.

Come not at Reuels, who delights not Dance:
Nor on the Sea, who fears rough waues and winde:
Nor at a Feaſt, who a good ſtomack wants:
Nor at the Court, who means to ſpeak his minde.

106

Du meſdiſant la langue venimeuſe,
Et du flateur les propos emmielez,
Et du moqueur les brocards enfielez,
Et du maling la pourſuite animeuſe:

The ſoothing honey of ſmooth Paraſites:
The poys'ny Tongues of ſlaunderous Sycophants:
The jeering Buffon that the beſt ſtill bites:
The brazen-face of begging Cormorants.

107

Hayr le vray, ſe feindre en toutes choſes,
Sonder le ſimple à fin de l'attraper,
Braver le foible, & ſur l'abſent draper,
Sont de la Cour les œillets & les roſes.

To gull the Simple; and the Weake to braue:
To hate the Truth; to halt in every thing:
To vnder-mine: The Abſent to deprave:
Theſe are the Flowers that in the Court *doe ſpring.*

108

Adverſité, des faueur, & querelle,
Sont trois eſſais pour ſonder ſon amy:
Tel a ce nom qui ne l'eſt qu'à demy,
Et ne ſcauroit endurer la coupelle.

An Enemy, Misfortune, and Diſgrace,
Are three Eſſayes to proue if Friends be loyall:
For many haue the Name, and beare the face,
That are not ſo, if they be put in triall.

109

Ayme l'eſtat tel que tu le vois eſtre:
S'il eſt royal, ayme la Royauté:
S'il eſt de peu, ou bien communauté,
Ayme l'auſſi, quand Dieu t'y à faict naiſtre.

Commend the State where-vnder born you are:
If it be Royall, loue the Royalty:
If of the Beſt, *or meerly* Popular;
Allow of either where thy Lot ſhall be.

110

Il eſt permis ſouhaiter un bon Prince,
Mais tel qu'il eſt, il le convient porter:
Car il vault mieux un tyran ſupporter,
Que de troubler la paix de ſa Province.

'Tis lawfull (where they want) to wiſh good Princes:
But men the while muſt beare them as they are.
'Tis better beare a Tyrants inſolences,
Than to diſturb the Common-weal with War.

111

A ton Seigneur & ton Roy ne te ioue:
Et ſ'il t'en prie, il t'en faut excuſer:
Qui des faveurs des Roys cuide abuſer,
Bien toſt, froiſſé, choit au bas de la roue.

Sport not too boldly with thy Lord and King;
And though hee bid thee (if thou canſt) refuſe:
From higheſt Fortunes ſudden down they ding
Who doe preſume à Princes grace t'abuſe.

112

Qui de bas lieu (miracle de Fortune)
En un matin t'es haulsé ſi avant,
Penſes tu point que ce n'eſt que du vent,
Qui calmerà, peut eſtre, ſur la brune?

Thou (Fortunes wonder) that from loweſt place
Doſt in a morning to the top attain:
Suppoſe it but a winde that blew a ſpace
Which yet yer night (perhaps) will calme again.

113

L' eſtat moyen eſt l' eſtat plus durable :
On voit des eaux le plat pays noyè,
Et les haults monts ont le chef foud royè,
Un petit tertre eſt ſeur & agreeable.

The meane Eſtate is the moſt permanent :
We ſee the Vales with everie ſhower are drown'd ;
And Mountain tops with everie Thunder rent :
But Little Hils *are pleaſant, ſafe, and ſound.*

114

De peu de biens nature ſe contente,
Et peu ſuffit pour viure honeſtement,
L' homme, ennemy de ſon contentement,
Plus à, & plus pour auoir ſe tourmente.

Nature's with little pleas'd : enough's a Feaſt :
A ſober life, but a ſmall charge requires :
But Man the Author of his own un-reſt,
The more he hath, the more he ſtill deſires.

115

Quand tu verras que Dieu au ciel ratire
A coup à coup les hommes vertueux,
Dy hardiment, l' orage impetueux
Viendra bien toſt es branler ceſt Empire.

When thou ſhalt ſee th' Almightie take from hence,
By one and one the Vertuous of the Land,
Say boldly thus ; Theſe are the Arguments
Of ſome drad Tempeſt of his Wrath at hand.

116

Les gens de bien ce ſont comme gros termes,
Ou forts pilliers, qui ſervent d' arcs-boutans,
Pour appuyer contre l' effort du temps
Les haults eſtats, & les maintenir fermes.

For, Vertuous men are even the Buttreſſes,
The mighty Columnes and the Arches ſtrong,
Which againſt all Times felleſt outrages
Support a State, and doe maintain it long.

117

L' homme ſe plaint de ſa trop courtevie,
Et ce pendant n' employe où il deuroit
Le temps qu' il à qui ſuffir luy pourroit
Si pour bien viure auoit de viure envie.

Man doth the ſhortnes of his Life repine ;
Yet doth not duly ſpend nor rightly drive
The Time he hath : which might ſuffice his minde,
If, To live well, *he did deſire to live.*

118

Tu ne ſcaurois d' aſſez ample ſalaire
Recompenſer celuy qui t' a ſoignè
En ton enfance, & qui t' a enſeignè
A bien parler, & ſur tout à bien faire.

Thou hardly canſt ſufficiently requite
Him, who thy Child-hood hath been Tutor to ;
Nor him, that hath inſtructed thee aright,
Both, well to ſpeak, but chiefly well to doe.

119

Es ieux publics, au theatre, à la table,
Cede ta place au viellard & chenù :
Quand tu ſeras à ſon age venù,
Tu trouueras qui fera le ſemblable.

In Theaters, at publike Playes and Feaſts,
Give alwaies place unto the hoary head :
So, when like age ſhall ſilverize thy Treſſe,
Thou ſhalt by others be like-honoured.

120

Cil qui ingrat enuers toy ſe demonſtre,
Va augmentant le loz de ton bien fact :
Le reprocher maint homme ingrat a faict :
C' eſt ſe payer, que du bien fair monſtre.

Who, for thy friendſhip ſhows himſelfe ingrate ;
Unwillingly extols thy Benefit :
But to up-braid one, makes a Man ingrate ;
Who vaunts his kindnes, payes himſelfe for it.

121

Boire, & mangre, ſ' exercer par meſure,
Sont de ſantè les outils plus certains :
L' excez en l' un de ces trois, aux humains
Haſte la mort, & force la nature.

To eate, and drink, and exerciſe in meaſure,
Three props of Health, the certaineſt ſhee hath :
But the exceſſe in theſe (or other pleaſure)
Enforceth Nature, and doth haſten death.

122

Si quelque fois le meſchant te blaſonne,
Que t'en chaut il ? helas, c' eſt ton honneur :
Le blaſme prend la force du donneur :
Le loz eſt bon, quand un bon nous le donne.

If evill men ſpeak ſometimes ill of thee,
What need'ſt thou care ? alas ! it is thy prayſe :
Blame, from the Author takes authority,
And 'tis a good report that good men raiſe.

123

Nous meſlons tout, le uray parler ſe change :
Souuent le vice eſt du nom reveſtu
De la prochain' oppoſite vertu :
Le loz eſt blaſme, & le blaſme eſt louange.

We all confound ; true Language is tranſ-formed :
Vice oftentimes puts-on the Vertues name
Next oppoſite : 'Tis Forme to be de-formed :
Blame is a Praiſe : and Commendation Blame.

124

En bonne part ce qu' on dit tu dois prendre,
Et l' imparfait du prochain ſupporter,
Couurir ſa faulte, & ne la rapporter
Prompt à lover, & tardif à reprendre.

Of what is ſpoken, ever make the beſt :
Bear the defect of Neighbour and of Friend :
Cover their fault ; publiſh it not (at leaſt) :
Ready to prayſe, and ſlowe to reprehend.

125

Cil qui ſe penſe & ſe dit eſtre ſage,
Tien le pour fol, & celuy qui ſcauant
Se faict nommer, ſonde le bien auant,
Tu trouueras que ce n' eſt que langage.

Hee that eſteemes and vaunts himſelfe for wiſe,
Think him a foole : And him that doth aſſume
The name of Learned, whoſo ſoundly tries,
Shall finde him nothing but bare words and fume.

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126

Plus on eſt docte, & plus on ſe deffi
D' eſtre ſcavant : & l' homme vertueux
Jamais n' eſt veu eſtre preſumptueux.
Voila des fruicts de ma Philoſophie.

126

The better Learned, learn the more their want,
And more to doubt their owne ſufficiencie :
And vertuous men are never arrogant.
Theſe are the Fruits of my Philoſophy.

FINIS.

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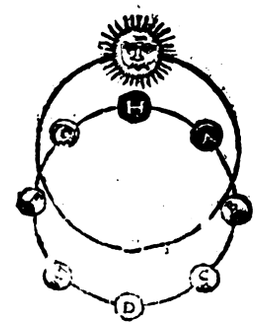
SONNETS

Upon

THE LATE MIRACULOUS PEACE IN FRANCE.



Acceptam refero.

TO

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TO THE MOST HONOURABLE, LEARNED, AND RELIGIOUS GENTLEMAN, Master *Anthonie Bacone.*

BOund by your Bounty and mine owne desire,
To tender still new tribute of my zeale
To you (your Countries watchfull Sentinel,
Whose wisedome, ours and other States admire)
Lo, here I tune upon mine humble Lyre
Our Neighbour Kingdomes un-expected weale,
Through sudden ceasing of Wars *enter-deale;*
As Celtike *Muses to my Muse inspire,*
Miraculous the Work; and so his wit
That firstly sung this sacred MIRACLE:
A gracious Theame (If I dis-grace not it)
That your grave eyes may daigne for spectacle.
What e'r it be, accept it as a due,
From him whose all doth all belong to You.

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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TO THE FRENCH KING, HENRY THE FOURTH.

SONNET 1.

Henry, triumphant though thou wert in war,
Though Fate & Fortitude conspir'd thy glory,
Though thy least Conflicts well deserve a Storie;
Though *Mars* his fame by thine be dark'ned far;
Though from thy Cradle (Infant Conquerour)
Thy martiall proofs have dimm'd *Alcides* praise;
And though with Garlands of victorious Bayes
Thy Royal temples richly crowned are: (glorious
Yet (matchless Prince) nought hast thou wrought so
As this un-lookt-for, happy PEACE admired;
Wherby thy self art of thy selfe victorious: (red,
For, whil thou mightst the worlds throne have aspi-
Thou by this *Peace* thy war-like heart hast tamed:
What greater conquest could ther then be named?

SONNET 2.

But what new Sun doth now adorne our Land,
And gives our skie so smooth aud smiling cheer?
For, 'tis not *Phœbus*; else his golden brand
Shines brighter now than 't hath don many a yeer.
Sweet Angel-beauty (sacred *Peace*) heav'ns present;
Is 't not the Rising of thy new-com star,
Wch makes the Air more cleer, the spring more
Zephyre more calm, & *Flora* merrier? (pleasant,
Ah, I perceive the *Olive*, *Dove*, and *Bowe*,
Divine presages that the Flood abates (flow)
(The dismall flood where blood and tears did
And *Janus* now locks-up his Temple gates:
Justice and *Faith* doe kindly kisse each other:
And *Mars*, appeas'd, sits down by *Cupids* mother.

SONNET 3.

Fair fruitfull Daughter of th' Omnipotent,
Great Umpire that dost either World sustain,
Without whose help all would return again
(Like hideous *Chaos*) to confusion bent.
O Mother of the living, second Nature
Of th' Elements (Fire, Water, Earth, and Air)
O Grace (whereby men climb the heav'nly stair)
Whence voide, this world harbours no happy
Pillar of Lawes, Religious Pedestall, (creature.
Hope of the godly, glorie of th' immortall;
Honour of Cities, Pearl of Kingdoms all;
Thou Nurse of Vertues, Muses chief supportall;
Patron of Arts, of Good the speciall spring:
All hail (deer *Peace*) which us all heale dost bring.

SONNET 4.

Com forth (deer *France*) frō thy dark Cell of mone,
Com (as new-born) from Wars unkindly quarrels:
Turn tragick Cypresse to triumphant Laurels;
Change black to greene, and make thy Grave a
Let *Ceres* dwell upon thy Desart Plain, (Throne.
Bacchus, and *Dian*, on thy Hils and Groves,
Pomona in Gardens, *Pan* among thy Droves,
Secure all Roades, and ope all Gates again.
Resume (O Cities) Rule and Reverence;
Reveſt (yee States) your Robes of dignitie;
Rise-up (yee Ruines) in fair Battlements;
Com *Muses*, *Pallas*, *Themis*, *Mercurie*,
Restore us Laws, Learning, & Arts, and Trade:
And let our Age, a golden Age be made.

SONNET 5.

Most Christian Kingdom, thou wert ne'r so near
Drown'd in the deep Gulphes of thy Civil war,
As in the tempest of this later Jar,
Which past conceit of calming did appear.
When all the Windes adversly armed were,
(Tho selfly-foes, yet friends to work thy wrack)
Thy Ship a helm, thy self a heart didst lack,
On troubled waters tossed here and there:
Then from above (O bountie most admired!)
Saint *Hermes* shin'd: whose gentle light presageth
That then the anger of the Heav'ns asswageth.
O happie PEACE! lesse hoped than desired:
O grace much honour'd! little yet conceiv'd;
O blessed guile, that thus our sense deceiv'd!

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SONNET 6.

Who could expect (but past all expectation)
So sudden order from so sad confusion?
So loyall friendship, from false emulation;
So firm possession, from so fierce intrusion?
Who could expect (but past all likelihood)
From such a storm, such and so sweet a calme;
From *France* her cinders, such a *Phœnix*-brood;
Pandoras box to yeeld so rare a balme?
Who could expect (but past all humane thought)
So frank a freedom from a thrall so late,
Or certaine Rudder of so rent a State?
True *Æsculapius*, thou alone hast wrought
This MIRACLE, not on *Hyppolitus*,
But on this Kingdome, much more wonderous.

SONNET 7.

Th' unlookt-for working of all things almost,
Inconstant-constant, in succession strange,
Amazeth those whose wits wee chiefly boast,
To see this sudden un-expected change.
Each feels th' effect, but none the cause descries
(No though hee have with stars intelligence):
God to himselfe reserves such Mysteries,
Disposing Kingdomes by his Providence;
O end-less Bountie! In the midst of Broyles
He gives us PEACE, when War did us inflame;
And reaves the mischief we pursu'd yer-whiles:
But, this doth most extoll his glorious Name,
That when most sharply this extremest Fit
Strove to be cure-less, soon hee cured it.

SONNET 8.

Some reasoned thus; No violence can last:
Revolted Subjects, of themselves will quail:
Just Soveraigntie can never be displac't;
And lawfull Princes first or last prevail:
But who could think, that the conjoyned powers
Of *Spain* and *Rome*, with an exceeding number
Of rebell Cities, and false States of ours,
So weak a King so little should encumber?
Others discourst in another sort,
While all things sorted to another end
Than their imaginations did purport:
That earth may know, it cannot comprehend
The secret depths of Judgments all-divine,
No: there's no ground, beginning, midst, nor fine.

SONNET 9.

Admire we only Gods Omni-potence,
His deep-deep Wisedome, and his Mercie deer.
For, with these three, hee hath surmounted heer
Our hatefull foes, our hopes, and all our sense:
His power appears upon our Lord and King,
As yerst on *David*: for, they both attain
By war-like broyls their pre-appointed Reigne;
Strangers, and Subjects, and selves conquering:
His prudence shines, when to preserve us thus,
All humane wit his Wisedome doth convince:
His gracious bountie in our bounteous Prince.
O various wonders! mel delicious
Flows from a living Lion, *Mars* is quiet,
Valour relenting, Conquest voyd of riot.

SONNET 10.

This was no action of a humane hand,
But th' only work of the great Thunderer,
Who (wise-directing all the things that are)
In us divinely works his own command.
Some men, unwilling, benefit their Land,
Or unawares their Countries good prefer;
Another motions PEACE, but mindeth War,
And PEACE succeeds what-ever drifts with-stand.
Th' Arch-Architect, the matchless Artizan
All instruments unto good uses prooves:
Man's but a wheel, wch that great Mover moves,
Each gracious gift in that first cause began:
Each good's a gleam of that first light alone,
If ill approach us, only that's our own.

SONNET 11.

If God dart lightning, soone hee deaws down rain;
A dreadfull Judge, and yet a gentle Father: (gain,
Whose wrath slowe-kindled is soon quencht a-
To move us sinners to repent the rather.
'Gainst hel-bred *Hydra*, heav'n-born *Theseus* brings
The great *Alcides* arm and armorie:
Of greatest Ill, a greater Good there springs;
And Mercie still doth Rigour qualifie.
Ah *France*, so many Monsters to suppresse,
Thou hadst great need of Royall fortitude,
Else hadst thou been an *Africk* Wildernes.
O happie lost Realme! for, it hath ensu'd,
That now thy gain is more, in restauration,
Than was thy losse in all my desolation.

SONNET 12.

But, if I sing great *Henries* fortitude;
Shall I not then be blam'd for over-daring?
If over-slip it, then be taxt for fearing,
Of silent dread, and dumb ingratitude?
What ere befall, my youth-bold thoughts conclude
(Like *Icarus*) my nimble *Muse* to rayse:
And if I fall in such a Sea of praise,
What rarer *Mausole* may my bones include?
A sacred rage of some sweet-furious flame,
Will-nill-I, raps mee boldly to rehearse
Great *Henries* Tropheis, and his glorious name.
Then roule thou Torrent of my tender Verse:
Though his high Theam deserve a consort rather
Of all the Muses, and all Musicks Father.

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SONNET 13.

Great Prince not pleas'd with a vaine vertue-ſee-
Great Victor, prone to pardon humblenes, (ming:
Happy, all Hap Heav'ns only gift eſteeming;
Warrier, whoſe wars have wrought his countries
Noble by deeds, and noble by deſcent; (PEACE:
Ancient *Achilles*, youthfull *Neſtor* ſage,
Whoſe ripe-experienc't courage confident,
To knocks knits counſail, and gives rule to rage.
As hard in toyle, as in compaſſion ſoft:
Inur'd to that, by nature born to this;
Who ſheds no blood, but ſheddeth teares as oft,
Who never fights but ſtill the Field is his.
So like to *Mars*, that both in loves and wars,
Bellona and *Venus* take him ſtill for *Mars*.

SONNET 14.

A ſpirit, to vertues cheerfully addreſt;
Apt to all goodneſſe, to no ill inclin'd;
Quick to conceive, ingenious to digeſt;
Whoſe tongue is ſtill true trumpet of the mind:
A bodie, reſting when it hath no reſt;
A waxen mildnes in a ſteely minde;
A ſoule tra-lucent in an open breſt, (finde;
Which others thoughts through boany wals can
Whoſe front reflects majeſticall-humilitie,
Whoſe grave-ſweet look cómandingly-intreats,
Which in one inſtant fear and love begets:
A King ſtill warring to obtain tranquilitie,
To ſave his Country ſcorning thouſand dangers;
Mirror of *France*, and miracle of Strangers.

SONNET 15.

If that, before thee fall rebellious Towers,
If battered Wals, before thy Souldiers, looſe;
If hugeſt Rocks be pierced by thy powers;
If 'gainſt thine Armes, no armour be of proofe:
If that our fields flowe with *Iberian* blood,
If that thy Camp compos'd of many a *Cæſar*
Can by no diſmall dangers be withſtood;
Jouſting with Gyants, as it were at pleaſure:
If lofty Mountaines to thine homage vaile;
If valleyes riſe to bulwark thee about;
If for thy ſake, rivers doe flowe and fail;
'Twas neither Canons, nor our conflicts ſtout,
Nor ſtrength, nor ſtomack got theſe victories:
No, 'twas thy preſence (*Henry*) and thine eyes.

SONNET 16.

They be too blame then, that thy boldnes blame,
For having put thy ſelfe ſo oft in danger:
Sith againſt Rebels and againſt the Stranger,
Thy looks, like lightning, did thy troops inflame.
France fought before, all bloodie, faint, and lame,
Craving thine ayd to venge her hatefull wrong;
When, like a Lion to preſerve her yong,
Thou laydſt about thee to redeeme the ſame.
Then hadſt thou cauſe to hazzard ſo thy life
(In extreme perils, extreme remedies.)
But ſpare thee now, thy State is free from ſtrife:
Soveraigne, our ſafetie in thy ſafetie lies.
Codrus could keep his, only by his death:
Thou thine, alone by thine own living breath.

SONNET 17.

What wreath were worthy to become thy crown,
What *Carr-triumphant* equall with thy worth,
What marble ſtatue meet for thy renown,
Thou that haſt rais'd the Lilly of the earth?
What honourable Title of Addition (mildnes)
Doſt thou deſerve, who (joyning might with
Haſt ſav'd this great Ship from a ſad perdition,
Nigh loſt in th' Ocean of wars civill wildenes?
O modern *Hercules* (thy Countries Father)
Hope not of us thy juſt deſerved meed:
Earth is too baſe, in Heav'n expect it rather.
Our Laurels are too-pale to crown thy deed,
Who thus haſt ſalv'd the univerſall Ball:
For, th'health of *France* imports the health of all.

SONNET 18.

Pardon mee (*Henry*) if Heav'ns ſilver raine,
Dewing thy pearls, impearle mine humble laies:
And if my Verſe (voyde both of price and paine)
Preſume thy Vertues paſsing-price to praiſe:
Pardon (great King) if that mine Infant Muſe
Stutter thy name; and if with skill too ſcant
I limne thee here, let zeale my crime excuſe;
My ſteel's attracted by thine Adamant.
For as the Sunne, although hee doe reflect
His golden Raies on groſſer Elements,
Doth never ſpot his beautifull aſpect:
So, though the praiſes of thine Excellence
Doe brightly gliſter in my gloomy ſtile,
They nothing loſe of their firſt grace the while.

SONNET 19.

Now, ſith as well by conqueſt as ſucceſsion
France is thine own; O keep it ſtill therefore.
'Tis much to conquer: but, to keep poſſeſſion
Is full as much, and if it be not more.
Who well would keep ſo plentifull a portion,
Muſt ſtabliſh firſt the heav'nly Diſcipline;
Then humane Lawes, reſtraining all extortion;
And Princely wealth with publike weale com-
A Princes ſafety lies in loving People: (bine.
[illegible]s Fort is Juſtice (free from ſtratagem)
Without the which ſtrong Cittadels are feeble.
The Subjects love is wonne by loving them:
Of loving them, n' oppreſsion is the triall:
And no oppreſsion makes them ever loyall.

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SONNET 20.

Bold *Martialists*, brave Imps of noble birth,
Shining in steele for *France*, and for your King:
Ye sons of those that heretofore did bring
Beneath their yoake the pride of all the earth.
It is an honour to be high-descended;
But more, t' have kept ones Country and fidelity.
For our own Vertues make us most commended:
And Truth's the title of all true Nobilitie.
Your shoulders shoar'd up *France* (even like to fal)
You were her *Atlas*; *Henry*, *Hercules*:
And but for you, her shock had shaken All;
But now shee stands stedfast on Civill PEACE:
Wherefore, if yet your war-like heat do work,
With holy Armes goe hunt the hatefull *Turk*.

SONNET 21.

But you that vaunt your antike Pedigrees,
So stately timbring your surcharged shields,
Perking (like Pines above the lower Trees)
Over the Farmers of your neighbour fields;
Is 't lack of love, or is it lack of courage, (houses,
That holds you (Snaile-like) creeping in your
While over all your Countries Foes do forrage,
And rebell out-rage everie corner rouses?
If no example of your Ancestors,
Nor present instance of bright-armed Lords,
The feeble temper of your stomack stirres,
If in your lives yee never drew your swords
To serve your King, nor quench your Countries
Pardon me, Nobles, I mistook your names. (flames,

SONNET 22.

You sacred Order, charg'd the Church to watch,
And teach the holy Mysteries of Heav'n,
From hence-forth all seditious plots dispatch,
And (Father-like) to all be alwaies even.
Though superstition stirre to strife againe;
Revolt 's a mischiefe evermore pernicious:
Pluck up abuses, and the hurtfull graine
Sprung from the Ignorant and Avaricious.
Avoyd Ambition (common cause of strife)
Your reverend Robe be free from stains of blood,
Preach holy Doctrine, prove it by your life:
Fly Idlenes, choose exercises good;
To wit, all works of lively faith and pietie.
So, to your Fold shall flock the best Society.

SONNET 23.

You grave assembly of sage Senators,
Right Oracles, yee *Ephori* of *France*;
Who, for the States and Justice maintenance,
Of Sword and Ballance are the Arbitrers?
That from hence-forth (against all Enemies)
Our PEACE may seat her in a settled Throne;
Represse the malice of all mutinies, (growne.
Wch through th'advantage of these times have
At a lowe tyde 'tis best to mend a breach,
Before the flood returne with violence:
'Tis good in health to counsaile with a Leach;
So, while a Peoples calme from insolence,
'Tis best that Rulers bridle them with awe;
And (for the future) curb the lewd with law.

SONNET 24.

People, lesse settled than the sliding sand;
More mutable than *Proteus*, or the Moone;
Turn'd, and return'd, in turning of a hand:
Like *Euripus* ebbe-flowing everie Noone.
Thou thousand-headed head-les Monster-most,
Oft slaine (like *Antheus*) and as oft new rising,
Who, hard as steele, as light as winde art tost;
Chameleon-like, each objects colour prysing:
Unbinde thy blinde soule, ope thine inward sight;
Be no more tinder of intestine flame:
Of all fantastick humors purge thy spright:
For, if past-follies urge yet griefe and shame,
Lo (like Oblivions law) to cure thy passion, (shion.
State-stabling *Peace* brings froward mindes in fa-

SONNET 25.

Engins of *Vulcan*, Heav'n-affrighting wonders,
Like brittle glasse the Rocks to cindars breaking;
Deafning the winds, dübing the loudest thunders;
May ye be bound a thousand years from speaking.
Yee hate-peace Hacksters flesht in Massacres,
Be ye for ever banisht from our soyle;
Ye steeled Tooles of slaughter, wounds, & wars,
Be you condemn'd to hang, and rust a while:
Or (not to languish in so fruit-lesse rest)
Be you transform'd to husband furniture,
To plow those fields you have so oft depress:
Or (if you cannot leave your wonted ure)
Leave (at the least) all mutinous alarmes,
And be from hence-forth Justice lawfull Armes.

SONNET 26.

O *Paris*, know thy selfe, and know thy Master,
As well thy heav'nly as thine earthly guider:
And be not like a Horse, who (proud of Pasture)
Breaks Bit, and Reans, & casts his cunning Rider.
Who nill be Subjects, shall be slaves in fine:
Who Kings refuse, shall have a Tyrant Lord:
Who are not mov'd with the milde rods divine,
Shall feele the fury of Heav'ns venging Sword.
Thy greatnes stands on theirs that wear the crown,
Wherof, th' hast had now seventy (saving seven).
Think one sufficient soon to pull thee down:
Kings greatnes stands on the great King of Heav'n.
Knowing these two, then (*Paris*) know thy selfe,
By Wars afflictions, and by PEACES wealth.

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SONNET 27.

Swell not in pride, O *Paris* (Princely Dame)
To be chiefe Citie, and thy Soveraigns Throne:
Citie? nay modell of this totall Frame,
A mighty Kingdome of thy selfe alone.
The scourge that lately with paternall hand
For thine amendment did so mildely beat-thee,
If any more against thy Kings thou stand, (thee.
Shall prove that then God did but only threat-
Wert thou a hundred thousand-fold more mighty,
Who in th'Olympike court cõmands the thunders,
In his least wrath can wrack thee (most almighty).
Thebes, *Babel*, *Rome*, those proud heav'n-daring won-
Low under ground in dust and ashes lye: (ders,
For earthly Kingdoms (even as men) doe dye.

SONNET 28.

But, O my sorrows! whither am I tost?
What? shall I bloudy sweet ASTRÆAS Songs?
Re-open wounds that are now heal'd almost,
And new-remember nigh-forgotten wrongs?
Sith stormes are calmed by a gentle Starre,
Forget wee (Muse) all former furie-moods,
And all the tempests of our Viper-Warre:
Drown wee those thoughts in deep-deep *Lethè* floods.
O but (alas) I cannot not-retaine
So great, notorious, common miseries,
Nor hide my plaint, nor hold my weeping raine:
But 'mid these hideous hellish out-rages,
Ile show and prove by this strange spectacle,
Our civill PEACE, a sacred Miracle.

SONNET 29.

As hee that scap't from Ship-wrack on a plank,
Doubts of his health, and hardly yet beleeves
(Still faintly shivering on the fearless bank)
That (through that fraile help) certainly he lives:
As hee that new freed from strange servitude,
Returnes again to tread his native allies,
Seems still to feare his Patrons rigour rude,
And seems still tugging, chained in the Gallies:
So alwaies, ruth, ruine, aud rage, and horror
Of troubles past doe haunt mee everie-where,
And still I meet Furies and ghastly Terror:
Then, to my selfe thus rave I (rapt with feare)
From pleasures past, if present sorrow spring,
Why should not past cares present cõfort bring?

SONNET 30.

Wee must not now upbraid each others crimes
Committed wrongly in the time of warre;
For wee have all (alas) too often-times
Provok't the vengeance of the Lord too far:
Some robbing Justice, under maske of Reason;
Some blowing coles, to kindle-up Sedition;
Some 'gainst their king attempting open Treason;
Some Godding *Fortune* (Idol of Ambition).
Alas, wee know our cause of maladie,
All apt t' accuse, but none to cleanse th' impure;
Each doth rebuke, but none doth remedie:
To know a griefe, it is but halfe a cure.
Is it our sins? let 's purge away that bane;
For what helps Physick, if it be not tane?

SONNET 31.

Who cloake their crimes in hoods of holinesse,
Are double villaines: and the Hypocrite
Is most-most odious in Gods glorious sight,
That takes his Name to cover wickednesse.
Profane Ambition, blinde and irreligious,
In quest of Kingdoms, holding nothing holy,
Think'st thou th' Eternall blinde (as thou in folly)
Or weake to punish Monsters so prodigious?
O execrable vizard, canst thou hide thee (murder
From th' All-pierce Eye? Are treason, rape, and
Effects of Faith, or of the Furies-order?
Thy vaile is rent, the rudest have descri'd thee.

SONNET 32.

'Tis now apparent to each plaine Opinion,
Thy hot Devotion hunted but Dominion.
'Tis strange to see the heat of Civill brands.
For, when wee arme us brother against brother,
O then how ready are our hearts and hands,
And Wits awake to ruine one another!
But, come to counter-mine 'gainst secret treason,
Or force the forces of a stranger foe,
Alas, how shallow are wee then in reason,
How cold in courage, and in camping slowe!
France only strives to triumph over *France*:
With self-kill Swords to cut each others throat.
What swarms of souldiers every where do float,
To spend and spoyle a Kingdoms maintenance?
But, said I Souldiers? ah, I blush for shame,
To give base Theeves the noble Souldiers name.

SONNET 33.

Is't not an endless scandall to our dayes
(If possible our heires can credit it)
That th' holy name of PEACE, so worthy praise,
Hath been our Watch-word for a fault unfit?
That the pure Lilly, our own native flower,
Hath been an odious object in our eyes? (wer,
That Kingly Name, & Kings heav'n-stablisht po-
Hath been with us a mark of trecheries?
T' have banisht hence the godly and the wise, (ger;
Whose sound direction kept the State from dan-
Yea, made their bodies bloody Sacrifice?
And (to conclude) seeking to serve a Stranger, (in:
T' have stab'd our own? but (O Muse) keep that
The fault 's so foul, to speak it were a sin.

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SONNET 34.

I waile not I ſo much wars waſtefull rigours,
Nor all thy ruines make mee halfe ſo ſorrie,
As thy loſt honour (*France*) w^ch^ moſt diſfigures,
Loſing thy loyalty, thy Native glorie.
From *Moores* to *Muſcovites* (O curſed change!)
The *French* are called, *Faith-leſſe Parricides*.
Th'yerſt moſt Prince-loyal people (ò moſt ſtrange!)
Are now Prince-treachers more than all beſides:
With us, *Maſſacres* paſſe for Pietie;
Theft, rape, & wrong, for juſt attain'd poſſeſſions:
Revolt for Merit, Rage for Equitie:
Alas, muſt wee needs borrow the tranſgreſſions
And imperfections of all other Nations,
Yerſt only blamed for inconſtant faſhions?

SONNET 35.

Not without reaſon hath it oft been ſpoken, (ment,
That through faire Concord little things aug-
And (oppoſite) that mightieſt things are broken
Through th' ugly Diſcord of the diſcontent.
When many tunes doe gently ſymphonize
It conquers hearts, and kindly them compounds;
When many hearts doe gently ſympathize
In ſacred friendſhip, there all bliſſe abounds.
Alas, if longer wee divide this Realme,
Looſing to everie Partizan apart;
Farewell our Lillies and our Diadem.
For though it ſeem to breathe now ſomwhat peart,
Our ſinnes (I feare) wil work worſe after-claps:
And there 's moſt danger in a re-relapſe.

SONNET 36.

O, how I hate theſe partia-lizing words,
Which ſhow how wee are in the Faith deviſed:
Is't poſſible to whet ſo many ſwords, (baptized:
And light ſuch flames 'mong th' In-one-Chriſt-
Chriſtians to Chriſtians to be brute and bloody,
Altars to Altars to be oppoſite,
Parting the limmes of ſuch a perfect bodie,
While *Turks* with *Turks* doe better far unite?
We, in our truth find doubts (whence follow ſchiſmes)
They, whoſe fond Law doth all of Lies conſiſt,
Abide confirm'd in their vaine Paganiſmes.
One nought beleeves, another what him liſt:
One over-Creeds, another Creeds too-ſhort;
Each makes his Church (rather his Sect) a-part.

SONNET 37.

Put off (deere *French*) all ſecret grudge and gall,
And all keen ſtings of vengeance on all parts:
For if you would have PEACE proclaim'd to all,
It muſt be firſt faire printed in your hearts.
Henry the mildeſt of all Conquerors
(Your perfect Glaſſe for Princely clemencie)
Hee, to appeaſe and calme the State from jars,
For his friends ſake, hath ſav'd his enemie.
Let 's all be *French*, all ſubjects to one Lord;
Let *France* from hence-forth be one onely State;
Let 's all (for Gods ſake) be of one accord.
So (through true zeale Chriſts praiſe to propagate)
May *the moſt ChriſtianKing* with proſp'rous po-
On *Sion* wals re-plant our Lilly-flower. (wer

SONNET 38.

O Chriſtian cor'ſive! that the *Mahomite*
With hundred thouſands in *Vienna* plaine,
His mooned Standards hath already pight,
Preſt to joyne *Auſtria* to his *Thracian* Reigne:
Malth, Corfu, Candie, his proud threats diſdaine;
And all our *Europe* trembles in diſmay;
While ſtriving *Chriſtians* (by each other ſlaine)
Each other weakning make him eaſie way.
Rhodes, Belgrade, Cyprus, and the Realms of *Greece*,
Thrall'd to his barb'rous yoak, yet freſh-declare,
That while two ſtrive, a third obtains the fleece.
Though name of *Chriſtian* be a title faire;
If, but for Earth, they all this while have ſtriv'n,
They may have earth, but others ſhal have heav'n.

SONNET 39.

May I not one day ſee in *France* againe
Some new *Martellus* (full of ſtout activity)
To ſnatch the Scepter from the *Saracen*,
That holds the Holy Land in ſtrait captivitie?
May I not ſee the ſelfe-weale-wounding Launce
Of our brave Bloods (yerſt one another goring)
Turn'd with more valour on the *Muſulmans*,
A higher pitch of happie proweſſe ſoaring?
But who (deare *France*) of all thy men at armes
Shall ſo far hence renew their ancient Laurels:
Sith here they plot thine and their proper harms?
I rather feare, that (through their fatall quarrels)
That hate-Chriſt Tyrant will in time become
The Lord and Soveraigne of all *Chriſtendome*.

SONNET 40.

Mid all theſe miſchiefes, while the friend-foe ſtran-
With us, againſt us, had intelligence; (gers,
Henry our King, our Father, voyds our dangers,
And (ò heav'ns wonder) planteth *Peace* in *France*.
Thou Judge that ſitt'ſt on the ſupernall Throne,
O quench thy furie, keep us from hoſtilitie:
With eyes of mercie look thou ſtill upon
Our PEACE, and found it on a firme ſtability:
Sith (in deſpight of diſcord) thou alone,
Inward and outward, haſt thou ſalv'd us (Lord)
Keep ſtill our *France* (or rather Lord thine own)
Let Princes love, and live in juſt accord:
Diſ-arme them (Lord) or, if Armes buſie them,
Be it alone for thy *Jeruſalem*.

FINIS.

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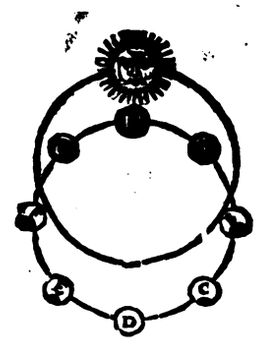
A DIALOGUE UPON THE TROUBLES PAST:

BETWEENE

HERACLITUS and DEMOCRITUS,
The weeping and the laughing
Philosophers.



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Heraclitus

Democritus

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A DIALOGUE.

Heraclitus.

ALas! thou laughſt, perhaps not feeling well
The painfull torments of this mortall Hel:
Ah! canſt thou (tear-leſs) in this iron Age,
See men maſſacred, Monſters born to rage?

Democritus.

Ha! but why weep'ſt thou? wherefore in this ſort
Doſt thou lament amid this merry ſport?
Ha! canſt thou chuſe but laugh, to ſee the State
Of mens now-follies, and the freaks of Fate?

Heraclitus.

Hee hath no heart that melts not all in tears,
To ſee the treaſons, murders, maſſacres,
Sacks, ſacrileges, loſſes, and alarmes
Of thoſe that periſh by their proper armes.

Democritus.

Who all diſmaied, ſwouneth ſuddenly
To heare or ſee ſome fained Tragedie
(Held in theſe daies, on everie Stage as common)
Is but a heartleſs man, or but a woman.

Heraclitus.

O! would to God our Countries Tragick ruth
Were but a fable, no effected truth:
My ſoule then ſhould not ſigh to anger Heav'n,
Nor for her plagues my tender heart be riv'n.

Democritus.

I take the world to be but as a Stage,
Where net-maskt men do play their perſonage:
'Tis but a mummerie, and a pleaſant ſhowe;
Sith over all, ſtrange vanities do flowe.

Heraclitus.

Thoſe vanities I have in deteſtation,
As curſed cauſes of Gods indignation:
Which makes mee alwaies weep, ſith on the earth
I ſee no object for the meaneſt mirth.

Democritus.

Thus, from one Subject ſundrie ſequels ſpring,
As diverſly our wits conceive a thing.
I laugh to ſee thee weep; thou weepſt to ſee
Mee laugh ſo much, which more afflicteth thee.

Heraclitus.

Laugh while thou liſt at mortall miſeries,
I cannot chuſe but even weep out mine eyes:
Finding more cauſe for tears in bloody ſlaughter
Than for thy ſenſe-leſſe ill-beſeeming laughter.

Democritus.

Melt thee, diſtill thee, turne to waxe or ſnowe;
Make ſad thy geſture, tune thy voyce to woe;
I cannot weep, except ſometimes it hap
Through laughing much, mine eyes let fall a drop.

Heraclitus.

I weep to ſee thus everie thing confuſed,
Order diſordred, and the Lawes abuſed;
Juſtice reverſt, and Policie perverted;
And this ſick State neer utterly ſubverted.

Democritus.

I laugh to ſee how Fortune (like a ball)
Playes with the Globe of this inconſtant All;
How ſhee degradeth theſe, and graceth thoſe;
How whom ſhee lifts-up, down again ſhee throws.

Heraclitus.

I raine down Rivers, when againſt their King
Cities rebell, through Subjects bandying:
When Colledges (through Armes) are reft of Art:
When everie Countie Kingdom's-it a-part.

Democritus.

I burſt with laughter, when (confounding State)
I ſee thoſe rebels hunt their Magiſtrate;
When I heare Porters prate of State-deſignes,
And make all common, as in new-found *Indes*.

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Heraclitus.

I weep to see Gods glorie made a vaile
To cover who his glorie most assayle:
That sacred Faith is made a maske for sinne,
And men run head-long to destructions ginne.

Democritus.

I laugh(with all my heart) at the transforming
Of Juggling *Proteis*,to all times *Conforming*:
But,most I laugh,t' have seene the world so mad
To starve and die,when those damn'd *Atheists* bad.

Heraclitus.

I weep (alas)to see the people weep,
Oppresst with rest-less weight in danger deep;
Crying for PEACE, but yet not like to get-her,
Yet her condition is not greatly better.

Democritus.

I laugh to see all cause of laughter gone,(thy mone:
Through those wch (yerst thou saidst)have caus'd
Noting th' old guise,I laugh at all their new;
I laugh at more,but dare not tell it you.

Heraclitus.

Some sorrows also I in silence keep;
But in the Desart,all my woes shall weep:
And there (perhaps) the Rocks will help me then;
For,in these dayes they are more milde than men.

Democritus.

Ile dwell in Cities(as my *Genius* guides)
To laugh my fill; for, smiling PEACE provides
Such plenteous store of laughing-stuffe to fill me,
That still Ile laugh,un-less that laughing kill me.

FINIS.

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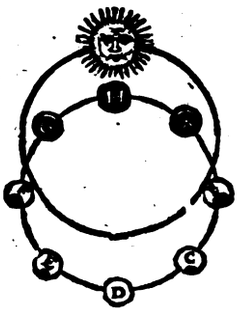
AN ODE OF THE LOVE AND BEAUTIES OF ASTRÆA.



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TO THE MOST MATCHLESSE,

Faire and Vertuous;

M. M. H.

Tetraſtichon.

THou, for whoſe ſake my freedome I forſake;
Who, murdring mee doſt yet maintain my life:
Heer, under PEACE, *thy beauties Type I make,*
Faire, war-like Nymph, that keepſt mee ſtill in ſtrife.

An Ode to Aſtræa.

SAcred PEACE, if I approve thee,
If more than my life I love thee,
Tis not for thy beauteous eyes:
Though the brighteſt Lamp in skies
In his higheſt Sommer-ſhine,
Seems a ſparke compar'd with thine,
With thy paire of ſelfe-like-Sunnes,
Paſt all elſe-compariſons.

'Tis not (deere) the dewes Ambroſiall
Of thoſe prettie lips ſo Roſiall,
Make mee humble at thy feet:
Though the pureſt honey ſweet
That the Muſes birds doe bring,
To Mount *Hybla* everie ſpring,
Nothing neere ſo pleaſant is,
As thy lively loving kiſſe.

'Tis not (Beauties Empereſſe)
Th' Amber circlets of thy treſſe,
Curled by the wanton windes,
That ſo faſt my freedome bindes:
Though the pretious glittering ſand
Richly ſtrow'd on *Tagus* Strand,
Nor the graines *Pactolus* roll'd,
Never were ſo fine a gold.

'Tis not for the poliſht rowes
Of thoſe Rocks whence Prudence flowes,
That I ſtill my ſute purſue;
Though that in thoſe Countries new
In the Orient lately found
(Which in precious Gemmes abound)
'Mong all baits of Avarice
Be no pearles of ſuch a price.

'Tis not (Sweet) thine yvorie neck
Makes mee worſhip at thy beck;
Nor that prettie double HILL
Of thy boſome panting ſtill:
Though no faireſt *Ledas* Swan,
Nor no ſleekeſt Marble can
Be ſo ſmooth or white in ſhowe,
As thy Lillies, and thy Snowe.

'Tis not (O my Paradiſe)
Thy front (evener than the yce)
That my yeelding heart doth tye
With his milde-ſweet Majeſtie:
Though the ſilver Moone be faine
Still by night to mount her waine,
Fearing to ſuſtain diſgrace,
If by day ſhee meet thy face.

'Tis not that ſoft Sattin limme,
With blew trayles enameld trimme,
Thy hand, handle of perfection,
Keeps my thoughts in thy ſubjection:
Though it have ſuch curious cunning,
Gentle touch, and nimble running,
That on Lute to heare it warble,
Would move rocks, & raviſh Marble.

'Tis not all the reſt beſide,
Which thy modeſt vaile doth hide
From mine eyes (ah too injurious!)
Makes mee of thy love ſo curious:
Though *Diana* being bare,
Nor *Leuothoe* paſsing rare,
In the Cryſtall-flowing ſprings
Never bath'd ſo beauteous things.

What then (O divineſt Dame)
Fires my Soule with burning flame,
If thine eyes be not the matches
Whence my kindling Taper catches?
And what *Nectar* from above
Feeds and feaſts my joyes (my Love)
If they taſte not of the dainties
Of thy ſweet lips ſugred plenties?

What fell heat of covetize
In my feeble boſome fries;
If my heart no reckoning hold
Of thy treſſes pureſt gold?
What ineſtimable treaſure
Can procure mee greater pleaſure
Than thoſe Orient Pearles I ſee
When thou daign'ſt to ſmile on me?

What?

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What? what fruit of life delights
My delicious appetites
If I over-passe the messe
Of those apples of thy brests?
What fresh Buds of scarlet Rose
Are more fragrant sweete than those,
Than those Twins thy Straw-berry teates,
Curled-purled Cherrylets?

What (to finish) fairer limne,
Or what member yet more trimme,
Or what other rather Subject
Makes me make thee all mine object?
If it be not all the rest
By thy modest vaile suppresst
(Rather) which an envious cloud
From my sight doth closely shroud.

Ah 't is a thing more divine,
'Tis that peere-lesse Soule of thine,
Master-peece of Heav'ns best Art,
Made to maze each mortall heart.
'Tis thine all-admired wit,
Thy sweet grace and gesture fit,
Thy milde pleasing courtesie
Makes thee triumph over mee.

But, for thy faire Soules respect,
I love Twin-flames that reflect
From thy bright tra-lucent eyes:
And thy yellow locks likewise:
And those Orient-Pearly Rocks
Which thy lightning smile un-locks:
And the *Nectar*-passing blisses
Of thy honey-sweeter kisses.

I love thy fresh rosie cheek,
Blushing most *Aurora*-like:
And the white-exceeding skin
Of thy neck and dimpled chin,
And those Ivorie-marble mounts
Eyther, neyther, both at once:
For, I dare not touch, to know
If they be of flesh or no.

I love thy pure Lilly hand
Soft, and smooth, and slender; and
Those five nimble brethren small
Arm'd with Pearl-shell helmets all.
I love also all the rest
By thy modest vaile suppresst
(Rather) which an envious clond
From my longing sight doth shroud.

FINIS.

SONNET 1.

SWeet mouth, that sendst a muskie-rosed breath;
Fountain of *Nectar*, and delightfull Balm;
Eyes cloudy-clear, smile-frowning, stormy-calm;
Whose everie glance darts mee a living-death:
Brows, bending quaintly your round Ebene Arks:
Smile, that then *Venus* sooner *Mars* besots;
Locks more than golden, curl'd in curious knots,
Where, in close ambush wanton *Cupid* lurks:
Grace Angel-like; fair fore-head, smooth, and high;
Pure white, that dimm'st the Lillies of the Vale;
Vermilion Rose, that mak'st *Aurora* pale:
Rare spirit, to rule this beauteous Emperie:
If in your force, Divine effects I view,
Ah, who can blame me, if I worship you?

SONNET 2.

Thou, whose sweet eloquence doth make me mute;
Whose sight doth blind me, & whose nimblenes
Of feet in dance, and fingers on the Lute,
In deep amazes makes mee motion-lesse:
Whose only presence from my selfe absents mee;
Whose pleasant humors, make mee passionate;
Whose sober moods my follies represent mee;
Whose grave-milde graces make mee emulate:
My heart, through whom, my heart is none of mine;
My All, through whom, I nothing do possesse,
Save thine *Idea*, glorious and divine:
O thou my Peace-like War, and War-like PEACE,
So much the wounds that thou hast given mee,
That 't is my best ease never to have ease. (please;

EPIGRAMS

EPIGRAMS AND EPITAPHES UPON VVarre and Peace.

Upon the League.

France, without cauſe thou doſt complain
Againſt the *League* for wronging thee.
Sh' hath made thee large amends again,
With more than common uſurie:
For, for thy one King which ſhee ſlew,
Sh' hath giv'n thee now a thouſand new.

Upon the taking of Paris.

1

When *Paris* (happily) was wonne
With ſmall or no endangering,
Such ſudden common joy begunne,
That one would ſay (t' have ſeen the thing)
Th' King took not *Paris*, *Paris* took the King.

2

O rareſt ſight of joyfull woe,
Adorned with delightfull dread;
When *Henrie* with one ſelfe-ſame ſhow,
Conquer'd at once and triumphed!

3

Sith thee from danger and diſtreſſe to free,
The King thus took, or rather entred thee;
Paris, it was not in ſtern *Mars* his Month,
But in the month that milde ASTRÆA own'th.

Upon the fall of the Millars bridge.

1

The Millars, in the River drown'd,
While *Paris* was beleaguerd round;
To dye were all reſolv'd in minde,
Becauſe they had no more to grinde.

2

Then was their fitteſt time to dye,
Becauſe they might intend it beſt:
But their intent was contrarie,
Becauſe they then liv'd ſo at reſt.

3

As, after long ſharp famine, ſome (forlorn)
Of ſurfet Die, their greedines is ſuch:
This Mill-bridge, having faſted long from Corn,
Is drown'd (perhaps) for having grownd too-much.

Upon the recoverie of Amiens.

1

I know not which may ſeem moſt admirable,
To take or re-take ſuch a Cities force:
But, yet I know which is moſt honourable,
To take by fraud, or to re-take by force.

2

Each where they ſing a thouſand waies
The glorie of this enterpriſe,
But yet of all their merry Layes,
The beſt is ſtill in the Re-priſe.

3

Hernand was happy by this Enterpriſe,
To take ſo ſoon our *Amiens* without blow:
More happy yet, to dye yer the Re-priſe,
Elſe had hee dy'd for ſhame to leave it ſo.

Upon the Re-duction of Nantes.

Nantes would not yeeld ſo ſoon (they ſayd)
Nor be recovered ſo good cheap:
And yet, for all defence it made,
'T was made to make the *Britton* Leap.

Upon PEACE.

1

Souldiers, late preſt, are now ſuppreſt;
Croſt and caſſierd from further pay:
Yet will they (in this time of reſt)
Take up their lendings by the Way.

2

This PEACE (it ſeemeth) doth not ſound
To all the world; for, every-where
More Sergeants now doe go the Round,
Than Souldiers yerſt accuſtom'd were.

Upon

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Upon Captaine Cobbler.

A merry Cobbler left the Wars,
To turn unto his Occupation:
And, asked by his Customers
The reason of his alteration:
'T hath pleas'd (quoth hee) the King t' ordain
That each his office take again.

Upon Warre.

Heer, under this huge heape of stones
Lately enterr'd lyes cruell WARRE:
Pray God long rest her soule and bones:
Yet there is nothing worse for her.

Upon Rowland Rob-Church.

Heer lyeth *Rowland*, that was lately slaine,
In robbing of a wealthie Chappel, spy'd:
Yet I beleeve hee doth in Heav'n remain,
Sith only for the Churches Good hee dy'd.

Upon Captaine C[illegible].

Heer under, Captain CATCH is layd,
Who six times chang'd from side to side:
Of neyther side (it seem'd) affraid:
Hee wore a white Scarfe when hee dy'd:
Yet some suspect (and so doe I)
For his inconstance shown before,
That to the Black-band hee did fly:
But now he can revolt no more.

Upon Sir Nequam Neuter.

Heer lyeth hee, who the more safe to prey
On both sides; *Neuter*, between both abode:
Whither his Soule is gone, I cannot say,
Sith hee was nor for Divell, nor for God.

Pax omnibus unâ.

FINIS.

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A l'honour de la Paix, chantee par Mounsieur du NESME, & rechantee en Anglois par Mounsieur SYLVESTRE.

SAns Paix rien ne subsiste: en Paix tout croist & dure:
Dieu maintient par sa Paix le beau Grand Univers
Et le Petit, bastis de membres si divers,
Touts s'entr'aydans l'vn l'autre en commune facture:
Elle vnit a son Dieu l'humaine creature:
Elle emplit de Citez les Royaumes deserts:
Elle bride les fols, & rend les champs couverts
De biens donans plaisirs, vesture, & nouriture.
Envoy-la donc (O Dieu) a nos Princes & Roys,
En nos maisons, en nous; & fay que de vne voix
Nous suivions les accords de ton Nesme admirable:
Lors (a jamais) seras lovè de nos Gaulois
Par ses chants tout-divins: & Sylvestre, en Anglois
Redoublera ce loz d'vn stile immitable.

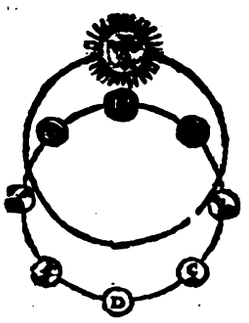
P. CATELLE.
I'attens le temps.

THE

THE PROFIT OF IMPRISONMENT.

A PARADOX,
WRITTEN IN FRENCH
BY
Odet de la Noye, Lord of *Teligni*, being
Prisoner in the Castle of
TOURNEY.

Translated
BY
JOSUAH SYLVESTER.



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TO HIS LONG APPROVED FRIEND,

M. R. NICOLSON.

F. S.

VVisheth

Ever all true Content.

TO thee (the same to mee as first I meant)
Friend to the Muses, and the well inclin'd,
Loving, and lov'd of everie vertuous minde:
To thee the same, I the same Song present
(Our mutuall love's eternall Monument)
Wherein, our Nephewes shall heer-after finde
Our constant friendship how it was combinde
With linkes of kindnesse and acknowledgment.
Accept againe this Present in good part,
This simple pledge of my sincere affection
To Tangley, *Thee, and thy* Soon-calm-in-heart
(Perfect good-will supplies all imperfection).
Chameleons *change their colour:* Guile *her game:*
But (in both Fortunes*) Vertue's still the same.*

A SONNET OF THE AUTHOUR TO HIS BOOK.

THe Bodie *over-prone to* Pleasures *and delights*
Of soft, frail, dainty flesh, *and to self-ease addicted,*
Abhors Imprisonment, *as a base paine inflicted*
To punish the defaults of most vnhappie wights.
The Soule, *as much surpriz'd with love of heav'nly sights,*
And longing to behold the place that appertains-her,
Doth loathe the Bodie, *as a* Prison *that detaines-her*
From her high happines *among the blessed sprights.*
Then sith both Bodie *and* Soule *their bondage never brook,*
But Soule *and* Bodie *both doe love their* libertie:
Tell, tell mee (O my Muse) who will beleeve our Book?
Hee that hath learn'd a-right both these to mortifie,
And serve our Saviour Christ *in* bodie *and in* spirit,
Who both from thrall *hath* freed *by his owne only merit.*

A PARADOX,

That Adverſitie is more neceſſarie Than Proſperitie; and that, of all Afflictions, Cloſe-*Priſon is moſt pleaſant, and moſt Profitable.*

HOw-ever fondly-falſe a vaine opinion ſeeme;
If but the Vulgar once the ſame for right eſteeme,
Moſt men account it ſo: ſo (in abſurdeſt things)
Conſent of Multitude exceeding credit brings.
Nor any mean remaines when it is once received,
To wreſt it from the moſt of erring mindes deceived.
Nay, whoſo ſhall but ſay, they ought to alter it,
Hee headlong caſts himſelfe in dangers deepeſt Pit.
For never nimble Barke that on adventure runs
Through thoſe blew bounding Hils where hoary *Neptune* wuns,
Was ſet-upon ſo ſore with never-ceaſt aſſault
Maintain'd on everie ſide by windes and waters ſalt,
When, raging moſt, they raiſe their rougheſt tempeſt dreaded,
As th' Idiot multitude, that Monſter many-headed
Beſtirs it ſelfe, with wrath, ſpight, furie, full of terror,
'Gainſt whatſoever man that dares reprove her error.
Who undertakes that taske, muſt make account (at firſt)
To take hot Wars in hand, and beare away the worſt.
Therefore a many Works (worthy the light) have dyed
Before their Birth, in breaſts of Fathers terrified,
Not by rough deeds alone; but even by fooliſh threats:
Yet only noyſe of words baſe cowards only beats.
Then feare who liſt (for mee) the common Peoples cry,
And whoſo liſt be mute, if other-minded: I
(Scorning the feeble force of ſuch a vain indeavour)
Will freely (ſpight of feare) ſay, what I cenſure ever:
And, though my preſent State permit mee not ſuch ſcope,
Mine un-forbidden pen with Errors pride ſhall cope.

Cloſe-

Close Prison (now a-daies) th' extremest miserie
The world doth deem, I deem direct the contrarie:
And there-with-all will prove, that even *Adversities*
Are to be wished more than most Prosperities.
And, for *Imprisonment*, though that be most lamented,
Of all the griefes wherewith men feare to be tormented;
Yet, that's the State most stor'd with pleasure and delight,
And the most gainfull too to any Christian wight.
A *Paradox*, no doubt more true, than creditable;
The which my selfe somtimes have also thought a fable,
While guilefull vanities, fed not, but fill'd my minde,
For strengthning sustenance, with un-substantiall winde.
I hated Death to death, I also did detest
All sicknes and disease that might a man molest,
But most I did abhorre that base esteemed state,
Which to subjections Law our selves doth subjugate,
And our sweet life enthrals unto anothers will:
For, as my fancie wisht I would have walked still.
Death (thought I) soon hath done, and every griefe besides,
The more extreme it is, the lesser time abides:
But now, besides that I esteem'd the Prisoners trouble
Much worse, me thought the time his martyrdom did double.
So that, to scape that scourge, so irksome to my heart,
I could have been content t' have suffer'd any smart.
Lo, by blinde ignorance how judgments are misled:
Now that full thirty months I have experienced
That so-much-feared ill, tis now so us'd to mee,
That I (a Prisoner) live much more content and free,
Than when as (under cloak of a false freedome vain)
I was base slave (indeed) to many a bitter pain.
But, now I see my selfe mockt every-where almost,
And feeble mee alone met by a mighty hoast
Of such, as (in this case) doe not conceive as I,
But doe esteem themselves offended much thereby.
And therefore (Father deere) this weake abortive Childe,
For refuge runs between th'arms of his Grand-sire milde.
If you accept of it, my labour hath his hire:
For, careless of the rest, all that I here desire,
Is only that your selfe (as in a Glasse) may see
The image of the estate of my Captivity:
Where, though I nothing can availe the Common-weale,
Yet I availe my selfe (at least) some little deale;
Praysing th' all powerfull Lord, that thus vouchsafes to poure
Such favours manifold upon mee everie houre;
Whereof, your selfe (yer while) so sweet sure proof have tasted,
In cruell bitternesse of bands that longer lasted:

Now

Now, I beſeech his Grace to bleſſe mine enterpriſe,
My heart and hand at once to govern in ſuch wiſe,
That what I write, may nought diſpleaſing him containe:
For, voyde of his ſweet ayde, who works hee works in vaine.
Within the wide-ſpred ſpace of theſe round Elements,
What-ever is indew'd with living ſoule and ſenſe,
Seeks (of it ſelfe) ſelfe-good; this inſtinct naturall
Nature her ſelfe hath graven in hearts of Creatures all:
And of all living things (from largeſt to the leaſt)
Each one to flie his ill doth evermore his beſt.
Thereof it comes (wee ſee) the wilde horſe (full of ſtrength)
Tamely to take the bit into his mouth at length;
And ſo, by force wee tame each moſt untamed beaſt,
Which, of it ſelfe, diſcreet, of evils takes the leaſt:
And though that that which ſeemes to be his chiefe reſtraint
Hee often-times deſpiſe, that's by a worſe conſtraint:
As, when the Lion fierce, fear-leſſe purſues the ſhining
Of bright keen-piercing blades, and 's royall creſt declining,
Full of the valiant fire, that courage woonts to lend,
Runnes midſt a million ſwords, his whelplings to defend,
More fearing far that they their libertie ſhould loſe,
Than on himſelfe the ſmart of thouſand wounding blowes.
But, all things have not now the ſelfe ſame goods and ils;
What helpeth one, the ſame another hurts and kils:
There's ods between the good that ſavage Beaſts doe like,
And that good (good indeed) which ſoul-wiſe man muſt ſeek:
When Beaſts have ſtore of food; and free from foes annoy,
Smartleſſe, and ſound, and ſafe, may (as they liſt) injoy
Their fill of thoſe delights, that moſt delight the ſenſe;
That, that's the happineſſe that fully them contents:
But reaſonable ſoules (as God hath made Mankinde)
Can with ſo wretched Good not ſatisfie their minde.
But, by how much the more their inly ſight excels
The brutiſh appetite of everie Creature elſe,
So much more excellent the good for which they thirſt.
Man of two parts is made: the bodie is the worſt,
The Heav'n-born ſoule, the beſt, wherein mans bliſſe abides;
In bodie that of beaſts, nought having elſe beſides;
This bodie ſtands in need of many an acceſſorie,
To make it ſomewhat ſeem: the ſoule receives this glorie,
That ſelfly ſhee ſubſiſts; and her aboundant wealth
(Unlike the bodies ſtore) is ever ſafe from ſtealth.
Our body took his birth of this terreſtriall clod:
Our ſpirit, it was inſpir'd of th' inly breath of God;
And eyther of them ſtill ſtrives to his proper place,
This (earth-born) ſtoops to earth; that flies to heav'n apace.

But,

But, as the silly Bird, whose wings are wrapt in lime,
Faine, but in vaine, attempts to fly full many a time:
So, our faire soule, surcharg'd with this foule robe of mud,
Is too-too often held from mounting to her GOOD.
She strives, she strikes, somtimes shee lifts her up aloft:
But as the worser part (wee see) prevaileth oft,
This false fraile flesh of ours, with pleasures painted lure,
Straight makes her stoop againe down to the dust impure.
Happie who th' honour hath of such a victorie:
Hee crowns his conquering head with more true Majestie:
Than if hee had subdu'd those Nations by his might,
Which doe discover first *Aurora's* early light,
And those whom *Phœbus* sees from his *Meridian* Mount,
Th' *Anti-podes*, and all; more than the sand to count.
For, small the honour is to be acknowledg'd King
And Monark of the World, ones selfe un-mastering.
But, each man on his head this Garland cannot set,
Nor is it giv'n to all this victorie to get.
Only a verie few (Gods deere-belov'd Elect)
This happie Goale have got by Vertues live effect:
The rest, soon wearie of this same so painfull War,
Like well of Heav'n, but love the Earth above it far:
Some, drunk with poys'ny dregs of worldly pleasures brute,
Know where true good consists, but never doe ensue't:
Some doe ensue the same, but with so faint a heart,
That at the first assault they doe retire and start:
Some, more courageous, vow more than they bring to passe
(So much more easie 'tis to say, than doe, alas)
And all, through too-much love of this vaine worlds allurements,
Or too-much idle feare of sufferings and endurements:
Meere vanities, whereto the more men doe incline,
The farther-off they are from their *chiefe good* divine.
Therefore so many think themselves so miserable:
Therefore the ayre is fill'd with out-cries lamentable
Of such as doe disdaine the thing that better is,
To entertaine the worse, with forfeit of their blisse:
Therefore wee see those men that riches doe possesse,
Afflicted still with care: and therefore heavinesse
Abandons never those, that, fed with honours fill,
Fawn upon Potentates, for flitting favours still.
And, cause (God wot) they have, to be at quiet never,
Sith their felicitie is so uncertaine ever.
Neither are Kings themselves exempted from vexation,
How-ever Soveraigne sway they beare in any Nation:
For, now they wish to win, anon feare losse no lesse.
Yea, though (for Empire) they did this wide world possesse,

Not

Not one of them, withall, could full contented be:
For, how man more attaines, the more attempteth hee.
Who, therefore, covets moſt ſuch ſoon-paſt goods uncertain,
Shall ne'r enjoy the joy of goods abiding certain:
But, whoſo ſeeks to build a true content, to laſt,
On elſe-what muſt elſe-where his firſt foundation caſt,
For, all things here belowve are apt to alter ever;
Here's nothing permanent: and therefore whoſoever
Truſts thereto, truſteth to a broken ſtaffe for ſtay;
For no earths vanitie can bleſſe a man for aye.
Wee muſt (to make us bleſt) our firme aſſurance found
Elſe-where than in this World, this change-inthralled ground:
Wee muſt propoſe our ſelves that perfect, periſh-leſs,
That true unfained good, that good all danger-leſs
From th' unjuſt ſpoyle of theeves, which never, never ſtands
In need of guard, to guard from Souldiers pilling hands.
Now, 'tis with ſpirituall hands, and not with corporall,
That wee doe apprehend theſe Heav'nly treaſures all:
Treaſures ſo precious, that th' only hope to have-them
In full fruition once, with him that frankly gave-them,
Fils us with everie joy, our ſorrows choaks and kils,
And makes us feele, amid our moſt tormenting ills,
A much more calme content, than thoſe that everie day
On this fraile earth enjoy their hearts wiſh everie way.
It's therefore in the ſpirit, not in the fleſh that wee,
Muſt ſeek our *Soveraigne Good* and chiefe felicitie.
Th' one is not capable of any injurie:
The other's thrall to th' yoak of many a miſerie:
Th' one end-leſſe, ever-laſts: th' other endures ſo little,
That wel-nigh'yer 't be got, 'tis gone, it is ſo brittle.
For, who is hee that now in wealth aboundeth moſt,
Or, hee that in the Court Kings favours beſt may boaſt,
Or, he that's moſt with roabes of dignitie bedight,
Or, hee that ſwimmes on Seas of ſenſuall ſweet delight,
But is in perill ſtill to prove the contrarie,
Poore, hated, honour-leſs, and full of miſerie?
But, one, that ſcorning all theſe rich proud pomps & pleaſures
About him, *Bias*-like, beares alwaies all his treaſures,
Ev'n, like to him, can leave his native Countrey ſackt
Without ſuſtaine of loſſe; and, with a mind infract,
Ev'n vanquiſhed bereave the Victors victories,
Who, though his Land he win, cannot his heart ſurpriſe.
Let exile, priſonment, and tortures great and ſmall,
With their extremeſt paines at-once aſſaile him all:
Let him be left alone among his mighty foes,
Poore, friendleſs, naked, ſick (or if ought worſe than thoſe)

Hee

Hee doth not only beare all this with patience,
But taketh (even) delight in ſuch experience,
Regarding all theſe griefes, which men ſo much affright,
As Baby-fearing buggs, and ſcar-crowes voyd of might:
Hee chooſeth rather much ſuch exerciſe as theſe,
Then mid the fleſh-delights to ruſt in idle eaſe.
But, verie few there are, that thus much will admit:
Nay, few or none there are that eas'ly credit it;
The moſt part, taking-part with common moſt conceit,
Yet they have heard of this, ſuſtaine the tother ſtraight:
Not ſeeking, that themſelves ſhun and refuſe as ill,
What unto other men, for good they offer ſtill.
Not one of them will brook his Son in ſloath to lurk,
But moves and ſtirs him up inceſſantly to work:
Forbids him nothing more than ſin-ſeed idleneſſe:
Nor any pleaſure vaine permits him to poſſeſſe
(For well hee knows, that way to vertue doth not lead,
But thither-ward who walks a path of pain muſt tread):
If hee offend in ought, hee chaſtens and reproves him,
In ſo much ſharper ſort by how much more hee loves him.
Thus handleth man the thing that moſt hee holdeth deere,
Yet thinks it ſtrange himſelfe ſhould be ſo handled heere.
May wee not rather think wee are belov'd of God,
When as wee feele the ſtripes of his juſt-gentle rod?
And that, whom heer hee lets live as they liſt in pleaſure,
Are ſuch as leaſt hee loves, and holds not as his treaſure?
For ſo, not of our ſlaves, but of our ſonnes elect,
By ſharp-ſweet chaſtiſements the manners wee correct.
In verie deed God doth as doth a prudent Sire,
Who little careth what may croſſe his childes deſire,
But what may moſt availe unto his betterment:
So, knowing well that eaſe would make us negligent,
Hee exerciſeth us, hee ſtirs us up, and preſſes:
And, though wee murmur much, yet never more he ceaſes,
Hee chaſtens, hee afflicts: and thoſe whom moſt hee ſtriketh,
Are thoſe whom moſt hee loves, and whom he chiefly liketh.
No valiant men of warre will murmur or miſlike,
For being plac't to prove the formoſt puſh of pike:
Nay, rather would they there already front the foe,
With loſſe of deereſt blood, their dauntleſſe hearts to ſhow.
If any exploit approach, or Battell-day draw nigh,
If ambuſh muſt be layd, ſome ſtratagem to trie;
Or, muſt they meet the foe in eager skirmiſh fell,
Or for the ſleepie hoaſt all night keep ſentinell:
From grudging at the paines, ſo far off are they all,
That bleſt they count themſelves; therefore their Generall

Imployes

Imployes them often-times, as moſt courageous;
And, them approv'd, hee plants in places dangerous:
But, no man makes account of ſuch as ſhun the charge;
Whoſe paine is not ſo ſmall as their diſcredit's large.
All of us (in this world) reſemble Souldiers right,
From day-break of our birth even to our dying night:
This life it is a warre, wherein the valianteſt,
With hotteſt skirmiſhes are ever ply'd and preſt:
Whom our grand-captaine moſt ſets by, hee ſets a-frunt
The foreward, as moſt fit to beare the chiefeſt brunt.
Cares, exiles, priſonments, diſeaſes, dolours, loſſes,
Maimes, tortures, torments, ſpoiles, contempt, diſhonours, croſſes,
All theſe are hard exploits, and full of bickrings bold,
Which hee commits to thoſe whom hee doth deereſt hold:
But, leaveth thoſe behinde for whom hee careth little,
To ſtretch themſelves at eaſe amid their honours brittle,
Their pomps, their dignities, their joyes, their gems, their treaſures,
Their dainties, their delights, their paſtimes, and their pleaſures;
Like coward Groomes that guard the baggage and the ſtuffe,
While others meet the foe, and ſhew their valours proofe.
But have not theſe (ſay ſome) in theſe afflictions part?
No; but of puniſhment, they often feele the ſmart.
Afflicted thoſe wee count, whom chaſtenings tame, and turne;
The other puniſhed, that at correction ſpurne:
The firſt (ſtill full of hope) reape profit by their rods;
The later (deſperate) through ſpight wex worſe by ods.
Boy-ſtragglers of a Camp, ſo ſhould be puniſht then,
Being naked forc't to fight with troupes of armed men,
Who cannot reap nor reach the pleaſure, nor the meed,
Nor th' honour incident for doing ſuch a deed:
To ſuch praiſe-winning place, brave Souldiers gladly run
Which as a dangerous place theſe faint-hearts ſadly ſhun.
What Warriour in the world, that had not rather trie
A million of extremes (yea rather even to die)
Than with diſgracefull ſpot to ſtaine his Honour bright
In theſe corporeall Wars? Yet in the ghoſtly fight
(Of glorie careleſs all) wee ſhun all labours pain,
To purchaſe with reproach a reſt-neſt idly-vain.
Vertue is not atchiev'd, by ſpending of the year
In pleaſures ſoft, ſweet ſhades, down-beds, and dainty cheere:
Continuall travell 'tis that makes us there arrive,
And ſo by travell too Vertue is kept alive:
For, ſoon all vertue vades without ſome exerciſe;
But being ſtirr'd, the more her vigour multiplies.
Beſides, what man is hee, that feels ſome member rotten,
Whereof hee feares to die, but cauſeth ſtraight be gotten

Some ſurgeon, that with ſawe, with cauter, or with knife,
May take that part away, to ſave his threatned life:
And ſuffers (though with ſmart) his verie fleſh and bones
To be both ſear'd, and ſaw'd, and cleane cut-off at once?
But, to recure the ſoule (the ſoule with ſin infected)
All wholeſome remedies are hated and rejected:
With the Phyſician kinde th' impatient Patient frets,
Nor to come neere him once his helpfull hand hee lets:
Wee are halfe putrefied, through ſins contagious ſpot,
And without ſpeedie help the reſt muſt wholly rot:
Cut-off th' infected part, then are wee ſound and free,
Elſe all muſt periſh needs, there is no remedie.
Moſt happie they, from whom in this fraile life, the Lord
(With ſmart of many paines) cuts-off the paines abhord
Of th' ever-never death, wherein they lye and languiſh,
That heer have had their eaſe and never taſted anguiſh.
But many, which as yet the adverſe part approve,
Conceive (if not confeſſe) that it doth more behoove
By faintleſs exerciſe faire Vertue to maintaine,
Than over-whelm'd with Vice, at reſt to ruſt in vaine.
But yet th' extremitie of ſufferings doth diſmay-them,
The force whereof they feare would eas'ly over-lay them:
They love the exerciſe, the chaſtenings likewiſe like them,
But yet they would have God but ſeld and ſoftly ſtrike-them;
Elſe are they preſt to run, to ruine, with the Divels,
They are ſo ſore afeard of falſe ſuppoſed evils:
Moſt wretched is the man that for the feare of nilles,
All lively-breathing hopes of happie goodnes ſtifles.
Of nilles, Sir, ſay they? ſeeme all their bitter croſſes,
As nothing? nor their paines, nor lamentable loſſes,
That daily they indure? were not the wretches bleſt,
If from their heavie loade their ſhoulders were releaſt?
Who is not happie (ſure) in miſerie and woe,
No doubt proſperitie can never make him ſo:
No more than hee that's ſick ſhould find more eaſe upon
A glorious golden bed, than on a wooden one.
Man harbours in himſelfe the evill that afflicts-him,
And his own fault it is, if diſcontentment pricks-him:
And all theſe outward ills are wrongfully accuſed,
Which fleſh and blood doth blame; for, being rightly uſed,
They all turne to our good: but whoſo takes offence
Thereby, hath by and by his juſt rough recompence
For neither in their power, nor in their proof the ſame
Are evils in effect, but in conceit and name:
Which when we lightly weigh, the leaſt of us ſurmounts them,
Nor hurt they any one, but him that over-counts them.

Neither

Neither ought that (indeed) for evill to be rated,
Which may by accident be unto good translated:
For ill is ever ill, and is contrarie ever
Directly unto good, so that there natures never
Can be constrain'd to brook each other, neither yet
Can th' one be ever turn'd to th' other opposite:
But, plainly wee perceive, that there 's no languor such,
But long continuance and custome lighten much;
Familiarizing so the Fit, that how-so fret it,
Ev'n in th' extremitie one may almost forget it.
What better proofe of this than these poore Gally-slaves,
Which, having been before such Rogues and idle Knaves,
As shunning services to labour were so loth,
That they would starve and dye rather than leave their sloth;
But being us'd a while to tug the painfull Oare,
Labour that yerst they loath'd, they now desire the more:
Or those that are assail'd with burning fever-fit,
Ev'n then when least of all they dread or doubt of it:
Who carefully complaine, and crie, and rave, and rage,
Frying in inward flames, the which they cannot swage;
Yet, if it wex not worse, the daintiest bodie makes it
In eight dayes as a Use, and as a trifle takes it:
Or, those that have sometimes the painfull rack indured,
Who without charge of paine being a while inured,
The paine that did constraine them to bewaile and weepe,
Seemes them so easie then, they almost fall a-sleepe.
All are not evils then, that are surnamed so,
Sith evill never can his nature mingle, no;
Nor turne it into good; whereas wee plainly see
On th' other side, that these are changed suddenly.
And, were they ills (indeed) sith they so little last,
Were 't not a verie shame to be so much agast?
But here again (say they) th' ones nature never taketh
The others nature on, but still the stronger maketh
His fellow give him place, and only beareth sway
Till that, return'd againe, drive it againe away.
Nay, that can never be: for never perfect good
Can by this contrarie be banisht (though withstood):
For, good is ever good, and whereso'er it goe
Evill doth ever strive, but with too strong a foe.
There is no reason then, these, good, or ill to call,
That alter in this sort, and never rest at all:
Neithet to blesse or blame them for the good or ill
That ever in her selfe our soule concealeth still.
For, if that from without, our bale, or else our blisse
Arrived; evermore withall must follow this,

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That alwaies, unto all, ſelfe ill, ſelfe paine, would bring:
Selfe good, one ſelfe content: but tis a certaine thing,
They are not taken for their qualitie and kinde,
But rather as th' effects of men are moſt inclin'd.
One, loſing but a Crown, hath loſt his patience quite:
Another, having loſt five hundred in a night,
Is never mov'd a jot, though (having leſſe in ſtore,
Than th' other hath by ods) his loſſe might grieve him more.
One, being baniſhed, doth nothing but lament,
Another (as at home) is there as well content.
And, one in priſon pent, is utterly diſmayd:
Another, as at home, lives there as well appaid.
Needs muſt wee then confeſſe, that in our ſelves doth reſt
That which unhappieth us, and that which makes us bleſt:
In us (indeed) the ill, which of our ſelves doth grow:
And in us too the good, which from God's grace doth flowe,
To whom it pleaſeth him: true good that none can owe-yet,
Save thoſe on whom the Lord vouchſafeth to beſtow-it:
And that the bitter ſmart of all the paines that wring-us,
From nothing but our ſin, receiveth ſtrength to ſting-us.
Yea, ſurely in our ſelves abides our miſerie:
Our Grand-ſire *Adam* left us that for legacie,
When hee enthrall'd himſelfe unto the Law of ſinne,
Wherein his guiltie heires their griefe-ful birth begin.
The Lord had giv'n to him a nature and a feature,
Perfect, indeed, and bleſt above all other creature:
And of this Earthly world had ſtabliſht him as King,
Subjecting to his rule the reanes of everie thing:
His ſpirit within it ſelfe no ſelfe-debates did nurſe,
Having no knowledge yet of better nor of worſe:
His bodie ever blithe and healthfull felt no war
Of thoſe foure qualities that now doe euer jar:
Nor any poyſ'nie plant, nor any Serpent fell,
Nor any noyſom beaſt could hurt him anie deale:
Hee might, without the taſte of bitter death, attaine
Unto the haven of Heav'n, where all true Joyes doe raigne.
And, had hee not miſdone, hee might have well bequeath'd
The ſame inheritance to all that ever breath'd:
How happie had hee been, if hee had never eaten
Th' unlawful fatal Fruit that double death did threaten?
O that hee never had preferd the Serpents flatter
Before th' eternall Law of all the Worlds Creator.
You ſhall be (ſaid the Fiend) like ſupreme Deities:
This ſweet fruits ſugred juice ſhal open both your eyes
Which now your tyrant God (envying all your bliſſe)
Blinds with a filmie vaile of black Obſcurities,

Leſt

Leſt that you ſhould become his equals in degree,
Knowing both good and ill, as well as ever hee.
Poor *Eve* beleeves him ſtraight, and Man beleeves his Wife,
And biteth by and by the apple asking-life:
Whereof ſo ſoon as hee had taſted, hee begins
(But all too-late alas) to ſee his curſed ſinnes.
His eyes (indeed) were ope, and then hee had the skill
To know the difference between the good and ill:
Then did he know how good, good was when he had loſt-it,
And evill too hee knew (but ah too deerly coſt-it)
Leaving himſelfe (beſides the ſorrow of his loſſe)
Nothing but ſad deſpaire of ſuccour in his croſſe.
He found himſelfe falne down from bliſſe-full ſtate of peace
Into a civil warre where diſcords never ceaſe:
His ſoule revolting, ſoon became his bitter foe.
But (as it oft befals that worſt doe ſtrongeſt grow)
Shee is not eas'd at all by th' inly ſtriving jarres,
Which doe annoy her more than th' irefull open warres.
Wrath, hatred, envie, feare, ſorrow, deſpaire, and ſuch;
And paſſions oppoſite to theſe, afflict as much,
Diſtracting to and fro the Princeſſe of his life,
In reſtleſſe mutinies, and never ceaſing ſtrife.
Then th' humor-brethren all, hot, cold, and wet, and dry,
Falne out among themſelves, augment his miſerie.
So that (by their debate) within his fleſh there ſeeded
A harveſt of ſuch weeds as never can be weeded.
All creatures that before (as Subjects) did attend him,
Now, 'mong themſelves conſpire by all meanes to offend him:
In briefe, Immortall borne, now mortal hee became,
And bound his ſoule to bide Hels ever-burning flame,
Leaving his wofull heires (even from their births beginning)
Heires of his heavie paine, as of his hainous ſinning.
So that, in him, the Lord condemned all mankinde,
To beare the puniſhment to his foule ſin aſſign'd:
And none had ever ſcapt had not the God of grace
(Deſiring more to ſave, than to ſubvert his race)
Redeem'd us by the death of his deer only Son,
And choſen us in him before the world begun:
Forgiving us the fault, and with the fault the fine;
All ſave this temporall death, of *Adams* ſin the ſigne.
Now in the horror of thoſe eaſe-leſſe, end-leſſe paines,
It may be rightly ſaid, that evill ever reignes:
That's evil's verie ſelfe; and not this ſeeming-woe,
Whereof the wanton world complaineth daily ſo,
Liv'd wee ten thouſand years continually tormented
In all fell tortures ſtrange that ever were invented,

What 's that compar'd to time that never ſhall expire,
Amid th' infernall flames, whoſe leaſt-afflicting fire
Exceedeth all the paines, all mortall hearts can think?
Sure, all that wee endure, till *Lethé* drops we drink,
Is all but eaſe to that: or if it be a paine,
Tis in reſpect of that a very trifle vaine.
But, were 't a great deale worſe, why ſhould we evill name
That which wee rather finde a med'cine for the ſame?
Health, wealth, ſecuritie, honour and eaſe doe make us
Forget our God, and God for that doth ſoone forſake us;
Whereas afflictions are readie meanes to move us,
To ſeek our health in him that doth ſo deerly love-us,
'Tis true indeed: (ſay ſome) that benefit they bring-us,
But yet the ſmart thereof doth ſo extremely wring-us,
That th' evill which they feele that doe indure the ſame,
Makes them eſteeme it juſt to give it that for name.
Mans nature, certainly (it cannot be deni'd)
Is thrall to many throes, while heer on earth wee bide
In bodie and in ſoule: the troubled ſoule ſuſtaines
A thouſand paſſions ſtrong, the bodie thouſand paines:
And that's the wretched State, the which yer-while I ſaid,
Was juſtly due to us, when *Adam* diſobay'd.
But, hee that's once new-borne in Jeſus Chriſt by faith,
Who his aſſured hope in God ſole ſettled hath,
Who doth beleeve that God gives eſſence unto all;
And all ſuſtaineth ſtill: that nothing doth befall
But by his ſacred will, and that no ſtrength that ſtriveth
To ſtop his juſt decrees, can ſtand, or ever thriveth;
Not only doth accept all paines with patience,
The which hee takes for due unto his deep offence:
Nor only is content (if ſuch be Gods good pleaſure)
To feele a thouſand-fold a much more ample meaſure,
But even delights therein; and voyd of any feare,
Expects th' extremitie of all aſſaults to beare:
Whether almightie God abate their wonted vigor,
Or (that his may not feele their croſſes cruell rigor)
Doe wholly arme them with new forces for the nonce,
To beare the bitter brunt: or whether both at once.
And, to approve this true; how many daily drink
Of torments bitter Cup, that never ſeem to ſhrink?
Alas, what ſharper ſmart? what more afflicting paines?
What worſer griefe than that, which eaſ-leſly ſuſtaines?
Hee that by ſome miſchance, or elſe by martiall thunder,
Unhappily hath had ſome maine bone broke in ſunder?
What torment feeleth not the ſore-ſick deep-diſeaſed?
One while with cruell fit of burning Fever ſeiſed:

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Another while assail'd with Cholick and with Stone,
Or with the cure-lesse Gout, whose rigour yeelds to none?
Or thousand other griefes, whose bitter vexing strife
Disturbs continually the quiet of our life?
Yet notwithstanding this, in all this painfull anguish
(Though the most part repine, & plain, & mourn, & languish,
Murmuring 'gainst the Lord, with male-contented voyce)
Some prayse his clemencie, and in his rods rejoyce.
How many such (deere Saints) have fell tormentors seene
To die between their hands, through moodie tytants teen,
So little daunted at their martyrdome and slaughter,
That in th' extremitie they have expressed laughter?
How many at the stake, nay, in the verie flame,
Have sung, with cheerfull voice, th' Almighties praise-full name?
Yet were they all compact of artirs and of veines,
Of sinews, bones, and flesh: and sensible of paines
(By nature at the least) as much as anie other,
For being issued all from one selfe earthly mother.
What makes them then to find such extreme smart so sweet?
What makes them patiently those deadly pangs to meet?
No doubt it is the Lord, who first of nothing made us,
Who with his liberall hand of goodnes still doth lade us,
Some more and other lesse: and never ceaseth space
From making us to feele the favours of his grace.
Accurst are they (indeed) whom hee doth all abandon
To doe their Lust for Law, and run their life at randon:
Accurst who never taste the sharp-sweet hand of God:
Accurst (ah, most accurst) who never feele his rod.
Such men (by nature born the bond-slaves unto sin)
Through self-corruption, end worse than they did begin:
For, how they longer live, the more by their amisse,
They draw them neerer Hell, and farther off from blisse.
Such men within themselves their evils spring containe:
There is no outward thing (as falsly they complaine)
Cause of their cure-lesse ill: for good is everie thing,
And good can (of it selfe) to no-man evill bring.
Now, if they could aright these earthly pleasures prize
According to their worth, they would not in such wise,
For lack, or losse of these (so vaine and transitorie)
Lament so bitterly, nor be so sadly sorrie.
But over-loving still these outward things unstable,
To rest in true content an houre they are not able,
No, not a moments time, their feare doth so assaile them:
And, if their feare fall true, that their *good-fortune* faile them,
Then swell their sullen hearts with sorrow till they burst,
And then (poor desperate soules) they deem themselves accurst;

And

And ſo (indeed) they are: but yet they erre in this,
In blaming other things, for their own ſelfe amiſſe;
Other indifferent things, that neither make nor marre,
But to the good, be good; to th' evill, evill are.
Is 't not great fooliſhneſſe, for any to complaine
That ſomthing is not done, which doth him nought conſtraine?
Sith, if hee uſe the ſame, ſoule-health it hurteth not:
Or, if hee doe not uſe 't; it helpeth not a jot.
But needs muſt we complaine (ſay ſome) for we have cauſe:
Then at your peril be 't; for, that which chiefly draws
You thereto, 'tis in truth your bruteneſſe in miſ-deeming
Things evill, that are good (for ſenſe-contrarie ſeeming):
And, while that in the darke of this foule errors miſt,
Your drowſie ſpirits doe droope, alas what marvell is 't
If evill follow you, and if (injurious) ſtill
To others you impute your ſelfe-ingendred ill?
Happy are they to whom the Lord vouchſafeth ſight
To ſee the lovely beames and life-infuſing Light
Of his ſweet ſacred Truth; whereby wee may perceive
And judge a-rightly, what to love, and what to leave.
Such men within their ſoules, their goods have wholly plac't;
Such goods, as never fire can either burne or waſte:
Nor any thiefe can ſteale, nor Pirat make his prey,
Nor uſurie conſume, nor Tyrant take away;
Nor times all-gnawing tooth can fret away nor finiſh,
Nor any accident of ſad miſchance diminiſh.
For it is built on God, a Rock that ever ſtands:
Not on the vanities of theſe inconſtant ſands,
Which are more mutable than winde, and more unſtable,
And day by day doe make ſo many miſerable.
O, to what ſweet content, to what high joyes aſpires
Hee, that in God alone can limit his deſires!
Hee that in him alone his hopes can wholly reſt,
Hee that for only end, waits for the wages bleſt,
Wherewith he promiſeth for ever (ſans reſpect
Of their ſelfe-meriting) to guerdon his Elect?
What is it can bereave the wealth of ſuch a man?
What is it that diſturbe his perfect pleaſures can?
What is it can ſupplant his honours and degrees?
Sith all his treaſures, his delights, his dignities,
Are all layd up in heav'n, where it were all in vaine
For all the ſons of earth to warre with might and maine.
No doubt (will ſome man ſay) each Chriſtian doth aſpire
(After their bodies death) to thoſe deer treaſures higher,
That are reſerv'd in heav'n, whereof the ſweet poſſeſſion
Fears not the violence of all the worlds oppreſſion:

But, while that here below this fraile flesh-burden ties-him,
But the bare hope hee hath: which how can it suffice-him
Against the sharp assaults of passions infinite,
Whose glad-sad crosse conflicts afflict him day and night?
Needs must I grant (indeed) that the same perfect joy
Wee cannot perfectly upon this earth enjoy:
But, that that hope alone doth not sufficiently
Blesse his life where it lives (for my part) I deny.
Some doe not feare (wee see) to spend their stock and store,
To undertake the taske of many travels sore,
To hazzard limmes, and lives, in service of some Lord;
Depending oft upon his foole-fat-feeding word;
Or waiting else (perhaps) without all other hold,
Untill it please himselfe his frankes to unfold;
Not reaking all their paine, they are so inly pleas'd
With hoped benefit, whereof they are not seaz'd?
And, shall th' assured hope of ever-blisses then,
For which wee have the word, not of vaine mortall men,
That teach their tongues to lye; but of the highest God,
The God of truth, Truth 's selfe, where truth hath still abode?
Shal that, I say, not serve to settle our faint hearts,
Against (I will not say) like dangers and like smarts:
But 'gainst these petty griefes, that now and then doe pain-us,
No more like those than heav'n neer earth that doth sustain-us?
Ah, shall wee then despise all trouble and vexation,
Supported by a prop of doubtfull expectation?
And, while for earthly things wee can indure all this,
Shall wee not doe as much for an immortal blisse?
Indeed not of our selves: for, selfly nought wee can;
But God (when pleaseth him) doth give this strength to man,
Whereby hee standeth stout; even like a mighty rock
Amid the mounting waves, when *Eole* doth unlock
Sterne *Auster*, stormie gate, making the waters wrastle
And rush with wrathfull rage against the sturdie Castle;
While it (for all the force of their fell furie shown)
Is not so much as mov'd, and much lesse overthrown.
So fareth such a man: for, if from high degree,
Hee suddenly doe slide to live contemnedly
With the vile vulgar sort; That cannot make him waver:
For well hee is assur'd, that God 's high holy favour
Depends not on the pomp, nor vain-proud state and port,
That for the grace of Kings adorns the Courtly sort.
If hee be kept in bands, thrall to the tyrannies
And extreme cruell Laws of ruthlesse enemies,
Both voyd of help and hope, and of all likelihood
Of being ever freed from their hands-thirsting blood;

In

In ſpight of them, hee knows that one day hee ſhall dye,
And then hee ſhall enjoy an endleſs *Libertie.*
If hee be forc't to flie from his deere Countrey-clime,
In exile to expire the remnant of his time,
Hee doth ſuppoſe the World to be a Countrey common,
From whence, a tyrants wrath (till death) can baniſh no man.
If that hee muſt forſake his Parents and his Kin,
And thoſe whoſe amitie hee moſt delighteth in;
Hee knows that where hee finds a man hee finds a kinſ-man:
For, all mankind is come from one ſelfe Father (ſins-man)
If (being ſpoyl'd of wealth, and wanton-pampering plenty)
Hee finde upon his boord two diſhes ſcant of twentie,
And to his back one coate to keep the cold away,
Whereas hee had before, a new for everie day;
Hee learneth of Saint *Paul*, who bids us be content
With food and furniture to this life competent:
Sith nothing (as ſaith *Iob*) into this World wee brought,
Nor with us when wee die can wee hence carrie ought.
If hee be paſſing poore, and in exceeding lack
Of everie needfull thing for belly and for back,
Hee learneth of the Sonne, that God the Father heedeth
To give to everie one (in time) the thing hee needeth:
And that the Fowles of Heav'n, and Cattell ſmall and great,
Doe neyther ſowe nor reape, yet finde they what to eate:
Yea, that the *Lillies* faire, which grow among the graſſe,
Doe neither ſpin nor work, and yet their garments paſſe
(For colour and for coſt, for Art and Ornament)
The glorious *Salomons* rich roabes of Parl'ament.
If ſo that hee be ſick, or wounded in the arme,
In bodie, back, or breaſt, or ſuch like kinde of harme:
If in extremitie of angrie paine and anguiſh,
Enfeebled ſtill by fits, hee bed-rid lye and languiſh:
If all the miſeries that ever martyr'd man,
At once on everie ſide afflict him all they can:
The more that hee endures, the more his comforts grow,
Sith ſo his wretchednes hee ſooner comes to know;
That from worlds vanities hee may himſelfe advance,
Which hold all thoſe from heav'n, that ſtill delight that dance:
Hee fears not thoſe at all that with their utmoſt might,
Having the bodie ſlaine, can doe no farther ſpight:
But only him that with ten thouſand deaths can kill
The ſoule and bodie both for ever if hee will:
Hee knows it is their lot that ſeek to pleaſe their God,
To be afflicted ſtill with perſecutions rod:
So that, what-ever croſſe, how-ever ſharp, aſſaile-him,
His conſtant hearts content and comfort cannot faile-him.

But,

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But, hee muſt dye (ſay you). Alas, can that diſmay?
Where is the Labourer that (having wrought all day
Amid the burning heat, with wearineſſe oppreſt)
Complaines that night is come when hee ſhall goe to reſt?
The Merchant that returnes from ſome far forraine Lands,
Eſcaping dreadfull rocks, and dangerous ſhelfs and ſands,
When as hee ſees his ſhip her home-haven enter ſafe,
Will hee repine at God, and (as offended) chafe
For being brought too ſoone home to his native ſoil,
Free from all perils ſad that threaten Saylors ſpoile?
Hee knows, from thouſand deaths that this one death doth loſe him,
That in heav'ns ever joyes, hee ever may repoſe-him:
That hee muſt bring his bark into this Creek, before
In th' everlaſting Land hee can ſet foot a-ſhoare:
That hee can never come to incorruption,
Unleſſe that firſt his fleſh doe feele corruption:
So that, all rapt with joy, having his help ſo readie,
This ſhip-wrack hee eſcapes, as on a rock moſt ſteddie.
But more (perhaps) than death the kind of death diſmayeth,
Which ſerves him for a bridge that him to heav'n convayeth.
Whether hee end his daies by naturall diſeaſe:
Or in a boyſtrous ſtorme doe periſh on the Seas:
Or by the bloodie hands of armed foes be ſlaine:
Or by miſchance a ſtone fall down, and daſh his braine:
Or by the murdering ball of new-found earthly thunder,
By day or elſe by night his bones be paſht a-ſunder:
Or burned at a ſtake, or bitterly tormented
By cruell ſlaughter-men, in tortures new-invented;
Alas, alas! for that, much leſſe than leaſt hee careth:
For, as a man falne downe into a Pit, hee fareth;
Who, if hee may be drawn up from the noyſome place,
Where Adders, Toades, and Snakes craule over feet and face,
Reſpects not, whether that yee uſe a ſilken ſcaine,
Hemp-rope, or chaine of gold, ſo hee get up againe:
Even ſo, ſo hee may come to his deſired bliſſe,
The manner and the meanes to him indifferent is:
As for the differing paine (if any him doe torture)
If it be violent, hee knows it is the ſhorter:
But, be it ne'r ſo long, long ſure it cannot laſt
To us, whoſe Poſt-like life is all ſo quickly paſt.
Now, ſuch a man, in whom ſuch firme contents doe hyve,
Who can denie to be the happieſt man alive?
And who ſo impudent, that dareth now profeſſe
That this worlds fained ſweet (whoſe unfain'd bitternes
Brings, to this very life, full many torments fell,
And after dingeth down to th' endleſs pain of hell)

Should

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Should be preferr'd before theſe ſeeming-ſowrs, that make us
Taſte many true-ſweet ſweets yer this dead life forſake us,
And after, lift us up to that ſame bleſſed joy,
That evermore ſhall laſt, exempt from all annoy.
So few there will be found (as I ſuppoſe) ſo deeming,
As many which (more fear'd with theſe ils falſly-ſeeming,
Than inly falne-in-love with heav'n-joyes excellence)
Approving this eſtate, fly 't as the peſtilence.
And yet, in this eſtate is ſound felicitie
(As far forth as it may, amid the vanitie
Of this frail fading World, where each thing hourly changes):
For, never from it ſelfe true happineſſe eſtranges:
It never doth decay, it never doth decreaſe:
In ſpight of angry Warre, it ever lives in peace:
Maugre poore want, it hath ten thouſand kinds of wealth:
Amid infirmities it hath continuall health:
Inviron'd round with woe, it doth rejoyce and ſing:
Depriv'd of dignities, it 's greater than a King,
It ſits ſecure and ſafe, free from heart-pining fears:
For, ever with it ſelfe it all deere treaſures beares;
Not needing anie ayde of men-of-armes to watch them,
Nor fearing fraud, nor force of any foe to catch them.
Whereas, wee daily ſee ſo many men, whoſe minde
To tranſitorie traſh of worldly wealth inclin'd,
In their abundance beg, and in their plentie poore
(For who hath had ſo much, that hath not wiſhed more?)
No treaſure can ſuffice the gulfe of their deſire;
Yea, make them Emperours, yet will they more aſpire:
Peace cannot pacifie the fell rebellious broyle
That in their troubled ſoule doth ever burne and boyle.
For every ſhort content of anie falſe delight,
A thouſand bitter throes torment them day and night.
All their eſtate doth ſtand abroad in hands of ſtrangers:
Therfore, the more their wealth, the more their daily dangers,
The more their miſeries, becauſe the more they need
Much ſtrength and many men unto their hoords to heed;
Dreading (with cauſe) leſt craft, or crueltie, or either
Bereave them of their bliſſe, and treaſure both together.
Needs muſt wee then confeſſe, that in adverſitie
There is more happineſſe than in proſperitie;
Sith that the minde of man ſo ſoon it ſelfe betrayes
Unto the guilefull ſnares that worldly pleaſures layes,
Which make us at the laſt head-long to Hell to runne:
All which, adverſitie doth make us ſafely ſhunne.
But, here it may be askt, if pleaſure, ſtate, and ſtore
(Plunging us in the Pit of vices more and more)

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Be subject so to make us more and more accurst,
Must wee esteeme that griefe (which sense esteemeth worst)
More fit to better us, and bring us unto blisse,
Than those whose smarting sting is not so strong as this?
Sure, sith that in our selves our cause originall
Of blisse and bale wee hide, it matters not at all:
For, still the faithfull man one and the same remains,
Whether the griefe be great or little hee sustains;
Sith how so e'r it be, hee takes occasion thence,
To seek in God alone, his comfort and defence.
But for because our soule (the while shee doth consort
With this grosse fleshly lump) cannot but in some sort
Suffer as sensible, yea, oftentimes so far,
That her best functions all, lesse apt and able are,
Than else at other times; I doe suppose the proof
Of one, than other ill, availes more in behoof.
That this is so, wee see a sick man oft to finde
Such joyfull quiemes, and comfort in his minde,
That hee esteemes himselfe the best content-alive:
But yet the sharp disease (which doth his health deprive)
With-holdeth in some sort his senses and his wit,
That freely other-where hee cannot use them fit.
And so it fares with him, that (through-resolved well)
Endures the cruell strains of any torture fell.
Now, for the banisht man, the changing of his dwelling
Never disturbs his joy. And hee whose wealth excelling
Turns in a trice to want by whatsoever chance,
His courage never shrinks, nor yet his countenance.
So that in their content, all foure are all a-like,
A-like rejoycing all in their afflictions eke:
A-like contemning all worlds pompous vanities:
But, the two last have odds in their extremities;
In that, without impeach, they may apply their minde
To many goodly things, wherein great joy they finde
(I mean, when each distresse offends a man alone,
Not when hee is assail'd at once of everie one.)
Yet, perill 's quickly past, danger endureth not,
Exile so easie grows that it is soon forgot,
The greatest losse that is wee minde not many houres:
For, thousand accidents distract this soule of ours,
Which cannot in such sort the senses still restrain,
But that they will goe feed on many objects vain;
Whereby at un-awares shee oftentimes, surpris'd,
Is over-reacht by those, whose rigour shee despis'd:
And so, the pleasant taste shee doth unkindly misse,
Wherewith affliction sweet doth season heer her blisse.

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So that, ſom other ſtate (wherein our ſoule leſſe fed
With ſundry objects vain, ſhall be more ſetteled)
May rightly be preferd to theſe which make her ſtay,
And ſtumble often-times, unto her owne decay.
And therefore I maintaine *Cloſe Priſon* to be beſt
Of all afflictions that may a man moleſt;
Conſidering, all defects to other croſſes common,
In this are ſeldome found, and almoſt, felt of no man.
For *Priſon* is a place where God ſequeſters men,
Farre from the vile proſpect of vanities terrene,
To make them thence withdraw their hearts, and to confeſſe
That in his grace alone conſiſts their happines.
It is a learned School, where God himſelfe reads cleerly
True wiſedoms perfect rules, to thoſe he loveth deerly.
There th' underſtanding (free, amid the many chains,
That binde the body faſt) findes out a thouſand means
To learne another day to be more apt and able
(According to our place) for uſes ſerviceable,
To profit publike-weal: for evermore wee ought
(In ſeeking ſelf-gain ſee that common good be ſought.
Knowledge is onely learn'd by long exercitation:
For which, what fitter meane than ſuch a ſequeſtration,
Where each man, undiſturb'd, through diligence may growe,
According to the gifts that gratious Heav'ns beſtowe:
One, in ability to rule a lawfull State,
The vertuous to advance, and vicious to abate:
Another, from the Tombe to fetch Antiquity,
Another to diſcerne the Truth from Sophiſtry:
Another (by the feats of elder men at Armes)
To frame wiſe Stratagems for wofull wars alarmes:
For, Souldiers oftentimes may more experience get
By reading, than they can where Camp and Camp is met.
And (briefely to conclude) ſome, gravely to adviſe,
Som, bold to execute, as each mans calling lies:
But moſt of all, to ſearch within the ſacred Writ,
The ſecret myſteries to mans ſalvation fit.
A world of vanities (that doe diſtract us heer,
During our *Libertie*) in Durance, come not neer:
The wall that lets our leggs from walking out of door,
Bounding us round about within a narrow floor,
Doth guard us from the gall that Sathan (ſpring of ſpight)
Mingles among the ſweets of this vain worlds delight.
If hee be happier man that liveth free from foes,
Than hee whom angry troops of enemies incloſe:
Much more the Priſoner then of his high bliſſe may boaſt,
For being ſo farre off from ſuch a hugie hoaſt

Of

Of hatefull foes ſo fierce in malice and in might,
Himſelfe ſo faint and weake, and ſo unfit to fight.
For hee, and wee (God wot) in ſtead of ſtanding to-it
(How-ever in a vein, wee vaunt that wee will doe-it)
When 't commeth to the brunt wee cannot brook the field,
But eyther fly like hares, or elſe like cowards yeeld.
The ſundrie objects fond, which make us ſoon forget
Each other chaſtiſement, in this doe never let.
For turn wee where wee liſt, and looke which way wee will,
At all times to our ſight one thing is offred ſtill:
Whether on pavement, roof, or wall, wee caſt our eye,
Alwaies of our eſtate an Image wee deſcrie:
And ſo it alſo fares with our news-greedie ear,
One verie ſound reſounds about us everie where:
Where-ever hearken wee, wee heare of nought but foes,
Our keepers commonly are not too-kind, God knows:
By the leaſt noyſe that is, continually they tell
In what eſtate wee ſtand, and in what houſe wee dwell.
So that inceſſantly our hearts are lift on high,
Som-times to praiſe the Lord for his benignitie,
Who doth not puniſh us after our foule offence,
Though by a thouſand ſins wee daily him incenſe:
Some-times to magnifie his admirable might,
Which hath our feeble hearts with ſuch great force bedight,
That wee, in ſtead of griefe, or grudging at the pains
Of ſharpeſt chaſtiſements, whereof the world complains,
Leaving this loathed Earth, doe mount the higheſt place,
Where (through true faith) wee taſte his honey-ſweeter grace:
Sometimes to give him thanks for all the wealth exceeding,
Which from his liberall hand wee have to help our needing:
And to be ſhort, *ſans* ceaſe to meditate on all
The countleſſe benefits that from his goodnes fall,
Not ſuffering any houre to paſſe away for nought
Without exalting him, in deed, or word, or thought.
Yet, doth the world eſteeme this, a moſt hard eſtate,
And him that feels the ſame, it counts unfortunate:
But I would gladly ſee ſome other ſtate, wherein
(With ſuch commoditie) ſo much content is ſeen,
Wherein leſſe hinderance, and leſſe incomb'rance lyes,
To make men miſſe the path unto perfections priſe.
Sure ſir (will ſome man ſay) you ſet a good face on-it:
One might at length convert, commenting ſo upon-it,
The cruell'ſt Priſon-houſe into a Manſion fair,
Where 't were not hard to live content, and voyd of care.
You take your *Priſ'ner* for a practive man of Art:
But ſuch as thoſe (God knows) you finde the feweſt part,

You fain him to be friend to ſolitude and quiet:
But the moſt part are prone to revell and to riot.
One muſt be free from noyſe that meanes to ſtudie well:
Whereof, who can be ſure in ſuch a ſervile Hell?
Beſides, hee muſt have Books, and Paper, Pen, and Inke,
All which in *Priſoners* hands are ſeldome left I think;
So that you doe not faine your gail ſo good and gainfull,
As to finde out the ſame is difficult and painfull.
I anſwer in a word (if any ſo ſhall wrangle:
I doe not bound all bliſſe within ſo ſtraight an angle:
I ſay, great happineſſe and heart-reviving joy
Followes th' afflicted ſort in everie ſharp annoy:
But that there is no croſſe that doth ſo much availe,
To make us fit to help our neighbour, as the gaile,
wherein the God of grace at his good pleaſure gives
Meanes to effect the ſame, unto the leaſt that lives.
But be it ſo, in bands, that nothing learn wee can,
'Tis to be learn'd enough to be an honeſt man:
And this is th' only Schoole, wherin th' Arch-maſter teacheth,
Himſelfe by ſecret means, rules that the rudeſt reacheth.
Th' advice of ſuch a one more profit doth impart,
Than of the wicked ſort with all their curious Art.
Concerning ſolitude, although that commonly
Our nature be inclin'd unto the contrarie;
There the aſſiſtant grace of God wee chiefly finde,
Who changing of our place doth alſo change our minde.
For being free from noyſe, and for obtaining tooles
To help our knowledge with, as in all other Schooles;
God ever cares for thoſe that feare his name for love:
And, if that any ſuch, ſuch inconvenience prove,
If anie money need, or elſe (through ample diſtance)
Be deſtitute of friends, hee gets them (for aſsiſtance)
The favour of their foes, whoſe hearts hee handles ſo
(How ever they intend his childrens overthrow)
That his, of what they need have evermore enough,
According as hee knows to be to their behoof.
Now ſay, that wee conſent (ſay ſome) that this is true:
But what if ſomewhat worſe than all this worſt enſue?
What, if hee be inforc't his Country to forſake?
What, if continuall fits his ſickly body ſhake?
What, if hee loſe at once his wealth and reputation,
Repleat on everie ſide with everie ſharp vexation?
Can hee ſtill keep his joy, and can hee ſtill retain
Such meanes to profit ſtill, for all his griefe and pain?
Concerning his content, it 's alwaies all a-like,
Whether that everie griefe particularly ſtrike;

Or,

Or, whether all at once hee feel their utmoſt anger:
And if hee be ſurpris'd with ſo extreme a languor
That (as I ſaid before) the ſpirit it inforce
(Through ſuffering of the ſmart that doth afflict the corps)
To leave his Offices, ſo that hee cannot write,
Nor reade, nor meditate, nor ſtudy, nor indight;
It is ſo quickly paſt, that in compariſon,
Regarding ſo great good, 'tis not to think upon.
For, by a mighty griefe our life is quickly ended;
Or els, by remedie it ſelfe is ſoon amended;
And, if it be but mean, then is it borne the better,
And ſo unto the ſoule it is not any letter.
Beſides, wee muſt conceive, our ſpirit (as oppreſt
With fainting wearineſs) ſomtimes deſireth reſt
To gather ſtrength again, during which needfull pawſe
Wee are not to be blam'd, ſith need the ſame doth cauſe:
So, that the time that 's loſt while ſuch ſharp pangs doe pain,
May be ſuppos'd a time of taking breath again.
In priſon (to conclude) a man at once may trie
All manner of extremes of earthly miſery:
In which reſpect (perhaps) the worſe ſome deem of it,
Being (as 't were) the Butt that all men ſtrive to hit;
But, I eſteem the ſame the perfecter for that:
For, if one croſſe alone can make us elevate
Our groveling earth-deſires from cogitations baſe,
To have recourſe to God, and to implore his grace,
Seeking in him alone our perfect joy and bliſſe;
Much more ſhall many griefs at once, accompliſh this.
For many can doe more than one (without reſpect):
And ſtill, the greater cauſe the greater the effect.
Indeed (ſay other-ſom) theſe reaſons have ſom reaſon:
But, then whence comes it, that ſo many men in Priſon
(with hundred thouſand pains, pincht and oppreſſed ſore)
In ſteed of bettering there, wax worſer than before:
In ſteed of ſweet content, doe ſtill complain and crie;
In ſteed of learning more, loſe former induſtry?
Though (in appearance great) your ſayings ſeem but juſt,
Yet plain experience (ſure) wee think is beſt to truſt.
That hidden vertue rare, that ſo great good atchieves,
Lies in the Priſoners heart, not in his heavy Gyves;
The good grow better there, the bad become the worſe:
For by their ſinne they turne Gods bleſſing into curſe.
And that 's the cauſe the moſt are male-content and ſad:
Sith evermore the good are fewer than the bad.
But, wherefore doth not God to all vouchſafe his grace?
Proud earth-worms pawſe wee there: let 's fear before his face,

Admiring humbly all his holy Judgements high,
Exceeding all too far our weak capacitie.
The Potters veſſell vile, doth us our leſſon ſhowe,
Which argues not with him why hee hath made it ſo:
Much leſs may wee contend, but rather reſt content
With that which God hath given. Hee is omnipotent,
All gracious, and all good, moſt juſt, and perfect wiſe.
On ſom, hee poures a Sea of his benignities,
On ſom a ſhallow Brook, on other ſom a Flood:
Giving to ſom, a ſmall; to ſom, a greater good:
As from eternity hath pleas'd th' Almighty Spirit
To love men more or leſſe, without reſpect of merit.
For my part, ſhould I live ten *Neſtors* yeers to paſſe,
Had I a hundred tongues more ſmooth than *Tully's* was,
Had I a voice of ſteel, and had I brazen ſides,
And learning more than all the *Heliconian* guides;
Yet were I al too-weake to tell the many graces,
That in ten thouſand ſorts, and in ten thouſand places,
Ten hundred thouſand times he hath vouchſafed me
(Not for my merits ſake, but for his mercy free):
But yet, 'mong all the goods that of his liberall bounty
I have receiv'd ſo oft, none to compare account-I
With this *Cloſe priſonment*, wherein he doth with-draw-mee
Far from the wanton world, and to himſelfe doth draw-mee.
I poſted on apace to ruine and perdition,
When by this ſharp-ſweet Pil, my cunning kinde Phyſicion
Did purge (maugre my will) the poyſony humor fell
Wherewith my ſin-ſick heart already gan to ſwell.
I looked for nothing leſſe than for their miſeries,
And paines that *I* have prov'd: the worlds vaine vanities
Had ſo ſeduc't my ſoule with bait of ſugred bane,
That it was death to mee from pleaſure to be tane:
But (croſſing my requeſt) God (for my profit) gave
Mee quite the contrary to that which I did crave.
So that, my body barr'd from freedom falſe and ſmall,
He ſet my ſoule at large, which unto ſinne was thrall:
Wounding with musket-ſhot my feeble arme, hee cur'd
The feſtring ſores of ſinne, the which my ſoule endur'd:
Tripping mee from the top of ſom meane dignity,
Which drew mee up to climbe the mount of vanity,
Hee rais'd mee from the depth of vices darkſom Cell,
The which inceſſantly did ding mee down to hell:
Eaſing mee (to conclude) of all the grief and care,
Wherewith theſe falſe delights for ever ſauced are,
He made mee finde and feel (amid my moſt annoyes)
A thouſand true contents, a thouſand perfect joyes.

But

But som (perhaps) amaz'd, will muſe what kinde of pleaſure
Here I can take, and how I paſſe my time and leaſure:
For, in ſoule idleneſs to ſpend ſo large a time,
It cannot be denied to be a grievous crime.
First in the morning, when the ſpirit is freſh and fit,
I ſuck the honey ſweet from forth the *ſacred Writ*,
Wherein (by faith) wee taſte that true celeſtiall bread,
Whence our immortall ſoules are ever onely fed:
Then ſearch I out the ſawes of other ſage Divines
(The beſt here to be had) among whoſe humane lines,
Supported by the grace of Gods eſpeciall power,
I leave the thorne behinde, and pluck the healthſom flower.
Sometimes, I doe admire, in books of Heathen men,
Grave-ſayings favouring more a ſacred Chriſtian pen,
Than many of our age, whoſe bold unlearned pride
Thinking to honour God, hath err'd on every ſide:
Sometimes when I obſerve in every ancient ſtorie,
Such vertues preſidents, trim paterns of true glory,
I wofully bewaile our wretched wicked dayes,
Where vertue is deſpis'd, and vice hath all the praiſe.
Oft I lament to ſee ſo many noble Wits
(Neglecting Gods high praiſe, that beſt their learning fits)
To ſing of nought but lies, and loves, and wanton Theames,
Falſe ſooth-ſin flatteries, and idle Fairy dreames.
Then, turning toward thoſe, that fill'd with holier flame,
For onely object chuſe th' Eternalls ſacred Name;
Theſe chiefly I admire, whoſe honourable brows
Diſdain the fained crown of fading *Laurel* boughs:
Then full-gorg'd with the Sweets of ſuch a dainty feaſt
(Prickt forward with deſire to imitate the beſt)
Oft-times I exerciſe this Art-leſs Muſe of mine
To ſing in holy Verſe ſom argument divine.
One while to praiſe my God for all received good:
Another while to beg, that in his dear Sons blood
My black ſins hee will waſh, and that hee will not waigh
At his high Juſtice beam, how I have gon aſtray.
Sometimes, theſe wretched Times to pity and deplore,
Wherein the wicked ones doe flouriſh more and more.
Somtimes, to waile the State of ſad diſtreſſed *Sion*
Imploring to her aid the Tribe of *Iudah's* Lion.
If any other Theam at any time I take,
Yet never doth my Verſe the ſettled bounds forſake
That Verity preſcribes, nor now no more diſguiſe
The ugly face of ſin with maſk of painted lies.
And though that (heretofore) I alſo in my time
Have writ Loves vanities in looſe and wanton rime:

'T was

'Twas as a whetſtone that, whereon I whet my ſtile,
Yer it were ably-apt ought graver to compile:
Yet I repent thereof: for, wee muſt never tend
To bring by evill means a good intent to end.
When as my weary ſpirits ſom relaxation ask,
To recreate the ſame, I take ſom other task:
One while upon the Lute, my nimble joints *I* plie,
Then on the Virginalls: to whoſe ſweet harmonie
Marrying my ſimple voyce, in ſolemne Tunes *I* ſing
Some Pſalme or holy Song, unto the heav'nly King.
So that, the idleſt houre of all the time that flies
So faſt, is never free from ſome good exerciſe:
Wherein *I* joy as much, as ever *I* have done
In the moſt choiſe delights found underneath the Sun.
But, you can never walke, nor goe to take the aire,
Nor once looke out of doore, be weather ne'r ſo faire;
But there in ſolitude you leade your life alone,
Barr'd from the fellowſhip of (almoſt) every one:
Which doubtleſs (at the laſt) muſt grieve you, needs, *I* thinke.
A man that never thirſts hath never need of drinke:
So, though *I* be bereft theſe other things you ſpeake-of,
I miſſe nor minde them not as things *I* never reake-of.
For, *I* have Scool'd my heart ſince my captivitie,
To wiſh for nothing els, but what is granted mee:
And, what is granted mee, contents mee paſſing well.
In each condition doth ſome contentment dwell.
But men of differing ſtates have difference in delights,
What pleaſeth common eyes, that irketh Princes ſights,
What raſhlings doe delight, that ſober men deſpiſe,
What fooles take pleaſure in, doth but offend the wiſe,
What proſperous people loath, afflicted folke will love,
And what the free abhorr, that priſoners will approve:
But all have equally indifferent power to make
Them equally content, that can them rightly take:
For, whoſo preſently himſelfe can rightly beare,
Hath neither paſſed ill, nor future ill, to feare:
Th'one, which is now no more, ought now no more affray-us.
Th' other which is not yet, as little can diſmay-us.
For, what no eſſence hath, that alſo hath no might:
And that which hath no power, can doe a man no ſpight:
Beſides, ſith this our life is but a pilgrimage
Through which wee daily paſſe to th' heav'nly heritage;
Although it ſeeme to thee that theſe my bands doe let-mee,
Yet haſte *I* to the goale the which my God hath ſet-mee,
As faſt as thou that runn'ſt thy ſelfe ſo out of breath
In poſting night and day, by dales, and hills and heath.

If

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If thou have open fields, and I be Prisoner;
T' importeth mee no more, than to the Mariner
Whether hee goe to Sea shipt in some spacious Arke,
Or else (at lesser scope) aboord some lesser barke.
Nay, here the least is best; sith this vaste Ocean wide,
Whereon wee daily saile, a thousand rocks doth hide,
'Gainst which the greater ships are cast-away full oft;
While small boats (for the most) floar over, safe, aloft.
Then may I well conclude with reason and assurance,
That there 's no better state than to be kept in durance.
A sweeter kinde of life I never prov'd than there:
Nor was I ever toucht with lesser griefe and care.
If that I care at all, it is for others cause,
And for the miseries this times corruption draws:
But, being well assur'd that nothing heer betideth
Against Gods ordinance and will, that all things guideth:
And knowing him to be good, just, and most of might,
I gladly yeeld my selfe to th' order hee hath pight.
For hee it is, that now makes mee accept so well
And like of this estate which others hate as hell:
Hee 'tis, that heretofore vouchsaf't mee like reliefe,
When as I was oppresst with a more grievous griefe:
Hee 'tis from whom I hope in time to-come no lesse,
Although a hundred-fold were doubled my distresse.
Yea, hee it is that makes mee profit everie day;
And also so content in this estate to stay,
That of my libertie I am not now so faine
To think by libertie a happier life to gaine:
For, I were well content no more from hence to go,
If I might profit most my friends and countrey so.
Now here I humbly pray (expecting such an end)
The Lord still towards mee his favour to extend;
And that hee will vouchsafe still to allot like grace,
To all that for like cause are handled in like case.

FINIS.

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OF THE VVORK, AUTHOUR, AND TRANSLATOR.

LO here a MONUMENT admir'd of all
That weigh the *compass*, *weight*, and *height* of it;
O'r-topping *Envie's* clouds, and ever shall,
Sith built by deepest *Art*, and highest *Wit*.
The BASE that bears it, is the WORD that stands
True GROUND of highest *glorie*, *truth*, and *grace*:
The BUILDING rear'd by two rare *heads* & *hands*
(Divinely holp) to glorifie that BASE.
Heer *French* and *English*, joyne in friendly fight
(On even *Ground*) to prove their utmost power;
Who shew such equall *Skill*, and equall *Might*,
That hard it is to say who's conqueror.
But, *English* bound to foot it like the *French*,
And offer nought, but what shall like her foe,
It is as glorious seld to take a Wrench,
As being free, to give an overthrow.
If *French* to *English* were so strictly bound,
It would but passing lamely strive with it;
And soon be forc't to lose both *grace* and *ground*,
Although they strave with equall *Skill* and *Wit*.
Besides, all *Prose* is easier to translate
Than *Verse*; and easier lowe, than lofty *Lines*:
Then, these LINES, reaching to the top of STATE,
Are hard'st of all: yet none of all declines.
O fair *Translation* then, with smoothed face,
Goe forth t' allure TIMES *Turns*, to turn Thee o'r:
So shall they in thy folds unfold thy *grace*;
And grace thee with Fames glorie more and more.
Ovid. Met. If * Hee, that churn'd the Cream of *Poetry*,
To honied *Butter*, that the *Muses* feeds,
Divined truly, it should never die;
Then, what shall *This*, that far the same exceeds?
Hee labour'd *Lines*, wch though they doe endure
All turns of *Time*, yet was their Stuf profane:
But, these are drawn of STUF more heav'nly pure,
That most shall shine; when those are in the wane.
Hee, though his *Braines* (profanely) were divine,
And glorious *Monuments* of Art compos'd,
Was yet exil'd for many a looser *Line*,
That made them wantons, chastely else dispos'd:
But, Thou (*cleer* BARTAS, his *dear* SYLVESTER,
Whose *Lines* do lead to VERTUES only gain,
And with sweet *Poesies* strew'st the way to her)
How should the *World* remunerate thy pain?
And, If *from hearts aboundance tongues do speak*;
And what wee most affect, wee most doe minde:
It argues, thou this *Argument* didst seek;
Sith, in thy *Soule* before, thou didst it finde.
So, BARTAS was but Mid-wife to thy *Muse*,
With greater ease to utter her *Conceits*;
For whose dear birth, thou didst all ease refuse,
Worlds-weale, and (being a *Merchant*) thy *Receits*.
This *pain* so pleas'd thy labouring *Thoughts*, that
Forsookst the *Sea*, & tookst thee to the *Soile*, (thou
Where (from thy royall *Trade*) thou fell'st to plow
Arts furrows with thy *Pen*, that yeeld but toyl.
This stole thee from thy selfe, thy selfe to finde
In sacred *Raptures* on the *Muses* Hill:
And, went'st out of thy *Body* with thy *Minde*,
More freely so, to use thy *Wit* and *Will*.
And (O!) how hapless had wee *Britains* been
(Sith heer is stor'd such sweet Soule-*raviſhments*)
Hadst thou not made them to us clearly seen:
Who give thee for it praising *Discontents*?
If so great *Art* and *Grace*, finde nought but *fame*
Of famous *Men* for grace; the *Presse* shall be
Prest but for *Vices* Service (Sourse of *shame*).
So *Times* to come, in *Print* our shame shall see.
But O! be't far from this so famous Isle
For *Armes* and *Learning*, eyther to neglect;
Sith it doth grace and glorie quite exile,
And is the cause of many a bad effect.
O terrene Gods, as yee to State aspire,
Lift *Learning* up with you; especially
If matcht with *Wisedome*, and divine desire:
So shall yee twice be like the DEITY.
And, weigh what pow'r the PENS of such possess
(Of such; for others will but gild your *Crimes*)
Their PENS eternize can your worthiness,
And make yee glorious past succeeding *Times*.
But you doe justly to neglect and scorn
The curst crue, that doe the Muse abuse:
For, they your praises to dispraises turn;
As Vice, in praising VERTUES grace, doth use.
Their wine-driv'n brains, involv'din follies cloud,
Fly here, and there (and where not?) with a trice:
And, though both beggars base, yet passing proud;
Constant in nothing but inconstant Vice:

Making

Making looſe lines (forſooth) their *Scala Cœli*;
A *Taverne* for a Temple to adore,
Their only god, their guts, their beaſtly Belly;
To whom they offer all their ſlender Store.
The *Lands* of ſuch, are odious like their Lives:
They (*Pitch*) pollute what-ere they do but touch;
Whoſe glory to the fouleſt ſhame arrives:
Then, well you fence your fame to keep off ſuch.
But they whoſe lives, and lauds, and lines are
Of Moral vertue, running by each ſtone (SOURCE
(Men high, and hard; that let them in their Courſe)
To Seas of glory, like cleer *Helicon*;
O! theſe ye ſhould ſupport, and ſtill receive
Into the Ocean of your bound-leſs love:
For theſe (like trueſt Friends) will take, and give
No more but what true *Vertue* ſhall approve.
If theſe ſhould pine away through your neglect,
Your memories ſhall die, or live with ſhame;
Sith ſuch a Muſe is the chiefe *Architect*,
To reare, from *Earth* to *Heav'n*, a laſting NAME.
Achilles fame, with him, had been interr'd,
Had HOMER's lines not ty'd it to the *Stars*:
And, of *AEneas* we had never heard,
Had *Virgils* STRAINS not been his *Trumpeters*.
One of the NINE had bin our *Warwick's* GUY,
(The NINE, whoſe *worth* all *Times* ſo much com-
And ſo diſrankt great BULLENS GODFERY (mend;
Had he but had a TASSO for his friend.
LAURA had nere ſo greenly growne above
Her *Peers*, as now ſhe doth, to after-times,
Had ſhe not had a PETRARCH to her Love;
Which made her mount, with NECTAR dropping
No, no: ye cannot but ont-live your Fame, (*Rimes*.
If ye uphold not FAME's beſt Notaries:
If theſe ye ſcorne, your glory is but game;
For, when ye die, in game your glory dies.
And, though bleſt PEACE hath turnd our Speares to
Let it not turn our *pens* to *ploughs*, or worſe; (ſpades,
By *Learning* ſome ſhould lives as ſome by Trades,
In bleſſed STATES, that would incurre no curſe.
Where Vertue is not rais'd, and Vice ſuppreſt,
There all to Vice will run; and ſo to wrack:
For, there the worſt ſhall Lord it ore the beſt;
And where that is, all goes to utter ſack.
Reward and *Puniſhment* (like *Armes* of Steel)
Doe ſtil uphold each KING upholding STATE:
For, neither wants, but it begins to reel;
But, both imploy'd, ſtands ſure in ſpight of *Hate*.
Then may thy HOPES wingd by thy vertuous
Dear *Sylveſter*, expect ſome cheriſhment, (Muſe)
In this bleſt *State*, that ſtill thoſe *Armes* will uſe,
To ſtay her *Grace*, and grace her *Government*:
But, if thy *paines* acquire but pure *renowne*,
Thou art *Chriſt's* Image, croſt for *Glorious* crown.

Beneficium dando accipit, qui digno dedit.

The unfained lover of thine Art, honeſty, and vertue,

JOHN DAVIES *of Hereford.*

FINIS.

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A BRIEFE INDEX,

EXPLAINING MOST OF THE hardeſt words ſcatter ed through this whole Worke, for eaſe of ſuch as are leaſt exerciſed in theſe kinde of readings.

A

Abyſſe, a gulfe or bottomleſs pit.
Abderian & *Abderite*, Democritus, the laughing Philoſopher of Abdera, a Citie in Thracia.
Aben-Roes, a learned Philoſopher of Corduba, ſprung from Arabian parents.
Abidus, Leanders Towne.
Academian Shades, Plato's School.
Acheron, a river in Hell.
Aconite, Libbards (or Wolfes) bane.
Achilles, the moſt valiant Captaine of the Myrmidons.
Adonis, a moſt beautifull young man, beloved of Venus.
Adrian, *Adriatike*, } *Sea*, } the gulfe of *Venice*,
AEſon, the father of *Jaſon*, made young againe by the skill of Medea.
AEtheriall, heavenly.
AEſculcapius, an excellent Phyſician, father of Apollo.
Africa, the South-quarter of the World.
Ajax Shield, a proverbe, for a ſure defence.
Aigveſcald, a bath in Gaſconie.
Alarbies, and *Arabians*, wilde and upland *Arabian* theeves.
Albion, England, the Ile of great Britaine.
Alceſté, the moſt chaſte and loving wife of Admetus, that gave her owne life to ſave her husbands.
Alcides, Hercules: *Alcides ſpires*, Hercules Pillars: *Alcides grief*, the falling Sickneſs.
Alcmana, Hercules mother.
Alcaron, the Turks Law and Religion.
Aleband, a Citie in Caria, of old famous for the beſt bowe-ſtrings.
Alecto, looke Furies.
Alexanders Altars, were at the foote of the Ryphean Mountaines.
Almicantharats, and *Almaderats*, Arabian names of Circles, which are imagined to paſſe through every degree of the Meridian, Parallel to the Horizon up to the Zenith.
Alhidade, a Rule on the back of the Aſtrelabe to meaſure heights, breadths and depths.
Amaſroſſe, *gutta ſerena*, a diſeaſe in the Sinnewes of the Sight.
Amalthean Horne, plenty of all things.
Amblygone, a flat Triangle,
Ambroſia, the Gods meat.
American, the French diſeaſe, brought firſt from the Indies to Naples, from thence to France, &c.
Amia, a fiſh like a Tunny, found in the Sea neere Conſtantinople.
Amphitrite, the Sea.
Amphisbæna, a Serpent having a head at both ends.
Amphion, the author of Harmony and builder of Thæbes.
Amiclean Harp, Arion, the Lesbian harper.
Amyot, a learned French-man, tranſlator of Plutark, and other Greek Authors.
Ancoſſa, a Bath in Gaſconie.
Andromeda, the Wife of Perſeus, (with her husband, father and mother) turned into a Star.
Androdus, a Romane ſlave gratefully requited of a Lion.
Anorexia, a queaſineſſe of ſtomach.
Antheus, Antenors ſonne, beloved and unwillingly ſlain by Paris.
M. *Anthony*, competitor with Octavius and Lepidus for the Romane Empire,
Antiperiſtaſis, incounter of contraries, or contrarie-circumſtance.
Antipodes, thoſe people that dwell directly under us.
Antartike, Southerne.
Aonian band, the Muſes.

Apelles, an excellent Painter.
Apium riſe, a kind of Crowfoot that kils men with laughing.
Appianus way, one of the broadeſt wayes in Rome.
Apollo, the Sun, the god of Muſicke and Phyſicke.
Apoplexie, a kinde of dead palſie.
Apoge, the point fartheſt from the Center of the earth.
Arabians, people of Aſia, inhabiting between Judæa and Egypt, rich in aromaticall ſpices and ſweet odors.
Arcadian ſcout, Mercurie.
Arcenal, an Armorie or ſtorehouſe.
Archelaus, a King much praiſed by Plutarch and others for wiſedome and temperance, and for delight in husbandry.
Archimedes, a famous Mathematician of Syracuſa.
Architas, a noble Philoſopher of Tarentum.
Arion, a famous Harper and lyrike Poet, born at Methimna in the Ile of Lesbos.
Arne, a River in Italy.
Arcenik, orpine : ſuppoſed okar.
Artemiſia, Queene of Caria, wife of Mauſolus.
Artemiſian ſtem, Mugg-wort.
Armorik, Brittain in France.
Armados, Spaniſh Armies, or great ſhips of Warre.
Artik, Northren, or of the North.
Ariſtotle, the moſt famous Philoſopher of Stagyra.
Aſia, a third part of the world, in former times moſt famous for Learning and Religion ; but now for the moſt part miſerably yoaked under the Turks tyranny.
Aſylum, a refuge or defence.
Aſſur, one of the Sons of Sem : alſo the Countrey of Aſſyria.
Aſtaroth, an Idol of the Philiſtines.
Aſtraa, Juſtice.
Aſtrelabe, an inſtrument to gather the motion of the Stars.
Aſthma, ſhort windedneſſe.
Attalus, a wealthie King of Pergamus, delighted in the countrey life.
Atlantik Sea, is the Mediterranean, or a part thereof.
Atlas, a King skilfull in Aſtronomy, therefore fained to bear up Heaven: it is alſo a Mountaine in Barbary.
Athenian Sage, Socrates.
Attik Muſe, Xenophon.
Atheiſts, thoſe that acknowledge no God, infidels.
Aurora, the morning.
Auſter, the Southwinde.
Avernus, Hell.
Avicen, a learned Philoſopher and Phyſician, borne at Sevil, of Arabian ſtock.
Aziminths, great Circles meeting in the Zenith, or verticall Point.
Anian, a Streight, or narrow Sea between Aſia and America : as yet little diſcovered.
Aglaia, looke Graces.
Ætna, a burning Mountaine in Sicilia.
Aſphaltis, Mare Mortuum, the ſtinking lake, where Sodom and her execrable ſiſters ſtood.
Annals, Hiſtories from yeere to yeere.
Arch Colonel, uſurped for the Generall, or chiefe Captain of the Hoaſt.
Anathem, execration, curſe, excommunication.
Anatomie, the inciſion or cutting up of the bodie of Man or Beaſt as Surgeons doe, to ſee the parts.
Amphitryonide, Hercules, begotten by Jupiter on Alcmæna, the wife of Amphitryo.
Attick, a Province of Greece ; wherein ſtood the City of Athens.
Atropos, looke Parcæs.
Alecto, looke Furies.
Aſſabine, Jupiter with the Aſſyrians.
Architrave, the crown or chapter of a Pillar : alſo a principall beam in any building.
Arabian bird, the Phœnix.
Argolian ſhowers, Jupiters golden Raine in the lap of Danae, daughter of Acriſius, King of Argives, Argolikes, or Argolians.
Ægiſthus, look Clytemneſtra.
Aſpiks, venemous little ſerpents.
Anchiſes Pheer, is Venus, on whom he begat Æneas.
Abramide, of the race of Abraham.

B

Baltik Ocean, the Daniſh Sea.
Baignere, a Bath in Gaſconie.
Bandans, the Ilanders of the Moluques, rich in excellent ſpices.
Bacchanalian Froes, Women-Prieſts of Bacchus the god of Cups.
Bardes, ancient Poets and Sages.
Barege, a Bath in Gaſconie.
Barr-Geeſe, and Barnacles, a kinde of fowles that growe of rotten Trees and broken ſhips.
Bek, a Phrygian word ſignifying bread.
Belgian, of the Neather-lands.
Belgrade, a Towne in Hungary, taken by the Turk.
Bellona, goddeſſe of warre.
Belus Sonne, Ninus, firſt King of Aſſyria, ſuppoſed to be inventer of Navigation.
Bitumen, a kinde of oylie, ſlimie, gummie, or clammy Clay.
Bizantium, Conſtantinople.
Brontes, one of Vulcans Forgemen.
Briareus, a Giant with 100. hands.
Brutus heires, Engliſhmen, Brittains.
Bacconi, Poiſonie confections, Italian figs.
Bon-jours, Good-morrowes.
Bonarets, a kinde of Beaſt-plants.
Boötes, a little ſtar in the North Pole neere to

Urſa

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Ursa minor, used for the North.
Boreas, the North-winde.
Bosphores, two Straits, so called of an oxes wading over: the one sirnamed Thracian, the other Cimmerian.
Boulimy, a hungry or greedy disease in a cold stomach.
Bucephalus, the courageous Horse of Alexander the great.
Busiris, a most cruell Tyrant of Egypt, which used to sacrifice strangers to Jupiter.
Butrick, a learned and eloquent Germane (of late daies) Counseller to Cassimirus.
Bombards, great ordnance.
Bubastik, that is, Egyptian.
Bethel, a Mountaine in the South Confines of Israel, where Jeroboam set up one of his Calves.
Birdene, a Wilderneſſe in the West of Egypt.
Babels, indeed Bables, idle Monuments of Pompe and Plentie.
Beelzebub, the god of Accaron, the Prince of Divels.
Brachmans, Indian Philosophers: Moderne writers call them Bramines.
Bigaurian Hils, part of the Pyrene Mountains between France and Spaine.

C

Cabalistik, mysticall Traditions among the Jewes Rabbins.
Cæsars, Emperours, so called from Caius Julius Cæsar the first Emperour.
Cadmus, sonne of *Agenor*, who slew a serpent, and pulling out his teeth sowed them in the ground, whereof instantly there sprung up ready armed men.
Cairo, a Citie in the midst of Egypt, of old called Babylon, and thought one of the greatest in the world.
Calamarie, a fish that may well be called the Sea-Clarke, being furnished with necessaries for a scribe.
Callicrates, an excellent Carver, especially in small works.
Calpe, a Mountaine within the Straights of Gibralter, just opposite to *Abila*: these two are called the Pillars of Hercules.
Cannibals, people in the South part of America that eat Mans flesh.
Candia, an Iland in the Mediterranean Sea, subject to the Venetians.
Cana, a Towne in Galilee, where Christ wrought his first miracle, at a mariage.
Cantharus, a fish of admirable chastity.
Capharean Rock, a most dangerous and Rockie Coast of Eubœa, now called Negropont.
Carpese, a venemous plant, whose Juice causeth deep sleep, and so strangleth the Patient.
Carinthia, a Dutchie belonging to the Dukes of Austria.
Carraques, great Spanish vessels.
Caligula, a most wanton and wicked Emperour of Rome.
Cassagale, the City Quinzay, in the East Indies.
Cassiopeia, Mother of Andromeda.
Castalian Well, Springs, Fount; Springs at the foot of Parnassus sacred to the Muses.
Cathay, a large Conntrey in East Asia fronting on the Sea, now called Cambalu.
Cataract, a violent fall of any water, causing a deafnes with the noyse, also a disease in the Eye distilling a tough humour like gelly.
Catiline, a factious Citizen of Rome, famous for his dangerous conspiracy against his Countrey.
Cato, a reverend and renowned Romane both for his temperate life, and resolute death.
Caudrets, a Bath in Gasconie.
Caucasus, a very high Mountaine that divides Scythia from India.
Ceres, Goddesse of Harvest, Inventresse of Tillage and of the use of Corne, sometimes used for the earth.
Cephalus, the husband of Procris, the minion of Aurora.
Centaures, halfe men, halfe horses, begotten by Ixion on a Cloud.
Cerastes, a Serpent of sundry colours, with horns like a Ram.
Cerathus, a River in Candie from whence comes the best Malmsie.
Cerbas, a Tree in the indies, of 15. fadome about.
Cerberus, the three-headed dog of Hell, the Porter there.
Celtike, a part of France.
Chaos, a confused heap, the matter of the World before it received form.
Chaldea, the Countrey wherin Babylon stood: where were great Astronomers, Magicians, and South-sayers.
Charles Martel, K. of France, overthrewe 400000. Turks neer unto Tours.
Chermez, the graine wherewith Scarlet and Crimson are died.
Chymeras, strange Fancies, monstrous Imaginations, Castles in the Aire.
Cincinnatus, one called from the plough (all dustie and almost naked) to the Romane Dictatorship.
Cimmerians, people far North, that are thought never to see the Sun.
Cittadel, a Castle built with a small Garrison to keep a great Town in awe.
Cirques, round Lists to behold publike Races.
Chus, Æthiopia.
Clio, one of the Muses, reciting the glorious Acts of Worthinesse.
Clitus, one of Alexanders greatest Minions; whom yet in his drunkennes hee slew.
Cocos, an admirable Nut brought from the indies.

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Cocitus, a River in Hell.
Colchos, Medeas Countrey, from whence Jason fetcht the Golden Fleece.
Codrus, a King of Athens, that gave his own life for the safeguard of his Countrey.
Colonies, numbers of People sent to inhabite some new conquered Countrey.
Colures, two Circles in heaven, wherein the Sun-stops are caused.
Cochenel, grain wherewith Purple is died.
Colosses, huge Statues erected in honour of any person.
Columbus, a Genoese, discoverer of America for Ferdinando, K. of Castile.
Comitiall-Ill, the Falling sickness.
Commodus, a most vicious Emperour.
Cones, geometricall figures, broad beneath, and sharp above, with a Circular bottome.
Concentrik, having one common center.
Copernicus, a learned Germane, that maintained the heavens to stand still, and the earth to turne round about.
Corvinus, a Romane Orator, that after a great sickness forgat his owne name.
Corfu, an Iland in the Ionian Sea, subject to the Venetians.
Critik, and Criticall, sharp censurers: all dangerous dayes for health, observed by Physicians.
Crescent, the Moon increasing.
Ctesiphon, the builder of Dianas Temple at Ephesus.
Ctesibes, an excellent inventer of water Engines.
Cubes, geometricall figures foure-square, like a Die.
Cucuio, a strange bird in new Spain.
Cupid, the bastard of Mars and Venus, the litle god of love.
Curius, a Citizen of Rome, famous for frugality and temperance, who delighted rather to command the rich, than to be rich.
Cylindres, geometrical figures round and long, consisting from top to toe of two equall parallel Circles.
Cyclops, Giants with one eye, working in the Forge of Vulcan.
Cyprus, a fruitfull Iland in the Gulfe of Issa, formerly subject to the Venetians, but now usurped by the Turk, anciently consecrated to Venus.
Cynthia, Phœbe, Diana, the Moon.
Cetherea, Venus.
Cynosure, seven stars in the North Pole, the North Pole, the North-star.
Cimbrians, the people of Denmarke and Norway.
Cyrus, the great King of Persia; conquerour of the Medes, and after slaine by Tomyris, Queen of the Massagets.
Charites, looke Graces.
Clotho, looke Parcæ.
Chamosh, Idol of the Moabites.
Chiron, a Centaur, an excellent both Physician and Musician, the Master of Achilles.
Cornaline, looke Onyx.
Clarian, Lot-guider.
Cornich, looke Frize.
Crisis, the dangerous, or (as Physicians call it) criticall day for any disease.
Clyde, a River running by Dombertan in Scotland.
Cyclades, floating Ilands in the Ægean Sea.
Cedron and *Kedron*, a brook in Judea.
Civik-Garland, a crowne or chaplet of Oaken sprigs, given to honour him that had rescued a City.
Clytemnestra, wife of Agamemnon, whom, with the help of her Adulterer Ægisthus, in a sleeveless shirt shee murthered.
Cypris sap, seed of generation.
Castor and *Pollux*, Twins begotten on Leda, by Jupiter in the shape of a Swan: and supposed Sea-Gods favourable to Saylors.
Crimsin Gulf, the red Sea.
Cecropian, that is, Athenian: of Cecrops, first King of Athens.
Cineas, a Thessalian, exceeding eloquent, and of admirable memory, Embassador from King Pyrrhus to the Romans.
Carthaginian, of that famous City of Affrica, built by Dido, and by Hanniball undon.
Cadmean, by some writers used for Carthage.
Coronan, that is, Lacedemonian: for Corone was a City of the Messenians, who were subject to that State.
Cest, in Latin Cestus and Cestum, the Brides Girdle, which the Bridegroome took off at night.
Coloquintida, a kinde of wilde Gourd that purgeth Choler.
Chrysocolle, Borus, Gold-soder.
Cibele, looke Rhea.

D

Damon, the most faithfull friend of Pythias, both disciples of Pythagoras.
Danae, daughter of Acrysius, who kept her lockt in a brazen Tower; Jupiter rayned himselfe in a Golden shower into her lap.
Danubius, the greatest River in Europe, called also Isther.
Dardane Ants, Indian Emmets.
Darius, a King of Persia, vanquished by Alexander the great.
Delian Twins, the Sun and Moon.
Delian Princesse, Diana.
Delos, an Iland, one of the Cyclades, which for a long time floated as hidden in the Sea, and after suddenly appeared.
Delphian Oracle, the Oracle of Apollo, at Delphos.
Delphos-God, Apollo.

Democritus,

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Democritus, the laughing Philosopher of Abidus.
Demosthenes, the best Orator of the Grecians.
Denis, or Dyonisius, a Tyrant of Syracuse.
Deucalion, sonne of Prometheus, who with his wife Pyrra, escaped the Flood and (as the Poets faine) restored the world.
Diabete, a disease, when one cannot hold his water.
Diapason, a Concord of all.
Diarrhea, a Laske or loosnesse of the Belly.
Diameter, a strait line dividing any figure into equall parts, passing through the middle point of any figure.
Dialect, a forme of speech divers from others in any language.
Diana, the Goddesse of virginity, the Moon.
Dircean wals, Thebes.
Disenteria, the bloudy-flix.
Dodochædrons, figures of twelve Angles.
Druides, ancient learned Priests and Sages of France: supposed to have first issued out of this Ile of Britaine.
Dombertan, a Towne in Scotland.
Dagon, the Idol of the Philistines.
Demain, Possessions of inheritance, time out of minde continued in the occupation of the Lord.
Duel, single Combat.
Demi-Gods, look Heroik.
Dorik musick, soft and effeminate musicke, heer opposed to the Phrygian, which was more lofty and full of life, and fitter to stir up a courageous spirit.
Dan, a Towne in the North frontier of Judæa, where Jeroboam erected his other Calfe.
Ditthyrambik, Song in the honour of Bacchus.

E

Ecliptik line, a great Circle in the middle of the Zodiake, through which the Sun runneth his proper course in 365. dayes.
Egyptian flood, the river Nilus.
Electrum, Amber.
Electra, one of the sisters of Phaeton, who incessantly weeping for her brothers fall, was turned into a Tree that droppeth Amber.
Elixir, an Arabian word, signifying Quintessence, the Philosophers stone.
Elysium, the fained Paradise of heathen Poets.
Eldebag, a learned Arabian Satyricall Poet.
Embryon, the Childe in the mothers wombe before it have received shape.
Encyclopædie, that learning which comprehendeth all liberall Sciences.
Endymion, a young shepheard, the favourite of Cynthia.
Engastromith, one possessed, which seemes to speake in his belly.
Empiema, an impostume in the brest.
Enyon, the same that Bellona, sister to Mars, and Goddesse of Battaile.
Enthousiasmos, poeticall furie.
Eoan Monarke, Alexander the great,
Eolian scouts, the windes.
Ephemerides, Day-books, Registers, Journals.
Ephesian Temple, the Temple of Diana in Ephesus.
Ephesian moan, Heraclitus, weeping at the worlds miseries.
Ephori, a kinde of Magistrates, Protectors of the people.
Epidemik-ills, Universall diseases.
Epicicle, a lesser Circle, whose center is in the circumference of a greater.
Epicurus, a Philosopher that placed mans felicity in the pleasures of the Sense, beleeving no God but Fortune.
Epilepsis, the falling-sickness.
Epithalamie, a nuptiall song.
Epitaph, a funerall song, or an Inscription on a Toomb or Grave.
Epithets, additions to Nounes, expressing some quality.
Epitome, an Abridgement.
Epirus, a Countrey in Greece (now called Albania) famous in late times by the noble exploits of G. Castriot (sir-named Scanderbeg) against the Turk.
Equinoctiall, a Circle in Heaven through which when the Sun passeth, the daies and nights be of equall length.
Eretrian soyl, medicinable earth, brought from Eretria.
Erebus, a river in hell: Hell.
Erithrean Deep, the red Sea.
Erynnis, one of the Furies.
Eridanus, a figure in Heaven: the river Po, in Lumbardy.
Eurus, the East-winde.
Euripus, a narrow Sea; which ebbeth and floweth seven times in 24. houres.
Euphrates, one of the Rivers of Eden, that runs through Babylon.
Europa, Christendom, or this Western part of the world.
Eccentrick, that hath his centre wholly separated from the Centre of the Earth.
Erisipiles, hot and red swellings, called S. Anthonies fire.
Erycina, Venus.
Euphrosyne, look Graces.
Euphorbium, a certain medicinable Plant found and named by Euphorbus, King Jubas Physician.
Ethnick, see Pagan.
Entidorian.
Etesian gates, easterly windes.
Ephod, a linnen garment worn by the Priests and levites of Israel.
Edom, and Idumea, a part of Palæstine.

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Eleutherian, Deliverer.
Epicarpian, Fruit-keeper.

F

Fabricius, a famous Romane, contemner of Riches, and in extreme poverty moſt puiſſant for vertuous valour and integritie.
Fauſtina, a moſt laſcivious Empreſſe, wife to Marcus Aurelius, and daughter of Antonius Pius.
Fez, a Kingdome in Barbary.
Finland, a Dukedome under the King of Sweden.
Flamine, a Sacrificer, or high Prieſt, among the Heathen.
Flavio, Melphio a Neapolitan, inventer of the needle in the Mariners Compaſſe, and the uſe thereof.
Foix, a Country belonging to Navarr, neer the Pyren Mountaines.
Flora, a fair and rich harlot, which made the people of Rome her Heire: in reſpect wherof, they made her goddeſſe of Flowrs, and kept yeerely Feaſts in honour of her.
Furies, 3. (viz.) Alecto, Megera and Teſiphone (ſometimes called alſo Perſyphone) which are ſaid to be Tormentors of the damned in Hell, wittily fained to expreſſe the feare and fury of a guilty conſcience.
Frize and *Cornich*, the creſts, furniture and finiſhing at the upper end of a Column.
Farfalla, a Candle-Fly.
Ferguſius, *Evenus*, *Donaldus*, famous ancient Kings of Scotland.
Fanes, Temples, conſecrated Places.
Funambulant, a Rope-walker.
Feretrian, Peace-bringer, or dread ſtriker.

G

Galen, a famous Phyſician, borne at Pergamus whoſe learned works through all ages have bin honoured.
Galenite, one skilfull in Phyſick, wherein Galen excelled.
Ganges, a great River in India.
Gaules, the ancient name of the Frenchmen.
Genius, a mans ſpirit, or naturall inſtinct or inclination.
Gemonide and *Gemonian* Ladders: a place in Rome from whence condemned perſons were throwne downe.
Ghion, one of the Rivers in Eden.
Gnidion Idols, Venus and Cupid: for in Gnidos ſhee was worſhipped.
Gonorrhea, a foule and involuntary Flux of ſeed, the Running of the Reins.
Gordian knot, a knot thought impoſſible to bee undone, wherewith Gordius had faſtned his Ox-yoake in the temple of Apollo.
Gorgons, ugly helliſh monſters, in forme of ſcaly Dragons, with crooked teeth, one eie, iron talons, and mighty wings.
Graces, look Charites.
Gymnoſophiſts, Philoſophers of India; ſo called, becauſe they went naked.
Groon-land, an exceeding cold Countrey, butting upon the Sea beyond Izeland.
Grave, is as much as an Earle with us; but in this place uſed for the Generall and Governour JOSUA.
Galactite, a kinde of white Marble, or Alabaſter.

H

Halcion, a little water-bird thought to be the Kings fiſher.
Harpies, ravenous Birds, with faces like women.
Hecatombes, Heathen Sacrifices, wherein were offered an hundred Beaſts.
Hebe, Joves cup-bearer: the goddeſſe of youth.
Heber, of whom the Hebrews and Hebrew tongue are ſo called, the great-great-Grand-Childe of Sem, the Son of Noah.
Hecuba, the frantike and diſ-figured, old withered wife of Priamus King of Troy, and heer oppoſed to the freſh, young, beautifull Helena, the fatall Prize of their Son Paris.
Helicon, a Mountain ſacred to Apollo and the Muſes.
Helena, the wanton wife of Menelaus, cauſe of the tedious ſiege, and finall ſacke of Troy.
Hemiſphear, halfe the compaſſe of Heaven which wee behold.
Hercules, the moſt renowned Monſter-Tamer of Thebes.
Hermes, Mercury.
Hero, the fair Seſtian Nun, for whoſe ſake Leander was drowned in Helleſpont.
Heroës, halfe Gods, excellent men for valour and vertue.
Herophilus, a very ancient Phyſician.
Herodotus, an eloquent Greeke Hiſtoriographer.
Heſiodus, an ancient Greek Poet.
Heſperian Plant, golden fruit-trees guarded by a Dragon which was ſlain by Hercules: but heer it is uſed for the Sugar Cane, a richer Plant than thoſe (fained) golden fruits.
Hexameters, verſes of ſix feet.
Hiades, 5. ſtars (ſome hold ſeven) in the Head of the Bull.
Hiero, a King of Sicilia (after Agathocles) greatly delighted in husbandry.
Hieroglyphicks, ſecret Cyphers, ſtrange characters, myſticall writing by ſundry forms of things.
Hiram, King of Tyrus, remembred in the Scripture for ſending Timber and workemen to Salomon, to the building of the Temple in Jeruſalem.
Homer, ſo called for his blindneſſe, the moſt excellent

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excellent of all the Greeke Poets.
Horizon, a Circle dividing the halfe-ſpheare of the firmament which wee ſee over us, from the other halfe under us, which wee ſee not.
Hun, furious Attyla, who ſirnamed himſelfe the ſcourge of God, and terrour of the World.
Hyantian Fount, ſprings ſacred to the Muſes.
Hydrantik braule, Muſicke artificially made with the fall of waters.
Hyæna, a horrible Beaſt that counterfeiteth mans voice.
Hydrargire, quick-ſilver.
Hydra, a Serpent with 50. heads ſlain by Hercules.
Hybla and *Hymetus*, } Mountaines abounding in Bees and Honey.
Hymen, the god of Mariage.
Hyperborean, above or beyond the blowing of the North-winde.
Hypocrates, a moſt excellent Phyſician.
Hypolitus, the Sonne of Theſeus, who ſhunning the wanton inticements of his ſtep-dame Phædra, was (through her falſe accuſations) torne in pieces.
Hyren, a faire Greeke Mayden-Captive, on whom Mahomet the ſecond exrremly doted.
Heſperus, the Evening-ſtar, the Evening.
Helleborus, an herb, whereof be two kindes, ſuppoſed our Ling-wort and Bears-foot.
Heroick, noble; but anciently appropriate to thoſe which were counted Demi-gods, ſuppoſed to be borne and begot of a heavenly and an earthly Parent: as Æneas, of Venus and Anchyſes.
Hebridian Wave, the Sea about the Iles Hiberides, to the North from Ireland.

I

Janus, an ancient King of Italy; whom, in reſpect of his wiſedom and providence, they figured with two faces, as looking back into things paſt and foreſeeing things to come.
Jaffa, (anciently *Joppa*) a notable Haven-Town in Syria, where they land that travell to Jeruſalem.
Japetus, a Theſſalian, more famous by his two ſonnes (Prometheus, and Epimetheus) than for any great worth of his owne.
Jaſon, captain of the Argonautes, who by the favour of Medea, ſurmounting all dangers, brought home the golden Fleece.
Ibis, a certain high Bird, with a long Bill and ſtiffe legs, worſhipped by the old Ægyptians.
Ibne-farid, a learned Arabian, not much knowne in theſe parts.
Iberians, Spaniards.
Icarus, the ſonne of Dedalus, who preſuming to flee, was drowned in that Sea, which after bore his name.
Ichneumon, Pharaohs Ratte: a little Beaſt, enemy to the Crocodile.
Idalian Fire, the burning deſire of Love.
Idea, an Image or Patterne of things conceived in the Fancy.
Idioma, a proper and peculiar forme of ſpeech.
Jeſſean Harp, the holy Muſicke of David, the Son of Iſhai, commonly called Jeſſe.
Iliaca Paſſio, a kinde of Colicke.
Ilium, and Ilion: Troy.
Imaus, a hill in India, part of Caucaſus.
Impartiall Maids, the fatall Siſters, Clotho, Lacheſis, and Atropos.
Ile of Iron, or *Iſola di Ferro*, one of the fortunate Ilands now called Canaries.
Incubus, a diſeaſe oppreſſing the ſtomach in our ſleepe, which the ignorant have thought to be a ſprite: it is commonly called the Night-Mare,
Individuum, a body that cannot bee divided.
Ioves Bird, the Eagle.
Iris-bowe, the Rainbowe.
Iuno's Bird, the Peacock.
Iſleban, glory of Wittinberg: Martin Luther.
Iſthmus, a narrow-ſtrait of Land betweene two Seas.
Iſther, Danubius.
Ithacan, Ulyſſes, the prudent husband of the moſt chaſte Penelope.
Jupiter, the chiefe God of the Pagans.
Jubile, a yeere of libertie and releaſe, which was every fiftieth yeere.
Juſtinian, a learned Emperour, Compiler of the Civill lawes.
Juturna, the North part of Scotland towards the Orcades.
Jaboc, a little brooke running into the river Jordan.
Iſis, the wife of Oſiris, both idols of the Egyptians.
Juadan.
Jove, Jupiter, chiefe of the Heathen gods.
Juno, the Siſter and wife of Jove: Goddeſſe of Dominion and Wealth, and ſuppoſed helper to women in travaile: ſometimes taken for the Aire:
Iris, the Rain-bowe.
Japheã, (or Jaffian) Seas beating upon the Coaſt of Zabulon towards Tyre and Sidon, on the fartheſt North of Judea: here oppoſed to Tigris in Meſopotamia, the fartheſt South of the ſame.
Jaffa, of old called Joppa.
Iſaacians, children of Iſaac, Iſraelites.
Izeland, an Iland in the fartheſt North towards Groonland.
Jebuſites, the Heathen inhabitants of Jeruſalem, before it came to the poſſeſſion of the Iſraelites.

Karos;

K

Karos, a drowſie and ſtupifying diſeaſe in the head.

Kennet, a pleaſant River running through Bark-ſhire, neer unto whoſe flowry banks, our callow Cignets had their neſt,

L

Lacedæmon, (called alſo Sparta) a City and a common-wealth, moſt famous and flouriſhing under the Lawes of Lycurgus.

Laconia, the Country where that City ſtood.

Lacheſis, look Parcæ.

Leda, the Wife of Tyndarus, who, by the helpe of Jupiters Swan, laid two egges, whereof were hatched double Twins: of the one Pollux and Helena, of the other Caſtor and Clytemneſtra.

Latmos, a Hill in Ionia, where Cynthia is ſaid to have embraced her deare Endymion.

Latona, the Mother of Diana and Apollo.

Latonian Twinnes, thoſe children of hers, the Sunne and Moon.

Lais, a beautifull and coſtly harlot of Corinth, frequented by many Gallants of Greece.

Lee, a neat little Towne in Eſſex, in the mouth of the Thames.

Leander, a young man of Abydus, beloved of Hero, drowned in Helleſpont while he was ſwimming to her.

Lers, a River of France of moſt ſtrange quality.

Lethe, a River in Hell which cauſeth forgetfulneſſe.

Lethargie, the ſleepy diſeaſe.

Leſtrigons, a cruell people of Campania in Italy, which were ſaid to feede on Mans fleſh.

Lyguria, the Territory of Genoa.

Lycurgus, the famous Law-maker of the Lacedemonians.

Lemnos, Vulcans Iland, now called Salamine.

Limbo, Hell.

Linus, an excellent ancient Muſician, Maſter of Orpheus.

Linx, a Beaſt of exceeding quick and piercing ſight.

Leucippus, a Philoſopher that imagined infinite worlds.

Leucothoe, a Sea goddeſſe.

Liquor-God, Bacchus.

Lopez, a late Jew-ſpaniſh Phyſician, executed for infinite treaſons againſt this State.

Lotos, an admirable plant, ſtrangely ſympathizing with the Sun.

Lucania, a Province of Italy, now called Baſilicata.

Lucina, Juno and Diana, ſuppoſed of old to be aſſiſtant to women in their travell.

Lucretia, the chaſte wife of Collatinus, raviſhed by Tarquin.

Lucretius, a very ancient Latine Poet.

Luna, the Moon.

Lupercales, Sacrifices and Feaſts ſolemnized to Pan.

Lyceum, the School of Ariſtotle.

Legiſlator, a Law-maker, or a Law-giver.

Lesbian Squire, the Lesbians were ſo perfect workemen, that they made Rules and Squires by their Worke, and not their Worke by the Rule.

Lowmond, a great Lake in Scotland, where they ſay, there is a floating Iland.

Lucifer, the Prince of the proud Angels that fell from heaven: The Divell, alſo the morning ſtar.

Locuſts, a kinde of Graſhoppers.

Libanus, and Libanon, a Mountaine in Syria, famous for the faireſt Cedar trees.

M

Madera, one of the Canaries, from whence come excellent Sugars.

Malta, an Iland in the Mediterranean Sea, where the knights that were of Rhodes, now keep their reſidence.

Manie, a diſeaſe in the head, cauſing madnes.

Martian-field, a field betweene Tyber, and the City of Rome, where they uſed to behold the fight of condemned men with wilde beaſts.

Mars, the god of war.

Mark Pole, a notable Venetian Navigator and diſcoverer.

Maiz, Indian wheat.

Mauſole, a ſumptuous Toombe, built by Artemiſia, Queene of Caria, for her husband Mauſolus.

Marcellus, a moſt noble Romane Captaine, Conquerer of Syracuſa, and five times Conſull.

Mahomite, the Turkiſh Emperor, worſhipping Mahomet.

Mantuan Muſe, the Poet Virgill.

Maſſacres, horrible murders.

Medea, a ſorcereſſe, or (as ſom call them) a cunning-woman.

Meanders, crooked turnings, ſo called of the River Meander, for his exceeding crookedneſs.

Medices, the late Queene mother of France, of the Houſe of Florence.

Meduſas Treſſe, a head with ſnake-like hairs, turning the beholders into ſtones.

Mein, a River in Germany, whereon ſtands Frankfort, the famous Mart of the World.

Meonian Bard, Homer.

Mecenas, a noble Roman, and liberall favourer of Virgil.

Megera, one of the Furies.

Melt,

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Melt, an admirable Tree in Mexico, a mighty kingdome of America.

Memphians, *Memphites*, *Memphists*, *Memphitists*, } Ægyptians,

Mercury, one of the Planets, the god of wit, eloquence, invention, and subtilty, and the messenger of the gods.

Mercuriall, (as it were) a Chancery, controuling and revoking false judgements of inferiour Courts.

Meridian, the South circle.

Metaphoras, borrowed speeches.

Metempsychosis, transmigration of soules from one body to another: after Pythagoras.

Metaphysicall, supernaturall.

Milo, a man of prodigious strength, that carried a Bull on his back, killed him with his fist, and ate him up in one day.

Mince, a river nere Mantua, where Virgil was borne.

Minerva, the same that Pallas: goddesse of wit and war.

Moly, an herb brought from heaven by Mercury to Ulisses, supposed to be our Rue, or herb-grace.

Moloch, the Idoll of the Ammonites.

Moluques, rich Ilands in the East Indies, plentifull in all kinde of excellent Spices and other Treasures.

Moors, the people of Æthiopia, subjects of Prester John.

Morpheus, the god of dreams.

Mummie, a drug, taken for part of ancient imbalmed bodies.

Musculus, a little Fish most officious to the Whale.

Musulmans, Arabians,

Mycana, Agamemnons Kingdome.

Midas, a wealthy King of Phrygia, whose touch (by the grant of Bacchus) turned all things into Gold: so that at last his gold-turned meat in his mouth choaked him.

Myrmecides, a cunning and curious carver in small works.

Myron, an excellent statuarie, or Image-maker.

Mounte-banks, Jugglers.

Meroe, an Iland in the River Nilus.

Mages, Sages, Wise-men, Southsayers.

Morisco and Mattachine, Antike and fantastike dances.

Moderatrix, a Regent or Governesse.

MAGNIFICENÇE, Greatnesse, State, Glory, Pomp.

Munificence, bounty, liberality.

Medals, Images of wood, stone, or metall.

Musaik worke, a kinde of painting so curiously shadowed, that it seems in some places imbossed, in some carved, in some in-laid, in some graven, &c.

Meteors, or exhalations, strange apparitions of comets, or other figures in the Air.

Megaria, where flourished the Philosopher Euclides, in the same time that Socrates in Athens.

N

Nacre, the Pearle-shell, or mother of Pearl.

Nadir, the point directly under us, just opposite to the Zenith or point verticall.

Natolia, Asia minor, now wholly under the Turk.

Nectar, the drink of the gods.

Neptune, the Sea.

Nephelean Crook-horn, the signe Aries.

Nepenthe, an herb which being steeped in wine, is thought to expell sadnes.

Nereus, the Sea.

Nero, a most cruell Emperour of Rome, the Monster of Nature, and shame of mankinde.

Nestor, a wise and eloquent Greek, who being nie 300 years old, came to the siege of Troy.

Nile and Nilus, the famous River of Egypt, used often for Egypt it selfe.

Nimrod, the builder of Babel, the first ambitious usurper of soveraignty.

Niphates, a Mountaine from whence the River Tigris hath his source.

Nitre, a light, white, spongy matter, much like salt, which some have (falsly) thought to be salt-peter.

Noremberg, a City in Germany, especially famous for curious handy-crafts.

Nubian, of a Kingdome fronting on the South of Egypt.

Numidian, people of a part of Affrica, accustomed to live continually in the fields with the flocks, and heards, remooving often for fresh pastures.

Numa Pompilius, 2d. from Romulus King of the Romans, and their first law-giver.

O

Obsequies, funerall ceremonies.

Ocean and *Oceanus*, the Sea.

Oedipus, a Riddle-reader of Thebes.

Oedems, thin, waterish, and flegmatike swellings.

Olympius, an Arrian Bishop, strooke dead with Lightning for blaspheming the Deity of Christ.

Olympus, a very high hill fronting on Macedonia: it is often used for Heaven.

Ophthalmy, a disease in the Eye through inflamation of the uttermost tunicle.

Optick sinew, is that which brings sight unto the Eye.

Orgies, sacrifices to Bacchus.

Oracles, Mysteries of the Heathen gods, delivered by diverse meanes and in divers manners.

Orion, a tempest-boading star.

Orpheus,

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Orpheus, an excellent Poet and Musician of Thrace.
Oromene, a Mountaine in India, full of salt-quarres.
Ortygian Delos, a floating Iland, where Diana and Apollo were borne.
Orithyas love, Boreas, the North-winde.
Ottoman, the first Emperour of Turks.
Ovids heirs, wanton Poets.
Oxygone, a sharp-Triangle.
Omer, a certain measure among the Hebrews.
Ophir, supposed to be Peru.
Onyx, a red precious stone fit for Seals.
Orient, the East Sun-rising cleer.
Oran, a Port-Towne in Barbary, within the Streights of Gibraltar.

P

Pactolus, a River in Lydia, which (after the washing of King Midas) is said to have golden sands.
Pallas, the goddesse of Arts and Wisedome.
Palæmon, a Sea-god, called also Melicertes.
Palestine, Judea, the holy Land, first called Canaan.
Pan, the god of Shepheards.
Pandects, Bookes treating of all manner of Arguments.
Panchaian Fumes, Incense.
Pannonia, Hungary and Austria.
Panope, a Sea-Nymph.
Pandora, fained (by Hesiodus) to be the first woman, and made by Vulcan: indued by all the gods with severall excellent gifts, but afterward by Jupiter (in displeasure) sent to her spouse Epimetheus, with a Box full of all manner of miseries.
Paphos Archer, Cupid, the little god of love.
Paphian Fire } his Arrowes.
or shot, }
Parrhasius, a most excellent Painter of Ephesus.
Parthians, a people of Asia, excellent Archers, and notorious enemies to the Romans.
Paros, an Iland in the Archipelago (which divideth Europe and Asia minor) wherein is excellent white Marble or Alabaster.
Parcas, *Parcæ*, (*à non parcendo*) the Destinies, or three Fatall Sisters, (viz.) Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos: death it selfe, the inevitable end of all.
Parallels, lines every where like distant.
Paradox, an argument maintained contrary to the common and received opinion.
Pegasus, the flying Horse of Bellerophon, which straining to flee up to Heaven, with his hoofe raised the top of Helicon, whence immediately gushed out a spring, which therefore is called Hypocrene.
Penelope, the most chaste Wife of the wandring Prince Ulisses.
Peneian Vale, is Tempe, a most pleasant valley in Thessaly, on the verge of the River Peneus.
Pentheus, a young Prince, who for contemning the drunken feasts of Bacchus, was by his owne mother (*Agave*) murdered.
Peripneumony, the Impostume of the Lungs.
Perige, that point of Heaven wherein the Sun (or other planet) is neerest to the Centre of the Earth.
Persiphone, or Proserpine: the Queene of Hell and Horror.
Perseus, a most triumphant champion, that rescued Andromeda from the Sea-monster: who for his prowesse is both by Poets and Astronomers magnified as a god, and placed among the Stars.
Parnassus, the Mountaine of the Muses.
Persian Monarke with the heaven of glasse, was Sapores.
Peru, one of the largest and richest parts of America.
Phaeton, the Sonne of Phœbus, who presuming to guide his fathers Chariot, set the world on fire, and fell himselfe headlong into the River Eridonus.
Phœbus, the Sun.
Phalaris, a most cruell Tyrant of Agrigent.
Phalec, the son of Heber.
Pharos, a Lanthorne-Tower to beare a light for the guide of Sailers in a haven by night: also an Iland.
Phlegon, one of the horses of the Suns Chariot.
Phlegeton, a River in Hell, taken oft for Hell it selfe.
Philtre-charm'd, inchanted with love-potions.
Phantick, such as are haunted with strange & illuding visions.
Philirian Scout, the signe of Sagittarius.
Philometor, an ancient King of Egypt, much given to husbandry, and delighting in the country-life.
Phlebotomy, bloud-letting.
Phlegmons, hot and red inflammations of bloud.
Phrygian Skinker, the signe Aquarius.
Phrixus Sister, was Helle, drowned in Hellespont, which of her is so called.
Phrenzie, a most violent and dangerous disease of the braine.
Phthisick, the consumption of the Lungs.
Phthiriasis, the louzie disease.
Pica, the longing disease of women with childe.
Physon, one of the Rivers in the garden of Eden.
Pigmes, little people of the North a cubit high.
Pyrene, a Princesse from whom Pyrene Mountaines (which divide France an Spaine) are so called.
Pindus, a Mountaine sacred to the Muses.
Pierian Maids, the Muses.
Pirrhon, (reade Pirrho) a Philosopher alwaies doubtfull of all things, yea even of

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of thoſe ſubject to our ſenſes.
Plato, Prince of the Academicks, ſir-named divine, and indeed the moſt neere approaching Divinitie of all the heathen.
Pleiades, the 7. ſtars.
Pleſsis, a noble learned Frenchman of our time, a notable defender of the truth of Chriſtian religion againſt all Jewes, Turks, Pagans, Papiſts, Atheiſts, and Infidels whatſoever.
Pluto, the god of Hel and of Riches, the Divel and all.
Po, the River that watereth Lumbardy, the garden of Italy.
Polypes, a ſubtil Fiſh called a Many-feet, or Pourcontrell.
Polymnia, manifold memory, in variety of knowledge.
Poles, the imagined Hinges of the Heavens, whereon the World is turned, commonly uſed for Heaven.
Poëtaſters, baſe, counterfait, unlearned, witleſſe and wanton Poets, that peſter the world, either with idle vanities, or odious villanies.
Porphyry, Marble.
Porus, a King of India of huge ſtature, overcome by Alexander.
Polygamie, the having of many wives.
Polypheme, a huge and cruell Gyant, with one eye in his forehead.
Pomona, goddeſs of fruits.
Pontik heath, Pontus is a region in Aſia minor, fronting Eaſtward upon Colchis.
Progne, Pandions daughter, ſiſter of Philomele, and wife of Tereus, transformed to a ſwallow.
Proteus, a Sea-god that taketh on him all ſhapes.
Problems, mathematicall propoſitions, referred eſpecially to practice.
Prometheus, is fained to have made the firſt man, and to have ſtollen fire from heaven to put life into his creature.
Pryenian Sage, Bias.
Ptolomeus Philadelphus, moſt famous for his learning and love to the learned, and eſpecially for his noble Librarie erected in Alexandria.
Pyramides, exceeding huge and high Spires, built by the kings of Egypt for fond and idle oſtentation of their riches and pride.
Pyrauſta, a fire-flye, or winged worm, breeding and living onely in the fire.
Python, a horrible Dragon ſlaine by Apollo.
Pagan, Heathen, an Infidell, uncircumciſed, unbaptized, that knowes not God.
Phydias, a famous carver in wood and ſtone.
Perſyphone, look Furies.
Pirenes, look Bigaurian.
Phrygian Muſick, look Dorik.
Pellean Prince, Alexander the great borne in a City of Macedonia called Pella, as was alſo Philip his father.
Panomphean, all-hearing.
Phryxian, fugitive.
Proſelite, a ſtranger new-converted to our faith and faſhion.
Pharan, a City between Egypt and Arabia: alſo a Wildernes which the Iſraelites paſſed in their Pilgrimage to Canaan.
Pharus, look Pharos.
Pyrrhus, a valiant King of the Epirots, a notable Enemie to the Romans.
Paſs-Lamb, the Paſchal Lamb.
Heluſian Foord, Nilus, the great River of Egypt.
Pythian Knight, is Apollo, ſir-named Pythias, for ſlaying the dreadfull Serpent Pytho.
Parian Rocks, Mountains of white Marble or Alabaſter, in the Ile of Paros.
Patagons, Indian Canibals, ſuch as eat mans fleſh.
Poſthumus, one borne after his Fathers death.
Prodigies, extraordinary and miraculous accidents.
Picts, ancient Inhabitants of a part of Scotland.
Para-Nymphs, Bride-dreſſers, too curious prankers of themſelves.
Pyrrhik Galliard, a kinde of dancing in armour, invented by Pyrrhus.
Porphire, a kinde of red Marble.
Plynth, a part of the Baſe of a pillar, flat ſquare like a tile.

R

Rabbines, great Doctours among the Jewes.
Rabican, the name of a gallant horſe in *Orlando Furioſo*.
Regulus, a noble Conſull, and reſolute Captain of the Romans in the Punik war.
Remora, a little fiſh (which ſome call a Suckſtone) that ſuddenly ſtoppeth a ſhip under all her ſails in her full courſe.
Rendez vous, an appointed place of meeting.
Romes Dragon, the Pope.
Ryphean wood, Forreſts of Scythia.
Rhea, the ſame that Cybele, Veſta, Tellus, the Earth.
Rhenbarb, an excellent root, and very pretious for the purging quality.
Rubrick, the Titles and Directions in the old Pſalters, or ſervice-Books: ſo called, becauſe they are written or printed in red Letters.

S

Saba, chiefe City of the Sabæans in Arabia, abounding in Cinnamon, Caſſia, Frankincenſe and Myrrhe.
Salamander, a ſpotted beaſt like a Lizard, whoſe extreme coldnes quencheth the fire.
Salmoneus, a King, that with certaine violent engins counterfaited Thunder.
Saluſt, a notable Romane Hiſtoriographer, alſo

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alſo the ſir-name of our noble and renowned Author Du BARTAS.
Samian wiſe, Pythagoras.
Sardanapalus, a moſt effeminate King, the laſt of the Aſſyrians.
Sargus, a Fiſh ſtrangely luſtfull.
Saturns door, the end of Time.
Saturnalls, Feaſts kept in December in the honour of Saturn.
Satyres, nipping Poeſies, that reprove vice ſharply, without reſpect of perſons.
Scaliger Joſephus, now living, a Frenchman, admirable in all languages, for all manner of learning.
Scipio, (ſir-named Affrican) a moſt wiſe, valiant, and vertuous Captaine of the Romans, who, being ill requited for infinite honourable ſervices, ſequeſtred himſelfe to a Country-life.
Schirrhes, a kinde of hard (yet pain-leſſe) ſwellings in the fleſh.
Scolopendra, a certain fiſh that caſteth forth her bowels, to clear them from the hook.
Scopas, a notable Architect, imploied in the building of Mauſolus Tomb, which is numbred among the ſeaven wonders of the world.
Syrtes, dangerous ſands in the Lybian Sea.
Serhan Forreſts, (now Cathay and Cambalu) are in Aſian Scythia, abounding in the beſt Silks.
Serranus, a worthy Roman fetcht from his plough to the Dictatorſhip, which was (for the time) an office of King-like Authority.
Sentinel, a ſcout, or Night-watch in a Camp or Town of Garriſon.
Seraphin, an Angell.
Sein, the river of Paris.
Shynar, or *Senaar*, the Plain where Nimrod built the Tower of Babel.
Sibels, Propheteſſes: Varro remembers ten of them.
Semiramis, the proud and wanton Queene of Babylon, wife of Ninus.
Sirius, the Dog-ſtar, at whoſe riſing the Dog-daies alwaies begin.
Skink Alexandrian, a kinde of Serpent, a land-Crocodile.
Skinker, the ſigne Aquarius.
Sol, the Sunne, one of the 7. Planets.
Solides, 5. regular bodies or figures Geometricall (viz.) the Circle, Cube, Pyramide, Cilinder, and Dodochædron.
Soſtrates, a notable Architect, builder of the Lanthorn-Tower in the Ile of Pharos.
Stagirian, Ariſtotle, there borne.
Stix, *Stigian ſtrand*, } Hell.
Steropes, one of Vulcans Cyclops.
Stoiks, ſevere Philoſophers, pretending to condemn all paſſions: and eſteeming all things to be ordered by an inevitable neceſsity of Fate or Deſtiny.
Strymon, a River between Macedon and Thrace.
Suiſſes, (wee call them Swizers) the warlik people of the Cantons of Helvetia.
Sulphur, Brimſtone.
Starre-ſhip, Argos, a Signe or Conſtellation in Heaven, ſuppoſed to have bin the Ship that Jaſon and his fellowes fetcht the Golden Fleece in.
Synonimas, words of the ſame ſignification.
Symbolize, to reſemble or agree.
Sympathy, conſent or reſemblance of quality.
Symphony, conſent of time or harmony.
Symmetry, proportion of parts betweene themſelves, and to their whole.
Syracuſa, a great, wealthy and wanton City in Sicilia.
Syrens, Mer-Maids.
Satyr, a wilde wood-monſter, halfe-man, halfe-goate: alſo a kinde of nipping Poeſie, reproving vice impartially.
Salem, Jeruſalem.
Spartans, look Lacedæmon.
Sina, or Sinai, a Mountaine in Arabia, the ſame that Horeb, where the Law was given to Moſes.
Salamina, an Iland and City in the Euboike Sea, now called the Gulf of Negrepont.
Stentorian, Homer reports him to have had the voice of fiftie men.
Signories, Lordſhips, Dominions.
Sues, a Port in the Eaſt part of Egypt upon the red Sea.
Seir, a Mountaine in Idumæa, betweene Aſphaltis and Egypt.
Siddim, the place where Lot, with the Princes of Sodom, was taken priſoner, by Chedor-Laomer.
Sanctum Sanctorum, the inmoſt Sanctuarie, the Holy of Holies, where onely the high Prieſt might enter once a yeer.
Stratian, Warlike.
Scammonie, alias Diagrydium, an herb purging Choler mightily.

T

Tagus, the River Lisbone in Portugall.
Tanais, a mighty River dividing Aſia from Europe.
Tantalus, a King of Phrygia, whom they fained to ſtand in Hell up to the chinne in water, and to have delicate Fruits dangling over his upper lip, yet can touch neither; either to eaſe his hunger, or allay his thirſt.
Tambut, a Countrey of the Negros, which is a part of Affrica, extending to the uttermoſt bounds thereof towards the South and Eaſt.
Taprobane, an Iland under the Equinoctiall (now called Sumatra) ſituate between Malca and Java Major, above 450. leagues long, and above 120. broad: abounding in Gold, and very plentiful in other excellent commodities.

Tarentum,

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Tarentum, a famous City in Calabria.
Tarnaſſer, is in the Eaſt Indies, neer the gulfe of Bengala.
Thebes, a City in Bæotia where Hercules was borne: it was firſt builded by Cadmus, but more beautifully reſtored by Amphion.
Thetis, the Sea.
Themis, Juſtice.
Therſites, the fouleſt Lubber in all the Grecian Campe, whom Achiles ſlew with his fiſt.
Theſeus, for valour, another Hercules: but moſt famous for his kinde and conſtant friendſhip to Pirithous.
Thisbes Tree, the Mulbery.
Thule, an Iland beyond the Orcades, the fartheſt north that was known to the Romans, and therefore then called *Ultima Thule*.
Timanthes, one of the moſt excellent of the ancient Painters.
Tindarides, Caſtor and Pollux.
Tigris, a River in Aſia, paſſing by the Eaſt of Meſopotamia, through Armenia & Media.
Titan, the Sun.
Tirrhenian, the Tuſcan Seas.
Tyrians, Merchant men of Tyrus, a City of Syria, anciently flouriſhing in trade, and famous for the excellent purple-Die.
Tivoli, a village neer Rome, where the Cardinall of Ferara hath a ſumptuous houſe of pleaſure, furniſhed with infinite Curioſities.
Torpedo, the Cramp-fiſh.
Treſor-trove, Gold, Money, or other riches found under ground.
Troglodytes, a people of Æthiopia, that dwel under ground, goe naked, and eat Serpents.
Tropiks, two great Circles in heaven in equal diſtance from the equinoctiall, the one called the Tropik of Cancer, the other of Capricorne, at which the Sun turneth either higher (having been at the loweſt) or lower (having been at the higheſt) whereof they are ſo called.
Trytons, Neptunes Trumpeters.
Tuſcan, Italian.
Tyber, the River of Rome.
Typhis, the Maſter or Captaine of the Ship Argos, that ſailed with Jaſon to Colchis for the Golden Fleece.
Tymothy, an excellent carver that wrought on Mauſolus Tomb.
Typhon, a huge Giant, that indevoured to pull Jupiter out of heaven.
Type, a figure or ſtamp of any thing.
Teſiphone, or Theſiphone, one of the Furies.
TROPHEIS, glorious Monuments erected in honour of ſome famous victorie.
Timotheus Mileſius, an excellent muſician, that flouriſhed under Philip of Macedon and Alexander his ſon.
Theory, Contemplation, Study.
Tully, Cicero, the Prince of Roman Orators.
Thalia, look Graces and Muſes.
Tabernacle, properly a Tent or Pavilion.

V

VAlois, one of the royall families of France extinguiſhed in the late Henry the third, (ſlain by a Friar before Paris) who in his Monſieurſhip (with his mother and the Duke of Guiſe) had been too buſie an Actor in the bloudie Maſſacre.
Venus, the goddeſſe of Love and Beautie, alſo one of the planets.
Venus Eſcuage, Knights (or nights) ſervice to Ladies.
Venerean mirth, Idem.
Ver, the Spring.
Vertumnus, an imagined god of the Romans that took on him all ſhapes.
Veſpucio, Americus Veſpucius, a Florentine, firſt diſcoverer of America, of whom it was ſo called.
Viginere, a learned French-man of late times, tranſlator of Cæſar, Livius, and other Latine Writers.
Vienna, a City in Auſtria, where uſually the Emperour keeps his Court.
Urania, one of the Muſes, eſpecially handling heavenly things, therefore called the heavenly Muſe.
Urim and *Thummim*, two words graven in the Breaſt-plate of Aaron, ſignifying Illumination and Integrity.
Ulyſſes, the politick Prince of Ithaca, husband of Penelope.
Vulcan, the god of fire and forge-men.
Uranoſcophus, a Fiſh alwaies gazing up to heaven.

X

XAnth, called alſo *Scamander*, the River of Troy: there is alſo an Iland in the Archipelago ſo called.
Xenian, hoſpitious, milde-entertainer.

Z

ZEbut, an Iland in the Weſt Indies, exceeding rich in Gold, Sugar and Ginger.
Zenith, the point verticall, the point of heaven right over our heads: the contrary point is called Nadir.
Zeno, the chiefe of the Stoicke Philoſophers.
Zeuxis, a moſt cunning and exceeding rich Painter.
Zodiack, a biaz or ſloaping Circle in the heavens, wherein are the twelve Signes, thorow which all the planets paſſe.
Zones, imagined Circles, dividing the world into five parts.
Zopyrus, a Perſian that ſtrangely diſ-figured himſelfe to doe his Prince an important ſervice.
Zephyrus, the Weſt, the Weſt-winde.

FINIS.

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THE HISTORY OF JUDITH, IN FORME OF A POEME.

PENNED IN FRENCH BY THAT NOBLE POET, G. SALUST LORD OF BARTAS.

Engliſhed by THO. HUDSON.

Yee Learned, binde your brows with Laurer band:
I preace but for to touch it with my hand.

1632.

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THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

PErceiving our divine du BARTAS *so generally applauded, even of the greatest and the gravest of this Kingdome; and all* His works *so welcome to all: To make the same* (in this third Edition) *more compleat, I have presumed to annex* This Piece; *indeed no part of his incomparable* VVERKS (*neither heer apparelled by the same Workman*) *yet doubt-less a Childe of the same Parent, and* (*if I be not deceived*) *one of his first-borne: which, arriving long since in* Scotland, *was there* (*among the rest*) *royally received, and thus* (*as you see*) *suited, somewhat to that Countrey fashion. Whose* Dialect *and* Orthography (*considering under what authority it was first published, and now the rather respecting our happy union by the same established*) *I have not dared at all to alter. Accept it therefore, gentle Reader, as it is: and allow at least of my good-will; who, wishing thee the profit of these happy labours, have adventured* (*to doe thee pleasure*) *to incur* (*I doubt*) *double displeasure.*

Thine R. Y.

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TO THE MOST HIGH AND MIGHTIE PRINCE, JAMES THE SIXT, KING of *Scotland*, his Majesties most humble servant, THO. HUDSON wisheth long life, with *everlasting felicity*.

AS yout Majestie, Sir, after your accustomed and vertuous maner, was sometime discoursing at Table with such your Domestiques, as chanced to be attendant; It pleased your Highnesse not onely to esteeme the peerlesse stile of the Greeke *Homer*, and the Latin *Virgil* to be inimitable to us (whose tongue is barbarous and corrupted): But also to alledge (partly thorow delight your Majestie tooke in the Haughtie stile of those most famous Writers, and partly to sound the opinion of others) that also the lofty Phrase, the grave inditement, the facund terms of the French Salust (for the like resemblance) could not be followed nor sufficiently expressed in our rude and impolished English language. Wherein, *I* more boldly than advisedly (with your majesties licence) declared my simple opinion; not calling to mind, that *I* was to give my verdit in presence of so sharp and cleer-eyed a Censor as your Highnesse is: But rashly *I* alledged, that it was nothing impossible even to follow the footsteps of the same great Poet *Salust*, and to translate his verse (which nevertheless is of it selfe exquisite) succinctly, and sensibly in our owne vulgar speech. Whereupon it pleased your Majestie (among the rest of his workes) to assigne mee *The History of Iudith*, as an agreeable Subject to your Highnesse, to be turned by mee into English verse: Not for any speciall gift or science that was in mee, who am inferiour in knowledge and erudition to the least of your Majesties Court: but by reason (peradventure) of my bold assertion, your Majestie, who will not have the meanest of your house unoccupied, would have mee to beare the yoake, and drive forth the penance, that *I* had rashly procured. *I*ndeed the burden appeared heavy, and the charge almost insupportable to mee: nevertheless, the fervent desire which *I* had to obtemper your Majesties commandement, the

earneſt intention to verifie my raſh ſpeaking, and the aſſured confidence which *I* ankred on, your Highneſſe help and correction, encouraged mee ſo, and lightned on ſuch wiſe my heavy burden, that I have with leſſe pain brought my half-deſpaired work to finall end. In the which *I* have ſo behaved my ſelfe, that, through your Majeſties concurrence, *I* have not exceeded the number of the lines written by my Author: *In* every one of which, hee hath alſo two ſyllables moe than any Engliſh bears. And this notwithſtanding, I ſuppoſe your Majeſtie ſhall finde little of my Authours meaning pretermitted. Wherefore if thus much be done by mee, who am of another profeſſion, and of ſo ſimple literature, *I* leave it to be conſidered by your Majeſtie, what ſuch as are conſummate in letters, and know the waighty words, and pithy ſentences, the poliſhed termes, and full efficacy of the Engliſh tongue, would have done. Receive then, Sir, of your owne ſervant, this little work at your owne commandement enterpriſed, corrected by your Majeſties owne hand, and dedicated to your owne Highneſſe. *If I* have done well, let the praiſe redound to your Majeſtie, whoſe cenſure *I* have underlien: if otherwiſe, let my default of skill be imputed to my ſelf, or at the leaſt my good intention allowed, whereby others may have occaſion to doe better. To your Highneſs conſideration, referring, Sir, both my diligence done in this ſmall tranſlation, and the inveterate affection which *I* have, and ought alwaies to bear to your Majeſty, *I* commit with all humility, your Highneſs, your Realm and Eſtate, to the government of God, who governeth all the World.

SONNET

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SONNET.

SInce ye immortall Sisters Nine hes left
All other countries lying far or neer
To follow him who from them all you reft.
And now hes caus'd your residence be heer;
Who, though a stranger, yet hee lov'd so dear
This Realme and mee, so as hee spoil'd his awne,
And all the brooks and banks, and fountaines clear
That be therein, of you as hee hath shawne
In this his Work: then let your breath be blawne,
In recompence of this his willing minde,
On mee; that since may with my pen be drawne
His praise. For though himselfe be not inclin'd,
Nor preaceth but to touch the Laurer Tree:
Yet well hee merits crown'd therewith to bee.

SONNET.

THe Muses Nine have not reveal'd to me
What sacred seeds are in their garden sowen;
Nor how their Salust gains the Laurer Tree,
Which through thy toil in Brittain ground is growen
But, sith they see thy travell truely showen
In vertues school, th' expiring time to spend,
So have they to his Highnesse made it knowen
Whose Princely Power may duly thee defend.
Then you, that on the Holy Mount depend
In crystall air, and drink the cleared spring
Of Poetry, I doe you recommend
To the protection of this godly King:
Who for his vertues and his gifts divine,
Is onely Monark of the Muses nine.

FINIS. M.V.F.

THE

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THE AUTHORS ADMONITION TO THE READER.

BEloved Reader, *it is about fourteene yeeres past since I was commanded by the late illustrate and most vertuous Princess* Jean, Queen *of* Navarr, *to reduce the* History *of* Judith *in forme of a* Poëme Epique. *Wherein I have not so much aimed to follow the phrase or text of the Bible, as I have pressed (without wandring from the verity of the History) to imitate* Homer *in his* Iliades, *and* Virgil *in his* Æneidos, *and others who have left to us works of such like matter: thereby to render my Work so much the more delectable. And if the effect hath not answered to my desire, I beseech thee to lay the fault upon her who proposed to mee so mean a* Theam *or Subject, and not on mee who could not honestly disobey. Yet in so much as I am the first in* France *who in a just* Poëme *hath treated in our tongue of sacred things, I hope of thy favour to receive some excuse; seeing that things of so great weight cannot be both perfectly begun and ended together. If thou neither allow my stile nor workmanship, at least thou shalt be driven to allow the honest pretence and holy desire which I have to see the youth of* France *so holily by mine example exercised.*

I may not forget, that they doe greatly wrong mee, who thinke that in describing the Catastrophe *of this history (truely tragicall) I am become a voluntarie Advocate to these troublesome and seditious spirits, who (for to serve their temerarious passions, and private inspirations) conspire against the lives of placed*

Princes.

Princes. For, so much doe I disassent that this example and the like ought to be drawne in consequence, that I am verily perswaded that the act of Ahud, *of* Jael, *and of* Judith (*who under colour of obeisance and pretext of amity laid their revenging hands upon* Æglon, Sisera, *and* Holophernes) *had bin worthy of a hundred gallows, a hundred fires, and a hundred wheels, if they had not been particularly chosen of God to unloose the chains, and breake the bands which retained the* Hebrew *people in more than* Ægyptian *servitude, and expresly called to kill those Tyrants with a death as shamefull as their lives were wicked and abominable. But seeing this question is so diffuse that it cannot be absolved in few words, and that my brain is too weake for so high an enterprise; I send you to those who have spent more oile and time in turning the leaves of the sacred Scriptures, than I have done for the present. It sufficeth me for the time to admonish the* Reader, *to attempt nothing without a clear and indubitable vocation of God against those whom hee hath erected above us; and above all things, not to abuse the law of humane hospitalitie, and other holy bands, for to give place to these frentike opinions, so to abolish a pretended tyrannie. I have also to warne thee of two different sorts of men: of the which, one sort is so depraved that they can heare nothing but that which is altogether profane; and the other is so superstitious, that they make conscience not onely to write, but also to reade of holy things in verse, as though the measure and jointure of syllables were so constrained, as it were unpossible to keep the sense unperverted, or at least not excessively obscured. Now if I perceive that this my first assay may be to thee agreeable, I shall continue more gladly my new commenced race, in such sort, that thou shalt not repent thine indulgence, nor I my passed pains. But if contrary fall, in time to come I will beware to lay out my small pack in this ample* Theatre *of* France, *where there are almost as many judgements as beholders. A Dieu.*

GSSDB.

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THE ARGUMENT OF THE WHOLE HISTORY OF *IVDITH.*

AFter that the Children of *Israel* were delivered from captivity, and returned to their Land, the City of *Ieruſalem* re-edified, the Temple builded and prepared to the ſervice of the Lord, the multitude of the people being ſcattered in ſundry towns and places of the Land, where they lived in peaceable reſt, the Lord (knowing man to be negligent of GOD and his ſalvation, chiefely when hee lives at eaſe, and all things frame unto his fraile deſire) to the end that his people ſhould not fall into ſuch an inconvenience, would exerciſe them with a fearefull affliction and temptation, ſending upon their Countrey an Army ſo great in number and puiſſance, that made the whole earth to tremble. This expedition was under the *Perſian Monarch*, named in the hiſtory *Nebuchadnezzar* (which nevertheleſſe is not his right name). His chiefe Lievtenant generall and Conductor of the whole Armie, was *Holophernes*, who (whereſoever hee came) overthrew all religion, permitting none to invocate or acknowledge any other God, but *Nebuchadnezzar*, his Maſter; whom hee enforced to conſtitute and eſtabliſh for the onely God. So entred hee *Iudea* with intent to deſtroy it all: which the people perceiving, and that his power was ſo great that no nation could reſiſt him, and alſo knowing his cruel hatred; were ſore affraied, and almoſt driven to extreme deſperation; ſeeing none other thing preſent before them, but ruine and deſtruction. And this the Lord ſuffered, to ſhow (in time) his worke to be more wonderfull. For the people being humbled, and having called to the Lord for mercie and ſuccour at his hand, hee both heard and ſuccoured them at need. The meane was not through ſtrength and ſtoutneſſe of ſome worthie Captaine; but by the hand of *Iudith*, a tender feeble woman, to the ſhame of this moſt proud and cruell tyrant and all his heathen hoſte. For ſhee cut off his head, put all his

campe

campe to flight, destroyed his men of Armes, in such wise that they fled here and there; and, seeking to save their lives, left all their tents and baggage. Thus the Lord, by the weake, and those that are not regarded, makes his workes admirable. By one selfe meane hee saved his owne, and executed his justice against his enemies. In which wee have to consider his singular providence and goodnesse, and the care which hee hath in especiall for the faithfull, and all his whole Church. This Historie is intituled by the name of *Iudith*, because it containes the narration of her great vertues; and for that the Lord used her as an instrument for the deliverance of his people. *It* is not certaine who was the first Author hereof: nevertheless, the reading of it hath been received in the Church, for the doctrine and utility of the same.

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THE SUMMARY OF THE FIRST BOOKE.

HOlophernes, *Lievtenant generall and chiefe of the army of* Nebuchadnezzar K. *of the Assyrians, was in the field for to subdue divers people, and amongst others the Iewes. All the Nation is seazed with great feare, for the cruelties committed by the enemy. Then, as it fals out in bruits of war, all the whole people were troubled: some saving themselves in corners for feare, others attending (in great perplexity) some sad and tragicall end: the last sort cals upon God. This while* Joachim *the chiefe Priest governed the people: hee by his letters and expresse commandement recals those that were fled and scattered, and made them returne to Ierusalem: where, in presence of the Levits, he made sacrifice and earnest prayer unto God to withdraw his ire, and to be mercifull to his people: which done, hee enters in counsell and requires his Princes to consult upon the cause, and consider what is most expedient, and to prefer the love of Gods law and the countrey, before all private things: the first that gain-stands this exhortation is an hypocrite, & favourer of the enemy, who gives counsel to render them to* Holophernes, *calling him a Prince gratious to those that applaud to him, and invincible in battell to those that dare resist him. But the second Lord replying zealously againe, detecteth his false hypocrisie and careless security, exposing the people to the mercy of a barbarous godless enemy, before the duty they ought to their God and their countrey, and to establish in place of the true God, a wicked* Nimrod *consummat in all impiety and wickedness, to abolish all vertue and godliness: For hee proves, that if the nations should be rooted out for the right religion, God should be more honoured in the death of the Iewes, than in their lives; and that it is more worthy to die Hebrewes, than to live infidels; and freemen, than slaves: Shortly, that they ought to prefer honour and duty before feare and a vaine hope to prolong their dolefull daies. This reply encouraged all the assistants: whereof* Joachim *gave thanks to God, and (resolving himselfe upon a just defence for the conservation of the service of God, and the freedome of his nation, and the lives of the innocent against this villanous invasion) wisely departed the regiments of towns to persons convenient, who past to their assigned places, each one preparing according to their power unto the war with courage, paine and diligence.*

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THE FIRST BOOKE OF JUDITH.

Proposition and summe of this work.

I Sing the vertues of a valiant Dame,
Who (in defence of *Iacob*) overcame
Th' *Assyrian* Prince, and slew that *Pagan* stout
Who had beset *Bethulia* wals about.

Invocation of the true God.

O thou, who kept thine *Izak* from the thrall
Of infidels, and steeld the courage small
Of feeble *Iudith*, with a manly strength;
With sacred furie fill my heart at length:
And, with thy *Holy* spirit, my spirit enspire,
For matter so divine. Lord I require
No humain stile; but that the Reader may
Great profit reape, *I*, joy, Thou, praise alway.

Dedication of the Author altered by the Translator.

And since in vulgar verse I prease to sing
This godly Poeme to a Christian King,
To him whom God in goodnesse hath erect
For princely Pillar, to his owne elect:
For lawfull Lord, to raign with truth and right:
For lovesome Laurer, to the vertuous wight:
Him (I beseech) this travell to defend;
That to his pleasure I the same may end.

The Army of Holophernes.

When *Isr'el* was in quiet rest and peace,
And fruitfully the ground gave her encrease,
Which seaventy yeer untilled lay beforne,
And nothing bare but thistle, weed and thorne;
It pleased God (upon his just correction)
T' awake his owne, that were of his election;
Lest that the longsom peace should them withhold
And dull their spirits, as doth the warriour bold,
Who spoyles his horse with pampring in the stable,
That makes him for the manaige more unable:
Hee spred their land with bands of enemies stout,
Whose clouds of shot bedim'd their land about.
Their *Hoast*, with arrowes, pikes, & standards stood
As bristle-pointed, as a thornie wood.
Their multitude of men, the rivers dri'd,
Which throw the wealthy *Juda* sweet did slide;
So that flood *Jordane* finding dry his bank,
For shame he blusht, and down his head he shrank,
For wo that hee his credit could not keep,
To send one wave, for tribute to the deep.
Scarse had the Harvest-man, with hook in hand,
Dispoyl'd the fruit and let the stubble stand:
Scarse had the hungry Gleaner put in binde
The scattered grain, the Shearer left behinde:
And scarse the flapping flaile began to thresh,
When unto *Jacob*, newes was brought afresh,
That *Holophern* his frontiers did invade,
And past all Rivers, straits, and murders made
So vile, that none hee left that drew the breath;
But old, and young hee put to sodaine death:
The sucking babes upon their mothers knee,
His cruell cut-throats made them all to die.

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Then like a flocke of ſheep, that doth behold
A Wolfe come from the wood upon their fold,
Shapes no defence, but runs athwart the lands,
And ſhortly makes of one, a hundreth bands:
The Hebrews. So *Iſaak*'s ſons, in dreading for to feel
This tyrant, who purſued them at the heel,
Diſſundring fled, and ſought their lives to ſave
In hils, and dales, and every deſart cave.
Fear of the enemie. The ſhepheard of his flocke had now no care:
But fearing death, fled to ſom mountain bare.
The Crafts-man now his lumes away hath layd:
The Merchant left his traffique and his trade,
To hide himſelfe more ſafely in a vault
Than in a Rampier, to ſuſtain th'aſſault.
The Lords eſteem'd themſelfes in ſurer hold
In Dens of Beaſts, than caſtles gilt with gold.
Fear lent the wings for aged folke to flie,
And made them mount to places that were hie.
Feare made the wofull women for to beare
Their cradles ſweet to hils that higheſt were:
Fear made the wofull childe to waile and weep,
For want of ſpeed, on foot and hand to creep:
All-where was nothing heard but hideous cries
And piteous plaints that did the hearts agriſe.
Affliction cauſeth Prayer. O Lord (ſaid they) wilt thou ſtill, day by day,
The arrowes of thine anger never ſtay?
Wilt thou that *Calde* conquere us again?
Shall *Juda* yet the *Heathen* yoake ſuſtain?
Wilt thou again that they make every towne,
But ſtony heaps of houſes caſten down?
Again ſhall ſacrilegious fire devoure
Thy holy houſe where wee doe thee adore?
Then *Joachim* the prieſt of God moſt hie,
Who over *Juda* then had chiefe degrie,
Stood like a Pylot ſtout in tempeſt great,
Who ſeeing winde and weather for to threat,
Yet to his matter, his fear no terrour drawes,
Nor leaves his ſhip unto the wrackful waves:
But, with diſguiſing fear, his face up caſts,
And ſtoutly doth gainſtand the balefull blaſts:
Right ſo this prudent prelate ſent, in haſte,
Two hundred men to paſſe where men were plac't
In places ſtrong, and thence commanded them
For to repair unto *Jeruſalem*.
Now ſince th' Eternall did reveale his will,
Upon the ſacred top of *Syna* hill,
The Arke of God which wiſedom more did hold,
In Tables two, than all the *Greeks* have told;
And more than ever *Rome* could comprehend,
In huge of learned books that they ypend:
1 Sam. 4. 2 Sam. 6. Long wãdred it through trybes, through kin & kin,
And found no certain place of reſting in.
Yea, ſometime it the ſhamefull ſpoyl hath been
To ſacrilegious hands of *Paleſtine*,
Untill that time, that *Jeſſies* holy race,
Jeruſalem For ever lodged it in *Jebus* place.
But, for that *Davids* hands with bloud were fild,
Through infinits of humains hee had kild;
The king of peace would have a king of reſt
2 Sam. 7. To build his *Temple* far above the beſt:
His houſe, whoſe front upreard ſo high and eaven,
That lightlied earth, & ſeem'd to threat the heav'n,
Nabuchadnezar. Untill that wicked time a tyrant vile,
Of name and deed that bare the ſemble ſtile,
That did this king, that building brave he wrackt,
And to the ſacred ground all whole it ſackt.
Yet when, long after, *Abrahams* holy race,
Of *Tyger* banks had left the captive place, Eſd. 6.
Which combers great they reedifi'd with pain,
That moſt renowned houſe of God again.
Which though unto the firſt it ſeem'd as ſmall,
As to a Princes houſe a ſhepheards hall:
And though the hugeneſs were not as it was,
Yet ſure the height and beauty did ſurpaſs
And overſeil'd the famous worke of *Pharie*,
Epheſus Temple, and the tomb of *Carie*,
The *Rhodian Coloſſe*, and the *Caldean* wall,
That *Semiràme* ſet up with toufrets tall.
Alſo the wondrous work of this ſame Temple
Might ſerve a *Cteſiphon* for his exemple:
Lyſippus eke to carve by ſquare and line,
Or guide *Apelles* penſile moſt divine.
Heer in this place, all *Iſrael* moſt devout,
Withdrew themſelves to *Salem* round about;
As when the Heav'n his ſluces opens wide,
And makes the floods upon the ground to glide,
The brooks that break adoun from divers hils
With courſe impetuous till one deep diſtils.
Amongſt the Dames, that there devouteſt were,
The holy *Judith* faireſt did appear:
Like *Phœbus* that above the ſtars doth ſhine:
It ſeem'd that ſhee was made on mould divine.
This primate then aſſiſted with the kin
Ofgreat *Eleazar* (prieſts whoſe head and chin
Was never ſhav'n) devoutly on hee preaſt:
A pearled Myter on his balmed creaſt,
And with a holy Ald, with garnets ſpred,
And golden Bels, his ſacred body cled:
And ſlew, and burnt, the bulks (as was the guiſe)
Of many a kid, and calfe for ſacrifice:
And with their bloud, the Altars hornes hee dyed,
And praying thus, to God immortall cryed:
A praier. "O Lord of Hoſtes, wee com not unto thee,
" To wey our merits with thy majeſtie:
" Nor to proteſt before thy heavenly might,
" That ſackleſly, thy ſcourge doth on us light:
" But rather wee confeſſe (as true it is)
" Our ſins have juſtly merit more than this.
" But Lord, if thou thy covenant would forget,
" Which thou with *Abraham* made, and ſo wilt ſet
" For mercy great, thy juſtice moſt ſevear,
" Thou ſhould a greater plague upou us reare.
" Change then our proceſs from thy juſtice ſeat,
" And ſave us at thy throne of mercy great.
" Forgive us Lord, and hold, far from us all,
" Theſe plagues, that on our heads are like to fall.
Alas, what helpeth us thy heavie ſtroke,
To binde our necks to ſuch a ſervile yoke,
Wherewith the *Aſſyrian* tyrants long have grieved
Thine *Iſaac*, till their bondage thou relieved;
If ſo this native ground that new is tild,
If ſo theſe hoſtries new with folke refild,
If ſo (alas) our chaſte and modeſt Dames,
Our infants young, our Virgins good of fames,
Should be a prey to *Ammon*, and to *Perſe*,
To *Calde*, and the mutine *Parthian* fierce;
If that wee ſee this Altar made profane,
And witches it abuſe with Idols vain:

Yet

Yet Lord if thou no pity on us take,
At leaſt great God, doe (for thy glories ſake)
Have pity on this holy building now,
Where not a God hath ſacrifice, but thou:
Where not a God but thou haſt reſidence,
To feel the ſavour ſweet of frankinſence.
Hold back (O Lord) the *Caldean* creſſets bright
From theſe rich *Cedar* vaults of ſtately hight,
Preſerve theſe veſſels, ornaments of gold,
From ſacrilegious hands of neighbours bold:
And let the bloud of beaſts before thy face,
Thy juſtice ſtay, and grant thy ſervants grace.
This prayer done, the people went their way.
Then *Joachim* conven'd, that preſent day,
The Princes of all *Juda*, and them praid,
'Gainſt this miſchiefe for counſell, and thus ſaid:
Companions if your former zeal remain,
If ardent love to God yee ſtill retain:
If wife, or childe, may cauſe your care to love,
Which ſhould the Centers of your ſenſes move:
If in your breaſts a noble heart doth bide,
Let deed bear witneſs at this wofull tide.
For, ſaving God and your foreſight, in deed
Tis done, tis done with us, and all our ſeed:
And after this, th' *Immortall* ſhall not ſee
This altar fume before his majeſtee.
Compariſon. When th' *Air* is calme, and ſtill, as dead & deaf,
And under Hev'n quakes not an aſpin leaf,
When Seas are calme, and thouſand veſſels fleet
Upon the ſleeping ſeas with paſſage ſweet,
And when the variant winde is ſtill and lowne,
The cunning Pilot never can be knowne.
But when the cruell ſtorm doth threat the Bark
To drown in deeps of pits infernall dark:
While toſſing tears both ruther, maſt, and ſail:
While mounting ſeems the Azur ſky to ſcail:
While drives perforce vpon ſome deadly ſhore,
There is the Pilot known, and not before.
Alas, I pray you then what care and ſtrifes
Have wee to keep our honours, goods, and lifes?
Forget not then the care of this ſame place,
Your Countreyes weale, Gods glory and his grace:
But humbly give your ſelves into the hand
Of God moſt high, and with a holy brand
" Repurge your ſpirits from every hatefull ſin,
" Which cauſeth God his Juſtice to begin:
And ſee what may to God be agreeable,
For *Jacobs* weal, and for you profitable.
This ſaid: an ancient traytor, from his youth,
Who foſtred gall in heart, with hony in mouth,
Enforcing from his eyes ſome fained tear
(To cloke his malice) ſpake as yee ſhall hear.
The oration of a ſubtill worldling. My tougue mee fails, my hair for dread up-ſtarts,
My heavie ſpirit from penſive corps departs,
When I bethink mee of yone tyrant ſtout,
Who hath bedround the world with bloud about,
Approching threats our towns with fiery flames,
Our ſelfs with death, diſhonour to our Dames:
Yet when I call to minde the curtſie great,
That this great Lord doth uſe, who doth intreat
Not onely thoſe that beſtiall are become,
And have their hope in brutall Idols dome,
But even to zealous folke, who doe embrace
The faith, and law (like us) of *Abrams* race:
Who, being well adviſ'd, did humbly ſue
His pardon, and eſcap't his vengeance due;
Then thanke I God, who ſends us ſuch a foe,
As plagues the proud, and lets the humble goe:
For wee aſſoone ſhall vanquiſh him with teares,
As will be long to wrack him with our wears.
Then whil'ſt wee may have choice in either ſtate,
Of peace or wars, his favour or his hate;
Let us not follow (ſeeing skath at hand)
The folly of our Fathers to gain-ſtand:
But rather let us bear another ſaile,
And ſerve his king as beſt for our availe.
But think not yet, that I this counſell give
For craft, or warrant for my ſelfe to live,
For I have els my daies ſo neerly ſpent,
That for to die I could be well content.
Th' *Aſſyrian* need not in my breſt to ſtrike
His feathred Dart; nor yet his trembling pike:
Yea, if my youth to mee ſhould eft returne,
And make my youthly bloud within mee burne,
So honour I my God, and country dear,
That for to dye for them, I would not feare,
As *Samſon* did, if ſo my death might yield
The victory of the *Vizroy*, and the field.
But moſt I feare, leſt wee, with curious zeale,
Fight for the law, yet fight againſt her weale,
Againſt our ſelfs, to bring ſo great a wrack,
That proud, and cruell tyrants ſhall us ſack,
And grow in pride (ſuppreſſing *Judas* ſtrength)
For to contemn the glory of God at length.
For, *Iſrael* being loſt, who ſhall enſue,
To render heer to God devotions due?
What people ſparſed on this earthly ball
From *Indian* ſhoare to where the Sun doth fall,
Or from the Climate of the Northren blaſt,
Unto that place where ſommer ay doth laſt;
Hath God elect, ſave *Iſrael* for his owne
Upon his Hill to have his glory ſhowne?
At this the valiant *Cambris* of renowne,
With righteous rage grew pale, and gan to frowne,
And brake the ſilence with a vehement ſtile,
His courage mov'd the Princes all the while.
Nay rather where I ſtand let ope the ground,
(Quoth hee) to ſwallow mee in pit profound:
Yea rather righteous Heav'n let firy blaſt
Light on my head that thou on *Sodom* caſt,
Ere I my malice cloke or overſile,
In giving *Izac* ſuch a counſell vile.
For, if the Leader of this folk profane
Upon our bodies onely ſought to raigne,
Although that wee have dearly bought alway
Our freedom from our firſt maternall day
(Which dearer is than gold for to be kept)
I would aſſent, the holy Church except;
But ſince more pride this tyrants heart enroules
To lay a greater burden on our ſoules,
Who are the vaſſels of that onely King,
That Thunder ſends and ſcepters down doth thring;
'Should wee forget him who made us of nought,
'More thã all wõdrous things that he hath wrought
Who treats and loves us like our Father and King,
Still under ſhadowes of his wondrous wing?
Will hee that wee receive a Prince ambitious?
For God, a gods contemner, *Nimrode* vitious?

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Whoſe beaſtly life is of ſo vile a fame,
That of a man hee merits not the name?
Goe to, goe to, let men for men aſſay
With ſword and ſhot to deale it as wee may:
The victory lies not in mortall hands,
Nor barbed horſe, nor force of armed bands.
Theſe are but ſecond inſtruments of God;
Who, as him liſt, may ſend them even or od.
But if our ſoveraigne God wils ſuch annoy;
That folke uncircumcis'd our land deſtroy,
Becauſe wee him offend while wee have breath;
Alas, yet honour, honour him in death,
And, if wee loſe and all be overcome,
Let patience winne the glory of martyrdome.
For ſooth, though *Aſſurs* ſouldiers brave and bold
Extinguiſh quite the race of *Izak* old,
Yet ſhall they not deface the living Lord,
As theſe *Apoſtats* falſly doe afford.
For hee, who peopled firſt this world ſo round,
But with one man, from whom the reſt abound;
And who long after, in an arke of wood,
Repair'd the waſte, made by the generall flood;
May hee not eke transforme the hardned ſtone,
To people who will honour him alone?
And may not hee doe now, as hee hath done,
Who gave to *Abrams* barren wife a ſonne?
Them giving Children moe, than in the heaven
Are ſtarry Circles, light as fiery leaven: (Rack)
And moe, than Northren winds (that drive the
Of *Cyrene* ſands in number can compack;
Who will obſerve his law, an hundreth fold
More zealouſly than wee, who ſhould it hold.
'Then, fathers chuſe you wars: for better tels,
'To loſe like *Jewes*, than win like infidels.
'Let not the greede of gaine your hearts attame,
'To leave the right: preferre not feare to ſhame.
Scarce ended was th' Oration of this Lord,
When all the Princes (with a ſound accord)
By word and deed confirm'd his good advice.
The chiefe Prieſt, gladdeſt of this enterpriſe,
Unto the heav'n held up his hands and face,
And ſayd, I thank the Lord, who of his grace
'Conjoynes no leſſe our wils, than bolds our hearts:
'A ſure preſage, that God is on our parts.
This done unto his Princes hee divides
The tribes and towns, and ordains them for guides;
For feare leaſt ſome of them led with ambition
In *Iſrael* might ſtir-up ſome ſedition.
So they withdrew, and ſtoutly did provide,
This furious ſtorme of *Mars* for to abide.

Then as yee ſee ſometime the hony Bees
Exerce themſelves on buds of ſweeteſt trees,
Where they ſometime aſſault the buzzing waſpe,
That comes too neer, their flowers away to claſpe;
Or when they hony draw from ſmelling Thyme,
Or from the Palme, or Roſes of the prime:
And how they draw their wax with wondrous art,
Obſerving jointure juſt in every part,
Both up and down they build ten thouſand ſhops,
With equall ſpace fulfil'd up to the tops:
Or where the maſter Bee of thouſand bands,
Conducts the reſt in legions through the lands,
Who daily keeps within their Cities wall,
Their houſe, their work, their lawes & manners all:
So thus the ſons of *Jacob* ply'd their paine,
With hot deſire their quarrell to ſuſtaine.
Some built the breaches of their broken town,
That Heav'n, and *Panim* yre, had caſten down.
Some other found a cautell, 'gainſt the Ramme,
To ſave the wall unbroken, where it camme.
Thus *Jacobs* towns on all ſides had their flanks,
With *Gabions* ſtrong, with bulwarks & with banks.
Some others buſie went and came in routs
To terrace towers, ſome under baskets louts:
Some others alſo, wanting time and might
To ſtrength their towns, yet us'd all kind of ſlight,
To dig up ditches deep, for ciſterns good,
To draw to them the beſt and neereſt flood.
While th' Armorers with hammers hard & great
On ſtithies ſtrong the ſturdy ſteel doe beat,
And make thereof a corpſlet or a jacke,
Sometime a helm, ſometime a mace doe make,
While ſhepheards they enarme unus'd to danger,
While ſimple birds, & while the wandring ſtranger;
The tilling Culter then a ſpeare was made,
The crooked Sithe became an evened blade:
The people food forgets, no eaſe they take,
Some on a horſe, ſome on his proper backe,
Some on a Cart, ſome on a Camel bears
Come, wine, and fleſh, to ſerve for many years;
As done theſe *Emets*, that in ſommer tide,
Comes out in ſwarms their houſes to provide:
In harveſt time (their toyle may beſt be ſeen
In paths where they their carriage bring between)
Their youth they ſend to gather-in the ſtore:
Their ſick and old at home doe keep the ſcore,
And over grainels great they take the charge,
Oft turning corne within a chamber large
(When it is dight) leaſt it doe ſprout or ſeed,
Or come againe, or weevels in it breed.

Comparison.
Preparation of defence.
Comparison.

FINIS.

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THE SUMMARY OF THE SECOND BOOKE.

WEe have heard before, how the people of God used all diligence to maintaine the libertie of Gods true Religion and their Countrey. Now is set forth the extreme pride of Holophernes, *who thought with one word to overthrow them all. But to make himselfe some pastime, hee assembleth his Counsell to understand of them what people they were, that inhabited the Mountaines in the frontiers of* Judæa, *that durst make him resistance. Vpon this hee is informed by the mouth of one of his chiefe Captaines, of that which hee looked not for: to wit, a discourse of the Historie of the* Jewes, *from the time of* Abrahams *comming out of Caldea to enter into the land of Promise, unto their deliverance from the Captivity of Babylon, following the order of the times quoted by the holy Scriptures, with the praises of the providence of almighty God, in defending of his Church, and a sharp threatning to those that dare presume to disquiet the same. The chiefe Counsellors of the Heathen hearing this, became more cruell, incensing their Generall to murder this Captaine. But* Holophernes *with vaine ambition deferreth their bloudie request: and, after that hee had outraged him in words, hee further blasphemeth the living Lord. And lastly caused him to be bound hand and foot, and so carried neer to the City of Bethulia: where hee is by the besieged Souldiers brought into the City, and there declareth his case; exhorting them to continue constant, to God and their Countrey, and promiseth his assistance to his lives end.*

THE SECOND BOOKE OF JUDITH.

NOw *Holophern* in *Scithique* Rampier stood;
With stãdarts pight of youthly heathen blood;
Of nothing thinking lesse, than war and fight,
But in devising pastime day and night:
Till hee was war, that *Jacob* would advance,
Against his *Panim* force and arrogance.
A pack of what? a pack of countrey clowns
(Quoth *Holophern*) that them to battel bownes,
With beggers, bolts, and Levers to arrest
My warriors strong; with whom I have suppreſt
Both *Tigris* swift and fair *Euphrates* stream,
People of Asia. With frosty *Taurus*, and Rock *Niphatheame*,
Are they not wrackt? yee Chiefs of *Moabites*,
And valiant *Ephrem*, yee strong *Ammonites*:
Yee that as neighbours know this folke of old,
That scattered thus, doe all these Mountains hold:
Tell mee what men are they, of what off-spring,
What is their force, their customs and their King?
'For, wise is hee that wots with whom hee plaies,
'And halfe is victor, as the Proverb sayes.
The Lord of *Ammon* then with reverence due,
Right wisely, spake the Duke; and yet, for true,
Hee was a *Panim* both of faith, and kinde:
But so (with fained tongue) hee spake his mind,
And all the *Hebrews* acts discourst so well,
That *Esdr'* and *Moses* seem'd in him to dwell,
As did that sprite that made the Prophet blesse
The *Israelites*, whom *Balac* did addresse Num. 23.
To curse them all, and wage his covetous tongue,
Which spake contrary that hee would have song:
So please it you my Lord I shall discry
The story of *Isr'ell*: yet, so doing, I

Am

Am like the modeſt Bee, that takes but ſmall
Of every flower, though ſhee have choice of all:
For where ſhee liſt, the ſweeteſt off ſhee crops.
A brieſe diſcourſe of the eſtate of the Jews. These people that yee ſee on mountain tops,
Encamped in theſe crags, are of the line
Of *Abraham*; who (ſerving God divine,
That mighty God of gods who create all,
And firmly knit and built this mighty ball)
Came to this Land that then was tilde and ſown,
Gen. 12. And by the name of wealthy *Canaan* knowne:
Where onely God his wealth did multiply,
In goods, and ſilver, gold, and family.
And when of age hee was an hundred year,
His wife eke barren, never childe did bear;
God gave them *Iſaac*, ſweating that his ſeed
Should many Scepters rule, and Land beſpreed:
But, when that holy *Abraham* was old,
And hoped well the promiſe made ſhould hold
(O piteous caſe) *Th' immortall* voyce him ſpake,
Gen. 22. And bad him ſacrifice his ſonne *Iſaac*.
Then like a ſhip between two windes beſet,
Upon the raging Sea on both ſides bet,
In doubtſom fear, ne wots what way to keep,
Leſt one of them confound her in the deep:
Makes cloſe her ports, and ſlides on *Neptunes* back;
At pleaſure of the boyſterous windes to wrack:
So felt this *Hebrew*, in his heart to fight
Both love, and duty, reaſon, faith, and right.
Nor wiſt hee way to take: his troubled ſoule,
From this to that, continually did roule,
Untill the time, his heav'nly fear and love
His naturall earthly pitie did remove.
Then having built the fire and all, anone
His ſonne hee layd upon the ſacred ſtone,
And with a trembling hand the curtlaſſe drew,
With heav'd-up arm the ſtroke for to enſew;
When, lo, th' Eternall ſtaid the baleſull knife,
And down it fell, and ſpar'd the guiltleſſe life.
Then God, content to have ſo great aſſay
Of *Abrams* faith, defended him alway.
Of *Izac*, *Jacob* came, and *Jacob* than
Of valiant ſons had twelve in *Canaan*,
Who (forc't by famine) fled to *Egypt* Land:
Where for a while, their dwelling good they fand;
And grew ſo great in number, that they were
A fear to thoſe that had them harbour'd there.
And though th' *Egyptians* dayly them oppreſt,
Exod. 1. And burthens on their ſweating backs were dreſt:
Yet like the valiant *Palme* they did ſuſtaine
Their peiſant weight, redreſſing up againe.
This mov'd King *Pharo* to command through all
Great *Nilus* Land, where raine doth never fall,
Hee bad his folke ſhould ſlay (whereſo they came)
All children males, the ſeed of *Abraham*;
Aſſoon as they from mothers wombs were free,
Their day of birth ſhould be their day to die.
Exclamation. O cruell *Tiger*, think'ſt thou that this deed,
Of *Izak* may cut off th' immortall ſeed?
Well may it ſtay the ſucklings for to live,
And kil th' accuſtom'd fruit that heaven doth give:
But, ſpite of this, men *Jacobs* ſeed ſhall ſee
In flouring ſtate to rule all *Cananee*:
The firſt of every houſe ſhall feel the hand
And wrath of God againſt this law to ſtand.

It fortun'd *Pharo*'s daughter with her traine
Of Ladies faire, to play them on the Plaine,
Upon the ſhoar where *Goſſan* flood doth ſlide:
Where, after many paſtimes they had tride,
Shee hears an Infant weep amongſt the reeds.
Then, judging it for one of *Izaks* ſeeds,
As ſo it was (yet, with *Paternall* feare)
Againſt his piteous plaint ſhee clos'd her eare:
But after, viewing in that Infants face
I know not what of favour and of grace,
Which did preſage his greatneſſe to enſew;
Love vanquiſht law, and pity dread withdrew.
So from the flood not onely ſhee him caught,
But curiouſly ſhee caus'd him to be taught,
As her owne ſon. O ſon elect of God, Admiration.
That once ſhall rule the people with thy rod,
Thou haſt not found a ſervant for thy mother,
But even a Queen to nurſe thee, and none other.
"Now ſee how God, alwaies for his elect, Note.
"Of wicked things can draw a good effect:
"His providence hath made a wicked thing,
"Unto his owne, great profit for to bring.
"When *Joſephs* brether ſold him like a ſlave, Gen. 41.
"Hee after came a kingly place to have.
"Of *Haman* proud the darke envious hate
"Brought *Mardoche* the juſt to great eſtate. Eſth.
"For, where his enemy ſought his ſhamefull end,
"The ſame unto the worker hee did ſend.
This *Hebrew Moſes*, once as hee did keep
On *Horeb* mount his father *Jethro*'s ſheep: Father in Law.
Hee ſaw a fearfull ſight, a flaming fire
Encloſe a thorny buſh whole and entire:
From whence a mighty voyce unto him ſpake,
Which made the ground between the *Poles* to ſhake:
I am that One, is, was, and ay ſhall be, Exod. 3.
Who create all of nought, as pleaſeth mee.
I can deſtroy, I am the great and juſt,
The faire, the good, the *Holy* one to truſt.
Whoſe ſtrong right hand this world hath ſet in frame,
I am th' *Almighty God of Abraham*:
I plague my foes, and grant my ſervants grace,
All thoſe that knowledge mee, and all their race.
Then follow thou my will, and quickly goe
From mee, to that profane King *Pharao*,
Who holds the towrs of *Memphis* and the field,
Of *Nilus* ſhoar, that rich encreaſe doth yeeld;
And bid him let my people freely goe:
But, if with hardned heart, hee will not ſo,
Stretch out thy ſtaffe for to confirme thy charge,
And it ſhall turne into a *Serpent* large.
And this hee ſhortly did, the thing to prove:
It quickned, lo, and on the ground gan move.
(O Miracle) hee ſaw without all faile,
It grew a *Serpent* fell with head and taile:
Which crangling crept, and ran from trod to trod
In many a knot, till time th' almighty God
Commanded him the ſame for to retaine,
Which to the former ſhape return'd againe.
Thus ſiling humain ſight, it changed form;
One while a Rod, one while a creeping Worm.
Then armed with his ſtaffe, the Lord him ſent,
The proud idolatrous Princes to torment.
Hee, in the name of God, full oft did pray
The King, to let the *Hebrews* goe their way

Unto

Unto the Desart, where hee did devise,
To offer God a pleasant sacrifice.
But *Pharo* clos'd his eare against the Lord,
And to his holy word would not accord.
Then God th' Eternall wrought by *Moses* hand,
Exod.7. T' approve his word, great wonders in that Land.
For hee not onely Rivers turnd to blood:
But also all the heads of *Nilus* flood
(Which watreth wealthy *Egypt* with his sources)
Was turnd to bloud amid their silver courses:
So that the King himselfe, his life to feed,
Was faine to use such water for his need.
Exod.8. This *Moses* made the frogs in millions creep,
From floods and ponds, & craule from ditches deep:
Who cled all *Misraim* with their filthy fry,
Exod.9. Even on the King and all his family.
To young and old of either Sex that while,
Hee sent a plague of scalding botches vile:
So that the *Memphites*, laid on beds to rest,
With uncouth venim daily were oppresst:
To *Medciners*, the medcine vailed not;
So sore the poisond plague did undercot.
Hee also smote the forrests, herbs, and grass,
The flocks of sheep and every beast that was:
Through poyson of th' infected ground so fell,
The morrain made them all to die or swell:
So that the Shepheard, by the river side,
His flock hath rather dead than sick espide.
Hee, earthly dust to lothly lice did change,
Exod.10. And dim'd the Aire, with such a cloud so strange
Of flies, grashoppers, hornets, clegs and clocks,
That day and night through houses flew in flocks,
That with incisions sharp did sheare the skins
Of *Egypt Panims*, through their proudest ynnes.
And when the heaven most quiet seemd & fair,
Th' Eternall sent a tempest through the air,
And (at this *Hebrew*'s prayer) such a reare
Of thunder fell, that brought them all in feare.
Heer lay a Bull, that woodran while hee brast:
There lay the Keeper, burnt with thunder blast:
And now the forrest high, that hid the air
With many a spreeding arme, is spoild and bare:
So that the sap that grafters keep with paine,
Which should restore the stock, and leafe again,
Is lost (alas) in lesse than halfe a day,
The husbands hoped fruit gone to decay.
What more? th' Eternall darkned so the sky,
For three dayes space none could another spy:
That cloud, so thick, the *Memphis* rebels fand,
That they might firmly feel it with their hand:
It seem'd that *Phœbus* left his ancient Round,
And dwelt three daies with men of underground.
" And as the sun at one selfe time is felt,
" With heat to harden clay, and wax to melt:
" So *Amrams* sacred son. in these projects,
" Made one selfe cause, have two contrair effects.
" For, *Izak* humbly knew the Lord divine:
" But *Pharo*, more and more, did still repine;
" Like to the corpslet colde, the more 'tis bet
Exod.11. Heire. " With hammers hard, more hardnes it doth get.
Yet when his son was slain by th' *Angels* hand,
Amongst the eldest heirs of *Ægypt land*;
Hee was afraid, and let them goe that night,
Where pleased them to serve their God of might:
Who sent a cloud before them all the day,
By night a Pillar of fire to guide their way.
But suddenly this tyrant did gain-stand
His former grant, and armd all *Ægypt* Land
With hot pursute against all *Jacobs* hoast,
That were encamped on the Red-sea coast.
Such noyse was never, since the forrain tide
Brak through *Gibralter*, when it did divide
The *Calp*, from *Abill*, or when *Sicill* strand
Divorced was from her *Italia* Land;
As was in these two camps: that one, with boast,
That other with their wailings fild the coast:
It seemd the sounds of furious horse and men,
With hornes and pypes, to heav'n resounded then.
O Jugler said the *Jews*, what hatefull strife
Exod. 14. They murmur. Hath moved thee to change our happy life?
What? are wee fishes, for to swim the seas?
Or are wee fowles, to fly whereas wee please,
Beyond the Sea? or over hils to soar?
Was there not graves for us on *Gossen* shoar;
But, in this desart heer to die, or have
The bloud-red *Ocean* Sea, to be our grave?
Then *Moses*, with his quickned rod, that tide,
Hee smote the sea, which (fearefull) did divide;
Discovering land that Sun had never seen,
And staid the Sea, as there two wals had been:
Which made a passage dry of ample space,
For all to passe who were of *Isaacs* race:
But contrary the Red-sea did devower
The barbrous tyrant with his mighty power,
Who proudly durst himselfe to that present,
Which opened but to save the innocent.
O happy race, since God doth arm for thee,
Both fire and aire, the windes, the clouds and sea,
(Which all unto thy pay have whole inclinde)
Let not consuming time weare out of minde
So rare a grace; but let thine elders shew
This to their noble seed that shall ensew:
And let their sons, unto their sons record
Through all the world these wonders of the Lord.
God, with Cœlestiall bread (in time of need)
Exod.6. His loved *Jacob* forty years did feed:
And gave them water from the solid stone,
Which of it selfe had never moisture none.
Their caps, their coats, & shooes, that they did wear,
God kept all fresh and new full forty year.
And farther, lest their soules, for want of food,
Should faint or faile; hee, of his mercies good,
Exod.20 Gave them his Law, pronounced by his voyce,
His spirit to theirs, in him for to rejoyce:
So teaching them, and us in precepts ten,
Our duty first to God, and next to men;
To th' end that man to man should truly stand,
And joyne with God, and never break that band.
This mighty Prophet dead: Duke *Josua* than, Josuah.
Their Captaine stout, this *Palmy* province wan:
Through might of God, hee Scepters did subdew
Of thirty tyrant Kings, whom all hee slew.
At his commandment like the thunder sound,
The Rampers strong fell fearefully to ground,
Before the *Tortuse*, or the horned Ramme,
Had bet, or myned, from their wall a dramme:
For, even of hornes, full hoarse, their simple blast
An engine was, their towres adown to cast.

Hee

Hee pray'd the heav'n for to prolong the day,
And made the horſes of the Sun to ſtay;
To th'end, the night ſhould not with cloud be cled,
To ſave the faithleſs, that before him fled.
Now when this *Panim* ſcourge (with age at laſt)
Had left this life, and unto heaven paſt;
Then *Iſaac* had of Rulers ſundry men,
Whoſe glorious acts deſerve eternall pen.
Judges. Who knowes not *Samgar*, *Baruc*, and *Othoniel*?
The valiant *Delbor*, *Ahud* and good *Samuel*?
What Land (O *Sampſon*) rings not thy renown,
Who ſole, unarmed, bet an Army down?
What laud to *Jephthe* juſtly might wee low,
Had hee not hurt his own through haſty vow?
What hill or dale, what flood or fixed ground,
Doth not the famous *Gedeons* praiſe reſound?
In later time, their Kings ſome good, ſome bad,
Of all the *Hebrew* ſtate they ruling had.
Had I the Harpe of *David* (holy King)
None other ſound but *David* would I ſing.
But, even as all the deeds that *David* did,
Could not be done by none, but by *David*:
So none but *David*, on his yv'rie harp,
The glorious praiſe of God could onely carp.
But, heer, his praiſe I preaſe not to proclaime,
Leſt I through want of skill obſcure the ſame:
Salomon. Yet leave I not his Son, whom grace divine
Made no leſſe rich, than wondrous of ingine:
Whoſe doctrine drew to *Salem* from all where,
A hundred thouſand wyzards him to heare:
From *Araby*, from *Ynde*, to *Affrik* ſhore,
His tongue entyſte them with his cunning lore.
Joſias. Shall I forget the King, who overthrew
Idolatrie, and plac't religion dew?
Hezekiah Jeruſalem Aſa. Shall I forget that King, who ſaw deſcend
A winged *Hoaſt*, *Solyma* to defend?
Shall I forget him, who before his een,
Enchaſt the bands of *Chus* on *Gerar* Green?
Joſaphat. Shall I forget him, who preparing fight
'Gainſt *Ammon*, *Seir*, and *Moabs* Idoll might,
Saw each of their three hoaſts on others fall,
And with themſelfs their ſelfs diſcomfit all?
Yet, for their ſins God gave them in the hands
Of *Calde* Kings, who conquered all their Lands:
And took King *Zedekee*, and made an end
Of that Impire; till God did *Cyrus* ſend,
Who ſet them free, and gave them of his grace
Two rulers of their owne. And now this place
Is kept by ſacred *Joachim*, whoſe powers
Conſiſts not onely within *Sions* towers;
But, *Edom*, *Sidon*, *Moab*, and wee all
Do know his ſtrength and knowes him principall.
Now Sir, you heare the progreſſe firſt and laſt
Of *Iſaacs* race in order as it paſt.
One while the Lord enhaunſt them to the skie:
One while hee drew them down in deep to lie,
'But were he Judge, or Prince, or King of might,
'Who rul'd the *Hebrews* policy aright;
'While they obſerv'd th'alliance made before
'By their forefathers, who to God them ſwore,
'In happy ſtate all others they ſurpaſt:
'And under foot their proudeſt foes were caſt:
'And all the world, that their deſtruction ſought,
'Againſt their ſtate, and name prevailed nought.
'But, contrary, as oft as they aſtrayd
'From God their guide, he on their ſhoulders layd
'The Barbare yoak of *Moab*, and oft-times
'Of *Paleſtine* and *Ammon* for their crimes,
'The heavie hand of God was ſeen to be,
'On their ingratefull infidelity.
Now, if ſo be that any odious ſin
Provoke their Lord his Juſtice to begin:
Then mine not you their towers and tourets tall,
Nor bring the wrackſome engine to their wall:
Nor place thy battries brave, nor yet adventer,
With thy courageous camp, the breach to enter.
For, if *Libanus* mount, or *Carmel* faire
Or *Niphathai* ſhould parke them from repaire:
If *Ynde* and *Nilus* with the *Rhene* and *Rhone*
To cloſe them round about, ſhould run in one,
For their defence: yet ſhall they not withſtand
(With all their force) thy furious fighting hand,
But if they have not broke the band indeed
That God with *Abraham* made and with his ſeed;
Beware, my Lord, beware to touch or move
Theſe people that the Lord ſo much doth love.
For, though ſouth *Autan* would diſpeople his lāds,
And bring the blackeſt *Moores* to ſwarm in bands:
If *Northren Boreas*, under his banners cold,
Would bring to field his hideous Souldiers bould:
If *Zephyrus* from ſweet *Heſperia* coaſt,
Would ſend his choſen armed men to *Hoſte*:
If *Eurus*, for to aid thine enterpriſe, (riſe:
Would bring his men from whence the Sun doth
Yet all their numbers huge, and forces ſtrong,
Can never doe to *Iſr'el* any wrong,
Nor hurt one hair, if their great God ſay nay.
That God will them defend, becauſe hee may
With one ſmall blaſt confound all Kings that dar
(As thou doſt now) provoke him unto war.
Then like as yee behold the quiet Sea
Not raging when the windes ingendring be:
But, blaucheth firſt, then growes in little ſpace,
In wallowing waves to flow with foamy face,
And laſtly beats the banks, and ſhips unſhrouds,
With wrackfull waves uphoiſt to higheſt clouds.
So, almoſt all the Princes of that hoſte,
With inward anger gan to be emboſte,
As oft as they the praiſe of God did heare;
So to his ſpeech encreaſt their ſpitefull cheare:
Which, in the end, to blaſphemie them brought,
Th'immortall God of Gods to ſet at nought.
Kill and cut off (quoth they) this traytor ſine,
Whoſe ſubtill talke, with all his whole ingine,
Pretends to ſave theſe *Hebrews* from our hands,
And threats us with vaine Gods of forrain Lands:
For if it pleaſe you (noble Prince) to ſend
But twenty men of value that are kend,
Within your camp, theſe reckleſs rebels then
Shall be a prey to all your warlike men.
(O wicked wight!) but then the *Vizroy* ſtout,
With power, appeas'd the murmur of the rout:
And to him ſaid: O ſhameleſs *Prophet* thou
What *Sibyll*, or what charmer tell mee now?
What Divell or *Dæmon* ſo doth thee inſpire,
That *Iſr'el* ſhall of us have his deſire:
Such men, as with no God can be content,
But ſuch as pleaſed *Moſes* to invent,

Of

Blaſphemy.

Of his owne head: a God that hath no power
For to deliver them, nor thee this hower.
Have wee another God or King of kings
Than our great Perſian *Monark* now that rings?
Whoſe barded horſe ore-runs the Nations all,
Whoſe armed men, out of theſe mountains tall,
Shall rake theſe rebels that from *Egypt* came
To this, where they unjuſtly keep the ſame.
Die, die, thou ſhalt, O wretch: thy tongue untrue,
And double heart ſhall have their wages due.
But, foole, what ſpeake I thus? no haſte, a while:
Thy blood (O villaine) ſhall not mee defile,
So juſt a paine, ſo ſoon thou ſhalt not have,
For thy deceit, ſo ſoon to goe to grave.
'For in a wretches ſudden death at ones
'Their longſome ill is buried with their bones.
But to that end I may prolong thy ſtrife,
In *Bethul* town I will prolong thy life:
Where every houre, thou ſhalt have ſuch affray
To die undead a thouſand times a day, (thought
Till time with them who thou ſo ſtrong haſt
To ſhamefull end with them thou ſhalt be brought.
What? wherefore trembleſt thou and art ſo pale?
What ſorrow makes thy heart ſo ſoon to faile?
If God be God, as thou right now haſt ſaid,
Then of thy faith give witneſs undiſmay'd.
A Marſhall of the camp then being preſt
(Who was not yet ſo cruell as the reſt)
There took this demy Pagan (*Ammons* Lord)
And ſent him bound to *Bethul* (with a cord).
Then even as in his clawes the kite doth beare
The chirping chicken, through the weather cleare,
While that the cackling hen, below on ground,
Bewailes her bird with vain lamenting ſound:
So in like woe his worthy men were left,
For that ſo worthy a chief was them bereft.
The Townſmen then beholding neer their wall
Theſe *Miſcreants*, to armour ſtraight they fall,
Yclad in plate and mail, they run in bands,
And fiercely front their foes with ſteel in hands;
As faſt as done the rivers downe the hils,
That with their murmurs huge the deeps up-fils.
The Heathen, ſeeing this, retyr'd away,
And left the Lord of *Ammon* for a prey
To th' *Hebrew* ſouldiers; who did him conſtraine,
Though hee was willing, with them to remain.
When all the folke with preaſe about him paſt,
His eyes and hands up to the pole hee caſt,
'And thus hee ſpake: O God that great abides
'Upon th' Immortall ſeat, and juſtly guides
'The ruled courſe of Heav'n, whoſe living ſpreet
'Reviving ſpreads, & through all things doth fleet;
'I render thee, O God, immortall prayſe,
'For that before I end my wofull dayes,
'Now from th' unfruitfull ſtock thou doſt me race,
'To graft mee in thy fruitfull tree of grace;
'Where in deſpight of all contrary ſtrife,
'I ſhall bring forth the fruits of laſting life.
And yee, O *Jacobs* ſons, think not at all
That I of purpoſe captive am and thrall,
So that I meane hereby your wrack to bring;
For, God hee knowes, I think not ſuch a thing:
But I am captive thus, becauſe I told,
What wondrous works the Lord hath done of old,
To you and your forefathers ever ſtill,
Deliv'ring them that would obey his will.
Then doubt not you a thouſand flaffing flags,
Nor horrid cries of hideous heathen hags:
Coole not your hearts. For, if the world about
Would compaſſe you with all their warriors ſtout
(Providing firſt yee ſeeke your help at need
At power divine, and not at mortall ſeed)
You ſurely ſhall ſee *Mocmurs* renning flood,
Made red, with *Aſſurs* hoſte and *Ethnique* blood:
Yee ſurely ſhall ſee men, not us'd to fight,
Subdue their foes, that ſeem of greater might.
The hand of God aſſails you not with hate:
But, for your weale, your pride hee will abate;
To let you wit, it is within his power
To leave or to relieve you every hower.
As on th' unſavory ſtock the lilly's borne,
And as the roſe growes on the pricking thorne:
So modeſt life, with ſobs of grievous ſmart
And cryes devout, come from an humbled heart.
For, even the faithfull flock are like the ground,
That for good fruit, with weeds will ſtill abound,
If that the ſhare and culter idle lie
That rives the ſoyle, and roots the brambles bye:
But, in the end, God will his ire relent,
Aſſoone as ſinners truely will repent;
And ſave you from theſe plagues that preſent be,
In ſhorter time than yee doe think to ſee. (tears:
Take courage, friends, and vanquiſh God with
And, after, wee ſhall vanquiſh with our wears
Theſe enemies all. Now, if there reſt in mee
The former force that once was wont to be:
If elde have not decay'd my courage bold,
That I have had with great experience old:
I render mee to ſerve you to my end,
For *Jacobs* weale, Gods law for to defend.

FINIS.

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THE SUMMARY OF THE THIRD BOOKE.

IN this third booke, the Poet *setteth forth the siege of* Bethulia, *and the extremity that God permitted them to feele, thereby to give an entry to his miraculous deliverance; who is accustomed to lead his people to the gates of death, and from thence to retire them above all humain expectation, to the end they should confesse that the arme of flesh, nor worldly wisedome, maintaines not the Church: but the onely favour of the Almighty, to whom the whole glory of dutie should be rendred. Further, three principall things are to be noted: First, the preparation of the besiegers, and the defences of the besieged; and how after, through the counsell given to* Holophernes *for the restraint of the water from the towne, ensues a furious assault, which the Iewes repelled with great paine: Secondly, the extreme desolation through want of water, whereof proceedeth sundrie sorts of death, with lamentations, murmurations, and danger of mutinie within the Citie, and how the governour endeavours himselfe with wise and godly admonitions to appease the same: But the commons, in this hard estate regarding no reason, required to render the Citie, rather than to perish in such apparent misery. The Governour, being carried with a humaine prudence, promiseth to render the Towne within five dayes, if God send them no succour. Yet such is the estate of Gods Church in this world that when all things faileth, God manifesteth his power. And therefore in the third part is* Judith *introduced, who (being especially moved by the reading of holy Scriptures) is encouraged to deliver her Countrey: but when shee understood the resolution of the Magistrates, Shee (being in estimation honourable) modestly reproves them. After their excuse shee promiseth to attempt something for the publike weale: not showing her devise, but onely desired to have passage by night unto the enemies campe, and this is granted.*

THE THIRD BOOK OF JUDITH.

THe Snoring snout of restless *Phlegon* blew
Hot on the *Yuds*, and did the day renew
With Scarlet sky, when *Heathen* men awook
At sound of drum: then pike and dart they took,
In order marching, and to combat cals
Th' undaunted sons, within their Cities wals.
The meads in May with flowers are not so deck't
Of sundry savours, hews, and seere effect,
As in this campe were people different far
In tongues and manners, habits, tents, and war.
Yea *Chaos* old, whereof the world was founded,
Of members more confuse, was not compounded:
Yet soundly they in union did accord
To wage the war against th' *Almighty* Lord,
Who shakes the *Poles*, whose only breath doth beat
Libanus mount, and makes *Caucasus* sweat.
There came the *Kettrinks* wilde, of cold *Hircania*,
Joyn'd with the men of great and lesse *Armania*,
With coppintanks: and there the *Parthian* tall
Affaid to shoot his shafts, and flee withall.

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The *Persians* proud (th' Empire was in their hands)
With plates of gold, surbraved all their bands.
The *Medes* declar'd through fortunes overthwart
They lost their Scepter, not for lack of heart:
And that no costly cloath nor rich array,
Nor painting fine, that on their face they lay,
Nor borrowed hair, of faire and comely length,
Might ought impair their ancient pow'r & strength.
There were the happy *Arabs*, those that build
In thatched wagons, wandring throw the field.
The subtill *Tyrians*, they who first were clarks,
That stayd the wandring words in leaves and barks.
The men of *Moab*, *Edom*, *Ammon*, and
The People sparst on large *Elimia* Land.
The learned *Memphians*, and the men that dwell
Neer to the *Æthiopians* black and fell:
In short, the most of *Asia* (as it wair)
Encamped was within that army fair.
So that this Duke moe forrain souldiers lad
Than all the *Hebrews* native people had.
But they, who did the *Hebrews* greatest wrong,
Were *Apostats* of *Ephrem* fierce and strong:
Who fought with hatefull hearts, them to deface,
Lest they should be esteem'd of *Is'acs* race.
Then, as in time of spring the water 's warme,
And crowping frogs like fishes there do swarme;
But with the smallest stone that you can cast
To stir the streame, their crouping stayes as fast:
So while *Judea* was in joyfull dayes,
The constancy of them was worthy praise:
For that in every purpose yee should heare
The praise of God, resounding every where;
So, that like burning candles they did shine
Among their faithfull flock, like men divine.
But, look how soon they heard of *Holophern*,
Their courage quail'd and they began to dern:
Their ardent zeale with closed mouth they choake;
Their zeale too hot return'd to fuming smoak:
The feare of losse of life, and worldly good,
Brought Infidels to shed their brothers blood.
Alas, how many *Ephramites* have wee,
In our unhappy time, all which wee see
Within the Church like hypocrites to dwell;
So long as by the same they prosper well;
Who feine a zeale, th' Evangill to maintaine,
So long as serves their honour or their gaine:
But turne the chance with some contrary winde;
So that their browes but halfe a blast doe finde;
Then faint their hearts, and they seek other way
Like bankers-out their God they disobey,
Discyphring then their malice to be more
To Gods contempt, than was their zeale before;
And fight against the Lord with greater hate,
Than *Celsus* did, or *Julian* Apostate.
The *Hebrews* now, from height of houses faire,
Who saw so many banners beat the aire,
And men to march against their forces small,
Who now might well deeme their feeble wall;
They swoun with fear, and sand none other aid,
But of that God, to whom their fathers prayd.
O father (quoth they) father, holy King,
Who shields us alwayes underneath thy wing;
Since now the world against us doth conspire,
Defend us mighty Lord wee thee require.

Thus having humbly prayd the Lord of might,
The *Governour* renforc't his watches wight,
And fires at midnight built in every way;
Which made the night appear as clear as day;
And wakerife through the corpsgard oft hee past:
And thought that *Phœbé* hyed her course too fast
With hortes paile to steale away the night,
To leave the *Hebrews* to their enemies sight.
Again, the *Pagan* thought shee did but creep,
Or that with *Latmies* son shee was on sleep.
" But humane wishes never have the power
" To haste or hold the course of heav'n one hower.
Then as *Aurora* rose with sanguine hew,
And our *Horizon* did the day renew;
The *Vizroy* made a thousand trumpets sound,
To draw his scattered Cornets to a Round,
Who from all parts with speed assembled were
About the Generals tent his will to heare:
As doe the hounds about their Hunt at morne
Come gladishing at hearing of his horne.
Now when the town his summons did disdain,
To conquer it perforce hee plyde his pain:
And there, th' *Ingsners* have the *Trepan* drest,
And reared up the *Ramme* for batt'ry best:
Heer bends the *Briccoll*, while the cable cracks,
There Crosbowes were uprent with yron Racks.
Heer crooked *Corvies*, fleeing bridges tall,
There Scathfull *Scorpions*, that ruyne the wall.
On every side they raise with joynture meet,
The timber tow'rs for to command each street.
The painfull Pioners, wrought against their will,
With fleaks and fagots, ditches up to fill:
Or under ground they delve in dust with pain,
To raise a mount, or make a mount a plaine,
Or Caverns cut, where they might souldiers hide,
T' assaile the town at sudden unespide.
Some ladders dress to scale the wall, or els
To steal upon the sleeping *Sentinels*.
Some undermine, some other undertooke
To fire the gate, or smore the town with smoak:
The greatest part did yet in trenches lurke,
To see what harme their ingines first would work,
That if the wall were bet, they would not faile
With brave assault the Citie to assaile.
There *Mars*, tow'r-myner, there *Bellona* wood,
Enforced feeble cowards to suck blood.
There hideous horses, braying loud and clear,
There *Pagans* fell, with clamour huge to hear,
Made such a din as made the heav'n resound,
Retented hell, and tore the fixed ground.
Yet, God who keeps his watch above the skies
For his elect, who never idle lyes;
Tooke pitie on his people in that tide,
Repressing (part) this cruell Princes pride,
In causing all the chiefes of *Moabites*,
Of *Edom* strong, and awfull *Ammonites*
To speake him thus, and thus him terrors drest.
O Prince, that Scepter bears above the rest,
And gives them law, and holds the world in thrall,
Set not thy souldiers to assault this wall.
For neither bowe, nor sling, nor weapons long,
Nor sword, nor buckler, will be found so strong
As is this threatning rock whose mighty corse
Sustaines their wall of such eternall force.

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That thou canſt make no ſcallade on no coſte,
But on the corpſes dead of halfe thine hoſte.
, The victor can no honour juſtly clame
, To loſe the men who ſhould advance the ſame.
, O valiant Prince, that fiſher is not fine,
, Who for a frog will loſe a golden line.
, The holy headband ſeems not to attyre
, The head of him, who in his furious yre
, Prefers the pain of thoſe that have him teend
Before the health and ſafety of one freend.
You may (my Lord) you may in little ſight,
Subdue theſe Roags and not to loſe a knight.
Surpriſe mee firſt their chiefeſt water-ſpring,
From whence theſe rebels do their conduits bring;
Then drought ſhall drive them from their whole
Incords to yeeld them to thine excellence. (defece,
, The noble Lion never ſleas the leaſt;
, But alway preys upon ſome worthy beaſt.
, The thunder throwes his ſulphred ſhafts adowne
, On *Atlas* high, or on cold *Riphes* crowne.
, The tempeſt fell more fervently doth fall
, On houſes high, than on the homely hall:
So you my Lord need not to preaſe your power,
Againſt ſuch foes as will themſelves devour.
Sir, this is not for favour or for meed,
Nor that this Cities ſack may cauſe our dread:
Nor that wee meane thy high attempts to ſtay.
For, ere wee from thy ſtandarts ſtir away,
For thee th' immortall Gods wee ſhall defie:
For thee, wee ſhall breake down their altars hie:
For thee, wee frankly ſhall purſue and thole
Th' eternall heat and cold of either *Pole*:
For thee, our hardy hands ſhall help to tear,
From *Jove* and *Neptune*, both their Eagle & ſpear:
For thee the ſon for father ſhall not care,
Nor father ſon, nor brother brother ſpare.
Now, *Holopherne*, to conqueſt whole inclin'd,
And weighing well this counſell in his minde;
Diſmiſſed from his camp a galliard rout
Of men to guard the Rivers round about,
This ſtratagem the *Hebrews* well might know,
To ſee their fountaines run with paſſage flow.
Then manfully their ſouldiers out they ſend
Againſt their foes, the water to defend.
There fought the *Pagan* for to win him fame:
The *Hebrew* meant, he would not die with ſhame.
Together ſoon they ſhock with hatefull yre,
And firſt they forc't the heathen to retyre:
Who (turning face) again doe them purſew,
And win the vict'ry from the victors new.
So doubtfull was the fight, none could define
(Save God) to whom the vict'ry would incline;
Till *Iſr'el* was on all ſides overcled
With clouds of ſhot: then to their town they fled,
As doth the *Pilgrim* paſſing through the Plain,
Who is beſet with tempeſt, haile or rain,
Who leaves his way, and ſeeks himſelfe to hide
Within ſome cave, or hollow mountain ſide.
The *Panims* them purſu'd without all pitie,
And *Pelmel* entred almoſt in the Citie,
At open gate. Then roſe the cry unſweet
Of fearfull folke who fled in every ſtreet,
And rent their hair and their affrighted face,
As Panims elſe had won that holy place.

How flee you cowards now, and leave your port?
(The Captain ſayes) have yee another fort?
Think yee to finde for ſafety of your crowne
In this *Bethulia* another *Bethull* towne?
(Alas) if yee make no defence at all.
While time this tyrant is without your wall;
How dare you him reſiſt, when hee hath won
This fort of yours, from which yee feeble run?
The cõmons wth this check, brought to their powrs,
Where *Cambris* and Sir *Carmis*, like two tow'rs,
Stood at th'aſſaulted gate, & did withſtand
The heathen hoſte with each of them in hand
An yron mace (in ſtead of launces long)
And brazen bucklers beating back the throng:
Their habergeons like ſtiddies ſtithe they baire
With helmets high and pennons pight in aire:
Of equall age they were, and equall length,
Of equall courage, and of equall ſtrength,
Like Poplers twain that reacheth up their tops,
And hold their heads ſo high that none them crops;
But on the Rivers ſide doe ſweetly ſway
Like Germain brether hailſing oft a day.
The *Heathen*, ſeeing thus the *Jews* deſcend,
With edge of ſword their Citie to defend;
They left th' aſſault, and thence retyring went
(As they commanded were) unto their tent.
But when I think how thirty dayes that town
Tormented was with miſchiefe up and down:
Too ſad a ſong I cannot heer invent
So great a ſadneſſe right to repreſent:
My hand for horror ſhakes, and now no more
Can lead my ſacred pen as erſt before.
For, now mine eyes that watred are with tears,
Declare my matter all of miſchiefe bears.
Oh Sprite, from whence all ſprite & life doth com,
Thou loos'd the tongue of *Zacharie*, quite dom;
And ſent thy *Heralds* through the world to preach
Thy name, and in a hundreth tongues to teach,
Guide thou my pen, and courage to mee lend,
That to thy honour I this work may end.
Although that *Iſ'ac* ſaw on every hand
A world of folke againſt his town to ſtand;
Yet (tracting time) hee thought he would provide
No leſs to keep, than coole th' Aſſiegers pride:
But, when they found the conduits cut and rent,
By which, their water to their town was ſent;
Their courage bold, and all their cracks (alas)
As liquor fail'd, ſo did their ſtoutneſs paſs.
Their Lords, preferring death to bondage vile,
Made them beleeve the thing did them beguile:
To wit, they gave men hope that they might keep
Sufficient wat'r in wels and ciſterns deep,
Through all the town, the people to relieve,
That thirſt ſhould not the ſouldiers greatly grieve.
The Magiſtrates indeed had great regard
To ſee this water wiſely ſpent, and ſpar'd
That Bottell ſwet, which ſerved at the firſt
To keep the life, but not to ſlocken thirſt.
When wels grew drie, the Commons ran in rage, A vive deſcription of thirſt.
And ſought out every ſink their thirſt t' aſſwage:
And drank with longſom draught the pools in haſte,
To quench their thirſt with ill contented taſte:
Which poyſoned ayr, enfect their pureſt breath;
Whereby the drinker drank his preſent death.

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O wretched folke who felt so hard a strife!
Drink, or not drink, both waies must loose their life.
For, hee that drank, and hee that did refrain,
Had of their enemies both an equall pain.
For why? the water vile slew them throughout,
No lesse, than did their enemies them about.
That wretched towne had never a street nor rew,
But *Parcas* there had found some fashion new
To murder men, or martyr them with fears,
As mov'd the most indurate heart to tears,
If so much water in their brains had been,
As might forbear a drop to wet their een.
There plain'd the old man, that the souldier strong
Had reft his Bottell from his head with wrong:
But while he spake, his heart (for thirst) did faint,
And life him left, which frustrate his complaint.
The souldier brave, Oh heart breake for to tell,
His proper uryne drank, thirst to expell.
The wofull mother with her spettle fed
Her little childe halfe dead in cradle-bed.
The Lady with her Lord at point of death,
Embracing falls and yeelds their latest breath.
"For, cruell thirst came out of *Cyrene* Land,
"Where shee was fostred on that burning sand,
"With hot intracted tongue, and sonken een,
"With stomack worn, and wrinkled visage keen,
"With light and meigre corse and pallid vains,
"In stead of blood that brimstone hot retains:
"Her poyson'd mouth blew, throw that holy town,
"Such hellish ayr, that stifled up and down
The Arters of the *Jewes* in such a way,
That nought was seen but burialls night and day:
So that the heav'n to see their dolours deep,
Could scarsly keep his course, but preas'd to weep:
And would have joyn'd his tears to their complaint,
If God of hoasts had made them no restraint.
Yea, I my selfe must weep, who cannot speak
The woes, that make my heavie heart to break,
And so will silent rest, and not rehearse,
But counterfait the Painter (in my verse)
Who thought his colours pale coud not declare
The speciall woe, King * *Agamemnon* bare,
When sacrificed was his onely race;
With bend of black, hee bound the fathers face.
Now while the people were in this estate,
And with their Princes wrangling in debate,
They thus besought the Lord for to decide
Between their simpless and their Princes pride:
The Lord be Judge of that which ye have wrought,
And what your wicked counsels have us brought.
If you had offred peace to this great Lord
At first, wee might have won him to accord;
Then happy happy dayes wee might have seen,
And not so many souldiers murdred been.
Alas, what hope have wee within this hold?
Our enemies are more meek a thousand fold,
Than are our owne. They, haps, would us preserve:
Our wilfull owne pretends to see us sterve.
Our children doe our childrens weal denay,
And headlong haste unto their owne decay.
Wee know, O Lord, the breaking of thy Law,
Hath caused thee this sword on us to draw:
And justly thou thine yrefull bow dost bend,
On our unloyall heads the shot to send.
But thou, who dost not long retain thine ire
Against thine own, thy mercy wee require.
Change thou the purpose of our fooliish guides,
And of these *Heathen* armed at our sides:
Or else let us upon their weapons fall,
And of their hands to be destroyed all,
Ere wee this drougth and deadly venim have,
With languishing to send us to the grave.
My brethren dear (the Ruler then gan say)
Our whole desire hath been, both night and day,
Not for to see the seed of *Abram* lost
For which wee fight against this furious hoste.
What? have yee pain? so likewise pain have wee:
For in one boat wee both imbarked be.
Upon one tide, one tempest doth us tosse;
Your common ill, it is our common losse.
Th' *Assyrian* plague shall not us *Hebrews* grieve,
When pleaseth God our mischiefe to relieve:
Which hee will doe if yee can be content,
And not with grudge his clemency prevent.
Then strive not you against that puissant King
Who creats all, and governs every thing
For comfort of his Church and children dear,
And succours them, though time doe long appear.
Sometime an Archer leaves his bow unbent,
And hung upon a naile, to that intent
It may the stronger be to bend again,
And shoot the shot with greater might and main:
Right so th' Eternall doth withhold his ill
A longer time (perchance) for that hee will
More eagerly revenge him of their crime,
Who doe abuse his long forbearing time:
When men applaud to sin, they count it light,
And but a matter small in sinners sight:
But in the end the weight doth so encrease,
That Justice leaves the sinner no release;
Like th' *Usurer* who lends upon the score,
And makes the reckless debters debt the more.
What if the thundring Lord his justice stay,
And (for such sin) doe not this tyrant slay?
The waters of the ground and in the aire
Are in the hand of God: then who is there,
That dare seditiously his yoke refuse,
Although yee have not water now to use?
No, no, though heav'n doe seem serene and clear,
On every part, and wet doth not appear;
Hee may with moisture mildely wete the Land,
As fell when *Saul* the Scepter had in hand. 1 Sam. 12.
For, all the stars that doe the heav'n fulfill,
Are all but executors of his will.
All this could not the peoples thirst asswage;
But thus with murmurs they their Lords out-rage:
What? shall wee die, O sacred souldiers bold,
For pleasure of our Lords these traytors old?
What? shall wee die on credit, for to please
These wizards fools, who wink at our unease?
Who, with our blood, would win themselves renown
So lovable, as never shall goe downe?
Nay, nay, let us cut off this servile chain:
To free our selfs, let us in hand retain
The ruling of this towne, the fort and all;
Lest wee into these deadly dangers fall.
Then like a wise *Physician*, who perseaves
His patient that in fervent fever raves,

* Looke Table.

Yet hights him more than Art can well performe :
So Prince *Ozias* in this rurall ſtorme,
He promis'd to the people their intent
If God within five dayes no ſuccour ſent :
Then *Iſaac* left their ſorrowes all and ſome,
And preſent woe and fear of chance to come ;
For that if they, through this, gat not their will,
At leaſt they would avoid the greateſt ill.
But *Judith* then whoſe eyes (like fountains two)
Were never dry, which witneſt well her woe ;
Right ſad in ſound th' *Almighty* ſhee beſought.
And on the ſacred Scriptures fed her thought.
Her prayers much avail'd to raiſe her ſpreet
Above the ſky : and ſo the Scriptures ſweet,
A holy garden was where ſhe might finde
The med'cine meet for her moleſted minde.
Judicum. Then *Judith* reading there, as was her grace,
Shee (not by hazzard) happ'ned on that place,
Where the lame handed *Ahud* (for diſdain
To ſee the *Jewes* the *Heathen* yoak ſuſtain)
Smote *Eglon* with a dagger to the heft,
And from his flank the blood and life bereft.
The more ſhee read, the more ſhee wonder had
Of *Ahuds* act, and hote deſire her lad
T' enſue his vertue : yet her feeble kinde
Empeached oft the purpoſe of her minde :
Propoſing oft the horrour of the deed,
The feare of death, the danger to ſucceed,
With hazzard of her name : and more than that,
Though ſhee likewiſe the peoples freedom gat ;
Yet for a man, this act more ſeemly were,
Than for a wife to handle ſword or ſpear.
While *Judith* thus with *Judith* did debate,
A puffe of winde blew down that leafe by fate ;
Diſcov'ring up the ſtory of *Jaell*, how
Shee drove a nayle into *Siſaras* brow.
And ſlew that Pagan ſleeping on her bed,
Who from the *Hebrews* furious hoaſt was fled :
In teaching us, albeit a tyrant flee,
Yet can hee not avoid the Lords decree.
This laſt example now ſuch courage lent
To feeble *Judith*, that ſhee now was bent
With wreakfull blade, to ſlea and to divorce
The *Heathen* ſoule from ſuch a ſinfull corſe.
But while ſhee did her carefull minde imploy
To finde ſome meanes to murder this *Vizroy*,
Shee heard report (that made her heart ſo ſwoun)
Of the determination of the town.
Then all the preſent perils to prevent,
Unto the Rulers of the town ſhee went ;
Reproving them with words of bitter ſweet,
What doe yee mean, O Princes indiſcreet ?
Will yee the helping hand of God reſtraine,
And captive it within your counſels vaine ?
Will yee include him under courſe of times,
Who made dayes, years, all ſeaſons & their primes?
Doe not abuſe your ſelfs : his power profound
Is not to mens imaginations bound.
God may all that hee wils, his will is juſt :
God wils all good to them that in him truſt.
Now fathers : that which doth my hope revive
Is onely this ; There is no wight on live,
Within this towne, that hath contracted hands
To ſerve dumme gods, like folke of forrain Lands.
All ſinnes are ſinne : but ſure this ſin exceeds
Our former faults; by which, our blinde miſ-deeds
Offends the heav'n ; by which the Lord of might
Is frauded of his honours due and right,
In wreſting of the title of his name,
To ſtocks and ſtones, and metals men doe frame.
Since *Iſ'ac* then from ſuch a fault is free,
Let us to Gods protection caſt our ee.
Conſider that all *Juda* reſts in feare,
Aſpecting onely our proceedings heer.
Conſider that all *Jacob* in this treſſe
Will follow either our force or feebleneſs.
Conſider that this houſe and altar ſtands
(Next under God) upholden with your hands.
Think, that if *Iſr'el* whole yee keep the kay:
Which if yee quite and give this tyrant way,
Who more than death hates all of *Is'aks* kin,
Yee ſhall the name of kin-betrayers win.
Then ſayd the Captaine, I cannot deny,
That wee offended have the Lord moſt hy.
Unwiſe are wee our promiſes are vaine :
But what? wee may not call our word againe :
But if thou feele thy heart ſo ſore oppreſt,
That moveth thee to tears for our unreſt,
Alas, weep night and day and never tyre ;
So that thy weepings may appeaſe the yre
Of that hie Judge, who hears in every part
The perfite prayer of the humble heart.
I will, quoth ſhee ; and if God give mee grace,
Repell the ſiege of this afflicted place
By famous ſtroke. But ſtay mee in no wiſe,
But byde the end of my bold enterpriſe :
And let mee goe, when night his mantle ſpreeds,
To th'enemies Camp. Quoth he, if thou wilt needs;
The great repreſſor of oppreſſors pride,
Preſerve thy heart and hand, and be thy guide.

FINIS.

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THE SUMMARY OF THE FOURTH BOOKE.

According to the promise that Judith *made to the besieged Captains in* Bethulia, *shee prepareth her selfe with armour meet for the execution of her enterprise: to wit, The invocation of the name of God, with a holy determination to deliver her Countrey from the hand of the* Tyrant; *whom shee deliberates to overcome with the sweet and faire apparence of her amiable beauty and behaviour. At her departing to the enemies camp, our* Poet *introduceth one of the chiefe Captaines of the towne describing, to another, her stock and upbringing, with the progresse of her three estates,* Virginity, Mariage, *and* Widowhood: *Thereby setting forth a singular example of all womanly behaviour and vertue. After her entrance to the Camp, shee is brought to* Holophernes, *who was curious to know the cause of her comming there. And after audience given, hee is so surprised with her beautie and eloquent language, that shee attaines licence to withdraw her selfe by night to the next valley, there to pray to God. And, continuing this exercise, shee requireth strength of the Highest, that in taking away the Chiefetain, shee might at one instant destroy all the* Heathen *Army. Herein giving example, that the beginning and end of all high attempts, ought to be grounded upon the favour and earnest calling upon him, without whom all wisedome and humane force is nothing but winde: and, who contrariwise, may by the most feeble instruments of the world execute things most incredible and incomprehensible to humane capacitie.*

THE FOURTH BOOK OF JUDITH.

Then wofull *Judith*, with her weeping ees
Beholding Heav'n, and prostrate on her knees,
Held up her guiltlesse hands and God besought,
Discov'ring him the secrets of her thought.
O God (quoth shee) who armed with a spear
Dan *Symeon*, who reveng'd his sister dear;
Lend mee the blade in hand that I may kill
This *Tyrant*, that exceeds all *Sichems* ill ❧
Who not content to soyl the sacred bed
Of wedlock chaste; but more with mischiefe led,
Entends thy holy name for to confound,
And race *Solyma* temple to the ground;
Ambitious *Satrap* hee, whose hope doth stand
In mortall men, led with unrighteous hand:
Who rules a hundred thousand stalworth steeds,
That combat craves, and in our pastures feeds;
Not dreading thee, who dants both man and beast,
And kils and captives them when they ween least;
Who strengths ꝑ poor, & pridful men down thrings,
And wracks at once the pow'rs of puissant Kings.
Grant, gracious God, that his bewitched wit
May with my crisped haire be captive knit.
Grant that my sweet regards may gall his heart
With darts of love, to cause his endless smart.
Grant, that these gifts of thine, my beautie small,
May binde his furious rage, and make him thrall.
Grant that my artificiall tongue may move
His subtill craft, and snare his heart in love.
But chiefly Lord, grant that this hand of mine
May be the *Pagans* scourge and whole ruine;
To th' end that all the world may know, our race
Are shrouded so in rampiers of thy grace,

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That never none againſt us durſt conſpire,
That have not felt at laſt thy furious ire:
Even ſo good Lord, let none of theſe profane
Returne to drinke of *Euphrate*, nor *Hytane*.
Thus *Judith* pray'd, with many a trickling teare,
And with her ſighs her words retrenched were.
At night, ſhee left her chamber ſole and cold,
Attyr'd with *Ceres* gifts and *Ophir* gold.
O ſilver *Diane* regent of the night,
Dar'ſt thou appear before this lucent light?
This holy ſtar, whoſe contr'aſpect moſt clear
Doth ſtein thy brothers brightneſs in his *Sphear*?
While thus ſhee meant (unſeen) away to ſlide,
Her Pearls and Jewels caus'd her to be ſpy'd:
The muſk and civet Amber, as ſhee paſt,
Long after her a ſweet perfume did caſt.
A *Carboncle* on her Cryſtall brow ſhee pight,
Whoſe fiery gleams expeld the ſhady night.
Upon her head a ſilver criſpe ſhee pind,
Looſe waving on her ſhoulders with the wind.
Gold, band her golden hair: her yv'ry neck,
The Rubies rich, and Saphyrs blew did deck.
And at her eare, a Pearle of greater valew (low.
There hung, than that the Egyptian Queen did ſwal-
And through her collet ſhe ſhewd her ſnowy breſt:
Her utmoſt robe was colour blew Cœleſt,
Benetted all with twiſt of perfite gold,
Beſeeming well her comely corps t'enfold.
What elſe ſhee wore, might well be ſeen upon
That Queen who built the tow'rs of *Babylon*.
And though that ſhee moſt modeſt was indeed,
Yet borrowed ſhee ſome garments at this need,
From Dames of great eſtate, to that intent
This *Pagan* Prince ſhee rather might prevent.
Achior then, who watched at the gate,
And ſaw this Lady paſſing out ſo late,
To *Carmis* ſpake, who warded eke that night,
What is ſhee this? where goes this gallant wight
So trim, in ſuch a time? hath ſhee no pitie
Of this moſt wretched perſecuted Citie?
Quoth *Carmis* then, there flouriſht heer of late
Merari, one, that was of great eſtate;
Who had no childe but one, and this is ſhee,
The honour of that houſe and family.
The fathers now doe venture body and ſoule,
That treaſures upon treaſures they may roule:
But for the wit or learning, never cairs,
That they ſhould leave to their ſucceeding hairs:
Like thoſe that charely keeps their rich aray
In coffers cloſe, and lets it there decay;
While that the naked bodies dyed for cold,
For whom the clothes are dearly bought and ſold.
Compariſon. But as the painfull plowman plyes his toyle,
With ſhare and culter ſhearing through the ſoyle
That coſt him dear, and ditches it about,
Or crops his hedge to make it under-ſprout,
And never ſtayes to ward it from the weed,
But moſt reſpects to ſowe therein good ſeed;
To th' end when ſommer decks the medows plain,
Hee may have recompence of coſts and pain:
Or like the maid who carefull is to keep
The budding flowre that firſt begins to peep
Out of the knop, and waters it full oft,
To make it ſeemly ſhow the head aloft;
That it may (when ſhee drawes it from the ſtocks)
Adorne her gorget white, and golden locks:
So wiſe *Merari* all his ſtudy ſtilde,
To faſhion well the manners of this childe;
That in his age hee might of her retire
Honour and comfort, to his hearts deſire.
For, look how ſoon her childiſh tongue could chat,
As children doe, of this thing or of that;
Hee taught her not to read inventions vaine,
As fathers daily doe that are profane:
But in the holy Scriptures made her reade;
That with her milk ſhe might even ſuck the dread
Of the moſt high. And this was not for nought:
In ſo much as in ſhort time ſhee out-brought
Apparent fruit of that ſo worthy ſeed,
Which chang'd her earthly nature far indeed:
As done the pots that long retaine the taſte
Of liquor ſuch, as firſt was in them plac't:
Or like the tree that bends his elder braunch
That way where firſt the ſtroke hath made him
So ſee we wolfs, and bears, & harts full old, (launch:
Some tameneſs from their daunted youth to hold.
Thus ere the Moon twelve doſen changes paſt, Virginity.
The maydens manners fair in form were caſt.
For, as the perfite pylot fears to run
Upon the rocks, with ſingling ſheet doth ſhun
Cyanes ſtraits or *Syrtes* ſinking ſands,
Or cruell *Capharois* with ſtormy ſtrands:
So wiſely ſhee diſhaunted the reſort
Of ſuch as were ſuſpect of light report;
Well knowing, that th' acquaintance with the ill,
Corrupts the good. Anh though they ever ſtill
Remain upright: yet ſome will quarrell pike,
And common bruit will deem them all alike.
For look, how your companions you elect;
For good, or ill, ſo ſhall you be ſuſpect.
This prudent Dame delighted not in dance,
Nor ſitting up, nor did her ſelfe advance
In publike place, where playes and banquets been
In every houſe, to ſee and to be ſeen:
But rather underſtanding ſuch a trade
Had been the wrack of many a modeſt mayd,
Who following wandring *Dina* wanton dame,
Have oft time put their Noble houſe to ſhame;
Shee kept at home her fathers habitation,
Both day and night in godly converſation.
Shee piteous Nurſe, apply'd her painfull thought,
To ſerve and nouriſh them that her up-brought:
Like to the gratefull ſtork that gathereth meat,
And brings it to her elders for to eat;
And on a fir-tree high with *Boreas* blowne,
Gives life to thoſe, of whom ſhee had her owne.
But if ſhee might ſome howre from travell quite,
At vacant time it was her chiefe delight
To read the Scriptures, where her faithfull minde
Might comfort of the heav'nly *Manna* finde.
Sometime ſhee broyded on the canvas gall,
Some bird or beaſt, Elephant, Eagle tall.
While, ſubtlely with ſilver needle fine
Shee works on cloth ſome hiſtory divine.
Heer *Lot* eſcaping the devouring fire,
From ſinfull *Zodom* ſhortly doth retire
To *Segor*; where his wife, that was unwitty,
Caſt back her eye to ſee the ſinfull Citie:

And

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And for her miſ-beliefe, God plagu'd the fault,
Transforming her into a Pillar of ſalt.
Heer ſhee *Suſanna*'s ſtory vively wrought,
How neer ſhee was to execution brought;
And yet how God the ſecret did diſcloſe,
And made the miſchiefe fall upon her foes.
Heer *Joſephs* ſtory ſtands with wondrous art,
And how hee left his cloake, and not his heart,
To his laſcivious Dame; and rather choſe
The priſon, than her armes him to encloſe.
Heer cruell *Jephthe*, with his murdring knife,
To keep his vow, bereaves his daughters life.
(Her travell done) her lute ſhee then aſſayes,
And unto God ſhee ſings immortall prayes:
Not following thoſe that plye their thriftleſs pain
In wanton verſe and waſtefull ditties vain;
Thereby t' entrap great men, with luring lookes:
But, as the greedy fiſher layes his hookes
Along the coaſt to catch ſome mighty fiſh,
More for his gaine, than holeſom for the diſh
Of him that byes: even ſo theſe ſiſters brave
Have lovers moe, than honeſt maydens have.
But none are burnt with their impudent flame,
Save fooles, and light lunatikes voyde of ſhame.
Of vertue onely perfect love doth grow:
Whoſe firſt beginning though it be more ſlow
Than that of luſt, and quickens not ſo faſt;
Yet ſure it is, and longer time doth laſt.
The ſtraw enkindles ſoon, and ſlakes againe:
But yron 's ſlow, and long will hot remaine.
Thus was the holy *Judiths* chaſte renown
Happily ſpred, through *Iſr'el* up and down,
That many a man diſdain'd the damſels fine,
With Jewels rich and hair in golden twine,
To ſerve her beauty: yet loves fiery dart
Could nere unfrieze the froſt of her chaſte heart:
But, as the *Diamant* bydes the hammer ſtrong,
So ſhee reſiſted all her ſuters long;
Unminded ever for to wed, but rather
To ſpend her dayes with her beloved father:
Till at the laſt her parents with great care,
Withſtood her will, and for her did prepare
Miriage. *Manaſſes*, one who was of noble race,
Both rich and faire as well of ſprite as face.
Her mariage, then was not a ſlight contract
Of ſecret bils, but by a willing act
„ Before her friends. The chance that once befell
„ To wandring *Dina*, may be witneſs well,
„ That ſecret mariage, that to few is kend,
„ Doth never lead the lovers to good end.
„ For, of our bodies, wee no power may clame,
„ Except our parents doe confirme the ſame.
Then ſee how love ſo holily begun,
Between theſe two, ſo holy a race they run
(This chaſte young man & his moſt chaſteſt wife)
As if their bodies twain had but one life.
What th' one did will, the other will'd no leſſe;
As by one mouth, their wils they doe expreſſe.
And as a ſtroke, given on the righter eye
Offends the left: even ſo by *Sympathie*,
Her husbands dolours made her heart unglad,
And *Judiths* ſorrowes made her husband ſad.
Manaſſes, then his wife would not controule
Tyrannouſly: but looke how much the ſoule
Exceeds the corſe, and not the corſe doth grieve,
But rather to preſerve it and relieve:
So *Judith* with *Manaſſes* did accord,
In tender love and honour'd him as Lord.
Their houſe at home ſo holy was, to tell
It ſeem'd a Church, and not a private Cell.
No ſervant there, with villain jeſts uncouth,
Was ſuffered to corrupt the ſhamefaſt youth.
No idle drunkard, nor no ſwearing wight
Unpuniſht durſt blaſpheme the Lord of might.
No pleaſant ſcoffer, nor no lying knave,
No daily Dycer, nor no Ruffian brave,
Had there abode: but all the ſervants were
Taught of their Rulers, Gods eternall feare.
Manaſſes, hee who ſaw that in his time
All juſtice was corrupt with many a crime,
And that the moſt perverſe and ignorant,
For fees, or favour, would none office want
Of high eſtate, refus'd all publike charge;
Contenting him with eaſe to live at large,
From Court, and Palace, free from worldly pelfe:
But, ſince hee thought him born not for himſelfe,
But alſo that ſome charge hee ought to bear
For comfort of his friends and countrey dear;
Yet did hee more, not being magiſtrate,
For publike weale, than men of more eſtate:
So that his houſe was even the dwelling due
Of juſtice, and his mouth a ſentence true.
Th' afflicted poor hee dayly did defend,
And was the widowes aide, and tutor kend
To *Orphelines*, and was the whole ſupport.
And chiefe comforter of the godly ſort.
The vaine deſire of *Indian* treaſures great
Made nere his ſhip to ſayl nor oar to beat.
The greedy hope of gaine, with ventrous danger,
Made nere his ſword be drawn to ſerve the ſtranger.
He never ſold, within the wrangling Bar,
Deceitfull clatters, cauſing clyents jar;
But quietly manur'd his little field,
And took th' encreaſe thereof that time did yeeld.
Hee ſow'd and planted, in his proper grange
(Upon ſome ſavage ſtock) ſome frutrie ſtrange.
The ground, our common Dame, hee undermines:
On ſtake and ryce, hee knits the crooked vines,
And ſnods their bowes: ſo neither hot nor cold
Might him from labour in the chamber hold.
But once as hee beheld his harveſt train,
With crooked Cicle cutting down the grain;
The Sun a diſtillation on him ſent,
Whereof hee dyed: his ſoule to heav'n it went.
Hee that the number of the leaves could caſt,
That in *November* fals by winter blaſt:
Hee that could tell the drops of rain or ſlete,
That *Hyad, orion*, or *Pleiades* wete
Sheds on the ground, that man might onely tell,
What tears from *Judiths* eyes inceſſant fell,
Widow-hood. What wealth and gold, and what hee left her tho,
In place of pleaſure, cauſed all her woe.
The ſight of them made her in heart record
Their old poſſeſſor, and her loving Lord.
Though ſhee had had aſmuch of gold and good,
As *Lydia* Land, or *Tagus* golden flood;
Yet, loſing him, of treaſure ſhee was bare:
For whom, all other treaſures caus'd her care.

Yet

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Yet in this ſtate ſhee ſtoutly did ſuſtain,
(Like patient *Job*) contemning all her pain.
Three times the Sun returned had his prime,
" Since this befell : and yet the ſliding time,
" That wonted is to wear walloes away,
Could never for his death her dolour ſtay :
But alwaies in ſom black attire ſhee went
Right modeſtly, and liv'd on little rent.
Devout ſhee was, and moſt times ſole and ſad,
With dole in heart, and mourning veſture clad,
Out ſhedding tears, as doth the turtle dove
On with'red ſtalke, that wails her abſent love;
And widow-like all pleaſures doth forſake,
And nere intends to take a ſecond make.
Thus *Judith* chaſte within her houſe abode,
And ſeldome was ſhee ſeen to come abroad;
Unleſſe it were to ſee ſom wofull wife,
Whoſe child or husband was bereft of life:
Or for to viſit ſom in ſickneſs rage,
Their longſom pain and dolours to aſſwage:
Or for to go to Church, as God allowes,
To pray and offer, and performe her vowes.
Thus have I ſhortly told you, brother deare,
The ſtate of her, on whom our Citie here
Have fixed all their eyes: but I can nought
Tell where ſhee goes, much leſs what's in her thought.
But if we may of paſſed things collect
The things to come: then may we well aſpect
Great good of her, for that even in her face
Is ſigne of Joy, and great preſage of grace,
Or ſom good hap. With this and other talke,
They cut the night as they together walke.
This while, the worthy widow with her maid
Paſt toward th'enemies camp not unaffraid:
For, ere ſhee had two hundred paſes paſt,
The *Syrian* Souldiers in her way were caſt:
Who ſpake her thus; O fair excellent wight,
Whence? what art thou? what doſt thou here this night
In *Syrian* camp? I am (quoth ſhee, again) An *Iſraelite*, whom dolours doe conſtrain
To flee this towne, and for my lifes reliefe
Submits me to the mercy of your Chiefe.
They tooke her to the Duke. But who hath ſeen
The throngs of folke where proclamations been
In ſom great town, or where ſome monſtrous beaſt
Is brought and wondred at by moſt and leaſt;
That man might judge what flocks of ſouldiers came
From every part to ſee that *Hebrew* Dame:
To ſee that fair, ſo chaſte, ſo amiable.
The more they gas'd, ſhee ſeem'd more admirable,
Her wav'ring hair diſparpling flew apart
In ſeemly ſhed: the reſt with reckleſs art
With many a curling ring decor'd her face,
And gave her glaſhie browes a greater grace.
Two bending bowes of *Heben* coupled right,
Two lucent ſtars that were of heav'nly light,
Two geaty ſparks where *Cupid* chaſtly hides
His ſubtill ſhafts that from his quiver glydes.
Tween theſe two ſunnes and front of equall ſiſe,
A comely figure formally did riſe
With draught unlevell to her lip deſcend,
Where *Momus* ſelfe could nothing diſcommend.
Her pitted cheeks aperde to be depaint
With mixed roſe and li lies ſweet and ſaint.
Her dulcet mouth, with precious breath replcat,
Excell'd the *Saben* Queen in ſavour ſweet.
Her *Corall* lips diſcov red, as it were,
Two ranks of *Orient* pearle with ſmyling cheer.
Her yv'ry neck, and breſt of *Alabaſtre*,
Made Heathen men, of her more *Idolaſtre*.
Upon her hand no wrinkled knot was ſeen;
But as each nayle of mother of pearle had been.
In ſhort, this *Judith* was ſo paſſing fair,
That if the learned *Zeuxis* had bin there,
And ſeen this Dame, when hee with penſile drew
The *Croton* Dames, to forme the picture true
Of her, for whom both *Grece* and *Aſia* fought, Helen.
This onely patern chief hee would have ſought.
No ſooner *Judith* entred his Pavilion,
But in her face aroſe the red vermilion,
With ſhamefaſt fear: but then with language ſweet
The courteous Generall mildely gan her greet;
My love, I am, I am not yet ſo fell,
As falſe report doth to you *Hebrews* tell.
They are my ſonnes, and I will be their father
That honours mee; and them I love the rather,
That worſhips for their God th' *Aſſyrian* King:
They ſhall be well aſſur'd to want nothing.
And this ſhall *Iſaac* know, if they will render
Unto that bounteous King as their defender.
For thy (my love) tell mee, withouten fear,
The happy motyf of thy comming heer.
O Prince (quoth ſhee, with an aſſured face)
Moſt ſtrong and wiſe and moſt in heavens grace,
That drawes the ſword with ſteel upon his breſt,
With helm on head, and launce in yron reſt:
Since that my feeble *Sex*, and tender youth,
Cannot long time indure the cruell drouth,
The wakrife travels, frayes, and hazzards great,
That day and night our Burgeſſes doe threat:
Yet nerethelesſe this is not whole the cauſe
That from my Cities bodie mee withdrawes,
To this your Camp: but that moſt grudging grief,
Which burnes my zealous heart without reliefe,
Is this, my Lord; I have a holy feare
To eat thoſe means that God bids us forbeare:
But, Sir, I ſee that our beſieged town
Is ſo beſet with miſchiefe up and down,
The people will be forc't to eate in th' end
The meats that God expreſly doth defend:
Then will the Lord with juſt revenge him wreake
Upon all thoſe that doe his ſtatutes breake.
Withouten fight their Cities hee will ſack,
And make one man of thine ten thouſand wrack,
That flyes his furie, and thy furious face.
Now I of *Bethul* am; and in this place
Beſeech thy noble Grace, if ſo thee pleaſe,
With courteous aide, to give my dolours eaſe.
, Of common ſenſe hee is deprived clean,
, That fals with cloſed eye on danger ſeen,
, And hee that may both pain and hurt eſchew,
, Is vaine if hee his proper death purſew.
Then in this quiet dale if I may byde
In ſecret for to pray each evening tyde
To God; I ſhall, as hee doth mee inſpire,
Aſſure you when enkindled is his yre,
Againſt our folke. Then ſhall I take on hand
To lead thine army through all *Jurie* Land.

And

And ſtreaming ſtandarts ſet on *Sion* hill,
Where none with weapons dare reſiſt thy will.
No, not a very dog, in evening dark,
At noyſe of harnes ſhall againſt thee bark.
Thy onely name ſhall fray the armies bold.
Before thy face the mountain tops ſhall fold. } R
The floods ſhall dry, & from their running ſtay,
To make thine Hoaſt a new and uncouth way.
O Jewell of the world (quoth hee) O Dame,
For gracious ſpeech and beauty worthy fame,
Now welcom heer: would God it might you pleaſe
Long time with us to dwell in reſt and eaſe.
For if your faith and trouth concurrent be,
To this your talke which greatly pleaſeth mee;
I will from this time forth with you accord
To ſerve your onely *Hebrews* God and Lord;
And will my ſervice whole to you enroule,
Not of my Scepter onely but my ſoule.
I will your name and honour ay defend
From *Hebrew* bounds unto the world his end.
This ſaid: with ſilence, as the moone aroſe,
This widow her withdrew, and forth ſhee goes,
Unto a valley cloſe on every part,
Whereas ſhe waſht her corſe & clens'd her heart;
And with her weeping eyes the place beraid,
And to the God of *Iſac* thus ſhee praid:
O Lord, withdraw not now thy helping hand
From thoſe, that at thy mercy onely ſtand.
O Lord defend them that deſire to ſpend
Their goods and blood, thy cauſe for to defend.
O Lord grant that the cryes of Children may,
With plaints of Old men weeping night and day,
And virgins voyces ſad in ſhroud of ſhame,
And laudes of *Levites* ſounding forth thy fame,
Mount to thy throne, and with diſſundring breake
Thy heavie ſleep. Wherefore doſt thou awreake
Thy ſelfe on *Hermon* with thy burning blaſt?
Or why doſt thou on carefull *Carmel* caſt
Thy dreadfull darts? forgetting all the ſpace,
Theſe *Gyants* that thy Scepter would diſplace.
Ah wretch, what ſay I? Lord ah pardon mee.
Thy burning zeal (and none hypocriſie)
That frets my heavie heart at every howre,
Compels my tongue this language out to powre.
O thou, the everliving God and Guide
Of all our race, I know thou wilt provide
For our reliefe againſt this furious boſte,
And juſtly kill the Captaine of this hoſte.
I know that thou wilt help my onely hand,
To be the wrack of all the heathen Band,

FINIS.

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THE SUMMARY OF THE FIFTH BOOKE.

HOlophernes, *being ſurpriſed with the ſweet language and excellent beautie of the chaſte* Judith, *becommeth altogether negligent of his charge and government. Wherein is repreſented the unability of the reprobate, who cannot withſtand ſuch temptations as the Lord ſendeth upon them. But as they become ſlaves to their owne affections, ſo by the ſame they are inforced to fall into perdition. In place of ſome faithfull ſervant to warne him of his vices,* Holophernes *conferreth with* Bagos *an* Eunuch, *who feedeth him in his humour, and bringeth* Judith *to his Tent. And here the Poet reproves all flatterers and bawds, with the vices of all Courts in Generall.* Judith *ſeeing her chaſtitie in perill, and the time unmeet to execute her enterpriſe, ſubtily drawes the Tyrant to talke of other affaires. Hee thinking to inſinuate himſelfe the more into her favour, taketh pleaſure to crack of his conqueſts and of his ſpeciall worthineſs; diſcourſing ſo long till ſuppertime approched, and ſhe avoyded the inconvenience. And here is to be noted, that whilſt the tyrants boaſt of their Cruelty againſt the Church, God provideth for his owne, and preſerveth them for that work hee hath ordained by them to be done.*

THE FIFTH BOOKE OF JUDITH.

IN ſtead of marrow in bone, and blood in vaines,
Great *Holopherne* doth feed his cruell paines:
Hee bootleſſe flees, and feeles; but hee ne knowes
The quenched fire that of his aſhes growes.
For, ſo the charming Image of this Dame,
The onely marke whereat his ſoule did ame,
Tranſported him in paſſions of deſpaire,
That of his mighty camp hee quits the care,
And goes no more his matters to diſpatch,
Nor veiws his corpſgard, nor relieves his watch,
Nor Councell cals, nor ſends to ſpy the coſte,
Nor veiws the quarters of his ſpacious hoſte.
But as the ſheep that have no herd nor guide,
But wandring ſtrayes along the rivers ſide,
Throw burbling brooks, or throw the forreſt green,
Throw medows cloſures, or throw ſhadowes ſhene:
Right ſo the Heathen hoſte, without all bridle,
Runs inſolent, to vicious actions idle,
Where none obeys, each one commanding ſpeaks,
Each one at pleaſure from his banner breaks.
What doe you *Hebrews* now within your wall?
Now time to fight or never time at all,
To pay theſe *Pagans*, whoſe confuſed corſe
Combats againſt themſelfs with deadly force.
Nay, ſtay a while: of ſuch a great victory,
Your onely God will have the onely glory.
Before this tyrant was with love yblent,
To win the town hee plide his whole intent:
But now, both night and day, his minde doth frame
To conquer this moſt chaſte unconqueſt Dame.
So luſt him led. Th' undaunted *Theban* knight,
With waighty mace, had never him affright:
But now a womans look his heart enfears,
And in his breſt the cureleſs wound hee bears.
Ambition; erſt, ſo had him overcome,
That made him dayly riſe by ſound of drum.
Now *Cupid* him awakes with hote alarmes,
That him withholds to doe the *Hebrews* harmes.
Before, hee rul'd, above both Prince and King:
Now can hee not himſelfe in order bring.

Alas

Cum-plaint.

Alas (quoth hee) what life is this I have,
Becomming captive to my captive ſlave?
(Unhappy chance) what life is this, I ſay?
My vertue gone, my forces fall away.
Nay ſure no life it is, more paine I feele
Than *Ixion* torn upon th' *Eternall* wheele:

Prome-theus.

My life is like the theef's that ſtole the fire,
Upon whoſe mortall heart doth alwaies tire
A rav'nous fowle that gnawes him to the bone,
Reviving ſtill, bound to the *Scythian* ſtone. (ted?
What ſerves it me, t'have won where I have haun-
What ſerves my victor arme, for to have daunted
The people ſituate tween *Hydaſpe* large,
And port where *Cidnus* doth in ſea diſcharge;
Since I am vanquiſht by the feeble ſight
Of captive *Judith*? what availes my might,
My Targe of ſteele, my Burguinet of braſſe,
My guard of warriours ſtout whereſo I paſſe;
Since her ſweet eye hath ſent the pointed dart
Through men & weapons, pearcing throu my hart?
What ſerve my courſers, who with ſwiftnes light
Exceed the ſwallow ſwifteſt bird of flight;
Since I on him cannot avoyd one ynch,
The care that night and day my heart doth pinch?
Then change (O *Hebrews*) change your tears in ſong,
And triumph ore my hoſte and army ſtrong.
I am no more that Duke, whoſe name alone
Hath made great warriours quake both lim & bone:
But I am hee, whoſe heart was ſomtime brave;
Now leſſe than nought, the ſlave but of a ſlave.
I com not here your *Iſaac* to annoy,
With fire and ſword your houſes to deſtroy:
But to require your *Judith*, her to render
More milde to mee. What? is my wit ſo ſlender,
Berapt with love? have I not heer my joy,
That onely may releeve mee from annoy?
Yet neretheleſſe I cleave the aire in vain,
With plaints, & make mine eies but fountains twain.

Tantalus.

I wretch am like the wretched man indeed,
The more hee hath, the greater is his need.
Although hee deeply plunge in water cleare,
To quench his thirſt: yet hee is not the neare.
For, ſo do I reſpect the heav'nly grace,
That largely is beſtow'd upon her face,
That with mine eyes I dare not her behold,
My tongue doth ſtay and in the palat fold.
Why have not I a heart of *Cryſtall* cleare,
Tranſparent through, to let my paine appeare?
That there ſhee might of all my torments read,
Which love with-holds within my heart in dread.
Now ſince that *Judith* to this camp arriv'd,
The light of heav'n had thrice his courſe reviv'd,
And darkned thrice, and gan with ſaffron hew
To light the *Ynds*, the fourth day to renew;
When thus the Duke, who left repaſt and reſt,
Unto his *Eunuch* this like porpos dreſt.
O *Bagos*, ſonne adoptife, not by chance,
Whom I have choſe of nought thee to advance,
By ſpeciall grace, and made thee (though I boaſt)
Firſt of my heart, and ſecond of mine Hoaſt;
I rage, I burne, I dye in deſp'rate thought,
Through love, by this ſame ſtrangers beauty
Go, ſeek her then, and ſhortly to her ſay, (brought.
What ſecret flame torments mee day by day:
Shew that I ſhall her to ſuch honours bring,
As hee that bears the Scepter of a King:
But chiefly ſee thy talke be framed thus,
That ſhee do come this night and ſuppe with us.
Now ſhould it not to mee be folly, ſhame,
To have within my hold the faireſt dame,
That ground doth beare, if I dare not aſpire
To quench the burning flame of my deſire?
I ſhould but ſerve my ſouldiers for a Jeaſt:
And *Judith* faire would count mee but a beaſt.
Then *Bagos* well acquaint with ſuch a caſt,
Hee fed that lamp that burnt but overfaſt.
If private men (quoth hee) and people poore,
That goe not ore the threſhold of their doore,
But ſpend their daies in travell and debate,
And never ſeek to win a better ſtate,
Live not content, if that the *Cyprian* Dame
Do not ſometime their frozen hearts inflame;
What ſlaves are thoſe then, on whoſe backs are
The burdens of this world, who take no reſt (dreſt
For Publike weale, but wake with *Argus* eies,
For others eaſe that to no care applies;
If they, among ſo many great vexations,
May not receive in love ſome recreations?
Purſue your love my Lord, and make no let
To take the fiſh that elſe is in your net.
And as ere this you have mee faithfull found,
In like Ambaſſads when yee them propound:
So ſhall you finde mee in this love of new,
To be as faithfull, ſecret, treſt, and trew.
Alas, how many ſuch are in our times
In Princes Courts, that high to honour climes,
More for their handling ſuch an enterpriſe,
Than for their being valiant, learn'd, or wiſe?
Somtime the courts of kings were vertuous ſchools:
Now find wee nought in Court but curious fooles.
O you whoſe noble hearts cannot accord
To be the ſlaves to an infamous Lord:
And know not how to mixe with per'lous Art,
The deadly poyſon of the Amorous dart:
Whoſe natures being free, will no conſtraint,
Nor will your face with flat'tring penſile paint;
For weal, nor wo, for pittie nor for hire,
Of *good my Lords* their favours to acquire;
Go not to Court if yee will mee beleeve:
For in that place where yee thinke to retreve
The honour due for vertue, yee ſhall finde (hinde.
Nought but contempt, which leaves good men be-
Yee worthy Dames that in your breaſts do bear
Of your all-ſeeing God no ſervile fear:
Yee that of honour have a greater care,
Than ſights of Courts, I pray you come not thare.
Let men that in their purſe have not a mite,
Clothe them like Kings, and play the hypocrite,
And with a lying tale and feined chear,
Court-cozen them whom they would ſee on bear.
Let there the *Pander* ſell his wife for gaine,
With ſervice vile his nobleſſe to attaine.
Let him that ſerves the time, change his entent,
With faith unconſtant ſaile at every vent.
Yee ſonnes of craft, bear yee as many faces
As *Proteus* takes among the Marine places,
And force your natures all the beſt yee can
To counterfait the grace of ſome great man;

Chamelion

Chamelion like, who takes to him each hew
Of black or white, or yellow, green or blew,
That comes him next: So you that find the fashion
To hurt the poor with many-a great taxation:
You that do preasse to have the Princes eare,
To make your names in Provinces appear:
Ye subtill *Thurims*, sell your fumish winde,
To wicked wights whose senses ye do blinde.
Ye fearfull Rocks, ye ymps of *Achelois*,
Who wrack the wisest youth with charming vois:
Ye *Circes*, who by your enchantment strange,
In stones and swine, your lovers true do change:
Ye *Stymphalids*, who with your youth uptaks:
You ravens that from us our riches raks:
Ye who with riches, art, and painted face,
For *Priams* wife put *Castors* sister in place:
Ye *Myrrhas*, *Canaces*, and *Semirames*,
And if there rest yet mo defamed dames,
Com all to Court, and there ye shall resave
A thousand gains unmeet for you to have.
There shall you sell the gifts of great Provinces,
There shall you sell the grace of graceless Princes.
Stay heer my Muse: it thee behoovs to have
Great constancy and many-a *Hercles* brave
To purge this age, of vices more notable,
Than was the stalls of foule *Aegeans* stable.
Return to *Judith*, who to bring to passe
Her high attempt, before her fets her glasse,
And ginns to deck her hair like burnisht gold,
Whose beauty had no peer for to behold.
Then went shee to his tent, where shee espide
The gorgeous tapestries on every side,
Of *Persian* Kings, of *Meds*, and *Syrian* stories,
How *Ninus* first (prickt forth with great vaine glo-
Subdewd the East: then next in order came (ries)
(Disguis'd in kinde) his wife Queen *Semirame*;
Who took the Scepter and with tourets hye
Great *Babylon* erected to the skye.
Sardana-palus. Lo, how a Prince, with fingers white and fine,
In womens weed the tender twist doth twine,
Who bare a Rock in steed of Royall mace,
And for a man with woman changeth grace
In gestures all: hee frisles and hee fards,
Hee oynts, hee bathes, his visage hee regards
In *Crystall* glasse, which for his sword hee wore,
And lost his crowne without all combate more.
Amongst his vertugals, for ayde hee drew,
From his Lievtenant, who did him pursew,
And wan his Scepter. Yet with feeble yre,
Hee burnt himselfe, and ended his empyre.
Cirus. Behold, a Bitch then feeds a sucking childe,
Amongst the pricking thornes and brambles wilde;
Who grew so great, and was of such a fame,
That bond and free, his waged men became,
And afterward subverted to his lawe,
The *Median* Scepter under *Persians* awe.
But what is hee that so deformed goes
Before the camp, and wants his eares and nose?
That was that servant true, who by that slight,
Brought *Babylon* againe in *Darius* might.
While *Judith* fed her eyes with figures vaine,
Her heart repleat with passions and with paine;
The *Generall* came, and with a visage gent,
Saluted her, and by the hand her hent,
And caused her sit down upon a chaire,
The more at ease to view her beauties rare.
Then, when hee saw himselfe so neere his pleasure,
Hee burnt in heart, and scarce could bide the leasure
Till *Venus* with her garland shew'd in sight,
On his *Horizon* to renue the night.
This widow finding then the time unmeete,
Gods just determination to complete;
Made much delay, and fand full many-a skuse,
With sundry talke this tyrant to abuse:
And said; My Lord, I pray you shew to mee,
What furie just hath mov'd your majestie?
What have our people done (please it your grace)
By whom or when that *Isaks* holy race
Might so provoke a Prince to wracksull war;
In tongues and lawes, so sep'rate from us far?
Then said the Duke, uncourteous should I be
If I deny (O faire) to answer thee.
Now as the heav'n two Sunnes cannot containe;
So in the earth two Kings cannot remaine
Of equall state. So doth ambition crave,
One King will not another equall have.
My Prince is witnesse: who at wars did fall
With King *Arphaxat*, cause hee rais'd his wall
Of *Ecbatane* so high that it did shame
To *Ninive*, and *Babell* fear'd the same:
For which, hee undertooke to spoyle his throne,
And raze his Scepter to the lowest stone:
With spite, his buildings brave hee cast adowne.
Arphaxat then, a man of great renowne,
And worthy of his Scepter and his state,
Thought better in the field to make debate,
Than beare a scorne, his *Medes* to battell drew:
Thus 'tweene them two did cruel war ensew.
Arphaxat armed all the yles of *Greece*,
Where *Jason* was, but sought no golden fleece,
But golden ingots with abundant gaine,
Where *Phasis* stream bedeaws the pleasant Plaine.
The *Harmastans*, and *Albans* strong and wise,
That sowes but once, and have their harvest thrise:
The men that neere to *Oxus* banks abide,
And those that *Antitaurus* horns divide:
And those that man the mount upon whose brest
The ship that scap't the generall flood did rest:
And those that are (not hid) within the Reame,
Where proud *Jaxartas* flowes with furious stream:
In short; the *Medes* brought men to ayd their plea,
From *Pontus* far beyond the *Caspian* sea:
And of this hoste *Arphaxat* was commander,
With hope and heart more high than *Alexander*.
My Prince desirous then to winne or dye,
Left nought undone that furthered to supply
His troubled state. Hee armed *Syttacene*,
And waged Archers out of *Osrohene*:
Ye Lords of Lands that yeeld the hundreth corne,
Leave *Euphrates*, and bounds where ye were borne:
Ye *Carmans* bold that all on fish doe feede,
And of their pelts do make your warlike weede;
Leave *Hytan* bounds, go seek the golden sands:
Ye *Parths*, ye *Cosses*, *Arabs*, and ye lands,
That of your *Magi* Prophets think ye know
Their spells divine, your selfe for pikemen show.
O *Calde*, change thine *Astrolab* and square
To speare and shield: for, we no wight will spare

Of

Of able age, of high or low degrie
That trails the pike or lance layes on his thie.
Let women, children, and the burghers old
At home alone, let them their houses hold.
Wee summon'd eke the *Persians* and *Phœnicians*,
The soft *AEgyptians*, *Hebrewes*, and *Cilicians*,
To com in haste, and joyne their force to ours:
But they disdainfully detein'd their powers;
And with their wicked hands, and words unsage,
They did our sacred messengers outrage.
My master for a time put up this wrong,
Attending time, to quite these en'mies strong;
With purpose more at leasure to provide
T'abare this sacrilegious peoples pride.
Battell. Two greater Kings were never seen before,
Than camped were in *Ragau* field at morne,
With haughty hearts enarmed all in yre:
Each souldier set another so on fire,
That scarcely they could keep them in their bound,
Till Pype, or Cymball, or the Trumpets sound,
Denounce the choke: but with their furious faces,
They threat their foes a far with fell menaces,
And strokes at hand: two thousand Lads forlorne
(To blunt the sword) were down in battell borne.
Upon their flankes flew fervently the stones,
That bet their bucklers to their bruised bones.
The squadrons then step sternly to the strokes,
With hearts inhumane all the battell yokes,
And are suppli'd with many mighty bands:
Some counters them, and sternly them withstands:
With foot to foot each other other plyes:
Both *Medes* and *Caldès* clasp with ghastly cryes;
Like *Nilus* stream that from the rocks doth rumble,
Or *Encelade*, when hee in tombe doth tumble.
Here som lie headlesse: som that cannot stand,
Trails on his wombe, and wants both foot and hand
Cut off wth stroaks, som pierc't throw plate & mails:
Som shoulder-slasht: som panched in th' entrails:
Som brains out-bet: som in the guts were gor'd:
Som dying vomit blood: and som were smor'd:
Som neither quick nor dead, do yet attend
What place it pleaseth God their soules to send:
So loth the little life, that doth abide,
Is from the dying body to divide.
The ground that erst was yellow, green, and blew,
Is overcled with blood in purpure hew.
While this man gives some one his deadly baine,
Hee of another gets the like againe.
The rage increasing growes with yrefull flame:
The field is spred with bodies dead and lame.
Compa-rison. Like as yee see the wallowing sea to strive,
Flood after flood, and wave with wave to drive,
Then waves with waves, the floods with floods do (chase
And eft returne unto their former place:
Or like the crops of corne in mids of May
(Blowne with the western winde) aside do sway
Both to and fro, as force doth them constraine,
And yet their tops redresseth up againe:
So, whiles, the *Syrians* are by *Medes* displaced;
And whiles, the *Medes* by *Syrians* are rechased.
Then like two raging floods that down do fall,
From two contrary mutine mountaines tall;
Down bearing bridge and banke, and all destroyes,
And strives which one may do the most annoyes:
So these two Kings, in force and courage stout,
Excell the rest with slaughter them about:
Whereso they preast they left on either side,
Behinde them, two long opened waies and wide:
For all their bucklers, *Morions* and *Quirasses*
Were of no proofe against their puisant maces.
Yet (for the time) the *Medes* so fiercely fought
That they th' *Assyrian* bands in terrour brought,
And pauld his souldiers harts, & brake their might;
Who (overcome) tooke them to shamefull flight.
The *Medes* pursu'd, and wounded in that chace,
Ten thousand men; but none upon the face.
In short, this day our Scepter had depriv'd,
Had I not like the thunder dint arriv'd
In battels brunt. Their maile and their vantbrasse,
Their helme and shield, before my Coutelasse,
Were faile as glasse: and nere a stroke I lent
But deadly was, and them more terrour sent
Than all our camp. The souldier then in feare
With trembling hand could scarsly wield his spear.
The Pal-hew'd knight with hart in brest that quaks
His thighs in saddle, feet in stirrops shakes
For dread of me. There some with trenchant glave
From hight of head, to middle down I clave.
And some so farre I foyned through the Jack,
The blade appear'd a foot behind his back;
So that the *Medes*, affraid at such a thing,
In heat of fight they fled and left their King.
Who seeing himself betrayd, his clothes hee rent,
And bloody towards *Ragau* towne hee went:
Where wee him met, yet (*Brave*) did him defend,
And sought amongst his foes a famous end:
As doth the *Tyger* wilde who sees her den,
Beset about with hunters, dogs and men,
That turns her feare to furious raging rife,
And will not unrevenged lose her life:
So hee them thunder-bet whereso hee went,
That nere a stroke in vaine his right hand spent:
But ere with murdring blade they could him quell,
Full many-a bold precursor went to hell.
At last, *Arphaxat* gan of slaughter tyre,
And (wounded sore) left both his life and yre,
And fell, as doth some huge high planted oak,
That long hath byd the windes, and many-a stroak
Of many an axe; yet stoutly doth sustain
Their travels long, and frustrates all their paine;
The root doth sigh, the dale doth roaring sound,
And to the heav'n the noyse doth high rebound;
His head now here, now there, seems to incline,
And threats him here and there, with great ruine:
Yet stands upright above the highest okes,
Till, vanquisht with a thousand thousand strokes,
Hee falls at last, and brings with him to ground
Both trees and cattell to the plain profound;
So with *Arphaxat* fell the *Medes* empyre.
My King, the King of Kings, then in his yre
Rais'd *Ecbatan*: and now grows weed and herbe,
Where sometimes stood his Palaces superbe.
So that where erst the Lute and lowd *Hautboies*
Were wont to sound with sweet concordant noise,
Now shriking owles, and other monsters moe
In funerall sound fulfill the place with woe.
My potent Prince when all this warre was ceast
Consumed mon'ths full foure in Royall feast,

In *Ninive* the great: which banquet done,
Hee mee commanded to assemble soon
His Royall hoste, to punish all and some,
That to his former aid disdain'd to come:
And that I shortly should with sword and flame
Revenge his honour: but alas, *Madame*,
Full farre am I from that I should pursew.
For, comming here thy nation to subdew,
If you not (with a loving kisse) to mee
Restore my life. O worthy Prince, quoth shee,
Continue your discourse, and to mee tell
What great adventures to your hoste befell.
Then hee re-tooke his tale hee left alate,
And made a long discourse of all his state,
Part true, part false: as do some warriors brave,
Who speaking of their Acts will lye and rave.
My campe assembled, then gan I t' enflame
My souldiers hearts thus, for to win them fame:
Oration. Companions, now, if ever yee pretend
To winne renowne that never shall have end,
Go forward now, plague those inhumane Lands,
That on our sacred Legats layd their hands.
Revenge, revenge, yee men, your most high Prince,
That ever Scepter bare in rich province,
That ever came adowne with mighty arme,
From circled starrs, *Alarm'* sold'ers, alarme:
Take blades in hand, and brands of burning yre,
To waste the western world with sword and fire.
With bloudy seas bedew each mount and wood,
And make your horses fierce to swimme in blood.
Receive the Scepter great and Crowne of might
Of all this world which is to you behight.
Receive this laud, that for your conquest brave,
Shall draw your fames from the forgetfull grave.
Receive yee valiant men the noble spoile
Of many-a land that yee shall put to foile.
Let men behold that see you day by day,
How yee are cloyd with honour, spoyle and pray.
Thus ended I. And as my words were sent,
They bet their bucklers, shewing them content
With courage bolde, to fight with mee and byde.
Then sixscore thousand men I had to guide,
Or more, and so from *Ninive* wee past
And marched unto *Bectile*, at last.
I through *Edess'*, *Amid'*, and *Carran* came,
Where sometime dwelt your father *Abraham*:
I wan the mount whose thwarting horne divides
All *Asie*, and serves for bounds on sundry sides,
To many great Empyrs: I slew, I brent
All in my way. My fellow-souldiers went
Like moawers with their sithes in fowple hands,
Who leave not after them a straw that stands;
But ample swathes of grasse on ground doe cast,
And show what way their sharped sithes have past.
All *Lidia* knowes that nought now growes in it
But weeds. And *Phul'* and *Tharsis* feele it yet.
I was wel-neare the straits that closeth all
Phenice and th' *Ishique* Rovers, like a wall,
When *Rosea*, *Solea*, *Mops*, *Anchial'* and *Iscia*,
And sweet *Egei*, and (short) the whole *Cilicia*,
This passage took before, and lay in wait
To stay my Armie for to passe this straight.
If I the harmes and hazzards all should tell
Of all th' affairs and bloody fraies that fell,
And succour sent; the day should slide away
Before my tale. For that *Cilicia* I say,
Through great advantage of their ground so narrow,
Defended them from both the speare and arrow:
So that my Hoste that gave before the chace
To puissant Kings, now fled with great disgrace.
Then foaming in dispite, despaire and yre, Craking.
I cast my selfe where shot flew like the fire:
And though they hurt mee in an hundred parts,
And though my buckler bare a wood of darts:
Yet left not I, but with audacious face
I bravely fought and made them all give place.
My Army followed, where my arme made way
With trenching blade, on bodies dead that lay.
The greatest coward that my Captains led,
Pursew'd and slew the most of them that fled.
The *Cidnus* streame (who for his silver flood
Esteem'd a King) ran now with humane blood:
The *Pyram* fierce, in seas discharged than
Full many-a helme, and sword, and worthy man.
In short, as your own river seemes to rest,
With swelling tydes, and frothy floods repreſt,
Within his bank: yet furiously him wreaks
With weighty force, and banks and bridges breaks,
And stroyes the plaines, and makes for many-a day
More wrack, than if his channels open lay:
In semble sort their bands I did enchace,
That kept the entrance of that craggie place.
I brunt, I slew, cast down all that I fand;
And *Asia* spoil'd, I entred th' easter Land,
I wan *Celi*, and raged piti-less
Upon the fruitfull shore of *Euphrates*.
I bet the desart *Rapse*, and *Eagria* Land,
Who knowes the vertue of my conquering hand.
From thence to sea-ward sewing mine entent
I wasted *Madian*. North-ward then I went
Lo *Liban*-ward, *Damascus* over-rinning,
With other towns, *Abilia*, *Hippas* winning.
From thence, with curious mind my standerd flyes
The hill, where sunne is seen to set and rise.
And so from thence I forward led mine hoste,
To th' *Occident*, on the *Phœnician* coste.
Then *Sidon*, *Bible*, *Beryte*, *Tyre*, and *Gaze*,
With *Ascalon*, and *Assot*, in a maze
For feare, sent humbly to my sacred seat,
Wise messengers, my favour to intreat.
We come not here, my Lord, said they, with armes
For to resist the chok of thy *Gens d'armes*:
But Prince, wee come, of thee for to resave
Both life and death, and what law wee shall have.
Our townes are thine, our cities and our hils,
Our fields, our flocks, our wealth is at your wils.
Our service, and our treasures, great and small,
Our selves, our wives, and our faire children all,
Now only rest to thee, if so thee please
To take us thus. O God, what greater ease,
O God, what greater good may us befall,
Than unto such a Chiefe for to be thrall,
Who wields the valiant lance and balance right,
With vertue, like the Gods of greatest might!
So were to mee, as gracious to behold,
Their townes and cities both: for, young and old
With crownes, and presents of the *Flora* sweet,
And costly odours, humbly did mee greet.

At

At ſounds of hornes and pypes they dancing went,
With goods and bodies mee for to preſent.
Then I, abuſing not the law of armes,
Entreated them, and did to them no harmes,
Nor to their Lands: But firſt their forts I mand
With men of mine, and theirs tooke in my Band.
For where that I my people fartheſt drew,
My camp in bands; from bands to armies grew,
As doth the *Danow* which begins to flow
By *Raurack* fields with ſnakiſh crangling ſlow,
Then ſwell his floods with ſixty rivers large,
That in the *Golfe Euxinus* doth diſcharge.
I weend *Madame* that *Iſr'el*, like the reſt,
Would yeeld to mee, that I ſhould not be ſtreſt
Againſt their breſt to move my murdring ſpeare:
But as I came the *Scythique* rampier neare
(The Tombe of her whoſe milke had ſuch a hap
To feed the twiſe borne *Denis* in her lap)
I heard their wilfull rage firſt in that place:
Which doubtleſſe will deſtroy all *Abrams* race.

FINIS.

THE SUMMARY OF THE SIXTH BOOKE.

Judith, *having escaped the perill of her chastitie, is brought to a sumptuous banquet prepared by* Holophernes *for the entertainment of her, and farther provocation of his filthy lust. In which the abominable vice of gluttonie is by the* Poet *vively described, and sharply reprehended. And whereas the* Tyrant *thought by such excesse to overcome the chaste widow, himselfe is so overcome with wine, that upon a very simple delay hee lets her goe till hee was in his bed. And heer is noted, that the snares the wicked laye for others, they fall in them their selves. While the* Tyrant *contemplated his lust,* Judith *in trouble called upon her God, who made way for her works through the* Tyrants *owne wickednesse: who heaping sin upon sin, approached at last to the end of his Tragœdie: and mounting upon the scaffold of the yre of God, falls asleep in his sinfull bed, and is by* Judith *beheaded in his beastly drunkennesse. True it is that in this execution shee felt her great infirmitie: but likewise shee found that God was able to strengthen the most feeble for the execution of his Iustice. And as before she was preserved in the midst of her enemies: so the Lord, to make a miraculous end of his work, brings her safe home to her people. The* Bethulians *give thanks to God. The* Ammonite *ravished with this miracle, embraced the true religion. The head of* Holophernes (*that* Judiths *servant brought*) *being set up for a terrible spectacle to the Heathen, encouraged the Citizens to give assault upon the camp.* Bagos, *who had been an instrument of the* Tyrants *wickednes, is the first that finds his masters head-lesse Carkasse, and puts the camp in such affray, that they all fled before* Israel, *in such sort, that scarce one was left to bring newes to* Ninive, *of the fortune of the battell. And that was Gods justice, that those that had followed this* Tyrant *in his wickednesse should be companions of his death.* Judith *last of all celebrates the deliverance of God, with a song, to the honour and glory of his almighty name.*

THE SIXTH BOOK OF JUDITH.

BEfore the Pagan had his purpose ended, (ded,
The night obscure from mountains high descen-
And sewers set the boord with costly meate,
Of passing price so delicate to eate,
That *Holopherne* unto his joyous feast
Appear'd t' have call'd the Kings of West and East.
Exclamation. O glutton throats, O greedy guts profound!
The chosen meats within the world his bound
By th' *Abderois* invented may not staunch
Nor satisfie your foule devouring paunch:
But must in *Moluke* seek the spices fine,
Canary suger, and the *Candy* wine.
Your appetites (O gluttons) to content, Gluttony.
The sacred brest of *Thetis* blew is rent:
The Aire must be dispeopled for your mawes:
The *Phœnix* sole can scarce escape your jawes.
'O plague, O poyson to the warriour state!
'Thou mak'st the noble hearts effeminate.
'While *Rome* was rul'd by *Curioes* and *Fabrices*,
'Who fed on roots and sought not for delices:

'And

'And when the onely *Cresson* was the food
'Most delicate to *Persia*; then they stood
'In happy state, renown'd in peace and war,
'And through the world their triumphs spred afar:
'But when they after, in th' *Assyrian* hall,
'Had learn'd the lessons of *Sardanapall*:
'And when the other given to belly cheare,
'By *Galbaes*, *Neroes*, *Vitels* govern'd were,
'Who gloried more to fill a costly plate,
'Than kill a *Phyrrus* or a *Mytridate*,
'Then both of them were seen for to be sacked
'By Nations poor whom they before had wracked.
'Of little Nature lives: superfluous meat
'But duls the spirit, and doth the stomack freat.
When they were set, then throw that Royall rout
The *Malvesie* was quaffed oft about.
One drinkes out of an *Alabaster* Cuppe:
One out of *Crystall* doth the *Nectar* suppe:
Som out of curious shels of *Unicorne*:
Som spill the wine, and som to beds were borne;
But namely there the *Vizroy* would not tyre,
But more hee drank, the more hee had desire:
Like to the *Ocean*-Sea, though it resaves
All *Nilus* floods, yea all fresh water craves
From East to West, yet growes hee not a grain,
But still is ready for as much, again.
One glass drawes on another glass: and whan
The Butler meant to cease, hee but began
To skink god *Bacchus*: thus this drunken wight
Among his drunkards tippled till midnight:
Then each of them, with stackering steps out went,
And groaping hands, retyring to his tent.
This Tyrant wisht them oft away before:
To whom each moment seem'd to be a skore.
Assoone as they were gone, then gan hee prease
The trembling *Judith*. Cease, great Prince, O cease,
The widow said: what haste need you to make
To reap the flower that none can from you take?
My Lord, go to your bed and take your ease;
Where I your sweet embracings will complease,
Assoone as I my garments may remove,
That bind my body brunt with ardent love.
Now, if that sober wits and wylie brains
Cannot avoide the female tricks and trains:
Abash not Reader though this reckless Roy
(Bewitcht by *Semels* sonne, and *Venus* boy)
Was thus beguild: considering, both these twain
Confound the force of those that them retain.
So letting *Judith* slide out of his arme,
Hee gins to loose his garments soft and warme:
But throw his haste, his hand came lesser speed;
And though hee was deceiv'd, yet took no heed,
But weening well t' untruss his peevish points,
He knits them twyfold with his trembling joynts;
So long till hee, with anger discontent,
Cuts mee them all, and off his clothes hee rent,
And naked went to bed. Then as yee see
The bloody bowman stand behind a tree,
Who warely watches for wandring Dear:
To every part, where hee doth thinke to hear
Some trembling bush, some beast or *Lezard* swall,
That motion makes, so turneth hee withall
His face and hand to shoot, but all in vaine
For to releeve his long aspecting paine:
Even so, this foolish Tyrant when hee heard
Som rat or mouse, then thought hee to him ward,
His Mistresse came: and when hee heard no more,
Yet thought shee came, whom most hee did adore.
While up hee lifts his head, while lets it fall:
While lookes about, while counts the pases all
That shee should passe, to come unto his bed.
Thus turning oft, as ardent lust him led, (thorne:
Hee thought his bed was sowne with pricking
But now the drink that hee had drunke before,
Brew'd in his braine, and from his mind it took
The sweet remembrance of her loving look.
So fell on sleep: and then to him appears
Ten thousand flames, ten thousand dinnes hee hears,
And dreams of Divels, and *Daemons* dark and dim,
Meduses, *Minotaurs*, and *Gorgons* grim.
This while, the heart of *Judith* gan to beat
Incessantly, beset with battell great:
One while her feare refeld her first intent:
One while her action just her courage lent.
Then said shee, *Judith*, now is time, goe to it,
And save thy people: Nay I will not do it.
I will, I will not: Go, fear not againe:
Wilt thou the sacred gestning then prophane?
Not it prophane; but holier it shall stand,
When holy folke are helped by my hand.
But shamefull lives the traytor evermore;
No traytor shee who doth her towne restore.
But murd'rers all are of the heav'n forsaken:
All murder 's not for murder alwaies taken.
Alas, are they not murd'rers sley their Prince?
This tyrant is no Prince of my Province:
But what if God will have us under awe?
Hee 's not of God that fights against his lawe.
For then should *Abud*, *Jahel*, and *Jehew*
Be homicids, because they tyrants slew.
But what? they were commanded of the Lord:
To such an act, my heart should soone accord.
Alas, my heart is weak for such a deed: (need.
Th'are strong ynough whom God doth strength at
But when 'tis done who shall my warrant be?
God brought mee here, God will deliver mee.
What if the Lord leave thee in Heathen hands?
Were this *Duke* dead, I fear no death nor bands.
But what if they pollute thee like a slave?
My body with my heart they shall not have.
Thus shee resolved in her minde at last,
Her hands and eyes unto the heav'n shee cast,
And with an humble voice to God shee prayd:
O gracious God that alwaies art the ayd
To thy beloved *Is'ak*, I thee pray
To strength my hand, even my right hand this day;
That I may make this bloody tyrant dye,
That to discepter thee would skale the skye.
But since thy goodnesse hath preserved mee,
And brought my boat so near the shore to be;
Grant that some sleepy drinke I may provide,
To dull this tyrants heart and daunt his pride,
To th' end that I may free thy congregation;
Unto thy honour and our consolation.
This prayer done, shee looked round about,
And heard this drunken Prince in sleeping rout:
Then stept shee to his sword that by him stood,
Wch oft had bath'd the world with humane blood:

But as ſhee preaſt the tyrant for to quell,
Feat refe the ſword from her, and down ſhee fell,
And loſt at once the ſtrength of heart and corſe.
O God (quoth ſhee) now by thy mighty force
Reſtore my ſtrength. This ſaid (with pale annoy)
Shee rudely roſe and ſtrooke this ſleeping *Roy*
So fell, that from his ſhoulders flew his powle,
And from his body fled his *Ethnique* ſoule,
Hie away to hell. His bulk all blood beſtain'd
Lay ſtill, his head in *Judiths* hand remain'd;
The which her maid put up into a ſack:
Thus throw the campe they cloſe away doe pack,
Empeacht of none. For thoſe that had her ſeen,
Suppos'd ſhee went (as ſhee had wonted been,
The nights before) unto the valley, where
They thought ſhee went to ſerve *Diana* cleare.
When *Judith* chaſte came near the *Hebrew* wall;
Let in (quoth ſhee) for our great God of all
Hath broke this night the whole *Aſſyrian* power,
And rais'd the horne of *Is'ak* at this howre.
Then men, amazde of her unhoped ſtate,
About her ran aſſembling at the gate,
Where holy *Judith* on a hill was mounted,
And all her chance from point to point recounted;
And there diſcov'ring drew out of the ſack
The bloody head of th' en'my of *Is'ak*.
The Citizens that ſaw how ſhee did ſtand
With th' end of *Aſſurs* head in her right hand;
They prayſed God, who by her hand had ſlain
And puniſhed that traytor inhumane.
'But, moſt of all Duke *Ammon* did admire
'The work of God. Then hee t' eſcape the yre
'Of *Jacobs* God, who ayds the weakeſt part,
'Hee ſhortly circumcis'd his fleſh and heart.
'O God, that rightly by foreſight divine
'Repels the purpoſe of all mens engine:
'Who for to lead th' elect to deſtnyed health
'(Even when it ſeems them fartheſt from their
'Of il, thou draw'ſt the good, & ſom in ill (wealth)
'Thou lets them runne thy juſtice to fulfill;
'(O Lord) the vile deſire of blood and ſack,
'Made *Holopherne* to warre upon *Is'ak*:
'But where that he would *Is'aks* blood have ſhed,
'Hee loſt his owne for *Is'ak*, on his bed.
'Thus thy good grace hath made his vain invention
'To take effect contrary to's intention.
'So *Paul* became a *Saint*, who was a *Phariſee*;
'And, of a tyrant teacher of thy veritee:
'So was the theefe, that hong with our *Meſſias*
'(For all his ſinne) preſerved with *Elias*:
'His vitious corps could have no life here downe;
'His ſoule by grace yet got a heav'nly crown. (ces,
'Change then (O God) the harts of chriſtian prin-
'Who ſhed the faithfuls blood in their provinces,
'Let thou that ſword, that thou giv'ſt them to
'Upon thy en'mies onely be apply'd; (guide,
'Upon thoſe tyrants whoſe unrighteous horne
'Deteins the Land where thy deare Son was born:
'Not on the backs of thoſe, who with humility,
'Adore the *Triple* one great God in unity.
Then at commandment of this widow chaſte,
A ſouldier tooke the tyrants head in haſte;
And for to give the *Hebrews* heart withall,
Hee fixed it upon the foremoſt wall.
Their fathers came, and ſons, and wives, & mayds,
Who erſt had loſt amongſt the *Heathen* blayds,
Their ſons, their parents, makes, and lovers dear;
With heavy hearts, and furious raging chear,
They pill'd and paird his beard, of palid hew,
Spet in his face, and out his tongue they drew,
Which uſ'd to ſpeake of God great blaſpemies,
And with their fingers poched out his eyes.
The rife remembrance of ſo late an ill,
Made vulgar folke ſuch vengeance to fulfill.
This while, *Aurora* ceaſed to imbrace
Her ancient love, and roſe with ruddy face,
Upon the *Indian* heav'n: the warriours ſtrong,
That kept the towne, now ſorted forth in throng,
Enarmed all with ſuch a hideous ſound
As ſeem'd the elements foure to confound,
And brake the bands that keep them in their border,
Retyring them unto their olde diſorder.
The *Pagan* watches next the Citie ſide
(Awaked with this din) ſtarte up and cride
Alarme, Alarme, like fearfull men agaſt:
Then through the Camp the hot Alarum paſt.
Som takes his neghbours armour firſt hee findes,
And wrong on armes the bracelets both he bindes. Confuſion.
Som takes a ſtaffe for haſte, and leaves his lance:
Som madling runnes, Som trembles in a trance:
Som on his horſe ill ſaddled gins to ride,
And wants his ſpurrs, ſom boldly do abide:
Som neither wakes nor ſleeps, but mazing ſtands:
Som brave in words, are beaſtly of their hands.
This brute from hand to hand, from man to man,
Unto the *Pagans* Court at laſt it ran.
Then *Bagos Eunuch*, ſadly forth hee went
T' awake the ſleeping *Ethnique* in his tent; (hand:
And knockt once, twice, and thrice, with trembling
But ſuch eternall ſleep his temples band,
That hee had paſt already (miſerable)
Of *Styx* ſo black the flood irrepaſſable.
Yet *Bagos*, hearing *Is'aks* cry encreaſe,
Hee with his foot, the doore began to preaſe,
And entred: where the bed hee did behold
All bled with *Holophernes* carkaſſe cold:
Hee tore his hair; and all his garments rent,
And to the heav'n his howling cries hee ſent.
But when hee miſt the *Hebrew*-Dame away,
Then raging hee began a gaſtly fray,
And from the bloody tent as hee ran out,
Among the heathen thus began to ſhout:
Woe, woe, to us, a ſlave (they *Judith* call)
In ſlaying *Holopherne*, hath ſlain us all,
That daunted all the world. Theſe novels laſt,
Joyn'd to the former fear that lately paſt,
Affrighted ſo the ſouldiers one and all,
That pike and dart, and target they let fall,
And fled throw mountains, valleys, & throw heaths,
Where ev'ry chance procur'd them worſer deaths.
Then all th' aſſieged folk in flocks deſcended,
And on their en'mies backs their bows they bẽded.
Both parties ran: but th' one that other chaſed,
The weary flyers flight themſelves defaced.
The *Hebrewes* there, in fight not one they loſt;
But they bet down and ſlew the Heathen hoſte:
As doth a Lion of *Getulia* wood
Beſpred the land with worried beaſts and blood,

So

So long as hee may finde a beaſt abide,
That dare oppone him to his cruell pride. (Rocks,
Som headlong throwe themſelfs from craggie
And break their bones & all their brains out knocks,
Som have forgot that *Parcæ*, every where,
Wait on their end that drown in water cleare:
But if that any ſcape by ſom great hap,
Hee ſcapt the firſt, but not the after clap:
For all the ſtreits and paſſages were ſet,
That none ſhould ſcape alive where they were met:
Yea ſcarſly one was left to tell the King,
At *Ninive*, of all this wondrous thing.
This battell done, all thoſe whoſe *Sex* and age
Withheld at home (their dolours to aſſwage)
Came forth out of their fort to ſee and hear
What God had done for them his people dear.
They found ſome men diſmembred having breath,
That cri'd in vain a hundreth times for death.
Another gnaſhes with his teeth, in pains:
Som dead in face their former rage retains.
And ſom are ſhot directly throw the heart.
Each ſoule departs to his appointed part,
According to the valew, or the chance,
That fortun'd them to dye, on ſword or launce.
In ſhort: to ſee this ſight ſo dreadfull was,
That even the *Hebrews* would have ſaid Alas,
If they had vanquiſht any en'my els.
This while, amongſt the corſes infidels,
Among a hundred thouſand, there was found
The chieftaines carcaſs rent with many a wound
Of ſpear and ſword, by th' *Hebrews* in their yre.
There was no ſinew, arter, veine nor lyre,
That was not mangled with their vulgar rage:
No time nor moment might their yre aſſwage.
If *Holopherne* had been like *Atlas* long,
Or like in lims unto *Briarius* ſtrong;
Yet had his body been too ſmall a prey,
To ſatisfie their furie ev'ry way.
For, in that Camp was not ſo ſmall a knave,
But of his fleſh ſom collup hee would have.
O tyrant now (quoth they) give thy right hand
To the *Cilicians*, and to *Media Land:*
Leave thou thy left. And to *Celea* ſweet,
To *Iſmaell* and *Ægypt* leave thy feet;
To th' end that all the world, by thee offenced,
With ſuch a preſent may be recompenced.
But heer I faile thy corps thus to deviſe.
In *Atomy*: for, it will not ſuffice.
This thankfull widow then, who never thought
To ſinore this wondrous work that God had
Entun'd her verſe, & ſung to ſweet cõſort (wrought,
Of inſtruments, and paſt with gracious port
Before the choſen Dames and Virgins thair,
That were eſteem'd for honeſt chaſte and fair.
Sing, ſing, with heart & voyce and ſounding ſtrings,
And praiſe the Lord of Lords, and King of Kings,
Who doth diſthrone the great, and in their place
Erects the poore that leane upon his grace.
Who would have thought that in a day one town
Could overcome a camp of ſuch renown,
Who daunted all the world, whoſe pride was felt
From *Indian* ſhore to where the *Calpees* dwelt?
Great God, who will beleeve that *Holopherne*,
Who did a hundred famous Princes derne,
Should be diſceptred, ſlain, left in a midow,
By no great *Gyant*, but a feeble widow?
Great God, who will beleeve that hee who rain'd
From North to South, and in his hands retain'd,
Both Eaſt and Weſt; now gets not grace to have
An ynch of *Gazon* ground to be his grave?
This Conqu'rour, that came with no army ſmall,
Now lyes on ground abandon'd of them all;
Not ſole: for, thoſe companion him in death,
That follow'd him while hee had life and breath.
Not now the ground, but Ravens hunger-ſterv'd,
Are now his tombe as hee hath well deſerv'd.
No vaults of Marble rich, nor *Porphir* pure,
That hee had built, could be his ſepulture.
Even ſo good Lord from henceforth let us finde
Thee not our Judge, but for our Father kinde:
But let all tyrants that againſt thee gather,
Finde thee their Judge; but not their loving Father.
Here *Judith* ends: *And alſo here I ſtay,*
With thanks to God. So, for his ſtate I pray
At whoſe command I undertooke this deed,
To pleaſe his Grace, and thoſe that will it reed.

The Tranſlator.

FINIS.

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A TABLE OF THE SIGNIFICATION OF SOME VWords as they are used before.

Abderois, profane and delicate Epicures.
Abile, a Hill in *Affrica*, one of the *Pillars of Hercules*.
Abraham, Father of the Jewes or the faithfull.
Achelois Imps, *Sirens* or *Mermaids*.
Amram, the father of *Moses*.
Assur, *Assurs* head, the Countrey of *Assyria*, or their king.
Assyrian Prince, *Holophernes*. Vizroy or Generall.
Agamemnon, the Generall of the *Greeks*, being present at the sacrifizing of his onely daughter was painted with a bend about his eyes, either for the painters unskilfulness, who could not sufficiently express his speciall tears, or els for that he thought it undecent to paint so mighty a Prince weeping; or unnaturall, not to weep.
Aconite, a poisonable herb.
Auton, the South or South-winde.
Aurora, the morning.
Arphaxat, Supposed to be *Arbactus*, King of *Medes*.
Atlas, a great Giant.
Argus, had a hundred eyes.
Alexander, the Great.
Apelles, an excellent painter.
Bethull or Bethulia, the City where *Judith* dwelt.
Babel, *Babylon*, or the whole Countrey.
Bellona, goddess of Battell.
Briccoll, an ingine of war.
Briarius, a Giant with a hundred hands.
Bacchus, Wine or drunkenness.
Boreas, the North or North-winde.
Chameleon, a beast that changeth his colours.
Ctesiphon, a cunning *Architect* or builder.
Chaos, a confusion before the worlds creation.
Capharois, *Cyanes* straits, } two perilous Rocks.
Calpe, a Hill in *Spain*, one of the pillars of *Hercules*.
Cyprian Dame, *Venus*, love or lust.
Cupido, Love or lust.
Corvies, crooked irons to draw down buildings.
Castors sister, *Helen*, the dishonest wife of *Menelaus*.
Canaces, incestuous women.
Circes, Witches, abusers of lovers.
Cyrene, a dry sandy countrey, or drouth.
Carmel, a mountaine in *Judea*, or the whole countrey.
Danow, *Danubius*, a river in *Germany*.
Denis twice born, *Bacchus*.
Diana or Cynthia, the Moon.
Dina, the daughter of *Jacob*.
Ægyptian Queen, *Cleopatra*, the Concubine of *M. Antonius*, who swallowed a rich pearl.
Elimia Land, the Elamits.
Eurus, the East, or East-winde.
Ægeans stable, where horses devoured men.
Encelade, a Giant buried under mount *Ætna*.
Generall, *Holophernes*.
Gibralter, a City in *Spain* neer to *Calpe*-hill, one of the Pillars of *Hercules*.
Holopherne, Vizroy, chief of the Army.
Hermon, a Hill in *Judea*, or the countrey of *Judea*.
Hesperian coste, the West.
Hyade, a water-Nymph or watry star.
Heraults, Apostles or Preachers.
Jacobs sonnes, the people of *Israel*.
Israel or Jacob, the Land of *Judea*.
Isaac, the people of the Jewes.
Ismael, *Idumeans* or *Edom*.
Ixion, one tormented in Hell.
Jebus place, *Jerusalem* or *Sion*.
Judith, of *Bethulia*, of the tribe of *Reuben*.
Jessies race, *David*, and his seed.
Jethro, Father in law to *Moses*.
Latmies sonne, *Endymion*, the long sleeper, supposed to lie with the Moon.
Lysippus, a cunning carver.
Monark, one sole Governour.
Memphits, men of that Citie in *Ægypt*.
Misraim, the Land of *Ægypt*.
Mocmur, the river neer *Bethulia*.
Momus, a scornefull detracter of all things.
Mars, god of strife or battell.
Mirrhaes and Syllaes, women betrayers of their countrey.
Minotaurs, Unnaturall monsters.
Medusaes, Furies of hell.

Neptune

Neptunes back, the Sea.
Nephathai, a mighty ſtrong rock or mountaine in Syria.
Paleſtine, the Land of the Philiſtins.
Pharia, a famous tower in *Ægypt*.
Phlegon, one of the foure horſes that was ſuppoſed to draw the Sun.
Phœbus, the Sun.
Phœbe, his ſiſter the Moon.
Proteus, a man changing himſelf into ſundry forms: there is a fiſh of like nature.
Priams wife, *Hecuba* the honourable.
Pelmell, all mixt confuſedly together.
Ramme, an ingine of war for battery.
Sina-hill, *Sinai*-hill.
Salem, *Jeruſalem*.
Solyma, *Jeruſalem*.
Sichem, the raviſher of *Dina*.
Sabean Queen, Savours of *Saba* land.
Simeon, *Dinaes* brother.
Scythique Rampier, the tomb of *Semele*, mother of *Bacchus*.
Styx, a River in hell.
Sympathy, concordance of natures and things.
Sentinels, Watchmen.
Semirames, Women *Viragoes*.
Syrtes, dangerous ſands.
Satrap, Prince.
Stymphalides, ravenous fowles with female faces, *Harpies*.
Syrian Camp, the Hoſte of *Holophernes*.
Semels ſonne, Bacchus or wine.
Tranſparent, that which may be ſeen through and whole, like glaſſe.
Tortuſe, an ingine of war.
Trepan, an ingine of warre.
The forraine tide, Suppoſed to have been the flood of *Noah*, or the deluge of *Deucalion* that divided *Affrica* from *Europe*, and *Sycilia* from *Italia*.
Thetis, the Sea.
Thurims, deceitfull Advocates.
Theban knight, Captaine of the greeks army.
Theefe that ſtole the fire, *Prometheus*, who ſtole fire from *Jupiter*.
Zedechias, laſt King of the Jewes.
Zephyrus, Weſt or weſt-winde.
Zeuxis, a painter of *Italy*, who being required to paint the picture of *Helen*, deſired to have all the faireſt women of *Croton* to be preſent for his patterne.

FINIS.

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LITTLE BARTAS:

OR, BRIEFE MEDITATIONS ON The Power, Providence, Greatnes, AND, Goodneſſe of God,

IN THE CREATION; Of the VVorld, For *Man*: Of Man, *For* HIMSELFE.

Tranſlated; and dedicated
TO THE
Moſt Royall Ladie,
ELIZABETH.

BY
JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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TO THE MOST ROYALL LADY ELIZABETHA INFANTA of England; Princeſs PALATINE of RHINE.

Sweet Grace *of* GRACES, Glory *of Your Age*,
Luſtre *of* VERTUES (*Morall and Divine*)
Whoſe Sacred Raies (*already*) *far* out-ſhine
Your Princely State, *Your* Royall Parentage;
Heer, to your HIGHNES (*with all Good-Preſage,*
(*ongratuling Your little* PALATINE)
I conſecrate *This* LITTLE-*One of Mine,*
To ſerve Your Self *firſt*; *then,* Your Son, *for Page.*
Your gracious Favours *to my former* Brood,
So binde *my Thoughts, ſo* bolden *my Deſires,*
To ſhew Mee gratefull, *as I know You* good;
That Thus *to* You, *This* LITTLE *Mine* aſpires:
Little in Growth; *yet of ſo great a* Spirit,
As (*happily*) *Your Graces grace may merit.*

To your Highneſs Service,

Duely and Truely devoted,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

Souhaits
Royaux & Loyaux

Au Roy.

AInsi, l'*Ancien des Temps*, d'Ans, d'Honneurs, & Bonheurs,
Comblant ce Chef Royal; couronne voz Labeurs:
Qui, pour le *Droict des Roys*, d'un Glaive tout divin,
Combattez *le Antichrist*, & son grand BELLARMIN.

Au Prince Charles.

AInsi le Tout-puissant, de sa main de PANDORE,
Face d'un *Charle-moindre*, un *Charle-magne* encore;
Qui, suivant Voz *Vertuz*, derive, perennel,
Saincts-Sages-Preux STUARTS au Sceptre paternel.

Aux Princes Palatins.

AInsi, le Ciel benin de ses *Tresors* beniſſe,
L'*Hymen* heureux & sainct de FRED'RIC & d'ELIZE;
De sorte, que d'Iceux, leurs *Filz* & leurs *Neveuz*,
Nous naissent desormais des EMPEREURS heureux.

Aux Anglois & Allemans.

AInsi, *Lions* ANGLOIS & *Aigles* d'ALLEMAGNE
(Triumphants, pour *la Foy*, de ROME & de l'ESPAGNE)
Terrassent coup a coup les *Lunes* du TURQUOIS,
Pour planter tout par tout les *Lauriers* de la CROIX.

LITTLE

LITTLE BARTAS.

IF wanton Lovers so delight to gaze
On mortall Beauties brittle little blaze;
That, not content with (almost) daily sight
Of those dear Idols *of their Appetite;*
Nor, with th' Idëas which th' Idalian
Hath deep imprinted in their yeilding heart; (Dart
Nor, with their Pictures (with precisest charge)
Done by De-creets, Marcus, *or* Peak, *at large*
(And hang'd of purpose, where they most frequent,
As som fair Chamber's choicest Ornament)
They must have Heliard, Isaac, *or His Sonne,*
To doe, in Little, what in Large was done;
That they may ever, ever bear about
A Pictures Picture *(for the most, I doubt):*
Much more should those, whose Soules, in Sacred Love,
Are rapt with Beautie's-Proto-Type *above*
(Sith, heer, they cannot see th' ORIGINALL;
Nor, in themselves, now, finde his Principall)
Thirst for Their Object; and [much less content
With th' ample Table *of the Firmament,*
And various Visage of this goodly Globe,
Wherein, they see but (as it were) His Robe
Embrodered rich, and with Great Works embost,
Of Pow'r, of Prudence, and of Goodness, most;
Yet, so far-off, so massy, so immense,
As over-swaies Their weak Intelligence:
Or with that lesser Tablet *of their owne*
(The Little-World, wherein the Great is show'n)
Which, neer and dear, though still about they bear,
Such Clouds of Pasion *are still crowding there,*
That seld or never can they ought perceive
Of those pure Raies it did at first receive]
Long for their Long-Home, past the Gates of Grace,
To see their Love, in Glory, face to face.
Till when; awhile to entertain them heer
With Prospects fittest Their faint Thoughts to cheer
(Instead of That Great Universall Table,
Made in Six Daies, with Art so admirable;
And, by My BARTAS, *in His* Weeks *divine,*
So large and lively drawn in every line)
Du-VAL, *and I (too short of* Isaac's *Art)*
Have Thus Essaid *to play the* Limners *part,*
And draw in little (like a Quintessence)
That goodly Labours glorious Excellence;
For ease of Such, whom Publike Charge denies
Leasure to view so large Varieties:
And Such, whose Means may not afford their Minds
So costly Pleasures of so Gainless kindes:
And (lastly) Such, as, loving BARTAS *best,*
Would glad and fain still bear Him in their brest,
Or in their Bosom, were Hee Pocket-fit,
As well Hee might; would Printers Gain *permit.*
Now therefore, Thou, All-forming ONLY-TRINE,
As, in the Large, Thou ledst His Hand and Mine;
Lend likewise heer Thy gracious Help agen,
To guide aright my Pencil and my Pen;
To sute my Colours, sweet my Shadows, so,
That This my Little, Thy Great Works may show.

And grant, the while, I be not like the Hand
Which at S. Albons, *in the Street, doth stand*
Directing Others in the ready Way;
But, void of minde, it Self behinde doth stay:
Nor, like a Buoy, *which warneth from a Shelf;*
But lies still wallowing in the Sea, it Self.

SUpernall Lord, Eternall King of Kings,
Maker, Maintainer, Mover of All things,
How infinite! how excellently-rare!
How absolute Thy wondrous Works they are!
How-much Their Knowledge is to be desir'd!
How, THOU, in All, to be of All admir'd!
Thy glorious Pow'r so suits thy gracious Will:
Thy sov'rain Wisedom meets thy Goodness still:
Thy Word effects thy Work; and, void of Pain,
Turns round the Heav'ns, & doth the Earth sustain.
Thy Spirit, infallible and infinite,
Filling the World (yet not contain'd in it)
By Pow'r and Presence, all, in All things dwels;
In Essence though, the Heav'n of Heav'ns excels.
Eternally, before All Form began,
Thou, onely God, wert in Thy-self, even than,
As absolute, as after all the Term
Of All thy Works: They, changeful All; Thou firm.
The Revolution of This ample All,
Heav'ns hight, Stars light, the Oceans flood & fall,
To all Mankinde, in some kind, make Thee known;
But adde not Thee more Glory to Thine own.
To make a World, or mar it, Thou art free,
All coms and goes by Thy divine Decree.
Thou, at Thy pleasure, hast made All of Nought:
All at Thy pleasure, shall to Nought be brought.
Thy Name is (right) I AM: for without Thee,
Is None: all beeings of Thy BEEING be:
All perfect *Unity*, proper *Existence*,
Is onely found in Thine owne sacred Essence.
Although the *World* a goodly Peece appear,
'T hath, to Thy Greatness, no Proportion neer;
'Tis but a Point to Thine immense Infinity.
Then, what (alas!) is Man to Thy DIVINITY?
Yet hast Thou Him a Tongue and Reason giv'n;
And Eyes erected towards Thy glitt'ring Heav'n,
To read and ruminate Thy Wonders there;
And afterwards proclaim them every-where.
The Heav'ns declare Thy Glory, and they preach
To Man, Thy *Works*, Thine *Excellence* in Each;
The Elements accorded Discords sound
How good for us thy goodly *Works* are found.
The radiant Stars, in their eternall Sway,
Th' alternate Changes of the Night and Day,
The birth of beasts, the growth of plants, each hour,
Teach every where Thy Providence and Pow'r.
From THEE, the Sun receives his Beauty bright,
And Soverain Rule of Each celestiall Light;
Whose Yearly Course, in certain Circuiting,
Makes Winter, Sommer, Autumn, and the Spring.
Be 't cloudy, cleer, Eclipse, or Night, or Day;
His lovely brows are equi-lucent ay:

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And, whether ſwift and ſoft Hee ſeem to wend,
His Speed is ſuch, Wee cannot comprehend.
Though us Hee warm, yet is Himſelfe not hot:
Though red, or pale, Hee ſeem, yet is Hee not;
Though ſmall to us; His Orb is eight-ſcore times
And ſix, as big as All our Earthly Climes.
Did not Hee draw moiſt Vapours from below,
To drench our fields; hee'r, nothing green would grow:
Did not Hee dry exceſsive Show'rs again,
Wee could not ſow, or mow; our Graſs, nor Grain.
Thou, Lord, by Him, work'ſt all this Alteration;
And cauſeſt ſo all Creatures generation:
Prankeſt the Earth in diverſe-Flowred hew;
And Yearly, almoſt, mak'ſt the *World* anew.
Thou haſt diſpos'd His oblique Body ſo,
That, Riſe hee, Set hee; be hee High, or Low;
His noon's perpetuall: and hee makes at once

Day, Night; Summ / Wint er; frying, freezing Zones.

When low to Us, to Others hee is high;
When Others ſee not, Wee behold his Eye;
When heer hee Sets, hee Riſes other-where;
When heer direct, hee looketh glancing there.
When ſom, in Summer, hear ſweet Nightingales,
Then ſom, in Winter, hear but bluſtring Gales:
Som ſee but Buds, when ſom ſupply their Granges:
Each-where, the Sun thus Seaſons contre-changes.
When heer, ther ſprings both leaf & gras together,
Elſe-where the Meads do hang their heads and wi-
So, in their turns, ſo in their times, he meaſures (ther:
His Gifts to all; and all partake his Treaſures.
In brief: each change of ſhort, long; Day & Night;
Of Seaſons, Times, Turns, and Returns of Light;
Which, in a whole Year, every-where hee forms:
That, in the whole *World*, daily hee performs.
So that, drad Lord, were not Thy ſacred Lore,
Man, above All, would likely Him adore
(As ſom have done); but Supreme Reaſon ſhowes,
That all His Glory unto Thine hee owes.
Things finite have Beginning and Beginner:
Things mov'd, a Mover (as, the wheel, the Spinner):
Effects, their finall Cauſe: and (formally)
Elder than Time, Nature or Faculty.
Even Thee, the *Cauſe* of *Cauſes*: Sourſe of All:
Firſt, and *Laſt*, *Mover*: *Prime*, and *Principall*:
Infallible, involuble, infenſible,
All *Self-compriſing*, elſe incomprehenſible:
Immenſe, Immortall, abſolute Infinity,
Omnipotent, Omniſcient, DIVINITY.
Even Thee, in Whom alone begins all *Good*,
And all returns into thy bound-leſs Flood.
By Order then of thy Decrees divine,
Th' haſt ſet the *Sun* o'r all the *VVorld* to ſhine,
And (as the Subjects lightly ſuit their King)
With His fair Light, t' enlighten every thing.
His goodly Face, th' ungodly ever fly,
Seeking for *Night*'s black horrid Canapy
To cover Theft, Rape, Inceſt, murder too,
And all foul *Sinnes*, which, in the Dark, they doe.
By Him, *Wee ſee Thy Works* in their Propriety;
Diſcern their Beanties, learn their vaſt variety:
Where, without Him, the *World* would all return
To th' old firſt CHAOS, or in Blindnes mourn.

By Him, Wee calculate our Grandfires Dates,
Th' Increaſe of Kingdoms, and Decay of States:
By Him, Thou meaſur'ſt, Lord, to Us and Ours,
Yeers, Ages, Seaſ0s, Months, Daies, Minutes, Hours.
All Wits admire th' immenſe and wondrous way
His great bright Body circuits every Day:
The more his Orb is from the Centre far,
The longer Dayly his great Journies are.
Beſides his Daily Courſe, his Courſers drive
One of three hundred threeſcore Daies and five,
Five Hours, three Quarters: of which Over-plus,
In every fourth Year, growes a Day with us.
Yet, Whoſo would the Year exactly rate,
In five-ſcore-five Years, muſt one Leap abate:
And, in threeſcore, for th' Error ready paſt,
Should no Biſſextile in our Books be plac't.
But, though Wee erre, Hee never ers at all:
Nor, Since Thou didſt Him in his State inſtall,
Hath Hee miſt Moment of the Task hee ought;
Though hee have ſeen Men fail and fall ſo oft.
Above all Creatures, Hee retains, of Thee,
Som-thing conform to Thine *Eternity*:
For, though Hee ſee our hourly Changes heer,
His Light and Beauty ſtil the ſame appear.
How many Changes hath Hee ſeen on Earth!
Kings, Kingdoms, States; their buriall, & their birth;
Riſing and Falling of triumphant Races;
Raiſing and Razing of renowned Places?
How often hath Hee ſeen Empires reverſt?
Rich Cities ſackt? Rare Common-weals diſperſt?
Fields turn'd to Floods, and Seas return'd to Sands,
While ſtedfaſt Hee between his Tropiks ſtands?
Him, juſt betwixt Six Wand'rers haſt thou plac't,
Which prance about Him with unequall haſte:
All which, Without Him, could no Light reflect,
As is apparent by the Moons Defect.
By His Aſpect, her Owne ſhee daily makes:
She, Wax-leſs, Wane-leſs, doth both wane & wax:
And, though to Us Shee ſeem a Semi-Ray,
Her full round Face doth never fall away.
By His fair Beams, as well by Day as Night,
The full whole Half of Her thick Orb is bright:
And, as Shee draws neer or far-off from Him;
So, more or leſs, Our Half is clear or dim.
Her upper Half is full in her Coition,
Her lower Half is in her Oppoſition:
Her other Quarters other Forms expreſs;
And, up or down-ward, ſhew Her, more or leſs.
When We ſee little, then the Heav'ns have ſtore:
When Heav'ns ſee little, then have Wee the more:
Neerer the Sun, the leſſe Shee ſeems in ſight;
Turning her Horn ſtill to her Oppoſite.
At Even, Increaſing, Shee the Sun ſucceeds;
At Morn, Decreaſing, Shee his Car preceeds:
So that, each Month the Sun environs Her,
On every ſide His Splendor to confer.
Her ſilver Light then onely faileth her
When th' Earth 's between Them (in Diameter):
Which Masks her Beauty with a ſable Cloud,
From Sight of Him, her Brother Golden-brow'd.
Good Lord, what changes doſt Thou work by (theſe
Varieties; in Air, in Earth, and Seas!
Fair, or foul Weather; Winde, or Wet, or Thunder;
To dry, or drip; or cool, or warm Heer-under.

If

If Shee but Smile the fourth day, 't will be fair:
If then Shee bluſh, wee ſhall have bluſtring air:
If then her brows be muffled with a Frown,
Moſt of that Month ſhall ſad tears trickle down.
Thus doth the Vigour of the Signs ſuperiour
Rule in the Vertues of theſe things inferiour:
But All are govern'd by Thy ſoverain Might:
O! happy Hee who underſtands it right.
Thrice happy Hee, who ſees Thee every-where;
In Heav'n and Earth, in Water, Fire, and Air:
Who, due admiring Thy wiſe Works (of Yore)
Thee above All, Thee onely, doth adore. (too;
Who knowes Thee ſo, ſo needs muſt love Thee
And, with his Will, Thy ſacred *Will* would doe;
Still lifts his Eyes to Heav'n-ward, to contemple
The ſtately Wonders of Thy ſtarry Temple:
Admires the ſet and meaſur'd Dance of Thine
All-claſping Palace, azure-cryſtalline,
Rare-rich-imboſt with glittering ſtuds of Gold;
And, more admires, the more hee doth behold.
'T's a wõdrous thing to ſee That mighty Mound,
Hinge-leſs and Ax-leſs, turn ſo ſwiftly round; (ding
And th' heavy Earth, prop-leſs (tho downward ten-
Self-counter-poiz'd, 'mid the ſoft Air ſuſpending.
On th' ample Surface of whoſe maſſie Ball
Men (round about) doe trample over all,
Foot againſt Foot, though ſtill (O ſtrange effect!)
Their Faces all be towards Heav'n erect.
Thoſe dwelling under th' *Equinoctiall*, they
Have, all the Year long, equall Night and Day:
Thoſe neer the *Tropiks* have them more un-even;
The more, the more that they are Nor-ward driven.
But thoſe, whoſe Tents to either Pole are neer,
Have but One Night, and One Day, in a yeer.
Yet All well compaſt by due ruled Rite,
Neither, than other, hath more Dark or Light.
Thus have thy Works, O All-Diſpoſing *Deity*,
Som-what conform, for all their great variety:
Which Harmony, amid ſo diverſe things,
In All, aloud Thy wondrous Wiſdom rings.
But, ſpecially, wee wonder at the Place
Which heer thou haſt beſtow'd on *Adams* race:
To ſee our ſelves ſet on ſo Round a Ball,
So firmly hang'd juſt in the midſt of all.
For, This our Globe hangs Prop-leſs in the Air;
Yet, but thy *Self*, can nothing ſhake or ſway-her:
No roaring Storm, nor rumbling Violence,
Can move the *Centre*'s ſad Circumference.
Which, whoſo ſhould oppoſe in Diſputation,
Might be convinc't by eaſie Demonſtration:
So far doe they from Senſe and Reaſon erre, (ſtir.
Who think the Heav'ns ſtand, and th' Earth doth
The Parts and Whole of ſame-kinde bodies, have
Same or like Motions; be they light, or grave;
Upward, or downward; round, or overthwart:
Needs muſt the Totall move as doth his Part.
So, if wee ſee the Sun and Moon to veer;
Their Ample Heav'ns have even the like Career:
But, who hath ſeen a Selfly-turning Stone?
How then ſhould *Earth* turn her whole lump alone?
Let's therefore, boldly, with old Truth affirm,
That th' Earth remains unmoveable and firm:
And (if wee credit the Geometer)
Three thouſand leagues is her Diameter:
This Meaſure of her vaſt thick Depth, is found
By th' admirable Compaſs of her Round;
Which hath, by Teſt of Arts Experiments,
More than nine thouſand leagues Circumference.
Yet, learned Mappiſts, on a Paper ſmall,
Draw (in Abbridgement) the whole Type of all;
And, in their Chamber (pain-leſs, peril-leſs)
See, in an hour, and circuit, Land and Seas.
This mighty Globe is but a Point, compar'd
With th' upper Globe: yet on this Point are ſhar'd
Millions of millions of Man-kinde, which plow
With Keel and Coultar its Twin Back and Brow.
Man, placed thus, in This Mid-Point, ſo even,
Sees alwaies Halfe of God's great Hall of Heav'n:
Th' other 's beneath him; yet abides not there,
But in a Day doth to him all appear.
Ah, Soverain Artiſt! O how few of us
Know right the Place where Thou haſt plac't us
Alas! how many know not, to what end (thus!
Thy gracious Wiſedom did them hither ſend!
Yet, giving Man a quick Intelligence,
Thou ſett'ſt him juſt in the World's Midſt; that,
Seeing thy Wonders round about him ſo, (thence
Knowing himſelf, hee might Thee better know.
By th' uſuall Circuit of the Heav'nly Ball,
The Stars appear unto us (almoſt) all;
That Wee, in time, obſerving all their Figures,
Might contemplate their Courſes, Natures, Vigors.
To view the Stars, is honeſt Recreation:
To ſearch their Courſe, deſerveth Commendation;
So wee beware, with ſome preſuming Sects
To pick things future out of their aſpects.
Wee muſt renounce That Errors patronage,
That what ſom Dreamers by our Births preſage,
Muſt needs betide us; tying to their Lawes
Our nature, govern'd by a Higher Cauſe.
Perhaps the Signes ſome inclination bring,
Inducing hearts to ſome Affectioning:
But, by Gods grace, well may wee vary that;
As, never forc't by neceſſary Fate.
For, ſure if Man, by ſtrong Neceſsity,
Doe any Ill, ill meriteth not Hee:
Did Stars conſtrain us, neither Vertue, then,
Nor vice, were worth Praiſe or Reproof in Men.
If any way the Will of Man be free,
On Theſe Effects what Judgement's ground can be?
What Certainty can from the ſtars be knowne
Of Weal, or Woe, Life, Death, or Thrall, or Throne?
When Kings are born, many are born beſide:
Muſt all be Deſtin'd to be Kings, that tide?
Oft, many at-once are hang'd, or drown'd, or ſlain:
Did all at-once their groaning Mothers pain?
Who can conceive, that ſuch or ſuch Aſpect
Is good, or bad; boads Life, or Deaths Effect?
Who can produce ſo ſure Prognoſtications
Of our frail Life, ſo full of Alterations?
Certain's that Art which ſhews the daily Courſe
Of reſtleſs Stars, their influence and force:
But, Divination's an uncertain Skill,
Full of fond Errour, falſe, and failing ſtill.
What booted, Lord, our humbleſt Vows to Thee,
Were their Concluſions certain Verity?
Diſaſtrous Fate would mate us with Deſpair,
And fruſtrate all religious Faith and Praier.

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Were it their Sayings were right certain true,
Then, of neceſſity muſt all enſue:
But, if Events their Verdicts often thwart,
Falſe is their Aim, and fallible their Art.
Obſerve the Works thoſe ſubtill Authors write;
Th' are ſo ambiguous, or ſo falſe out-right,
That if ſomtimes ſom truth they chance to hit,
They 'll counterpoiz a hundred lies for it.
Too-buſie-bold with Thee, Lord, they preſume;
And to themſelves Thine Office they aſſume,
Who, by Star-gazing, or ought elſe below,
Dare arrogate the Future to foreknow.
Wee hardly ſee what hangeth at our Eyes:
How ſhould wee read the Secrets of the Skies?
None knowes To-morrow what betide him ſhall:
How then fore-tell Yeers Fortunes yer they fall?
Then leave wee all to God's high providence;
Not liſt'ning for To-morrow-Daies Events:
Better than Wee, He knowes what's meet to ſend.
Then fear wee nothing, but him to offend.
O! Thou All-knower! Nothing more doth thruſt
Proud Man from Thee, than this Ambitious Luſt
Of knowing All: for, by that Arrogance,
In ſtead of Knowledge, got Hee Ignorance.
Man nothing knowes, nor nothing comprehends,
But by the Power which Thy pure ſpirit him lends.
If then, Thy Wiſdom have ſo bounded His;
Why would Hee hold more than His Meaſure is?
Let 's humbly ſtoop our Wits, withall Sincerity,
Unto thy *Word*: there let us ſeek the Verity:
And all Predictions that ariſe not Thence,
Let us reject for impious Inſolence.
Let us repute all Divination vain,
Which is derived from mans fuming brain,
By Lots, by Characters, or Chiromancy;
By Birds, or Beaſts, or damned Necromancy.
Let 's alſo flee the furious-curious Spell
Of thoſe Black-Artiſts that conſult with Hell
To finde things loſt; and *Pluto's* help invoke
For hoorded Gold, where oft they find but ſmoke.
Hee's fond that thinks Fiends in his ring to coop.
Or in a knife them by a Charm to hoop.
Such as have try'd thoſe Courſes, for the moſt,
Have felt in fine Their malice, to their coſt.
Woe, woe to Them that leave the living God,
To follow Fiends, and Montibanks abroad;
Seeking for light, dark, dreaming Sorceries;
And, for the Truth, th' erroneous Prince of Lies.
Condemning therefore all pernicious Arts,
Let 's be contented with our proper Parts:
Let 's meekly ſeek what may be ſafely knowne,
Without uſurping Gods peculiar Owne. (ſpend;
W' have Stuffe enough (beſides) our time to
And Our ſhort life can hardly comprehend
The half of half the Wonders licenſt us
To ſearch, and know, and ſoberly diſcuſs.
The ſmalleſt Garden uſually contains
Roots, Fruits and Flowrs, ſufficient for the pains
Of one mans life, their natures to deſcry:
When will hee know all Creatures property?
Earth's but a Point, compar'd to th' upper Globe:
Yet, who hath ſeen but half her utter Robe,
Omitting All her Inwards, All her Water?
When ſhall wee then ſee All this vaſt Theater?
What heer wee ſee, wee ſee is Exquiſite:
What 's This to That ſo far above our Sight?
Excelling fair, what to our Eye is ſenſible:
Even to our Soule, the reſt 's incomprehenſible.
Who then can vaunt himſelfe Omniſcient?
More than All, ſin-leſs, Pure and Innocent?
As none 's all-guiltleſs, in thy glorious Eyes,
There 's none all-knowing thy high Myſteries.
Yet muſt wee praiſe and glorifie thee fit,
For that wee know; and for our good by it:
There is no Pleaſure can be comparable
To Contemplation of Thy Wondrous Table.
Thereon the more wee muſe, the more we may;
So our Delight, Deſire encreaſeth ay
Of finding Thee: and that divine Deſire,
Calming our Cares, quencheth our fleſhly Fire.
All other Pleaſures have Diſpleaſures mixt:
Joyes meet annoyes, and ſmiles have tears betwixt:
Yea, all Delights of Earth have ever been
Fellow'd or follow'd, by ſom tragick Teen.
But, Who of Thee, and Thine, contemplates ever,
Scapes all the Fits of th' hot-cold cruell Fever
Of Fear, of Love, of Avarice, Ambition,
Which haunts all others, with ſmall Intermiſſion.
Man, labour-leſs, receives a rare Delight,
When hee obſerves the ſettled Order right,
Whereby all Creatures (with, or wanting Senſe)
Subſiſt, through thine Unchanging Providence.
What more content can Wee have heer below,
More high, more happy? than, but This to know
(This certain Sum) That, when This world began,
Thou mad'ſt Man for Thy-Self, and All for Man.
Th' Horſe was not made to glorifie thy Name,
Nor th' Elephant to magnifie the ſame:
Man, onely Man, hath mem'ry, voyce, and wit
To ſing thy Praiſe, and ſound thy Glory, fit.
And, to ſerve Thee, as Hee is ſole ordain'd;
So, to ſerve Him, Thou haſt the reſt derrain'd:
All things that flee, that walk, that craul, or ſwim,
Yea, Heav'n and Earth, and All, are vow'd to Him.
For Him, the Earth yeelds Herbs, Trees, Fruits, &
(To ſundry purpoſe, and of ſundry powrs) (Flowrs,
Corn of all kindes, in Vallies far and wide
(For Bread and Drink) and dainty Vines beſide.
For Him, the Rocks a thouſand Rivers guſh:
Heer, rouling Brooks; There, ſilver Torrents ruſh;
Indenting Meads and Paſtures, as they paſs,
Whoſe ſmiling Pride peeps in their liquid Glaſs.
For Him, the mountains, downs, & Forreſts breed
Buffs, Beefs, Sheep, Venzon; and the luſty Steed
To bear him bravely thorough thick and thin;
And ſilly Worms, his Silken Robes to ſpin.
For Him, the Bullock bears his painfull Yoak:
For Him, the Weather wears his curled Cloak:
For Him, the Birds their brooding-chambers build:
For Him, the Bees their Wax and Honey yeild.
For Him, the Sea doth many millions nurſe;
With whom, the Air helps both his panch & purſe:
The Fire 's His Cook, to dreſs th' aboundant Cheer
Which Air, and Sea, and Earth, doe furniſh heer.
Yea, Dragons, Serpents, Vipers venemous,
Have Fel, Fat, Blood; or ſomwhat good for us;
In Leproſie, or Lunacie apply'd:
And Triacle is alſo hence ſupply'd.

Hee

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Hee (briefly) Hee hath uſe of all that is ;
Winnes the moſt ſavage of the Savages :
None ſo fierce Lyon, but to tame hee wonts ;
Nor Elephant ſo high, but that hee mounts ;
And makes, beſides, of his huge Bones & Teeth,
Hafts, Boxes, Combs, and more than many ſee'th.
Nay, more : for Him, the fell *Monocerote*
Bears on his brow a ſoveraine *Antidote*.
Yea, many ſoverain Remedies Hee findes,
For ſundry Griefs, in Creatures of all kindes.
All (in a word) wilde and domeſtick too,
Som way or other, Him ſome ſervice doo.
For food, Hee hath the fleſh of Beaſts and Birds :
For clothes, the Fleece, the Hair & Hide of Heards:
For houſe, each Quarr, and every Forreſt offers :
For mettals, Mines furniſh his Camp and Coffers.
For Him, the jarring Elements agree :
Fire cleers the Air : Air ſweeps the Earth wee ſee :
Earth bears the Water : Water (moiſtly-milde)
Cools Fire, calms Air, & gets the Earth with-child.
So, All is made for Man ; and Man for Thee :
To love, and ſerve and laud Thy Majeſty ;
Thee above all, Thee onely to obay ;
With thankfull ſoule walking Thy ſacred way.
This doth He wel, that yeilds his Will to thine;
Full of deſires, if not of deeds divine :
Striving to ſtop, under the Spirits awe,
The members ſtubborn and rebellious Law.
For, Man conſiſts of diſcordant accords
(What the great World, the little World affords.
There heav'n & earth; Heer earth & heav'n there are;
There War and Peace ; Heer alſo Peace and War.)
Hee hath a heav'nly Soule, an earthly Sheath :
That, ſoars above : This ever pores beneath :
That, lightly wing'd, all creatures comprehends ;
This, leaden-heeld, but to corruption tends.
The Spirit oft againſt the Fleſh doth fight ;
And ſomtimes vanquiſht by his Oppoſite,
Is carried Captive with the moſt diſhonor,
After his Foe ; and forc't to wait upon-her ;
Till rouz'd again, and raiſed by Thy Grace,
His ſtriving Will recovers wonted place ;
With better watch, and braver reſolution,
To ſtand it out untill his diſſolution.
Survaying then both heav'n and earth about,
Hee bringeth in what hee hath ſeen without ;
And marking well th' Effects of natures viſible,
Aſcends by thoſe unto their cauſe inviſible.
For, but two Organs hath our ſoule whereby
To finde and know th' eternall Majeſty :
Faith which beleeves the ſacred *Word* of God ;
And *Reaſon*, reading all his *Works* abroad
Thoſe Wonders ſend us, to their Author over ;
Thoſe certaine Motions, to their certaine Mover :
Then *Faith* conducts us, where our *Reaſon* leaves ;
And, what th' eie ſees not, That our *Faith* conceives.
Faith, firm and lively, doth our ſoules perſwade,
That Thy high pow'r of nothing, all hath made :
Thine ESSENCE is eternally-Divine:
The *World* beginning had, and ſhall have fine.
Wee muſt not ſay, *Of Nought is formed Nought*
(Although to Man it may bee juſtly brought.)
Th' eternall Spirit can all of nought produce ;
And inſtantly, to nothing all reduce.
Nor may wee aske, *What th' eviternall-One,*
That ſpace-leſs Space, could finde to doo alone.
His THREE-ONE-Selfe to know and to partake,
Is (Countleſs) more than Thouſand *Worlds* to make.
A paſſing Artiſt is no leſſe compleat,
Than in compoſure, in his rare Conceit :
For, in the Knowledge, Art's perfection lyes ;
And, *VVorks* deferr'd vail not the *VVork-mans* Prize.
The Minde's not idle, though the Hand awhile
Uſe neither Pen, Pencil, nor Gouge, nor File.
The Minde's before the Work ; and works within,
Upon th' *Idea*, yer the Deed begin.
Would we not ſay, the *World* were God indeed,
If from no other it did firſt proceed ?
Eternall, onely is God's proper tearm ;
Alone preceeding Time, exceeding Term.
The *VVorld* ſupports not Thee, nor Thee ſupplies:
Thou doſt Thy-Self ſuſtain, Thy-Self ſuffize :
And groſly erres who-ever ſhall ſuppoſe,
Thee, Infinite, within a *VVorld* to cloſe.
And, as wee may not match the heav'ns extenſe
Unto Thy Circle, infinite, immenſe :
No more may wee to Thine eternall-age,
Compare the *VVorlds* ſhort, brittle little age,
Before all time, Thou *Everlaſting-One*,
Decree'dſt in time to make the Sun and Moone.
The *VVorlds* few daies and ill (with little cumber)
Thy ſacred Book will teach us ſoone to number.
What Book, what Braſs, what Marble ought can (ſhow
But of an hundred thouſand years ago ?
Had Man been heer, from an eternall Line,
Here muſt have been (ſure) ſome perpetuall Signe :
Of years, Millions of Millions muſt have paſt
From th' endleſſe Clue of th' eviternall-Vaſt :
In all theſe years, of all that did ſurvive,
Of all their acts, could none to us arrive ?
Wee hear (and often) of the *Babylonians*,
Medes, *Perſians*, *Grecians*, *Romans*, *Macedonians* :
But, where's the Nation whoſe renowned glory
Hath liv'd an hundred thouſand years in ſtory ?
Seek all (*Greek*, *Latin*, *Hebrew*) Authors round,
Of All, will MOSES be the Senior found.
Who (To his times) in expreſs tearms hath caſt
Th' age of the *VVorld*, with the *Deſcents* that paſt.
Now from his daies to ours, what years amount,
Wee may with eaſe within few hours account ;
And, adding Both, ſoon by the totall finde
Th' age of the *VVorld*, and of our crooked kinde.
Five thouſand years, five hundred, forty eight, 1620.
This year are paſt ; ſince firſt this *VVorld* took date:
Since all the Heav'ns, Fire, Water, Air, and Earth,
Had, by thy WORD, their beeing and their birth.
Then was the *Heav'ns* azure *Pavilion* ſpred,
And with *Spur-Royalls* ſpangled over-head :
Then thoſe twin-*Princes*, with their train of *Light*,
Began their Kingdoms over day and night.
Then was the Air, the Earth and Sea repleat
With birds and beaſts, and fiſhes ſmall and great :
With plants, & trees, and fruits ; each yeelding ſeed
To propagate their Kindes that ſhould ſucceed.
Then (laſtly) *Man*, thy *Maſter-piece* of Art,
Thou didſt appoint to his Imperiall part ;
Innobling him with *Senſe* and *Reaſon*'s light,
And in his *Soule*, graving *Thine Image* right :

Gav'ſt

Gav'ſt him *Poſſeſſion* of this earthly Throne,
And gracious *Promiſe* of the heav'nly One:
Immortall Soule, thou daign'dſt him to inſpire,
Equall (almoſt) to thine owne heav'nly Quire.
And, as thy Spirit all other Spirits excells
(Angell, or other that in body dwells:)
So doth his body all elſe bodies paſſe
For comely forme, and for Majeſticke face.
All creatures elſe low on the ground doe pore,
And groveling feed: but (as was toucht before)
Man hath an *Upright* and a ſtately *Stature*,
With head aloft, agreeing to his nature;
Which properly is to behold the Skies,
To lift to Thee his heart, his hand, his eyes:
And by his Soule's diſcurſive pow'r to peiz
Things paſt, and preſent, and of future daies.
For, onely Man can meaſure, number, waigh;
True, Falſe, Good, Evill; know, caſt, ſound, ſurvay.
Man onely hath an in-reflecting Knowledge
Of his owne ſelfe (from Natures onely *Colledge:*)
Knows his own fact, his form, his load, his ſtrēgth;
Knows that he lives, knows he muſt die (at length:)
And, that a rul'ed ſober life and ſage,
Preſerves his health, and may prolong his age:
Knowes how to finde eaſe in his own diſeaſe;
And, if need be, his neighbour to appeaſe:
And for himſelf and others, make of flowrs,
Fruits, herbs and roots, Unguents of paſſing powrs.
But none ſo powrfull (when his Term is ſpent)
As can his own or others death prevent:
For, our ſhort Date (*Child-age*, or *Wilde-age*) ends;
And now but ſeldome to *Old-age* extends.
Yet, what is *Old-age* to ETERNITY?
To Man, expecting IMMORTALITY,
What is't to live ſom three or foureſcore yeer;
Or yet ten more (in Languor) linger heer?
Of all our time-paſt underneath the Sunne,
Nothing remains, ſave good or evill done:
Hundreds of years, once paſt, are leſſe (in Summe)
Than a few daies, or a few hours to-come.
For, to ſay truth, of Times three-pointed Powrs,
Onely the Preſent (inſtant) Point is ours.
W' have of the Paſt, but vain imagination;
Of that To-com, but doubtfull expectation.
But, to th' Eternall, are all times alike
Inſtant, and preſent, dead as well as quick:
Ay is To-day with Thee: Lord, in Thy ſight,
Both Paſt and Future are even equall bright.
Though in times, terms, the heav'ns revolved be;
A thouſand years are but one day with Thee:
And ſhorteſt moment of one onely day
With Thee is as a thouſand years (for ay.)
But, our ſet daies, to us are long, or ſhort;
As them good accidents, or bad, conſort:
Sobriety and Peace prolong our life:
Which is abbridg'd by Surfet and by Strife.
Exceſs or cares, now ſo cut-off our lives,
That of a thouſand, not a man arrives
Neer to the Tythe of the admired age
Of thoſe that liv'd in *Natures Pupillage:* (more;
Eight hundred years; nine hundred, ſom; ſom,
In minde and body, full of Natures ſtore;
To ſtock the earth with Iſſue rationall,
And learn the courſe of heav'ns Star-ſpangled ball:
Which firſt of all, Their long obſervance found:
Then by degrees, they taught their heirs the ground:
And wee, from them (ſo eas'd of end-leſſe pain)
Derive that Art, wee could not elſe attain.
In their long age they learn'd heav'ns full Careers
(Not to be compaſt in our ſpan of yeers)
Whence one of them might in his life know more,
Than in our daies, ſucceſſively, a ſcore.
Of their ſo long age who ſo doubtfull is,
Let him but look in ſacred *Geneſis:*
Where *Moſes* mentions divers famous men
So old; and ſhewes their yeers as ours were then.
Th'all-drowning-flood-year did 12. months con-
And every month did his due daies retain: (tain,
Which made up one year of that *Patriarch*,
Who liv'd ſev'n fifties, having left the *Ark*,
And was ſix hundred when hee came aboord:
Teaching his Sons his wondrous skill, by word.
See, ſee, (alas!) how our unhappy life
Is now abbridg'd, and charg'd with miſchiefs rife.
Had wee not pleaſure in thy works O God,
Soon muſt wee ſinck under the heavie load
of Cares & Croſſes (in a thouſand things) (brings.
Which this our wretched, ſad, ſhort, Way-fare
O! let us therefore bend our beſt and moſt
To magnifie Thee, Lord, in all thine Hoſt:
And ſo, contempling all thy goodneſſe giv'n,
With true content, begin (in earth) our heav'n.
Man knowing thee, knows all that can be known:
And having Thee, hath all that is, his owne:
To long for Thee, is endleſſe joy, internall:
Diſpos'd to Thee, to dye, is life eternall.
Not knowing Thee; to Live, is daily Dying:
To reſt without Thee, is continuall flying:
But all extremes of torments paſsing meaſure,
In Thee, and for Thee, are exceeding Pleaſure.
Yet, no man ought to offer wilfull force
To his owne Self; nor his owne ſoule divorce:
But patiently attend Thy cheerfull Call;
Then, to Thy hands gladly ſurrender all.
Nor may we ween our ſouls (as beaſts) to dye;
And with our bodies vany ſh utterly:
Death's but a paſſage from a life of pains,
Unto a life where death-leſſe joy remains.
W' have, after death another life to ſee:
As after Storms, a calme and quiet Lee:
As, after Sicknes, Health: as, after Durance,
Sweet Liberty, with Saf'ty and Aſſurance.
Two Contraries, oppos'd, in their Extreme,
Have this unfailing property in them:
That th' one's *Privation* is the others *Ens:*
So, death concluding, doth our life commence.
For, on each-other Contraries depend,
Chain'd (as it were) unto each others end;
Day after Night: Attonement after Strife:
And, after mortall Death, immortall Life.
Our ſoule's immortall then (wee muſt infer-it)
Having beginning of th' Immortall Spirit:
And they are brute (as beaſts) that do contend,
That with our bodies, ſoules for ever end.
If there be God immortall, All-ſcient,
All-mighty, juſt, benign, benevolent;
Where were his wiſdom, goodnes, juſtice, power,
If Vice Hee damn not, nor give Vertue Dower?

Heer,

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Heer, for the moſt, the godly ſuffer ſtill:
Th' ungodly heer have moſt the winde at will:
Shall they not one-day change their difference?
And one-day look for diverſe recompence? (preſs:
Heer, proud, rich, mighty; meek, poor, weak, op-
Lions kill Lambes; Fox ſtrips the Fatherleſſe:
O! Is there not another life imperible,
Sweet to the guiltleſſe; to the guilty terrible?
Who, for Thy ſake their lives have ſacrific'd,
In all the torments Tyrants have devis'd;
O! how unhappy were they, were there not
Crowns kept with Thee, for their eternall lot!
Then were we beaſts, or worſe than beaſts, indeed:
For Hee were beſt that could the worſt exceed.
Then, *Let us eat, drink, dally*, might wee ſay:
If after this, there were no Shot to pay.
But leaving now that ſong of *Senſuality*,
Beleeve wee firm our bleſſed *Immortality*;
Bleſſed for thoſe, that in Perſeverance,
To Thee alone (Lord) their whole hopes advance.
Bleſſed for thoſe, who in ſincere Humility,
Acknowledging, as knowing their Debility;
Through th' old corruption of all *Adams* race;
Them-ſelves diſtruſting, only truſt thy *Grace*.
Thou Lord (alas!) know'ſt all our Imperfections,
Our vain Deſires, our mutable Affections,
How prone we are to fall; how wilde, how wood,
Purſuing evill, and eſchewing good.
Th' inceſſant ſway of our continuall ill,
Requires the grace of Thy prevention ſtill;
And th' odious fruits our Nature wonts to breed,
Lord, of Thy mercies have continuall need.
Of frailty therefore, when our foot ſhall ſlip,
Or ſway, or ſtray, or turn-awry, or trip;
Yer flat wee fall, vouchſafe thy helping hand,
To raiſe us then; and make us, after, ſtand.
For, without Thee, our force is feebleneſſe;
Our Wiſdome Folly; Will is Waywardneſſe:
Our Knowledge Ignorance; our Hope Deſpaire:
Our Faith but Fanſie, and our All but Aire.
Without Thee, Lord, meer Idols are wee all;
W' have Eyes, but ſee not: Feet, but cannot craul:
Ears, but wee heare not: Senſes without ſenſe:
Soules without ſoule, without intelligence.
Without Thee, all our Counſels and Deſignes
Are but as Chaffe before the boyſt'rous Windes;
Our preparations quickly come to nought;
Our enterpriſes vaniſh with a thought.
Without Thee, boot neither our foot, nor horſe;
From Thee alone all things derive their force:
Thou only giveſt Vertue, Wiſdome, Wealth,
Peace, Honour, Courage, Victory, and Health.
Thou holdſt the hearts of Princes in thy hand:
Their ſtrength and ſtate is all at thy command:
No chance of war, no pow'r, no policy;
But, changeleſſe, Thou giv'ſt loſſe, or victory.
By Thee *Kings reign*: bound equally to all
To weigh juſt Juſtice both to great and ſmall;
To reach the good their Scepters helpfull vigour;
And teach the lewd their ſwords ſevereſt rigour.
Who them reject, or their juſt Lawes repugne;
Thine honor, and Thine ordinance impugne.
They owe their Subjects juſtice and defence;
Their Subjects Them, honor, obedience.
Each ought to pay Them (in degree and manner)
Tribute, where Tribute; Honor, to whom Honor;
And to the people, They their beſt protection,
And each his Owne; without miſ-fond affection:
And thinke themſelves (the while) thy Subjects (too,
And bound the more thy ſacred Lore to doo:
To ſhew the more their vertues excellence,
The more their charge is, and their eminence.
Juſtice due Dooms ſlackly to execute,
Makes ſome diſloyall, others diſſolute:
Some too out-ragious, in wrongs greedineſſe,
Others (on th' other ſide) in all Exceſſe.
'Thath oft been ſeen (*and in our times and climes*)
Good Princes ſmart for wicked peoples crimes:
And ſometimes alſo for their Princes ſin,
Subjects are plagued outward and within.
But, O! how highly happy is the Land
Where a juſt Prince doth Prudently command!
And where the people in a Love-bred awe,
Pay willing ſervice, and obey the law.
O happy! both, People and Prince (in fine)
Where both obey thy ſacred Lawes divine:
Who grately uſing bleſſings great and ſmall;
Acknowledge Thee Owner and Lord of All.
Of Thee, in Fee, all Princes of the earth
Hold their Eſtates, Goods, Honors, Beeing, Birth;
And, without Thee, can neither keep, nor get,
Leaſt point of honor, nor of earth leaſt bit.
Their *Arcenals*, without Thee are but vain,
Their hoords of Treaſure, and their heaps of Grain:
'Tis vaine, without Thee, to affie in force
Of Men, Munition, Champions, Charrets, Horſe.
Without Thee, Order is diſ-order'd ſoon,
Valour ſoon vanquiſht, Policy undone,
Number but Cumber: and a multitude
Of beaten Souldiers, beaten by few rude.
Thou, at thy pleaſure, mak'ſt the deepeſt ſea
Divide it ſelf, to give thy ſervants way:
And ſuddenly, againe it ſelf to cloſe,
To over-whelm Thine and their ſtubborn foes.
Thou from the rock mak'ſt plēteous rivers ſpout,
For Thine to drink in ſandy deſarts drought.
And there, from heav'n ſend'ſt them exceeding ſtore
Of Quails, for meat, till they can eat no more.
Thou fed'ſt them there, with Angels bread (a-
And gav'ſt them then a milk & hony ſoile: (while)
There, without ſtroak to conquer in the field;
And mine-leſs make their tumbling wals to yeeld.
To ſhew the uſe and pow'r of humble prayer;
And how to Thee behooves us ſtill repaire:
While heart and hands *Moſes* to heav'n doth ſtrain,
Renowned JOSUAH conquers in the plain.
Thou, at thy pleaſure, mak'ſt the Sun to ſtay;
And without night, to make one double day:
To give thy ſervants compleat victory;
And ever-raze their foes foul memory.
Thou, to expreſſe thy pow'r (in *Gedeons* Raign)
Haſt by three hundred, ſix-ſcore thouſand ſlain:
And by one man, one Goad-groom (Silly *Sangar*)
Deſtroy'dſt ſix hundred in religious anger.
Thou canſt in one a thouſands ſtrength compreſs,
And place it ſtrangely in his ſlender Treſs:
Which cut, hee loſt; and then re-grown, re-gain'd;
And dying, more than living, foes hee brain'd

Thou

Thou turn'dst to grass a King of *Babylon:*
And setst a Shepheard on a Regall Throne.
Thou slew'st a Gyant, by a gentle Lad,
Who, for a *Pistol*, but a Pebble had.
How many troubles had that Prophet-Prince!
For happy service, hatefull recompence;
Through hill and dale, hunted from place to place:
Yet still preserv'd by thine assisting grace;
And set, at last, upon his Masters Throne,
Subduing all civill and forrain foen:
Then, in Thine honour warbles many-a Psalm;
And hoary, leaves his Son, his kingdom calm.
By thee, his Son, renowned *Salomon*,
Obtain'd the Name of *Wisdomes Paragon:*
For, asking only That, Thou gav'st him wealth,
Honor and peace withall, and pow'r and health.
And, as good Princes thus Thou dost advance;
So bring'st thou down fell Tyrants arrogance:
Such as, transported in their Pride extreme,
Dare wrong thy Saints, or thy drad Selfblaspheme.
Senacherib must this confesse, and rew,
With nine-score thousand which thine Angel slew,
Of his proud Hoast; besides th' unkindly slaughter
Of his owne Self, by his own Sons soon after.
So, That *B'al*-blinded, blood-soild, sin-soild Pair
(In whose sad daies the zealfull *Thesbits* pray'r,
For sev'n six months, seal'd-up thy heav'nly deaws)
Thy pow'r, truth, justice, in their judgement shews.
Oft times thy hook hales moody Tyrants back;
Oft times themselves by their own swords to wrack:
Sometimes, by Womens weak unwarlike hands,
Thou conquer'st Captains, & cofound'st their bands.
Yea, Lord, at all times, in extremest straights,
Thy sacred Arme, or secret Army waits,
To succour Thine (from famine, sword, and fire;
And all the plots that foes or fiends conspire)
And them so daily, to supply, support
(Their wants, their weaknesse) in so various sort,
That all thy wonders of this kind to count,
Even past examples, past all numbers mount.
But, All thy mercies, unto all, and each (reach!
Of thine Elect; what words, what thoughts can
What Thou hast said, and done unto Thy *Vine*,
Thy *Love*, Thy *Dove*, that little flock of thine!
To whom thou spakest divers waies of old;
In Visions, Dreams, Types, Figures manyfold;
By Priests and Prophets; sealing oft thine Oracies
Of wrath, or mercy; with respective miracles.
And last of all, when Times full term was run,
Sent'st us from heav'n Thine owne and only SON;
Whom co-eternal God Thou didst ingender, (dor;
Thine owne *grav'n image*, Thine own glories splen-
Th' eternall Word, by Whom, when all began,
Thou madest All; and since, re-madest Man:
The *Mediatour*, and the *Umpire*, giv'n
To reconcile revolted earth to heav'n.
Who, to impart to us his Immortality,
Took part with us in this our fraile Mortality;
And, in all things (except all sin alone)
A perfect Man, put all our Nature on.
Borne in the world, to make us born-a new:
In poverty; us richly to endew:
Humbling himselfe, that wee might raised be:
In servant's form, to make us ever free;
Came down to earth, us up to heav'n to mount:
Was tempted heer; our Tempter to surmount;
Dy'd to destroy the strength of death and sin:
And rose againe, our righteousnesse to win.
How oft did hee visite the poore and sick!
Cure the Distracted, and Paralitique;
Restore the Blinde, Deaf, Dumb, and Dead revive;
And Satans Captives from his rage reprive!
How many Idiots did hee make excell
The *Wisest Masters* in all *Israel!*
How many rude, plain, silly fisher-men,
Rare pow'rfull Preachers; fishers (then) of Men.
How many sin-sick did hee inly cure;
And deep soule-wounded binde-up, and assure!
How many Proud, Loose, Cruell, Covetous,
Made hee Meek, Modest, Gentle, Bounteous.
By Him, deer Father, come wee Thee to know,
Thy *Word*, thy *Will*; to frame our owne Will so:
By Him alone, Wisdome wee seek and finde;
In cares and crosses, to confirm our mind.
By Him alone, Thy sacred truth wee learn
From suttlest errors cleerly to discern:
By Him all clowds of darknesse are dispell'd;
Idolatry and Heresie refell'd.
By Him, wee pray to Thee; and what wee crave
In lively faith, wee are assur'd to have:
Heav'ns kingdom first, soules feast, and bodies food,
Grace, Comfort, Peace, and every needfull Good.
By Him, be wee Thy Children of Adoption,
Co-heires of heav'n, and vessels of Election:
Becomming Man, Hee is become our Brother;
So, happy wee, have also Thee our Father.
By Him, of Thee, thine holy Spirit wee have;
Which in our hearts thy Law doth lively grave:
The Comforter, the Spirit of truth, of love,
Of Pow'r, of Peace, of Wisdome from above:
The Spirit, which staies us, when in storms wee
And steers us steddy in our calmer Tyde: (ride;
Which kills the flesh, and chils insatiate fires;
To quicken soules, and kindle heav'ns desires:
Which brings the strays home to Thy holy Fold,
Gives Stutters Tongues, & makes the bashfull bold;
Opens the Sense of sacred Mysteries;
Gives form, or life to every thing that is. (celling,
In Him, Thou built'st Thy heav'n of heav'ns ex-
Thy Court prepar'd for Saints eternall dwelling:
In Him, Thou mad'st the World and All to move
In every part, as doth it best behoove.
Hee, to the fainting heart new heart procures,
Confirmes the feeble, fearfull soules assures;
Gives faith and hope, love, grace and godly zeal.
Happy those soules where hee delights to dwell.
For, Those Hee fils with his aboundant treasures,
In divers manners, and in divers measures;
As diversly befits thy Churches state,
To *Plant*, or *Prune*, or *Prop*, or *Propagate*.
To som hee gives a cleer, quick apprehension;
To som, deep judgement; som, divine invention:
To som, the door of gracefull Eloquence;
To som, the store of Wisdoms excellence:
Som, to interpret with divine dexterity
The sacred secrets of th' eternall Verity:
Som, (School-lesse Schollers; Learned, studi-les)
To understand and speak all Languages:

Som

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Som (to confirm their Office, and Thine Oracles)
To work ſtrange Wonders, great & many Miracles;
Revive the dead, recover native evills,
Cure all Diſeaſes; and even caſt out Devills.
Such are th' effects, works, vertues, gifts & graces,
Which by degrees, in divers times and places,
Thy holy Spirit to ſilly men hath giv'n;
From them, to Thee, to raiſe our hearts to heav'n.
And, as in our fraile bodies (through variety
Of members, fitted into one Society)
One very ſoule doth actions different,
Som more, ſom leſſe, noble or excellent:
So in the myſtick body of Thy Son
(Where many Members Love unites in One)
Thine owne One Sp'rit, works actions admirable,
Among themſelves more or leſſe honourable.
Yet orderly, each his owne Rank obſerves;
And properly, each his owne office ſerves:
Nor boaſteth any, other not to need:
For oft the leaſt, the moſt of all doth ſteed.
Therefore the ſtronger muſt the weak ſupport:
The ſafe and ſound, cheer the afflicted ſort:
The rich and mighty, not deſpiſe Inferiours;
Neither the mean envie or hate Superiours.
Were All a Head, in this faire frame of *Man*;
Where were the Foot, the Hand, the Stomack than?
Were All a Tongue, where ſhould the Eye becom?
Were All an Eye, where ſhould the Ear have room?
O Spirit Eternall! which haſt all compos'd;
In Number, Meaſure, Order, All diſpos'd;
Make Charity Us (mutuall members) move;
Unite our Spirits in thy perpetuall Love.
Quench all contentions, errours, hereſies,
Which o're our mindes and bodies tyrannize:
Quench all concupiſcence, and foule deſire,
Which both our bodies and ſoules death conſpire.
Vouchſafe our ſouls, reſt; without Schiſmick ſtrife;
Our bodies health, through chaſte and ſober life.
What could we ask? what ſhould we rather crave,
Than in ſound bodies as ſound ſoules to have?
Sound is the body kept, by keeping chaſte,
With mod'rate exerciſe, and mean repaſt:
Sound is the ſoule, which reſteth (ſober-wiſe)
Content in Thee; un-vext in vanities.
Sound is the ſoule, free from all ſelf-ſedition
Of Pride, Hate, Envie, Avarice, Ambition,
And all the crowd of Mans concupiſcence;
Binding His will to Thy obedience.
Who is ſo bound (Thy Servant) is moſt free:
Moſt rich, who leaves all riches elſe, for Thee:
Moſt eaſie reſts, who moſt for Thee endures:
Moſt ſelf-diſtruſting, moſt Thy ſtrength aſſures.
So Thee to Serve, is even to *Reign*: in brief,
So to obey, is to command in chief.
To walke Thy waies is only *Liberty*.
To learn Thy *Learning*, ENCYCLOPÆDIE.
O! happy thoſe that ſtand in ſuch a ſtate;
And in Thy Statutes alwaies meditate:
Or, if they ſlip, or trip, or faile, or fall,
Return betimes, and for Thy mercy call.
For, though thy Law in fiery thunder giv'n,
Threat ſtil the ſtubborn, with revenge from heav'n,
Thy gracious Goſpel offers pardon free,
To humbled ſoules that ſigh in faith to Thee.
And Thou, who wilt not ſinners die, but live;
Haſt promis'd all, ſo ſuing, to forgive.
Thy Word is truth: Thy promiſe to fulfill,
Thou (God of truth) haſt ever Pow'r and Will.
O! bounteous Thou, which doſt ſo oft repaire
Our broken ſoules, and keep'ſt them from deſpaire:
And bleſſed wee, whoſe faith in Love's Phyſicion,
Aſſures our hope of all our ſins remiſſion.
Who-ſo hath ſorrow for his ſinfulneſſe,
Purpoſe to mend, deſire of holineſſe,
Truſt in Thy mercy; hath no need to doubt
But by Thy grace his ſins are wiped out.
O Cordiall word! O comfortable breath!
Reviving ſoules, even in the gates of death!
From jawes of hell, raiſing our hope to heav'n!
Therefore deer Lord, to Thee all praiſe be giv'n.
Who ſhall accuſe us now, if Thou acquight?
God being with us what can us affright?
Our faith in Thee (O!) what can ſhake, or ſhock;
So ſurely fixt upon ſo firme a Rock?
What ſhall divide us, Lord, from love of Thee?
Shall ſhame? ſhall ſorrow? ſhall adverſity?
Shall famine? plague? war? wealth, or want? (in ſum)
Shall life? ſhall death? things preſent, or to come?
Stay, ſtay us, Lord, and ſteel our feeble harts,
Againſt the ſting of temporary ſmarts:
Draw, draw our ſoules neer to thy ſelf, O Lord,
With powrfull touches of Thy Spirit and Word.
Guide, guide our ſteps ſtill in Thy gracious way,
During our durance in this houſe of clay;
That when this Priſon ſhall be broken down,
Wee may with thee receive a glorious Crown.
So ſhall wee ever, with a voice divine,
Sing *Halelujahs* to th' ETERNALL TRINE;
Record Thy mercies, which all thoughts ſurmount;
And thus the glory of Thy deeds recount:

SUpernall Lord, Eternall King of Kings;
Maker, Maintainer, Mover of all things,
How infinite! How excellently-rare!
How abſolute! Thy works, Thy wonders are!
How-much their knowledge is to be deſir'd!
How THOU, in all, to be of all admir'd!

FINIS.

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Micro-cosmo-graphia:

THE LITTLE-VVORLDS DESCRIPTION;

OR,

THE MAP OF MAN

(From *Latin Saphiks* of that Famous, late *Preacher* in London, Mr. HENRY SMITH.)

Translated;
AND
Dedicated

To the Right Honourable,
HONORIA,
Lady HAY.

By
JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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TO

THE RIGHT-RIGHT HONOURABLE

HONORIA,

VVife of JAMES, Lord HAY, Sole Daughter and Heire of EDVVARD Lord DENNY.

EQually bound, *in humble* Gratitude,
To two *deer* Equals (*to You equall Deer*);
Unable (*yet*) *with* Both *at once to* cleer,
Unwilling *yet*, *with* Either *to be* rude:
Faine would I crave *to have my* Bond *renew'd*,
For a more Happy, *or more* Hopefull *Yeer*,
When gracious Heav'n *shall daign to set mee* freer
From old cold Cares, *which keep my* Muse *unmew'd*
Would You *be pleas'd* (Madame) *to interpose*
Your gentle breath, *I would not doubt to* speed:
Such vertue hath Your Vertue *still with* Those.
Therefore in Hope *of* Your *kinde* Help (*at need*)
This simple Pledge *I* Offer *at Your* Feet;
Altar of Love, *Where* both *Their* Vowes *do meet.*

Your Honourable Vertues

humble Votary

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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THE MAP OF MAN.

Sing not, but (in sighes abrupt)
Sob out the State of MAN, *corrupt*
By th' old Serpent's *banefull breath;*
Whose strong Contagion still extends
To every creature that descends
From th' old Little World *of Death.*
Dread-deer Creator, *new-create*
Thy Creature: Saviour *expiate*
This, *and all our Owne* Addition:
O sacred Spirit, *Our Spirits renew;*
Informe, reforme, and tune Mee true,
To condole our sad Condition.
In earth Man wanders (Pilgrim-wise)
Hopes, doubts; desires, faints; freezes, fryes;
Crossed, tossed to and fro:
Hee turnes, hee windes; hee findes no good:
Hee ay complaines that Evill's flood
(Farre and wide) doth over-flow.
His Birth (in sinne) begins in teares:
His Life is rife in paines and feares;
Will-hee, nill-hee, spoyling sport:
His Death with groans, in doubtfull case,
Sends him, God knowes, unto what place:
Blest none rest, but in the Port.
The Flesh against the Spirit rebells:
The Spirit gaine the Flesh repells;
Ever striving, never still:
And suddenly, while these contend,
Their common Foe, the cursed Fiend,
Findes advantage Both to kill.
Earth (Step-dan-like) sharp Rods doth yield,
To scourge her Sonnes: the Sea is fill'd
(Both above and under too)
With hideous Horrors, past report:
Th' Air whirling in tempestuous sort,
Beats, and threats All to undoe.
The Countrey's rude, and foe to Fame;
The Court more brave, and more to blame;
Painted Faces, graces fain'd:
The Cittie (There, O lead's the best)
Seat of deceit, and Misers nest;
Gold their God, ungodly gain'd.
Jarre at the Barre: Stews at the Stage;
In Way-fare, Theeves: in War-fare, Rage:
Noyse abroad: Annoyes at home:
In Churches, Purchase, Profanation;
Fiends seeming Saints; Abomination:
Every-where, no feare of *Doome.*
The Throne's not given unto the Just:
The faithfull is not put in Trust;
Prophets are not held for true:
Nor loyall lov'd, nor learned grac't,
Nor weary eas'd, nor Worthy plac't;
Nor hath any heer his due.
The impudent, the insolent,
The foole, the friend in complement,
And the sly, wee see (by proofe)
Held eloquent, magnanimous,
Right pleasant, kinde, ingenious;
And the Wealthy wise enough.
Reward is heard: words are but winde:
Each Art is long; Life short confin'd:
Might makes Right in every Cause.
Phisick is vile, and vilely us'd;
Divinity disdain'd, abus'd:
Vnder-foot men tread the *Lawes.*
The Rich with rage, the Poore with plaints,
With hate the Wise, with scorne the Saints,
Evermore are curstly crost:
With painfull toyle the Private-man,
The Nobler states with envie wan,
Without end are torne and tost.
If good, hee fares no better for't;
If bad, no worse they him support;
Fortune serveth all alike:
Though shee simper, though shee smile,
Though shee laugh outright awhile,
Shee is alwaies slippery-sleeke.
Who lately served, Lords-it now:
Who lately becked, now doth bow:
Valleys swell, and Mountains sink:
Who lately flourisht, now doth fade:
Who late was strong, now feeble made,
Feeding Worms, in Dust doth stink.
So, Lowely rests: so, Lofty rues:
Say that one might his fortune chuse,
Under Heav'n to have his will;
'T would be a doubt among the Wise,
Whether it better were to rise
To high state, or to sit still.
Phant'sie conceives, Reason receives,
Passion repugnes (and patience reaves).
What I wish, What I desire,
I see: and Sense importunes so,
I covet, I commend it too:
Then againe it doth retire.
Sense, whither now? 'T is griefe to see
What flits so fast, so suddenly.
Reason, whither roams thy reach?
What hurts, were better still be hid,

And ſtill unknowne; O! ill-beſtid!
Poor in ſtore, in Wealth a wretch.
When Fortune comes, ſhee means our Wrack;
And when ſhee goes, ſhee breaks our back:
Comming, going, all is one.
For, what ſhee gives ſhee takes away,
Unkinde and blinde, inconſtant ay;
Frank to few, and firme to none.
Oft have I canvas'd, whethers Caſe
Is Worſt; the Fall'n, or th'ever-Baſe:
Yet, ſcarce can I it decide.
The Fall proves plainly for the firſt:
Want pleads, that ever-Want is worſt;
Partiall to their proper ſide.
It irks the Fall'n to have been High;
Th'ay-Poor could wiſh hee had been By:
Either others ſtate would glad.
If even in gladneſs ſadneſs grow,
Were not I ſomewhat glad alſo,
How extreme ſhould I be ſad!
If Care wee take, it health impai[illegible]
If not, it takes us un-awares:
Whether ſhould wee ſeek or ſhun?
Whether (to paſſe unto the next)
The good or bad be moſt perplext,
Is another Queſtion.
The Guilty ſuffers for his fault:
The Guilt-leſs doubts no leſſe aſſault
By Miſ-fortune: both deſire
To live on earth, to draw this breath:
Both feare to die; and after death,
Torment of eternall Fire.
Hence, ſlow daies labour wears us thin:
Hence, lightly, nightly fears begin:
Hence, rathe Riſing, and late Reſt:
Hence, tougheſt ſtorms, and rougheſt ſtreams:
Hence, griping Cares, and ghaſtly Dreams,
Waking, ſleeping, doe moleſt.
Winter's too-cold: Summer's too-hot;
Autumne too-moyſt (which breeds the Rot)
All the hope is in the Spring.
The lively Spring is lovely faire:
But if keen yce, then chill the Aire,
Little pleaſure doth it bring.
Seas drowne the Vales: the Windes do heave
The Hils to heav'n; the Rocks they cleave.
Bold Ambition ſtands amaz'd,
Expecting where to build a Fort
So ſtrong, and rampyr'd in ſuch ſort,
That it never may be raz'd.
Peace is too-drown'd in luſt and ſloth:
Warre is too-drunke with blood and wrath:
That, too-gawdie; This, too-grim.
Mens mindes are all ſo delicate,
So ſoft, and ſo effeminate,
Small things, all things, grievous ſeem.
Either the Head doth alwaies ake,
Or Palat ſlip, or Palſey ſhake,
Or our Belly roars within:
Or elſe with Choler wee abound,
Or elſe with Phlegm, or elſe (unſound)
Tumour's humours, ſcald our ſkin.
What dread of Death, What greedy Luſt,
What Surfeit, Sloth, and Deeds unjuſt,
Daily plunge in perils rife;
What ſword conſumeth every houre,
And what the Plague doth quick devour,
Lengthens Phyſick, ſhortens Life.
Where's now *AEneas*? Where's his Son?
Where's *Hercules*? Where's *Salomon*?
Where is *David*? Where is *Saul*?
Where's *Cyrus*, *Ceſar*, and the reſt?
Ah! Hee and They are all deceaſt:
I muſt follow: ſo muſt all.
Hark: Thou, whom moſt the People hailes;
The wiſeſt errs: the juſteſt failes:
Strongeſt limpeth now and than:
The humbleſt ſwels: the ſobreſt ſips:
The holyeſt ſins: the warieſt ſlips:
God is fault-leſs: never, Man.
Too-curious or too-careleſly,
Too-laviſh or too-ſlaviſhly,
By the Foole or by the Knave;
Too-craking or too-cravenly,
Too-hatefull, or too-gratefully:
Haſte or waſte marrs all wee have.
Ambition's end is Rule and Reigne:
Crueltie's Conqueſt: Guile's is Gaine,
To grow rich by hook or crook:
Juggling, and ſtruggling, ſtrife in all:
No Triumph without Fight will fall;
War-leſs, none for Peace may look.
Wee think, but never can intend,
Good thoughts well to begin; or end
If perhaps they be begun:
Or, if wee end them, never finde
(How-ever rare, in any kinde)
Recompence when wee have done.
Our heart it hath an in-borne Gueſt,
Will-Ill (it hight): it poſteth preſt
To the Tongue, ill words to vent:
Deſire, then, ruſhes to ill Deeds:
Vengeance anon the Fact ſucceeds.
Thus comes Ill to puniſhment.
If ſafe, this Snake wee choak or charm;
Within, againe we hug it warm,
Daring, doubting, up and down;
Till Luſt, as lighter, up doth ſurge;
And th' horror of the fearfull ſcourge,
Fall, as heavier, to the ground.
Come fleſh, be frolike, take delight,
Let's revell now: 't will once be night:
Shall a little Gout, or Colick,
Or ſudden Qualm, or ſullen Car,
Or addle fit of idle Feare
Mar thy mirth? Come Fleſh be frolick.
What ſeeks, wee ſhun; What ſhuns, wee ſeek:
What helps, wee loath; What hurts, wee like;
Bird in hand wee leave for buſh.
For, what wee want wee panting crave;
And looſely laviſh what wee have;
Brag of that ſhould make us bluſh.
With-child with mirth, wee bring-forth ſcorn,
Wee bring up Furie; over-born
(Mov'd and moving) either way;
Too-ſorry, or too-merry-mad:
The happy Meane is never had,
While wee wretches heer doo ſtay.

Wee

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Wee reigne and ſerve: wee want and flow:
Wee joy and mourne: wee freez and glow:
Vowes wee make and break (together):
Wee build and batter; joyne and jarre:
Wee heap and ſcatter; make and marre:
And wee flouriſh, and wee wither.
Wee look to heav'n, and leap to Hell:
Our Hope and fear (by turnes) rebell;
Plunging down, or puffing-up:
Pleaſe would wee faine, but finde demurre;
Pleaſe might wee well, did Will concurre;
Sloth doth ſtay, and Luſt doth ſtop.
So ſtill wee ſtand, and whine the while;
Nought labour boots, nor love, nor wile:
All is loſt, when 'tis too-late.
Evils to th' evill and the good
Are daily ſent: and if with-ſtood,
Wee but faſter foſter *Fate*.
I will at once give-over quight
Both to be wicked and upright,
To doe either right or wrong:
For, goods well-gotten, grow but thin,
Get hardly up, come ſlowly in:
And th' ill-gotten laſt not long.
What ſhall I doe? If I forbear
My cauſe-leſſe Foe, I bluſh, I fear
His Deſpight and my Diſparage.
If to revenge mee, I reſolve;
It ſatisfies, when I revolve
None's all-faultleſſe, in all Carriage.
When I have ſpar'd, I wiſh t' have ſpoke:
And when I ſpeak, I would revoke;
Better pleas'd t' have held my peace:
Would God I could (as Wiſer-ones)
Both ſpeake and hold my peace at once;
So to live at quietneſſe.
Deare Minde, how doſt Thou? Frayle and ſick,
My Fleſh implores thy ſuccour quick:
Canſt? O! canſt thou cure her griefe?
O! daign (I pre-thee) then with ſpeed
To help thy ſervant now at need;
Send her Reaſon for reliefe.
For, *Faithfull* Minde's firm Reſolution
Cures oftentimes th' ill Conſtitution
Of a body ſick-inclin'd:
But, then the Body (late deplor'd
For weak eſtate) to health reſtor'd,
Growes a burthen to the Minde.
O Sin-bred hurt! O in-bred Hell!
Nor full, nor faſting, never well;
Never ſound? what ſhall I ſay?
Once all was well, aud would be now
Better than ever, if that Thou
Curſed ſin wert quight away.
But now (alas!) all miſchiefs lyes
In Ambuſh with all miſeries,
Mans Confuſion to conſpire:
Deſire and *Feare* at-once torment:
Feare is a Tyrant; Mal-content,
And inſatiate is *Deſire*. (ders?
Who fears? who mourns? who wants? who wan-
Ah! only Men (Wils ill-Commanders).
Man alone abounds therein.
Lowd Lamentations, Laſting Terrors,
Heart-wounding Wants, and wilfull Errors,
Had not been, had Man not been.
Heer peſtilence, there Hungers Jaw,
Heer Drink, there *Duel*, there the Law,
Snatches one or other hence.
Heer croſſe, there care: or (better bleſt)
Who hap theſe Haps to ſcape the beſt,
Age devours without diſpenſe.
Perpending This in minde perplext,
The miſerable (Envie-vext)
Cryes, *O Beaſts, O Foules, O Fiſh!*
You happy, harmleſſe, ſtormleſſe things,
Preciſe in *Natures* Leſſonings,
Live you long: You life may wiſh.
But, I think, better not be born;
Or, born, hence quickly to returne
To our Mothers duſty lap;
Than living, daily heer to dye,
In cares, and feares, and miſerie,
By Miſ-heed, or by Miſ-hap.
While hunger gripes mee gut and gall,
While burning thirſt for drink doth call,
While for cold I quake: alas!
In languor long I linger-on.
O! happy Thoſe, whoſe Woes, whoſe Mone,
Ridding quick doth quickly paſſe.
The Stout, the Coward, and the Meek,
All skirmiſh under *Fortune* like,
Striking all with Miſchiefs aye;
The Stout repugns, the Patient prayes,
The Hare-like Coward runs his wayes;
Fortune differs not, but They.
Too-peeviſh This, Too pleaſant That,
(Too-fierce, or too-effeminate)
Golden mean can hardly ſtand
Betwixt theſe Two Extremes, upright;
'Tis worn ſo weak, and waigh'd ſo light:
Error playes on either hand.
Wedlock, with Wife and Children clogs;
The Single-Life, Luſts heavier Logs
(Rare 's the Gift of *Continence*).
The Young-man ſtalks, the Old-man ſtoops,
That over-dares, This ever droops:
Th' Infant craules through Impotence.
Maſters taxe Servants, proud, ſlut, ſlow;
Servants, Churle Maſter, Miſtreſs Shrow:
Either Others Fault can finde.
The Daughter thinks her Mother froward;
Mother her Daughter deems un-toward;
Kit (they ſay) will after Kinde.
Princes doe envie Subjects Wealth:
Subjects doe envie Princes Health:
Each doth envie others Good:
All, all doe envie *Learnings* Honour
(If any be conferr'd upon her)
O! ô wicked, wretched Mood!
The Souldier likes the Ruſticks Calm;
The Clowne affects the Souldiers Palm:
Thus doth *Envie* inly fret-her:
Our Paſtures parch, our Heards be poore;
Our Neighbour thrives in every ſtore:
Others Crop is ever better.
Fond Lovers languiſh at their eyes:
The Wrathfull foſters and defies

Frenzies, Furies, (wayward Elves :)
What need yee call for Whip or Scourge ?
Their puniſhment what need wee urge?
Their Selves-errors ſcourge themſelves.
Fear hunts the Coward at the heel ;
The Cruell, ſtill revenging ſteel ;
Ruine Him that Ruine ſeeks ;
Heavy Revenge on haynous Crimes :
Yea, in the ſin, the Plague, ſome-times ;
Heav'ns juſt hand ſo juſtly ſtrikes.
Sorrow and Shame, for what is paſt ;
Care, of the preſent ; Feare (fore-caſt)
Of the danger yet to-come ;
Make all falſe pleaſures ſhorter ſeem,
And ſharper too in pain extreme,
Than even Paine it ſelf to ſome.
If I be merry, I am mad
(Say the Severe :) if Sober-ſad,
Merry Greeks mee Meacok call.
Is't poſſible for any-Man,
At-once to pleaſe (doe what hee can)
God, Himſelfe, the World, and all ?
Who *Greatneſſe* hautily affects,
Who *Great things* happily effects ;
That is hated, This envi'd :
But, hoping *Greatneſſe*, who ſo haps
To faile (or fall in After-claps)
Him the Vulgar dare deride.
VERTUE is vanquiſht by her foes,
Whoſe Triumph even their Fore-head ſhowes,
'Tis a ſhame to be aſhamed
But ſhall I tell (and tell thee true)
Thy Fate (the fruit that ſhall enſew
Shameleſs ſhamefull life untamed) ?
This Fate then fals to be Thine owne,
Such ſhalt thou reap as thou haſt ſowne :
Wages like thy Work expect.
Who heer their Dayes in evill ſpend,
Shall ſuffer evils, without end ;
Such is *Minos* Doom direct.
Then, ſwagger, ſtagger, ſpend and ſpoile ;
Steal and conceale, and keep a coile ;
Quickly ſhalt thou all forgoe :
Kill, conquer, triumph ; downe againe
Shalt thou be caſt : bouz, beat, diſdaine ;
Th' End's at hand, and comes not ſlowe.
The Wiſe bewaile mens follies rife,
And faine would cure their vicious life
With *Receits* of heav'nly Skill :
But ſin-ſick Fooles (what-ever prick,
Benumb'd by Cuſtome) lethargike,
Care not, feare not, feel no ill.
Who knoweth much, much ill hee knowes :
Who little reaks, much good forgoes.
Hence perplexed doubts hee caſts ;
What is great Knowledge ? What ſo much
Of Learning ? or of Book-skill ſuch ?
But great Blazes, and light Blaſts ?
While *Plato*, ſportive, doth deſpiſe,
The ſullen *Cyniks* Sloven-guiſe :
Hee, as faſt (on th' other ſide)
Doth *Plato*'s pomp as much condemn
And trample-on : Were both of them
(Who can tell mee ?) Wiſe, or Wide ?
Democritus, heer, laughs a-good :
Heraclitus, there, weeps a flood.
Glad and ſad would mend us faine :
But now, ſo ſtubborn-ſtiffe is Man,
That Teares, nor Tunes, nor ought elſe can
Faults reſtore, nor Fates reſtrain.
Sloth nere wanteth Want for Mate ;
Thrift, Sweat and Labour macerate ;
Either in their iſſue languiſh :
So, Health is never without ſin,
Nor Sickneſſe without paine with-in :
Outward Ache, or inward Anguiſh.
Service is to th' lofty minde
A Curb, a Spur to th' abject Hinde ;
Seld or never ſtoops the Will :
The Vulgar voice, the Common cry
Is, *Welcome, Welcome LIBERTY* ;
Good for good, but ill for ill.
A griefe it is alone to be ;
But more, to have ill company :
More or leſſe (alas !) by This,
Appeareth plaine, when all is done,
(As Proofe hath found) that under Sunne,
Heer's no full, no perfect *Bliſſe*.
Who never yet himſelfe could pleaſe,
What can content ? What uſe ? What eaſe ?
What availeth Wealth at will ?
Needy and naked here I live :
To die, it doth mee nothing grieve ;
But to periſh, and live ſtill.
I look to heav'n and there (alas !)
With feare I ſee my Judges Face,
Auditing my ſummes of ſin :
I thinke of Hell, aud then I burne
Like *AEtna* : then to earth returne,
Cares and Feares there never lin.
This feel I, thus I juſtly fare :
O Man ! learne quickly, and have care
Sacred Duties to obſerve.
This life is rife in troubles ſore :
But yet (alas !) a Million more
Our Rebellion doth deſerve.
Much like, or worſe than *former* Age,
The *futures* Face wee may preſage :
Better ſeldome comes, they ſay.
Now right, now wrong ; now Good, now ill ;
Now Fiend, now Friend ; now God, now Will,
Seem to have alternate Sway.
Nothing is *gratis* given nor got :
Each labours more or leſſe (God wot)
With the hand or with the head :
None without Art or Vertue thrive ;
Nor Art, nor Vertue all atchieve :
Onely, theſe, not alwaies ſped.
What ſhould I ſeek or ſue for much,
To live at Reſt ? Content is Rich.
Fortune often is too-free,
And often kils where ſhee's too-kinde :
But, had wee once an equall Minde,
Wee ſhould all contented be.
But every one is too-ſecure,
In ſunny Daies ; and in obſcure,
Too-dejected in Deſire :
Hence, over-faint, or over-full ;

Too-

Too-pyned, or too-plentifull,
Fry wee all with inward Fire.
Now, Duſt her duſtie Brood expects:
Come, Earth to Earth (of either Sex).
Pleaſure trembles at her Call;
Cryes-out of Haſte, complains of Heav'n:
But Paine and Sorrow (narrow-driven)
Are well pleas'd, and eas'd withall.
Who gives mee grace to guſh-out Teares,
And lends mee ſpace to poure forth Prayers;
Yet, both ſeeming to neglect?
'Tis God the dreadfull, Sinners Scourge;
The gracious God, which oft doth purge
Ills with Pils, in his Elect.
Behold mee, Thou that didſt beſtow
Thy Son on Mee; Forgive mee, Thou
That didſt ſuffer for my Sin:
Aſſiſt and ſtay mee evermore
Thou, Thou that heer ſo oft before,
In my breſt a Gueſt haſt bin.
Regard us, Lord, unworthy though;
Thy Glory ſeek, thy Mercy ſhow;
Enemies approach apace:
Wee faile, wee fall, we cannot ſtand,
Our Foes will have the upper hand
But Thou help us with thy Grace.
Witneſs my Self that heer lie ſlain,
But, by Thy Touch reviv'd again;
Glad to live, to live to Thee:
And yet deſire to be diſſolv'd
(When my due Date ſhall be revolv'd)
As more happy far for Mee.
Shew mee the *Holy Land*, which flowes
With Milke and Hony (*Saints Repoſe*)
Traine mee in the new commerce,
In the New Art of *Better Life*:
Then fare-well *Muſes*, fare-well Strife;
In Thy Courts I will converſe.
I cannot ſtrike Apollo's *ſtring*,
Study for Heav'n and timely ring
Sacred Aaron's *golden Bell*;
Nor ſing at-once the Theſpian *Songs*,
And ſerve my Countrey, as belongs:
Therefore, MUSES *heer Fare-well.*

FINIS.

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CERTAINE EPIGRAMS OF The same Master *H.S.*

Translated; and Dedicated

To my dear-affected, due-respected, Dr. HALL, and Dr. HILL.

Owe you Each *a larger Summe*:
Why bring I then to Both *a crumme?*
To shew you Both, *my* Shifts, *to live*,
Even faine to Borrow *what I* Give;
But Better so, than (*blushless*) steale
Others Conceits; *or Debts* conceale.
Till more my Might, divide *this Mite*:
A Larke (*they say*) is worth a Kyte.
Some Greater, greater things present,
Of lesser Worth, *or worser* meant;
GOD measures *not our* Work, *but* Will:
Doe You *the* like: *and* love *mee still.*

J.S.

---

1. Of a King.

Extirp[1], *extoll*[2]; *know*[3], *keep*[4]; *love*[5], *learne*[6] (*from High*)
Bad[1], *Good*[2]; *Thy Self*[3], *The Lawes-path*[4]; *Peace*[5], *to Dye*[6].

2. Of a Lawyer.

Live just (Justinian) *still*: *shield*[1], *shun*[2], *suppress*[3];
Good-mens Good-Cause[1], *Bribes*[2], *Brawling-Peevishness*[3].

3. Of a Physician.

Hee that can Cure the Sick, and Keep the Sound,
Shall be My Leach (*Whether Hee Kill, or Wound*).

4. Of a Divine.

Know GOD; know'n, teach Him; as thou teachest, tread:
So shall thy Flock be as well taught, as fed.

5. Of a Judge.

Both blinde and lame I judge Thee best to make;
Lest that thine Eyes mis-give, thy Hands mis-take.

6. Of a Husbandman.

Good-morrow bids the Cock, th' Owle bids Good-night,
To Countrie-Cares: I bid, GOD *speed them right.*

7. Of a Captaine.

In War and Peace, CHRIST *is the sole Commander,*
To lead *to God-ward*: *follow still His Standard.*

Of all the Seaven.

So Rule[1], *Plead*[2], *Practise*[3], *Preach*[4], *Doom*[5], *Delve*[6], *Direct*[7];
Climes[1], *Causes*[2], *Cures*[3], CHRIST[4], *Crimes*[5], *Turves*[6], *Troops select*[7].

FINIS.

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THE MAIDENS BLUSH:

OR,

JOSEPH,

MIRROR

Of Modestie, Map of Pietie, Maze of Destinie,

Or rather,

DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

From the Latine of *Fracastorius*,

Translated;

AND

Dedicated

To the High-Hopefull

CHARLES,

Prince of Wales.

BY

JOSHUAH SYLVESTER.

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TO THE HIGH HOPEFULL-HAPPY PRINCE CHARLES, PRINCE Of WALES, Duke of CORNWALL, and Earle of CHESTER.

AMong the Preace that to Your Presence flowes,
With joy-full Honours, as this time requires;
Instead of costly Suits, of curious showes,
Of precious Gifts, of solemne Panegyres:
Accept a Heart which to Your Highness *owes*
Whole Hecatombes of Happy-most Desires;
Praying All prosperous to your blowing Rose,
In All, to equall or excell Your Sire's:
That in All Vertues *of a* Prince *complete,*
All Princely Glories *may attend you still:*
All that may make a KING *as Good as Great:*
All JOSEPHS Blessings (*from th' Eternall Hill*)
Whose Happy Legend *comes to gratulate*
Your High Creation, *and Your* Birth-dayes *Date.*

Prince ARTHURS Castle, chiefest Arts chast LURE;
Now, Now, or Never, Daign my Hearts last CURE.

LIke had Arion on his Dolphins back,
Amid the Ocean of my Carefull Fedres,
Nigh stript of all, Now stept in hoary haires;
Sit I (poore Relique, of Your Brothers *wrack.)*
My Harp-strings quaver, while my Heart-strings crack:
My Hand growes weary, and my health it wears;
To stir Compassion in som Powerfull eares,
At last, to land mee, and supply my lack.
You, You alone (Great PRINCE*) with Pities grace*
Have held my Chin above the Waters brinke:
Hold still, alas! hold stronger or I sinke.
Or haile mee up into som safer place,
Som Privie-Groom, *som Room within your Doores:*
That, as my Heart, my Harpe may all be Yours.

In Effect, as in Affection, To your Highness

service, Ever humbly devoted,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

THE

THE MAIDENS BLUSH: OR *JOSEPH.*

CHaste *Muse* of *Muses*, that in sacred Layes,
With streins unwonted, dost delight to raise
From black *Oblivion*'s sad and silent Tents,
Th' Heroick Gests and Noble Monuments
Of antike *WORTHIES*, and their fames revive
Through every Age to all that shall survive;
Now, Now revolve th' Authenticall *Records*
Of th' *Holy Nation*, whom the Lord of Lords
Chose for his Owne, (Whose Line directly came
From Princely Loins of faithfull *ABRAHAM*):
And sweetly tun'd to th' sacred voyce of Truth,
Sing That Religious, That rare-Modest *Youth*
(Good *Isaac*'s Grand-child, and great *Jacob*'s Son)
Whom *God* indu'd, by *Dreams*, of things yer done
To tell the issue: Tell, O I tell Thou All
That Hee indur'd through swelling Envies Gall;
Till at the last, tryumphing of his Foes,
Through *Pharao*'s grace to Princely Place hee rose
(As *Egypt's* Viceroy) by divine Decree
Fore-sent a Friend and Founder there to be
Of th' happy People and the holy Seed,
From whence should hope of future Life proceed;
And whence *Salvation* should be freely given, (*ven.*
Through th' heav'nly Key that should re-open *Hea-*
And, O! Thou Glory of Great STUART Stem,
Great Iacobs *Heire*, Great-Brittains *Joy and Gem,*
CHARLES, King of Hopes, & hopeful Prince of
My great Mecœnas, *to encheere my Pen,* (*Men,*
Assist Thou also: and with gentle Gales
Of Help-full Favour, fill my Hopefull Sailes:
That maugre Envie's *Rock and* Fortune's *Storm;*
My sacred Voyage I may safe perform,
To th' onely glory of my Ghostly Guide,
His Churches Profit, and Your Praise beside;
While under JOSEPH's Wondrous Temperance,
His Pietie, His Prudent Governance,
I prophecie Your Princely Vertues Crop
(Your Parents Prayer, and Your Peoples Hope)
God say Amen. But, Tide for none doth stay:
I must aboord, I must mine Anchor waigh.
Away to Sea: the Winde is wondrous good:
Spread all our Canvas: O how swift we scud!
Through all the Western, and the Mid-land Seas,
Arriv'd already to descry (with ease)
The Coast of *Joppa* and *Samarian* Hills;
With wealthy *Sichems* goodly Groves and Fields.
Already, (running twixt his winding banks)
Jordan begins to wash our wel-come Planks,
Where *Hebron*'s valley our glad Welcome sings,
And even *Mount Tabor* with the Eccho rings.
Th' Old Serpent knew (for, much to know is given
Unto that Hell-god, by the God of Heaven)
It was decreed by everlasting Date,
And promised, that there should propagate,
From *Abraham*'s happy Stock, a holy Stem
Which should confound th' Infernall Diadem.
In doubt whereof, perplext and vexed sore,
His Jealousie of *Jacob* grew the more.
The more hee envies *Sichem*'s Shepheard-Prince;
As well because, with duer Reverence
Did None observe and serve th' Eternall Lord,
Nor juster liv'd nor righter him ador'd;
As for the goodly blessings of his bed,
(Twelve lusty Sons) likely alone to spread
Into a People holy and devout.
Therefore hee labours, and hee layes-about,
With all the Engines of his hellish Hate,
That, That dear Issue to exterminate.
Especially, that lovely Lad (whose Birth
Had happy Stars, presaging holy Worth;)
JOSEPH, the darling of his Fathers age,
Borne of his (first-lov'd) second mariage:
Whom, *Nature-grac't*, the *Graces* nurtur'd fine
In liberall Arts, and love of Law divine;
Inspir'd his Soule with skill of future things;
His minde aspiring with celestiall wings:
To Elders modest, to his equals milde,
With *Piety* and *Prudence* past a Childe. (make,
Now, as from flow'rs whence Bees their honey
The loathsom Spider doth his poyson take;
Hence did the Fiend in th' other Brethren hatch
Close deadly Hate, him harm-less to dispatch:
Nor would Hee let the first occasion slip,
That might advance his wily workmanship:
For, for the most, to each mans Inclination,
Hee knowes in time, to offer his Temptation.
It hapned then, upon a Summers day,
When as the Sun had with his parching Ray

Driven

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Driv'n all the Brethren all their flockes to drive
To the coole Covert that the Woods would give;
Them-ſelves ſet round under a ſhady Oake,
Young JOSEPH thus gently the reſt beſpoke.
Brothers, I'le tel you my ſtrange dream to night;
Heare it, I pray you (what ere meane it might,
It was an odde one.) Early, when the Stars
Were all call'd in (excepting *Lucifer's*,
Day es daily Uſher) ſlumbring ſweet this morne,
Mee thought Wee all were in a field of corne,
All binding Sheaves; and when wee each had One,
My Sheafe, mee thought, ſtood bolt upright alone,
And all your Sheaves did inſtantly incline,
And lowely bow their bended tops to mine.
Then *Judah*, nettled with no little hate
Againſt the Lad, began him thus to rate:
Why, ſaucy Boy, What phant'ſies doſt thou fable?
Is this your Dreame, you deem ſo admirable?
Hath not perhaps ſome Spirit inſpir'd you ſo?
No doubt there hath: the ſpirit of Wine I trow.
But, pray, what *Augure* doth your wonder bring?
That you (belike) ſhall of us all be King.
Good King of crickets, line thy Crown with baies,
Leſt drunken Vapors ſom Rebellion raiſe.
The reſt concurr'd to gird the harmleſs Boy
With flouts and ſhouts of *O God give you joy*:
God ſave your Grace, Your majeſty to come;
And tell, in Scorne, their Father all the ſumme.
Hee, good old man, (not without *God* within)
Hee ponders all that hee had heard and ſeen;
As if diſcerning ſomewhat in the Lad
Of higher ſtraine, than every ſtripling had:
Yet to conceale it from the reſt hee ſeems,
And bids the Boy beware of guilefull *Dreams*.
But, Hee, to whom GOD greater Honors meant,
Soon after dream'd of graver Argument.
Him ſeem'd, that, ſet in ſtately Eminence,
Before his Feet, with humble Reverence,
The Sun and Moon and Eleven Stars hee ſaw,
Stooping unto him in obſequious awe.
Which well recording (for by heav'nly grace
That Gift hee had) within a little ſpace
Hee tels his Brethren of his ſecond Tranſe:
Who, re-incenſt with ragefull Arrogance,
Soon ſhew their Father, with his fatall *Dream*,
Their rancor, ſpleene, and cank'red ſpite extreme.
Jacob, at firſt amazed, calls his Son;
And, as interp'ring, thus to chide begun:
What! Sirra; ſhall I, and your Mother too,
And all your Brothers bow our Necks to you?
Shall you be mounted on your Chaire of State,
And Wee come All baſe Beggars to your Gate?
If ſuch a folly hath befum'd your brain,
And fill'd your phant'ſie with preſumption vain,
With idle Hopes: away with thoſe Conceits;
Truſt not to *Dreams*, liſt not to ſuch Deceits
So reaſon-leſs, ridiculous, and light;
Monſters, *Chimæra*'s, ſhadowes of the Night:
Which (if not good) it is not *God* doth ſend,
But ſome Illuſion of the ſubtle Fiend,
To train our Weakneſs to ſom ſinfull Trap;
Or, to betray us to ſome dire miſ-hap:
As from his Cels falſe Oracles hee wreſts,
From flight of Birds, & Tripes of mangled Beaſts.
Haſt thou not heard of *Belus*, *Anubis*,
Ops, *Hecatè*, and other *Deities*,
Whom the blinde *Heathen* in their Temples have,
Frequent their Altars, and their Rites obſerve;
Waiting their Altars with the humbleſt Awe,
All which is hatefull to our *Holy-Law*?
Therefore be Wiſe: and look henceforth wee hear
No more ſuch *Dreams* of ſuch phantaſtike gear.
Hee, thus diſmiſt, the reſt hee milde beſpake
To calme their ſtorme, and kindely bade them take
The Flocks to Field, and drive them ſoft and fair
To *Sichem* Woods, to feed in cooler aire.
Their Fathers bidding they eſt-ſoones obay'd
(Young JOSEPH yet at home with him hee ſtaid)
Paſſing the fruitfull Vales and flow'ry Greens
Of plenteous *Hebron*, to thoſe ſhadie Screens.
But, nor the Verdure of thoſe Hills nor Dales,
Nor ſong of Birds, nor ſhade of Woods, nor Gales
Of whiſpr'ing Winds, could kill or cancell quite
Thoſe odious *Dreams* they dream-on day & night:
Rather, they gather daily more diſdain,
Sharpen their Envie; give their Rage the rain,
With Threats & Vows; while th' evill ſpirit too
Still ſtirs and ſpurs their hatefull Jelouſie. (nigh,
Now, twice the Sun had run his Journy ſwift,
When the next morning they prepare to ſhift
To *Dothan*'s pleaſant Downs for freſher Feed,
And to be further off from home (indeed);
And ſo the longer ere they could revert;
Which they even loath'd, and hated at the heart.
Wherefore (night after night, day after day)
When, paſt their wont, their Father ſaw them ſtay;
In muſefull care his JOSEPH calls hee quicke,
And bids him thus; I pree-thee Boy go ſeeke
Thy Brethren out (on *Sichem* Downes they feed,
Or neere about) and bring mee word with ſpeed,
What uncouth Reaſon of their ſtay there is:
My minde miſ-gives mee ſomewhat is amiſſe
With them, or with their Cattle: hye thee Lad.
Away ſcuds JOSEPH (no leſſe ſwift than glad)
As far as *Sichem*: but there looking round,
Neither his Brethren, nor the Flocks hee found.
Perplexed then, hee calls them one by one;
Hoaw, Brothers! *Reubin! Levi! Simeon!*
Then, woops and hallooes with a treble throat,
So loud and ſhrill, that, to his warbling Note
With doubled *Ecchoes*, Woods and Caves reply:
But not a Brother anſwers Eare or Eye.
By chance, a Wood-man that an Oke did ſhrowd,
Hearing the Lad, and knowing, call'd him lowd,
And told him thus; I heard your Brethren ſay
They would to *Dothan*: Thither, that's the way,
There ſhall you finde them with their Cattle ſafe,
In better Paſture than is heer by halfe.
Thanks thinks the Lad: and *Sichem* out of ſight,
As ſwift as Roe hee runs to *Dothan* right.
When, from a Hill, his hatefull Brethren ſpi'd
Him yet farre-off: O! yonder comes (they cry'd)
Our King to-come, whom both the Sun and Moon,
And all the Stars muſt ſerve and worſhip ſoon.
Wee, wee baſe Hinds, born but for Heards & Neat,
Drudging all day in the Suns ſcorching heat,
Lodging all night in holes or hollow Trees,
Clad but in Lether, or in courſeſt Freeze,

And

And meanly fed with Bread and water moſt;
While hee is ſet-up with his Sod and Roaſt,
His meſſe of Goats-milk, and his fill of Wine,
In change of Coats, pranked and painted fine;
Snoring all night upon his eaſe-full bed,
Where, from the Forge of his phantaſtike head,
Hee feignes theſe *Dreams* in meer diſdain of us:
But, Brethren, ſhall wee, ſhall wee ſuffer thus
Him and his Scorning? Shall wee be ſo blinde
T' indure him ſtill, till grown a man, his minde
Grown big withall, and bearing proud upon
His Fathers fondneſſe, Hee ſupplant anon
Our Haps and Hopes, uſurping All our due,
And ſo (in fine) fulfill his *Dreams* too-true?
O! Wee are Buzzards, Blockheads, Cowards all.
Why rather heer, where none deſcry us ſhall,
Where all things ſort, where hee is come ſo pat,
Shall wee not kill him, and make ſure for that,
For, in this Pit wee may him deep interre,
And ſay (at home) ſom hungry Wolfe or Beare
(Whereof the Deſarts, not far off, have ſtore)
Him quick devoured, and to peeces tore.

While theſe dire Counſels they together caſt,
Ruben (who all, in yeers and pity, paſt)
Cry'd, GOD defend, O Brethren, GOD defend,
Againſt our Brother wee ſhould ſo offend:
O! in his bloud doe not your hands imbrue,
Leſt Heav'ns drad Vengeance that dire fact purſue
On Us and Ours. Though no man witneſſe be,
GOD, GOD himſelfe is witneſſe, and doth ſee
And heare us all: from him is nothing hid;
Hee's all an Eye that never cloſeth Lid.
But, if you needs will of the Lad be quit,
Sanz bloud or ſlaughter, put him in this pit,
There leave him to his Fate. This hee advis'd,
That, reſcu'd thus from preſent death devis'd,
Hee, late at night returning to the Cave,
Might hale him up, and th' harmleſſe ſtripling ſave,
To bring him ſafe unto his aged Sire,
And calme at length his Brethrens envious Ire.

Their Elders Words them All a little mov'd,
And his advice they all at once approv'd:
Him down unſlain, into the pit to ſlide,
His worſe, or better Fortune to abide.
Then *Ruben* ſaid; Be Witneſſe GOD for mee,
How cleer I am from this your Cruelty:
And as hee ſpake, him from them far withdrew
Into the Woods to wait what would enſue.

By This, was JOSEPH (full of lively cheer
For having found them) even arrived neer;
When, fell and furious, they incloſe him round,
Lay hands on him, his tender hands they bound,
With braving Threats; Now ſhall you ſee (ſay they)
Your *Dreams* fulfill'd: Muſt not wee all obey
Your Mightineſſe? *Our ſheaves muſt ſtoop to you:*
Yea, *to your State, Sun, Moon, and Stars muſt bow.*

Wondring & frighted with their uncouth guiſe,
In vain (alas!) in vain hee calls and cries
To them for pity of his Innocence;
While inly Rage, with more Impatience,
Still egg'd them on, with fell *Erynnis* brands:
And helliſh *Pluto* (who too-ready ſtands,
Weening to croſſe the *Deſtinies divine*)
Doth all their Edge 'gainſt him alone incline.

When he perceiv'd (poor Boy!) no vows, no tears
Could mollifie thoſe ſtony hearts of Theirs
To hold their hands, already heaving him
With violence unto the Dungeons brim;
His eyes lift up towards th' *Emperiall Pole*,
Thus, loud hee groaned from a grieved ſoule.

Great GOD of *Abr'am, Iſa'c, Jacob* too,
Who kenneſt all things, and canſt all things doe;
If I ſincerely have ador'd thee ſtill:
If I have gladly done my Parents Will:
If I have lived pious and upright;
Lord looke upon mee in this wofull plight.
Or, if it pleaſe thee, that I heer expire;
Yet ſpare, O Lord, O ſpare mine aged Sire.
And, O! my Brethren (whom, with due reſpect
Of Elderſhip, I ever did affect)
How-ever Mee you pity not, I pray
Pity our Father (leſt untimely gray
His hoary head come to the grave for griefe)
Let not him heare it: rather ſay ſome Theefe,
Or knot of Theeves, Mee (by the way) bereft;
That ſome falſe hope may of my life be left,
To lengthen his: though heer alas!) I lye
Dead in theſe ſands, and hid from any eye:
And as hee ſpake, his teares ſo faſt did fall,
They ſtopt his ſpeech, and almoſt ſtaid withall
His Brethrens rage; till Ruth-leſſe *Iſſachar*
Re-fand the fire. Nay having gon thus far,
Wee may not now, Wee cannot ſafe deſiſt;
For why? whereon I need not now inſiſt;
Your ſelves (ſaid hee) can quickly gheſſe, I trow,
Miſchiefs enow, if now wee let him goe.
Let us therefore go on as wee decreed,
Let's let him down. Hereto they all agreed,
With heart and hand, and did it inſtantly;
And then remorſeleſſe, on the Graſs hard by
Made no more bones, but ſate them down to dinner.
O! the dull Conſcience of a hardned ſinnner!

But, from th' *Emperial*, through th' *Ætherial* Pole,
GOD looking down upon the harmleſſe Soule,
In tender pity, and eternall love
Towards his Owne, among the Troops (above)
Of winged Heralds that are ever preſt,
Expecting gladly his Divine Beheſt,
To one hee beckens, and hee bids him Thus;
Right Truſty, hy thee quickly down from us,
Toward *Samaria*, well thou knoweſt where;
And whom thou know'ſt one day ordain'd to bear

A glorious Part, in honourable Place,
Good *Isa'c*'s Grand-Child, now in piteous caſe,
Crying for ſuccour from a dark deep Cell,
Againſt his Brethrens envious Furie fell:
Goe comfort him, poore heart; but in what kinde
I need not ſay. Thou ſeeſt, thou know'ſt my minde.

So, with his gratious All-directing Nod,
Th'Angell, diſmiſt, in th' inſtant ſpreads abroad
Æthereall wings on his Aëreall ſides,
And through the woundleſs Welkin ſwifter glides
Than *Zephyrus*; or, than (when mounted high
With many Turns, and towring in the Skye)
The ſtout *Ger-Faulcon* ſtoopeth at the *Herne*,
With ſodaine Souſe, that many ſcarce diſcerne:
Such was the ſpeed of this Celeſtiall Bird
(To proſecute, and execute the Word
Of his great Maſter) towards *Dothan* Down,
Alighting firſt upon *Mount Tabor*'s Crown,
Amaz'd to ſee his Groves ſo ſodain green,
And Lawns ſo freſh, with flow'ry tufts between.
The Hill-born *Nymphs* with quav'ring warbles ſing
His happy-*Well-come*: Caves and Rocks doe ring
Redoubled Ecchoes; Woods and Winds withall,
Whiſper about a joyfull Madrigall.

But th' Heav'nly Herald from the Mountain eying
The Vale about, ſees there the Brethren lying
Along the Graſſe, and buſie at their Vittle,
And, from a Hill (thence diſtant but a little)
Th' *Arabian* Merchants with their Camels, hard
(As God would have it) driving thither-ward:
Thence inſtantly hee caſts his gentle Eye
On wofull JOSEPH; and immediately
Deſcending ſwift, ſtands on the dungeons brim,
Now ſhining bright with ſodain light from him.
Wherewith the Lad at once diſmai'd and joy'd,
The ſacred Torch-man (to that end imploy'd)
In lovely Shape, with ſweet and lively grace,
Thus cheers the Lad (himſelfe a Lad in Face).

Feare not, dear JOSEPH, dear to God above.
Thy Fathers God, who All doth guide and move,
Hath ſent mee hither from his heav'nly Throne,
To comfort and confirm thee, in thy Moane.
Firſt, Hence thou ſhalt be freed: yet, behold,
Twiſe, as a Slave, thou ſhalt be bought and ſold,
Transferr'd to *Memphis*, and for many a yeer
Shalt live a Servant and a Pris'ner there.
But if thou ſtill have in abhomination
Strange Womens Love, and ſtrange gods adoration:
If ſtill with all thy ſtrength, with all thy heart
Thou ſerve the Lord, and from him never ſtart:
If in his Waies thou walk, and doe his Will,
Hee will be with thee, for thee, in thee ſtill:
So that where-ere thou goe, what-ere thou doe,
Favour and Fortune ſhall attend thee too.
And that thou maiſt with greater confidence
Contemne thy wrongs, and truſt his Providence;
Know for a certain, hee hath deſtin'd thee
A high Eſtate, and glorious Emperie;
And time will com, when thou with me ſhalt view
Thy former *Dreams* in every part prove true;
When as thy Brethren with ſelfe-guilty brow,
And thy good Father ſhall before thee bow:
When thy Compaſſion, paying good for ill,
Shal ſave their lives & meant thee firſt to kil: (ſterve,
Shall feed their mouthes that thought thee once to
And buy them ſeats that ſold thee forth to ſerve;
And not alone receive themſelves to grace,
But them and theirs within thy Kingdome place;
That grown at length in number like the ſand,
Thence the Almighty with a mighty hand
(In ſpight of *Envie* and *Ambitious* ſway)
May bring them dry-ſhod through the crimſon ſea,
Directed ſafe in all their uncouth Way,
By Fire by Night, and by a Cloud by Day;
Through the dry *Deſart*, plentifully fed
With Quails from Heav'n, & *Manna* (Angels bread)
Into a Land where milk and hony flow;
The happy ſigne of happier ſubſtance though:
Where, in due Time (O haſte yee Times away.)
A *Golden Age* ſhall ſee a *glorious Day*,
A *Day* full oft to be fore-typ't, fore-told,
Fore-promiſed by Prophets manifold;
When from the Boſome of th' Eternall SIRE,
Th' Eternall SON (What may wee So admire!)
(The Spirit *o'reſhadowing of a Virgin-Mother*)
Shall take mans Nature, and become your Brother;
Old Adams Guilt, and Yours to expiate,
And wide re-open Heav'ns long-locked Gate.
Concluding heer, to Heav'n the Angell hy'd.

JOSEPH, though firſt diſtract and ſtupefi'd
With ſuch a glory (and confus'd a-ſpace)
Him re-collects, and re-erects his Face;
Inly rejoycing, deeply rumining,
All in his minde maturely pondering.
And future Hopes confirm him paſſing ſtrong,
'Gainſt preſent feares, & all his Woes and Wrong;
That cheerly thus, with heart and hands erect,
His holy vowes hee doth to Heav'n direct:

Great King of Kings, that ruleſt All-abroad;
My Fathers, Grandſires, & Great-grandſires God,
Almighty Guide and Guard, ſtill gratious be
To Us and Ours, whoſe truſt is all in Thee.
Eſpecially, thy Favour, Lord I crave
Towards my Father, ready for the Grave:
And as for mee; how-ever pleaſe thee, deale
Mee ſowre or ſweet, or ſend mee woe or weal;
It ſhall be welcome, and I well content.
Onely deere Father, if that death prevent
Mine eyes (unworthy) of that wiſhed Day,
That long long-hoped, happy *Holy-Day*,
When from thy Throne (whoſe glory hath no end)
Thine onely *Son* ſhall into *Fleſh* deſcend;
At leaſt vouchſafe mee, though in ſhadow dim,
As in a Glaſſe to ſee and knowledge Him;

And

And (thorough Faith) to feel the *saving Sauour*)
Of this thrice-sacred, gratious, pretious *Loaue*,
So, with an inward and deep sigh, hee ceast.

The while, *Arabians* (merchants of the East)
With Camels loaden with their Countrey Ware,
Myrrhe, Storax, Incense, the most choyce and rare,
Comming from *Madian*, towards *Egypt* bound,
Were passing by, where on the grassie ground,
The Shepheard Brethren sate to eat and talke;
And busie yet, their Teeth and Tongues did walk,
Till on the sodain they descri'd the men.
Whence *Iudah* thus begins: O Brethren,
Behold how GOD doth better far provide,
Than wee could plot (more safe for either side).
For, to these merchants if wee sell the Lad,
First, a good peece of money will be had;
Next, of our Brothers bloud wee shall be cleer;
And last of all, be sure no more to hear
Or news, or noise, or name of JOSEPH heer,
Whether to *Memph's* or *Masmorid's* they wend.
Therefore, forthwith one to them let us send,
The mart to offer, and the price to make,
As of a Slave; and bring their answer back.

They all agree, and one is sent away
To drive the Bargaine; while the rest assay
About a Tree-trunk fastning fit a rope,
And letting 't down to hale their Brother up.
And up hee comes as fresh as Mayey-Rose,
Or Daffadill that in a Garden growes;
As lively Form as yerst, as lovely Face,
Shining with signes of GODS assisting Grace.

By this, the merchants with their Broker came,
To see the Ware; and did so like the same,
They stood not hucking, of the price to bate
(So good, and so good cheap, who would not ha't!)
But, who would ween (*good God!*) that ever Hee,
That was præ-destin'd to such dignitie,
To whom such Wealth and Honour should befall,
Should thus be sold, and for a price so small?
Save that my *Saviour*, Heire of Heav'n and Earth,
That *God*-begotten, holy *Virgins*-Birth,
Whom Angels serve, whom Cherubins adore,
To *Iews* his *Iudas* sold for little more;
(Woe to His Soule, Woe to my Sins therefore!)
As, *Twenty Pence*. O base and cursed Thrall!

But, both sides pleas'd, *Ioseph* must suffer all.
Now must hee mount on his new masters pack,
Upon his Camels double bunched back,
To trot to *Nile*-ward (never heard of *Nile*)
As proud and glad of such a Load, the while
His gentle Beast, now easiest of the Troop,
Aptest to stop, humblest at need to stoop
To this new Rider, with a cheerfull Neigh,
Lifts light his feet, and still hee leads the way.

Well: Now the Brethren have their Brother rid,
How shall his Fate, how shall their Hate be hid?
Who to their Father the sad news shall bring?
This is the doubt: This they are hammering.
In fine, they jump; first to send home his Coat
(For they had stript him) and in bloud of Goat
Deep dipping it, *Dan* is instructed fit
In this sad maner to deliver it
To aged JACOB, doubting nothing lesse,
Than His mis-hap, or their so Hatefulnesse.
Father (said *Dan*) ranging within a Wood,
Our Cur did find this Coat, thus stain'd with blood.
Not knowing therefore, whence, nor whose it is,
Nor how it came, wee thought it not amiss
To shew't you first, and after harken further,
As you think fit, in ease of Maime, or Murder.

But, Father *Iacob* had no sooner spy'd
The sported Coat, with bloud and dirt bedy'd,
But, drown'd in Tears, hee teares his hoary haire,
With Ashes sprent, and rent his garments there,
And cries, Alas! deer JOSEPH, staffe and stay
Of all mine Age, so suddaine ta'n away!
O! O! My Sonne, Who? How? What did befall,
To murder Thee, to murder Mee withall?
Doubtlesse, no Man: some savage Beast it was,
Som hungry Boare, som hairie Beare, alas!
Where are your Brethren? Quickly all of you,
Through all the Woods, go take a thorow view:
You may perhaps at last yet light on him,
Or finde at least som Part, som mangled Lim,
Som wofull Relique, which I pray bring home,
That I may give it his last Rites, a Tombe:
Or rather, let mee go my selfe to seeke,
And finde my dead Son, or a Death, his like:
And saying so, downe in a swoune hee slid,
With much adoo to be recovered.

On th' other side, sad *Ruben* towards night,
When th' Evening Star began to twincle bright,
When Sheep and Shepheards to their Cotes were gone
All but himself, himself comes all alone
Unto the Cave, and calling twice or thrice,
Why! *Ioseph, Ioseph*; when as none replyes,
Dismaid, and doubting, lest in their disdaine,
His Brethren there the silly Lad had slaine;
Hee makes a shift to cut an Holmen Pole,
And by that help, gets downe into the hole,
Lookes round about; but finding nothing there,
Gets up againe, as full of griefe and feare:
Then hopeless, leaves that search to seek the others;
And by the Sheeps-track, tracking of his Brothers,
Soon findes them out; and out of them will know
Both how, and where, they JOSEPH did bestow.
They tell him truely how it did befall.

A little eas'd (though little pleas'd withall)
To heare the Lad was yet alive and safe
(Though for his thraldome hee did inly chafe)
Hee thus advises; Brethren let us hye

Home to our Father, and our beſt apply
To comfort him; Let us inform him this,
That the *Arabians* (as their maner is)
Spying the Lad alone upon the Way,
Purſu'd him, took him, ſtole him quite away;
And while hee ſtruggled from them to have got,
With a light hurt hee bloudied all his Coat.
Which let ſom Shepheards boy or other bring
(As having found it) to aver the thing;
For there be many can affirm (no doubt)
They lately ſaw *Arabians* heer-about.

This fitted thus, together home they goe,
And doe their beſt to cheer their Fathers woe.
But though perhaps with ſom ſmall hope reliev'd,
Perpetually (alas!) hee mourn'd and griev'd,
Nor could the Torrent of his tears retain,
Nor outward Solace inly entertain;
But day and night a bitter life hee led,
Moſtly alone, although alive, as dead.

Mean-while, the Merchant well content and glad,
Holds on his Journey, bears away the Lad;
Wondring to ſee all things ſo ſute his will,
Weather ſo temp'rate, and the Windes ſo ſtill,
The Waies ſo duſt-leſs, and ſo dirtleſs faire,
The Sun ſo friendly, and ſo freſh the Aire;
Above their Wont: for, having Heav'n to friend,
With JOSEPH, *Graces*, *Hope*, and *Hap* do wend.

Now, having paſt *Judæa*'s confines quite,
From a ſteep Hill, they have anon the ſight
Of ſtately *Memphis* lofty Tow'rs and Walls,
With glitt'ring roofes of high and ſumptuous Hals.
Amid a rich and pleaſant Plaine, repleat
With goodly Heards of Cattell, Sheep, and Neat,
With goodly Corn-fields, heer and there between:
And, neer the Citie, on a ſpacious Green,
They might behold, as in ſom Martiall Muſter,
Thouſands of Youth in ſeverall Troops to cluſter;
Attending all, ſom manly Exerciſe;
Som, light and ſpeedy, running for a prize:
Some, ſtrongly active, wraſtling for a fall,
Some, hurling Sledges, till they ſweat withall:
Some, on ſwift Horſe-back to out-ſwim the wind;
Some, to ſhoot backward at their foes behind:
Some, with their Launces ready coucht in Reſt,
Wheeling about, to charge in Flank or Breaſt:
Some, at the Tilt, in ſtrong and ſteady courſe,
To break their Staves, or bear down man and horſe.
Whereon th' *Arabians*, with th' *Is'acian* Lad,
(Now very neer) ſtood gazing, as right glad,
And all moſt greedy of ſo various ſorts
Of Manly Proems, of ſo warlike ſports.

An *Eunuch* of the Kings, one much eſteem'd,
And Maſter of thoſe Martiall Games (it ſeem'd)
Seeing thoſe Strangers, with ſo much delight
Stand ſtill ſo long in viewing all the Sight,
Sends to invite them kindly to come neer;
And then perceiving that they Merchants were,
Began to ask, What Ware, what rare device,
They had to ſell? Nothing, ſaid they, but Spice,
And this young Lad; Whom, if Your Lordſhip like,
Accept as Yours, and freely, wee beſeek;
Or, if you nill accept him *gratis*, prize
As pleaſe your ſelfe; your favour ſhall ſuffize.

Yes, ſaid the *Eunuch*, I accept your Love,
And of Your Preſent I ſo well approve,
And prize it ſo, You could not bring mee better:
The more my hope, the more am I your debter,
Such grace his Face preſageth to my minde;
So ſhall you never mee ungratefull finde,
Said *Potiphar*: and then hee takes the Lad;
And, cauſing him to be right ſeemly clad,
In Silken ſuit, gives him a Livory
Of Purple, guarded with Embroderie.
Then on a goodly Horſe hee ſets him up,
The ſtilleſt, yet the ſtelieſt in the troop.

JOSEPH right joyfull, from a baſhfull Brow
Returnes dumbe *Homage*, with a gracefull Bow
Unto his Lord: then, re-erect, appears
Taller and trimmer than were all his Peers.
Him, home before (thus furniſht) with a Guide,
Sends *Potiphar* unto his lovely Bride.

Now *Heſperus* the Evening on did bring;
When, leaving Fields, the youthfull troops do ring
About their Captain, and attend, in State
To guard him home triumphant to his Gate.
And lovely JOSEPH, having had by this
A view of his faire *Lady-Miſtriſſe*;
And of his Office, tutured at large,
What him belong'd in his *Lords-Chamber*-charge,
Him humbly ranked (of his own accord)
Among his fellows to goe meet his Lord.

As burniſht Gold amid a heap of Sand,
Or Orient Pearle among the Pebble Strand,
Such ſeemed Hee, among ten thouſand Squires,
Whom men and matrones, young and old admires:
His paſe ſo grave, his Face ſo gracious,
His Eyes and Feet ſtill ſo officious
About his Lord, as fixed ſtill on Him,
With ſteady Looks, and with as ready Limbe:
No leſſe within doores than hee was without,
Active and apt in all hee went about;
On all occaſions, in what-ever kinde,
Of bodie's labour, or of birth of minde.
But above all, his faithfull diligence,
And mature Wiſedom in all managements,
So well accepted and admired are,
That not alone unto his truſty Care
His Lord committed what before hee had;
But over All, him onely *Steward* made.
For, *Potiphar* perceiv'd that under Him,
What-ere hee had did thrive and proſper trim:

His

His Fields and Flocks more fruitfull than before;
His Favours greater, and his Honours more:
All which inſpired by ſom ſecret Teſt,
To this young JOSEPH hee aſcrib'd, as Bleſt.
And th'. *Oracles* of *Egypt*, then a-foot,
Seem'd even to point at, and perſwade unto 't.
There was a *Peach*-Tree growing then amid
God-Camoſh Temple, to him conſacred,
Which, brought from *Perſia* long agoe, they ſay,
When *Iſis* yerſt did all the World ſurvay,
By her own hand was planted, for Poſterity,
To be a famous Monument of Verity.
Heeron, arriving from far wanderings,
Bright-ſhining *Apis* with change-colour'd wings,
Faire *Apis* ſettled; after whom did muſter
A mightie Swarm, which hung all in a Cluſter
Upon one Bough. This wonder blown abroad
Among the *Bards*, they vouch that it did boad,
Som ſtranger ſhould from forrein parts arrive;
And after him, a mighty people hyve,
Through whom the houſe of *Potiphar* ſhould riſe
To wondrous Wealth and goodly dignities.
Weening therefore theſe *Augures* all fulfill'd
In JOSEPH now, him every one well-will'd,
Him every one accordingly reſpected,
Him every one for this the more affected.
But, fair *Iempſar* (wife of *Potiphar*)
Above the reſt, his Parts did high prefer;
Him more than All ſhee inlie did admire,
And ſtill beholds him with a young deſire.
Yet, ignorant what furie would enſue
The pleaſing Paſſion ſhee did ſo purſue;
What wily *Godling* to beguile her, ſought
To ſnare her freedome in a ſervile thought;
As yet ſhee vented neither Sigh nor Teare:
All yet was ſweet, no bitter Fit, no Feare.
Which th' envious Prince of *Styx* and *Acheron*,
Malignant Father of confuſion,
Mans deadly Foe, obſerving; and beſide,
That *Iſaac*'s ſeed ſtill happy multipli'd;
In fell deſpight, and full of deſp'rate rage,
Hee calls a bird of his infernall Cage,
A cruell Harpy, full of wicked Wile,
A thouſand waies the wiſeſt to beguile.
Goe, hye, ſaith Hee, my darling, hye thee quick
To faire *Iempſar*; ſhee is *Phant'ſie-ſick*
Already. Therefore ſo inſinuate,
That more and more thou her intoxicate:
Breathe in her boſome, blow-in new infection,
Kindle the Tindar of her light affection
To ſuch a flame, that neither Gods nor men
May be of pow'r to put it out agen:
And doe thy beſt (for that I moſt deſire)
If poſſible, ſet JOSEPH (too) a fire:
But, if on him, thou nothing canſt prevaile,
Return to her, her Phant'ſie re-aſſaile,
Fill her with Phrenzie, and with Furie double
Still burn her ſell, till all her Friends ſhee trouble:
Till with diſgrace, diſdain'd, and deſperate,
Shee turn her dear Love to as deadly Hate:
Till then, deſiſt not; but perſiſt and ply
To play thy Part with Art and Subtilty.
Hee, glad and ready for the worſt of Ills,
With *Stygian* puddle halfe a Viall fills,
Blending ſome bitter, ſharp-ſweet wine withall.
Then ſnatching quick one of the ſnakes that craule
About *Alecto*'s grim and ghaſtly Browes,
Away hee hyes to *Potiphar* his Houſe,
Within his boſome hiding what hee had,
And formally juſt in the Form him clad
Of *Iphicle*, the Lady *Iempſars* Nurſe;
With better credit, to beguile the worſe.
Then, to her Lady having made a duck,
Sweet *Madame* (ſaid ſhee, fie on all ill luck)
What ſad diſaſter, what misfortune rife,
Hath made poor JOSEPH weary of his Life?
My ſelfe, of late, have ſeen him oft, forlorne
Sit ſole and ſighing, and have heard him mourn,
Wiſhing for Death. And when I ſought to know
The ſecret cauſe of his exceeding woe:
O! Mother (ſaid hee) whether I conceale it
Needs dye I muſt, or whether I reveale it.
Inquire not therefore; for, 'tis better end,
With my ſad life my ſorrow's cauſe unkend.
Not ſo, my Son (ſaid I) for oft a Wound
Diſcover'd, is recover'd, and made ſound;
Which, hid a while, would gangrene to the bone:
Tell boldly (Lad) art thou in love with none?
If that be cauſe of thy diſtreſſe; Why Boy
Be of good cheere, Thou ſhalt thy Dear enjoy.
Hope well, and have well: So ſhalt thou; or elſe
I'll charme *Loves Paſſion* with ſome ſtronger ſpels.
With baſhfull Bluſh, then ſaid hee, Yes, I love:
Be witneſs, *gods*, how earneſt I have ſtrove
To ſtrangle it! How I have labour'd long!
How loth (alas!) my Lord in thought to wrong!
More wiſhing Death: Death, now make good my triall:
Happy were I to live and dy ſo loyall.
And, ſaying ſo, on his fair Cheeks hee pours
A Sea of Tears, in Pearl and Cryſtall ſhowrs:
So that, I ſee, without quick Remedy,
For love of you, *Madame*, the Youth will dy.
Alas! then ſaid the Lady, Woe is mee
For his Misfortune and his Miſery;
To mee right tragick is the tale you tell:
For, truth to ſay, I love him but too well,
And would enjoy him if I could or durſt;
But, O! I cannot: O! I may not: firſt,
For ſacred Lawes, for *Hymen*'s ſecret yoke,
(Which never any yet, unpuniſht, broke)
For fear of danger, and diſ-honours brand,
And dreadfull vengeance of my Husbands hand.
Why, my dear Daughter, damned Nurſe replies,
The gods do laugh at Lovers injuries:
And with thy Wedlock thou maieſt well diſpenſe,
On ſo good ground of ſo great conſequence,
As is the ſaving of a Life ſo yong,
So innocent, that never yet did wrong;
Unleſs it be a wrong to love too much,
Or dy for love. (Who would not die for ſuch?)
Lovers muſt dare, and Wiſe-men muſt not dread
The worſt of dangers that is threatened:
For, even the gods have Lovers in their guard,
And *Love* and *Pity* they will ſtill reward.
I have a *Water* of a ſoverain uſe
(Th' extracted Spirit of many a *Chimick-Juice*)
Which, inly ta'n in a perplexed Caſe,
Expels the Doubt, and ſhews *Truth*'s naked Face;

That, far from *Ambage*, th' undistract affection
May of the better freely make election.
If therefore, *Madame*, yet you stand divided,
What Part to take; to have your doubts decided,
I 'll give it you: and, as shee spake, shee gave
The hellish *Philtre*, made of *Stygian* wave.
Thanks, deerest Mother, said her Ladiship:
And, taking all, not with a fearfull sip,
But full Carouse, lifting her hand on hy,
Quaft off the poison, drew the goblet dry.
This done, the *Daemon*, with a Beldams face,
Tow'rds *Josephs* chamber hies with hobbling pase;
Where hee was praying, and devoutly praysing
The God of Gods, for his so gracious raising:
But when the false Fiend in his Portall spi'd
A heav'nly Warder (both his Guard and Guide)
With threatfull brandish of a shining Blade, (made
More speed than good, headlong hee downward
In dreadfull Maze; and, as the foulest Fowle,
Transforms him quick into a *Scriéching-Owle*,
Night 's horrid Monster, hov'ring long aloof,
At last pearcht on *Iempsars* Chamber roof.
wretched *ë Impsar*, having quaffed up
The brim and bottome of the *Stygian* Cup,
Now all alone, shee feeles her all a-fire,
Bloud, bones, and Marrow, burning in desire;
Sad, silent, sighing: in a wondrous Fit;
And all for *Joseph*, nigh beside her wit:
Now on her bed shee falls, and by and by
Flings up again; and to and fro doth fly
From place to place; soon weary of the best,
Runs every where, and no where findeth rest;
Like one whose brest a burning Fever fryes,
Or whom some Serpents sting doth agonize.
At last shee breaks out; and Alas! quoth Shee,
What, what is this that thus tormenteth mee?
O! is it Love? or was it not the Drink
I took right now? No: it is Love I think,
'Tis surely Love, Love in extremity,
And but fair JOSEPH gently help, I dye.
Then help, Sweet-heart, come, be thou boldly mine:
Come be my Love, and I will still be thine.
Both living loving, wee 'll die guiltlesse both
Of eythers blood: Be witnesse gods how loth
I would incur so fell, so foul a stain,
To kill such Lover with unkinde disdain.
Duly and truly, while I ought and could,
I served *Hymen*, till (alas!) controul'd
By higher Godheads more Imperiall Right:
Hee favour mee, as now I feel his might
Far, far exceed weak Womans opposition.
Hee will no doubt; and daign us both Tuition.
Sith wont, himselfe, to love, hee as a Lover
Will pitie Passions and our pleasures cover.
Thus having said, impatient of delay,
Efren shee calls (*Efren* a Maid, that aye
Us'd, as most trusty, diligent and charie,
Her Mistress Errands to and fro to carry)
Goe quickly *Efren*, seek mee JOSEPH out,
And if the busines hee is now about
Be not too earnest, and too instant too,
But what hee may as well hereafter doe,
Bid him forth-with to come and speak with Mee.
Wing'd with her words, about it strait runs shee
And after summons, JOSEPH comes anon
Up to his *Lady*; who then all alone,
First with a Blush, and bashfull glanse among,
From quiv'ring bosome with a shiv'ring tongue,
Thus breaks the Ice (still bidding him come neerer)
Dear, my dear *Joseph*, than mine own Eyes dearer;
Shall I intreat thee, what I might command,
To answer truely what I shall demand?
Madame, said hee, Should I be false to you?
What ere it be, I sweare to tell you true.
I hear (quoth shee) that thou art deep in Love;
If it be true (thou must thy Truth approve)
Thou maist not hide it; though my selfe were shee,
For whom thou suff'rest, thou must tell it mee:
Confesse it freely: and I must confesse
As much to Thee; for, Thee I love no lesse:
So, loving Both, wee shall have mutuall Fewell,
Nor Thou to Mee, nor I to Thee be cruell:
Joyne hands, joyne hearts, how happy manifold!
How great thow grac't thow will I heap thee gold!
Thus shee protests, and with a sodaine kisse
Upon his Lips shee seales her Promises.
Hee, red for shame, selfe-sadly ruminates
His heav'nly Angels sacred *Caveats*
Against Temptation and Attempts unjust,
Of Idoles service, and unlawfull Lust:
Internall praying for supernall Strength,
In modest maner Thus replies at length:
Madame, what ever of my Love you heare,
How-ever fervent, or how deeply-dear;
If you have heard it as (perhaps) impure,
Unchaste, unhonest Love; I you assure
None love I so; nor wish I (I protest)
So to be lov'd: and of my Lady, least.
My Lord, you know, hath nothing from mee kept,
I all command, onely your selfe except:
And shall I then, disloyall, Traitor prove
Unto my Lord; and to my *God* above?
No, *God* forbid: No; rather let mee dye;
And in the sands unburied ever lye,
A prey to Birds and Beasts: and as hee spake,
Her and her Chamber did hee quick forsake.
Shee, seeing then her Hopes so sodaine dasht,
Her selfe deluded; as with Lightning flasht,
Stands first a while moveless, amaz'd and mute;
Then grindes a Groan, and many sighes pursue't;
Then wrings her hands, falls backward on her bed,
Distract in minde, her colour pale and dead.
All which observed by that *Divell-Owle*,
Upon the Roofe, hee putteth off the Fowle,
And re-puts-on Nurse *Iphicle* a space,
To see *Iempsar* in so piteous Case.
Alas! quoth shee, What ailes my Lady deer?
My tender Nursling, What hath hap'ned heer?
Why are you daunted and dejected so?
Be of good Cheere; be of good comfort: Lo,
I, I am heer; look on mee, look, my Lamb,
Your help at need, your loving Nurse I am.
At name of Nurse, her somwhat shee erects,
And with these Taunts a frowning glance reflects:
Nurse, once a Nurse, or Mother more than Nurse,
But now a Step-dame, or some Furie worse. (me:
Thou, thou hast kill'd mee, thou hast quite undone
Thou told'st mee *Joseph* was enamour'd on mee

Deep

Deep, to the Death; and when I come to prove him,
Alas! hee loves not, nor will let mee love him:
Nay, Prayers, Proffers, Presents cannot move him.
Thou, thou hast made mee make my selfe a mock,
To shame my Name, to stain my House and Stock,
To wrong my Lord, to break my Faith, to fall;
Thou wert the Author, thou the cause of all.
What wanteth more, but with a murd'rous blade,
This guilty Soule to send to endless shade?
False *Iphicle* doth her as sharp reprove;
Ah, foolish woman, unexpert in Love:
What wonder was it, if a bashfull boy,
Untrain'd, untoucht (as Virgin) first were coy
To heare of Love, a Novice, yet, a Stranger,
Doubtfull of you, perhaps; fearfull of danger.
'T was not the course: you have miscarried it.
Then be not heartless, neither hopeless yet;
For I will once more undertake the matter,
I'll chide his rudnesse, and instruct him better
How to behave him: Have you Patience
But for three daies, and on the fourth from hence
Will reigne a gracious Star, whose milde Aspect
On Love and Lovers gently doth reflect;
Under whose Radiance, in Conjunction sweet,
Hymen and *Cupid* in one instant meet.
With these her Words *Iempsar* part re-chear'd,
Her sinking heart again a little rear'd:
Then Goe, said shee, the Gods grant better speed:
And that wee may the better now succeed,
Wee will the while the sacred Pow'rs implore,
Frequent their Altars, and their Shrines adore.
Next morning therefore, by what time the Sun
With glitt'ring Rayes had gilt the *Horizon*,
Iempsar decks her, goodly to behold,
In Scarlet, set with Jewels and with Gold
(But much more goodly for her lovely grace,
And native Beauties of her Forme and Face)
And to the Temple with a Train shee tends,
Of Matrons, Maidens, Servants, Neighbours, (Friends.
Among the rest the Steward also went,
Faire-featur'd JOSEPH, with his Eyes down bent,
As inlie pitying with a griefe unshown,
His Ladies Passions as hee did his own:
For, hee suppos'd her gaite to Church had bin
To seek for mercy and forsake her sin:
But, nothing lesse; Shee all the gods requires,
To friend her love, and further her desires,
And so the next day, and the next ensuing
And every day still greater Gifts renuing,
The reaking Entrailes of her Offrings viewing.
But, when the fourth, long-wished, wel-com day
Tytan gan burnish with his burning Ray,
Haile, happy day (said shee) haile holy Lights,
That favour Lovers, and that love delights:
And by your pow'r and gracious Influence,
Preserve the Worlds perpetuall Increments.
And then shee sends for the beloved Lad:
Who selfely good suspecting nothing bad,
Supposing now his Mistresse minde reclaim'd,
At least from daring what before shee aim'd,
Comes instantly: Shee, by the Nurse seduc't,
Presuming All to her content conduc't;
No sooner spies him, but shee springs for haste,
About his neck her Iv'ry Armes shee cast:
Shee holds him, hugs him, saying, Welcome Mine,
Mine, Mine thou art, and I am only thine:
Then, Why delay wee? Why defer wee thus
Our joynt-delights, sith none can hinder us?
Why burn we day-light? Hence with fear & sloth.
Let's mixe our loves. This Bed will serve us both.
Shee leaps upon't; and like a nay-lesse Wooer.
Holding his Cloak, shee puls him hard unto her.
The goodly Youth, as beautifull as blamelesse,
Amaz'd, asham'd, to see his Lady shameless,
Replies, Alas! (Thus sharp reproving her)
Late Noble Wife of Noble *Potiphar*,
What mood, what madnes hath obdur'd your mind,
To dare these Pranks, uncomely and unkinde?
To shame your Selfe, your Sex, your House, your (State,
To wrong my Lord, and mee unfortunate?
These are the fruits of easefull Idlenesse,
Of wanton Pride, of wastefull Pampredness;
From whence the Fiends (our foes) advantage cull,
To kill our Soules, and fill our Sins-sack full:
For, 'tis not *Iphicle*, your Nurse, your Friend,
As you suppose: no, 'tis a hellish Fiend.
A Hag, a Furie sent from Sulph'ry *Styx*,
That thus deludes you with deceits and tricks:
Shee dar'd, and did attempt to tempt mee too;
But, God forbad: shee mee no hurt could doe.
I saw her shrinking out as I came in:
I know the fained forme shee masketh in:
I feele the Sulph'ry fume, the filthy Sent
Shee left behinde her, when away shee went.
Hee having spoken from behinde the dore,
The subtle Fury (lurking there before)
With sodaine rush did crush the posts in sunder;
And comming in, fills all with feare and wonder;
When ghastly squinting, griezly, Thus shee spake
With hellish voyce: Indeed you doe mistake,
False, *Iphicle* I am not: I am one
Of th' odious Sisters, sent from *Acheron*,
I'll make you prove it now: then forth shee drew
A poyf'nous Snake, and it at JOSEPH threw:
But th' Heav'nly Warder still repell'd it back,
And all th' endeavours frustrate still did make.
Unable therefore Him to hurt at all,
Towards *Iempsar* doth it softly crawle,
With slippery windings, wriggling to and fro:
Into her skirts at length it twineth so,
That up it creeps, and quick into her gets,
Gnawes all her bowells, and despiteful spets
His hellish poison in her inmost heart.
The Lad, thus frighted, quick away did start,
To his own Chamber: and perplext in mind,
Forgetfull hee had left his cloak behinde.
Seeing him fled, and feeling in her wombe
The fretting Venome; wholly overcome,
In ragefull fury, sodainely shee falls,
And, *Help, Help, Help*, with a loud Cry shee calls,
So loud and shrill, that all the Court it heard,
And all the house, and neighbours neer, it scar'd;
As if within had been som sodaine fire
Which instantly would to the roof aspire.
Help, Women, Help, quick, quickly. O! the Slave,
The Jew, the Rascall, the young Hebrew knave,
Even now (O Gods!) finding mee here alone,
(O the bold Villaine! Hath the like been known?)

Dar'd t' have defil'd great *Potiphar* his Bed;
And, but my Nurſe mee timely reſcued,
Had raviſht mee (O, horrid thing to think)!
But hearing Help, away the ſlave did ſlink,
And left, for haſte, his cloak behind him heer.
With Hue and Cry, purſue him far and neer,
Lay hold on him, and lay him faſt in Hold;
And let my Lord of his abuſe be told.
Thus fell *Iempſar* her complaint prefers.
All which, and more, falſe *Iphicle* avers,
And aggravates adjudging him exempt
From pitie, fit to hang for ſuch attempt
So inſolent, ſo impudent; and whets
The hearers hearts. Then cloſe away ſhee gets,
Unſeen, and *Owl-like* in a Clowd involv'd,
Her borrow'd Body into Air diſſolv'd;
Deſcending ſwift from whence ſhee came, to tell
Her good-ill ſervice, and ſucceſſe, in Hell.
Poore JOSEPH then his fellowes felly ſeaze;
And, haſty, hurry him tow'rds Little-Eaſe:
Fain would hee ſpeak, but none would hear a word;
None, none at all, and leaſt of all his Lord,
Whom the Report already had incenſt;
Yet not with Death to have him recompenc't:
But, in a Dungeon (worſe than Death) to dwell,
For worſt Offendors the moſt loathſom Cell;
There, kept cloſe Pris'ner to be barely fed
With puddle-water, and with barly-bread.
But, better kept by his ſupernall Keeper
(Yet, more his dear, the more their woes be deeper)
A winged Watch-man ſhining heav'nly bright,
Is ſent to JOSEPH (when the firſt ſad Night
With ſable Courtin had beclowded all)
Who entring (through the Wicket and the Wall)
Into the Priſon, with a new-come Ray
Lightning the dungeon, driving Night away,
With ſpirituall Comforts, and with ſpeeches kind,
Cancels his fears, and well confirms his minde.
This, from a Tow'r th' Ægyptian Keeper ſpy'd:
Som God, ſom God is in the Light hee cry'd.
I know, ſuch Splendor, and the ſpeech I heard,
If it be God it muſt be needs inferr'd
This Lad is guiltleſs of the crime pretended.
For, Innocence juſt *JOVE* hath ay defended.
Thenceforth, to JOSEPH bare hee great reſpect,
A kinde of Reverence, with a kinde Affect;
Took off the Irons from his hands and feet;
Fed, lodg'd him better, made his priſon ſweet;
Viſits him oft, intreats him friendly fair,
With loving Comforts, lets him take the Air.
Now, twice four Roundles *Phœbe* had compleat,
When, on ſuſpicion of ſom treacherous feat
Of poys'ning *Pharao*'s Bread (as went the Fame)
Two were committed from the Court (by name
The Kings chiefe Baker, and chief Butler, too)
To the ſame Gaile where JOSEPH hath to doo.
For, now his Keeper truſted him ſo deep,
Hee made him Keeper, and of nought took keep.
In ſhort time after, Either, in one night,
Dreamed a Dream; whence the next morrow light,
Pain'd and perplexed, what they might portend,
Too ſadly ſerious ſeem'd they to perpend.
Which JOSEPH noting; Gentlemen, I pray,
How hap (quoth hee) you are ſo ſad to day.
To-night (ſaid they) wee dreamed each a Dream,
But none wee finde that can interpret them:
And that 's our trouble. Can you tell them mee?
Come let mee hear them, if you can, quoth hee;
It may pleaſe God wee may have ſight therein.
Right gladly, ſaid the Buttler, I 'll begin.
Mee thought I ſaw a green and goodly Vine,
With three fair Branches, budding, blowing fine,
Then flowring freſh, then ſwelling Cluſters bluſh,
Whoſe ſpumy Juice in *Pharao*'s cup I cruſh,
Which with my hand into his hand I raught,
Whereof the King took-in his wonted Draught.
Then, thus the Lad: I 'll tell your Dreams portent.
Firſt, by that goodly Vine your Life is Meant;
The Buds, Flow'rs, Fruits; be fruits your ſelf have bore,
Your Services, your Vertues here-tofore,
Which ſhall be guerdon'd, you reſtor'd to grace;
The three fair Branches are but three daies ſpace,
When in your wonted maner you ſhall bring
The wonted Cup unto your Lord the King.
Then, when with *Pharaoh* you ſhall gracious be
(If I be worthy) but remember mee,
And that unworthy I am heer detain'd.
The Baker, hearing This thus right explain'd,
Said, let mee alſo, if you pleaſe, I pray,
Report my Viſion; and your Verdict ſay.
Mee thought I had three Baskets on my head:
Two full of Flow'r, the third of fineſt Bread,
Made with moſt Art and Cunning that I might;
But, all anon the Birds devoured quite.
Then ſaid the good Interpr'er: Things to come
Are known to GOD; Men often fail in ſome:
Yet, what I gheſſe and gather of this matter,
I 'll tel' you true: I cannot, may not, flatter.
That which you ſaw the Baskets filled with,
Of divers kindes, your Life betokeneth:
The Flow'r your former, ſimple and ſincere;
The Bread, your later, compound (as it were)
Of all deceits, Theft, Plotting, Poyſoning,
Treaſon, and all diſcover'd to the King;
Who, for reward of theſe foule Crimes, by Law
Will hang you up: and then the Birds you ſaw,
Rav'ns, Vultures, Eagles, Kites, and carren Crowes,
Shall eat your Carcaſs, peck your Eyes and Noſe.
Within three dayes, your Baskets number notes:
Yet I may erre, and you may change your Lots.
For, God doth change, when men doe change from ill.
His mediate Work, not his immediate Will.
This paſt, their Parts, Both, divers pondering,
On the third day came Warrant from the King,
To clear and to declare the Buttler Quit,
And hang the Baker, at firſt ſight of it.
Accordingly, from Priſon both are brought;
But, to a divers End, with divers thought:
Th' one with reproach, th' other with good report;
Th' one to the Cart, th' other to the Court;
Th' one to the Gallowes, th' other to be grac't
Of Prince and Peer, and in his room re-plac't;
With Caps & Claps, with cheerfull ſhouts & ſongs
Welcom'd, rewarded, honor'd for his wrongs.
Thrice through the *Zodiak* had *Hyperian* pranc't,
And fourthly now his fiery Teem advanc't,
When quiet ſtreteht upon his Ivory bed,
In ſweeteſt ſleep, well toward morning-ſted,

To

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To mighty *Pharaoh* the Almighty ſent
A double *Dream*, of ſo deep Conſequent,
That wondring much, the King awoke withall,
Conceiving it ſome high *Prognoſticall*.
Wherefore, forth-with he ſummons far & wide,
Through *AEgypt* and *Chaldea*, from each ſide,
All that had knowledge in *Aſtrologie*,
Cunning in Spels, or skill in Prophecie,
Or could fore-tell by Magick from below;
Or from above, by Oracles fore-ſhow;
Or by in-ſight of ſacrificed Heards;
By Fire, by Water, or by flight of Birds,
Or by their ſongs; by Sand, by *Geomancy*;
Or by what-ever *Heathen* Feat or Phant'ſie.
Then ſwarm'd the Court with Sages of all ſorts,
Of divers habits, and of divers ports.
Som on their heads wore hornes, hairy and horrid,
Som wᵗʰ thick Turbands did ſurroūd their forehead,
Som with high Miters, ſom with trailing whoods,
Som with rich Garlands ſet with precious Studs;
But, broad long-bearded all adown their Chin,
With ſad aſpect, and of a ſallow skin.
Whom when before him *Pharaoh* had admitted,
Hee tels his *Dreams*, firſt, then (as him befitted)
Propoundeth Honours and rich Recompence
To whom ſoever ſhall expound the ſenſe,
And ſets them dayes, & nights, & times, & houres,
To bring their Anſwer: But, (beyond their pow'rs)
Daies, nights, times, hours, they break, none doth appear
T' explaine the *Dream*, or the Kings doubt to clear:
Neither their Spheres, Spels, Circles, Sorceries,
Birds, Beards, nor Miters could decypher This.
Angry therefore, and thence-forth grieving deep,
The King would heare none, but did private keep.
The Buttler then remembring (at the laſt)
During his durance what before had paſt,
(Which hitherto, as Courtiers, yet, for moſt,
Good turnes receiv'd, hee had forgot, or croſt)
How truly JOSEPH by their Dreams did tell,
What to the Baker and himſelfe befell;
Fell on his knees, and cryes unto the King,
Pardon, my Liege, my ſtolid lingering
To tell your Highneſſe, in this manner moov'd,
What (late) in priſon I both ſaw and proov'd.
Your Majeſty (no doubt) remembers yet
Your Baker and my ſelfe you did commit (found
To your High Marſhals Tower; where then wee
An Hebrew Youth, a Pris'ner (on falſe ground,
As may be gheſt) late Page to *Potiphar*.
Both grown in time with him familiar,
Both of us dreamed in one very night;
Both of our Dreams to Him wee did recite;
Both hee expounded; and both did ſucceed
To both of us, as hee of both did reed.
To mee, ſaid hee, Thou ſhalt in three daies ſpace,
Returne to Court, recover Place and Grace:
But, to the Baker; Thou (ſaid hee) that day
Shalt be hang'd up, for rav'ning Birds a Prey,
Unleſſe thy faults thou canſt ſo quick repent,
That change of life thy threatned death prevent:
(For, God doth change, when men do change from
His mediate Work, not his immediate Will.) (Ill,
All which, for True, before your Eyes is cleer;
The Baker hang'd: and I your Buttler, heer.
Upon my Life, my Lord, your hidden Dream
That Lad will read; hee hath ſom Spirit ſupreme.
Herewith the King re-cheer'd, and inly glad,
Commands him ſtraight, Go, quickly fetch the Lad,
And in Our Name him inſtantly inlarge.
Forthwith hee hies him to performe his charge;
Gets forth the Pris'ner, ſhifts him, ſuits him preſt,
Of his owne coſt, and hath him barb'd and dreſt;
And then conducts him, baſhfull, to the King;
Who well beholds the Lad, likes every thing;
Then queſtions thus: They tell me, Youth, that you
Interpret Dreams; now, tell mee, Tell they true?
My gracious Lord, ſaid JOSEPH, God alone
Immediately knowes dreams; and other none,
Save only ſuch, to whom that ſacred Gift
Th' Almighty daignes: I may my prayer lift
Unto my God for you, my Lord, and ſhall:
It may be, Hee will grant this grace withall.
For, ay with ſpeciall care hee guides the things,
That long to Kings; as onely King of Kings.
A while then inly did hee meditate:
Then prayes the King his Viſions to relate.
Me thought, ſaid *Pharaoh*, by *Nil's* bank I ſtood,
And ſuddenly from out the ſilver Flood,
Came ſeven faire Kine, which ranging far and wide,
Fed in the Meads along the Rivers ſide,
On Ox-lips, Cowes-lips, Trifole and the reſt,
Which for the Altar fat our Beaſts the beſt.
Scarce had I turn'd mine eye, when on the ſhore,
Mee-thought in th' inſtant came up ſeven Kine more,
With ſtaring haire, too-weak to ſtand alone,
Ill-favour'd, lank, and leane, bare skin and bone;
As, poorly fed, with Holly, Broom, and Heath,
Anatomies, or living forms of Death.
Amaz'd with this, yet was I more anon,
When theſe (mee thought) for hunger, ſet upon
The former ſeven, and ſo to work did fall,
That ſuddenly they had devour'd them all.
Here-with I waked: and anon agen
Sweet ſlumber caught mee, and I dreamed then
I ſaw ſeven goodly full faire Ears of Corne,
Riſe from one ſtraw, ſcarce able to be borne:
And by and by, ſeven other Ears there ſprung
Light, chaffie, blaſted, thin and cloſely clung,
Which in like manner greedily did eat
And quick conſume the ſeven full Ears of Wheat.
Theſe were my *Dreams*, which I have oft pro-
To many, yet by none can be expounded. (pounded
Now, if for Thee this Honour be reſerv'd,
If Thee alone my deeper *Dreams* deſerv'd;
Then, happy Youth, rejoyce with all thy heart,
Eternall Fame ſhall trumpet thy deſert:
And with reward wee ſhall ſo richly ſtore thee,
That in all Ægypt none ſhall be before thee.
Great King, ſaid *Joſeph*, both your *Dreams* be one,
Sent down from God, to be reveal'd by none
(How-ever wiſe, how-ever full of Parts,
How-ever compleat in all depth of *Arts*)
Save by ſom Veſſell of his owne Election,
To whom hee daignes the grace of his direction:
And therfore could your Sages nothing ſhow,
Not knowing God, though all things elſe they know.
Know this, O King: God by this Viſion ſends,
To let you know what ſhortly hee intends.

Your

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Your seven fat Bullocks are seven fruitfull years,
Which through all Ægypt shall oreflow your
While *Nile*, far fatter than to-fore he wont, (shiers,
Shall farther spread his slimy sweat upon't;
When happy *Memphis* shall such plenty see,
That your old Barnes shall all too little be:
Your Ricks, your Garners, and your Bartons all,
Too narrow for your Crops, too short, too small:
And, to confirme it, that it shall be so,
Your seven full Ears but the same thing fore-show.
Now be you pleas'd, my great and gracious Prince,
To hear the rest with heed and patience: (low,
For, seven poor years these seven rich years shal fol-
Whose Penury their Plenty soon shall swallow;
When *Nile* shall shrink into his Channell, nye
Leaving the Ridges and the Furrowes dry,
Fields scorched, parched, burned even to dust,
Both Solstices like deawlesse and adust:
No Torrents gushing from the Mountain tops,
Nor (under *Cancer*) on the *AEthyops*
Any return of Winter's Moist again,
Nor any help of sweet and timely Rain:
So that the Husband cannot plough his Land:
Or if hee could, hee should but plough the sand,
And cast his Seed amid the flame to burn,
Without all hope of any Crops return,
Or of increase: but rather prest for need,
To quit his Plough, and on his Oxen feed.
Your seven leane Bullocks, and seven slender Eares,
Devouring, shew these seven devouring years.
This is your dreame, O King; and doubled thus,
That more assured, more solicitous,
More speedily you may provide before
(Thus warn'd by God) a salve unto this Sore.
Which, how to doe (of mee if you demand):
I would advise you first through all the Land,
To build new Garners, long and large enough,
From time to time to store up all the stuffe,
That may be spared throughout all your State,
During those years of Plenty fortunate;
Allowing only for each Houshold's need,
And for their Land a Competence of Seed.
You must have also Treasure ready still
To buy this store, if well proceed you will.
And to this end, let there a man be sought
Discreet and wise, to wield it as it ought.
Let him have pow'r as in your Royall Name,
Through all your Kingdome to dispose the same;
And underneath him to subordinate
Sub-Officers, to serve him and the State. (King,
Thus JOSEPH counsell'd: and the while the
With silence, all maturely pondering,
At last breaks out in joyfull admiration,
There is (no doubt) a Divine inspiration
In this young man. Without a spirit Divine,
Of future things, none could so deep define:
There is none like him, none to match him neer,
In all *Chaldæa*, nor in *AEgypt* heer.
Then, on his neck, shedding a showre of Joy,
The King imbrac't, and kindly grac't the Boy;
Then, thus bespake him: Seeing God hath giv'n
Thee this to know, and to fore-shew from Heav'n;
I know not one so wise and so discreet,
Nor for this Office than thy self more meet.
Thee, next to Mee, shall all my people serve,
And call thee Saviour: Thou dost them preserve.
Then, on his back a purple robe hee dons,
Embossed round with rich and Orient Stones;
About his neck a massie Chaine of gold,
And on his finger (as they wont of old)
A royall Signet, a most precious Ring
(Not to be worn by any, but the King,
Or his Vice-gerent, whom hee doth esteeme
And will have deemed *Second unto Him*)
Which *Pharaoh* there then plucked from his own,
To put on JOSEPH's, that hee might be known
To be the *Second to Himselfe*, in all.
Then, on a Steed, the second in his Stall,
(Or second Chariot) in this solemne Pompe
He makes him ride; and with the sound of Trumpe
Proclaimes, before him that they bow the knee
To his Vice-gerent, to this *Second Hee*,
To this Preserver of their State; or rather
To this (adopted Sonne) their Countries Father;
This Prince of worth; this more than man, this mira-
This happy, holy, Heav'n inspired Oracle; (cle,
Who, the King's Dreame in time interpreting,
Had sav'd themselves, their Country & their King.
With all these honors, and with wealth confer'd,
With all applause good JOSEPH is prefer'd
To rule all Ægypt: which with great dexterity,
Wisdome and worth, care, courage, and Sincerity,
Hee executes: And first, his Circuit rides
Ore all the Land; Barnes every where provides,
Which in those plenteous years he fils with Store
Of every kinde. And, sith it is no more
Vertue to purchase than preserve what's got,
Hee slips no time, but prudently doth plot
To kill all Vermine, cut off all excesse
Of Gluttony and beastly drunkennesse;
Abates their needlesse beasts, Dogs, Mules, & Horse,
Rids idle Roagues and Vagrants that be worse;
And rather buyes in from the Coasts about,
Than by a Licence lets a Corne go out.
Thus hee proceeds: and GOD so blest his hand,
That all things prosper'd over all the Land.
There was a City call'd *Heliopolis*,
(Whose Surname from the Sun derived is)
Whose Prince (a Priest too, to *Apollo*'s Grace)
Had one faire daughter (faire indeed of Face
And outward Feature; but, much more divin'd
For inward Beauties, Graces of the minde)
Whom *Phœbus* oft consulted with, had shew'n
Not to be match to any of their Owne:
But by a higher Fate reserv'd to be
A Strangers Bride, with greater dignity
To raise her Name, and honour her Posterity.
This Oracle at JOSEPH points in Verity,
Thinks *Phebus* Priest and great King *Pharaoh* too:
And to this end th' *Isa'cian* Prince they wooe.
When Ægypt now seven happy years had had,
All plentifull, all prosperous and glad;
It Pleas'd the King, with Royall Pompe and State,
These Nuptiall Bands to knit and consummate
With sumptuous feasts; and (to prolong their joyes)
With Tilts & Tourneys, Dances, Maskes, & toyes,
So long, that now the seven rich years at last,
Were ended all, and all their plenty past.

And

And now, *Sol's* Palfreys, having paſt the Twins,
Were poſting hotly towards *Cancers* Innes,
When the Ægyptians could no more perceive
Nile's over-flood, nor any mud to leave;
But pure, unpuddled on the ſand to ſlide,
And in his Bottom him well-neer to hide:
Their whilome fertill ſoyl now ſerely rives,
Yawnes wide for thirſt, no hope of Harveſt gives:
If any ſeed be ſown, it never ſprings,
Or never buds, or never bears, or brings
Unhappy Darnell, or dry Poppy ſeed,
Or is devour'd by Vermins hungry breed.
So that they live of former Years remains,
Which hardly yet the firſt hard Year ſuſtains;
But men are faine to Graſs and Rats to fall,
To harmleſſe Creatures, unclean Beaſts and all.
Then, to the King, Citie and Countrey fly
To ſue for comfort, and to ſeek ſupply:
Hee to his *Vice-roy* JOSEPH them refers;
Hee inſtantly to under-Officers,
Who (by his order) furniſht all their wants,
At equall price; yet do ſo high advance
The Kings advantage, that from far and nye
The Wealth of all runs to his Treaſurie;
His Checquer's full: yet had they paſt (alas!)
Scarce foure hard years, and had three more to paſs.
What ſhal they do, poor ſouls? How wil they ſhift?
Now nothing have they, but their bare Lands left:
Thoſe they would ſell; but, who (alas!) ſhould buy?
None hath the Purſe, except the King. They try
The Prudent *Vice-roy*: who approves the thing,
Bargains and buys a fift part for the King.
This Famine raging fiercly every where,
Fame bruits abroad (which came to *Jacobs* eare)
That yet in Ægypt they were ſtor'd ſo well,
That they had Corne enough, and ſom to ſell;
Old *Iſr'el* therefore calling up his Sons,
You ſee, ſaith hee, our ſhort proviſions:
You ſee how like wee are to ſtarve and pine,
And periſh all, without the hand Divine:
I heare there's Corne in Ægypt to be bought;
Mee think ere now, you ſhould your ſelves have
It time to go: Go get you quickly thither, (thought
Take Coyne and Sacks: goe hye you all together,
Save *Benjamin*. The other Ten agree,
And, furniſht fit, ſet forth immediately.
Arriv'd in Ægypt, they eftſoons enquire
The Great *Corne-Maſter*; lowting low, deſire
Corn for their mony. JOSEPH knows them brim
To be his Brethren: but they know not Him.
Hee well remembers their unkindneſs paſt, (faſt.)
(And wrong receiv'd draws ſtrong revenge too
Yet, for Gods ſake, his Fathers, and his Brothers
(Young *Benjamin's*) hee ſpareth all theſe others;
And ſpeaks to them, but ſtrangely and auſtere:
Whence? what are you? you (Sirs) that cluſter there?
My Lord, Your Servants are one *Jacobs* Sonnes,
We come from *Canaan* (where our Father wonnes)
Compell'd by Famine (which there rageth ſore)
To ſeek your Favour; of your happy ſtore,
To daign us for our money what you may.
Our Father hath great houſhold to defray,
Himſelfe, Eleven of Us, our Little Fry,
Shepheards and Bondmen a great company:
And therefore hither are wee come, my Lord,
To crave the help your Favour may afford,
To ſave ſo many lives, that may be able,
And ſhall be willing (ſom way ſerviceable)
To thank your Lordſhip: for, our Father reigns
As King in *Sichem*, and hee ſtocks the Plains
With goodly flocks of many thouſand Sheep,
And ſtore of Cattle of all kinds doth keep:
Vouchſafe us therefore of your Corn, wee pray,
That wee may live, what ever price wee pay:
For, wee come hither, not to beg, but buy.
*To buy? ſaid JOSEPH; nay, I doubt to ſpy;
Spyes are yee all; ſo many ſturdy Clownes
To troop at once through all our Forts & Townes,
To view and to ſurvay our ſtrength and ſtore,
And ſo the weakneſs of the Land explore.
Yee tell mee of your Father and your Brother:
But, I beleeve neither the one, nor other: (Teſt?
Where's your Commiſſion? Where's your Fathers
Why came not that one Brother with the reſt?
Or why came you ſo many? It is clear
*You come to ſpy: and you ſhall buy it dear.
Thus, though his heart doth melt, his bowels yerne;
Hee faines him fierce, and bears him roughly ſterne.
They, proſtrate all, beſeech him not ſuſpect
Them any ſuch. Our comming was direct,
Wee ſweare (ſay they): The witneſs wee implore
Of th' only God our Father doth adore,
Our Father ſent us; Famine drove us hither;
For Corn wee come: and that wee come together,
Our need, our number, and our diſtance crave
At once as much as wee at once can have:
Our other Brother is but yet a Lad
(And all the comfort that our Father had)
Too young to travell ſuch a journey yet;
Which upon us our Father laid, more fit.
Wee thought on no Commiſſion: for, indeed
In ſuch a caſe wee thought there none ſhould need.
Be good unto us, good my Lord, wee pray,
Pity our Father, and (if pity may
Pierce you at all) pity our Brothers caſe,
Pity our Babes, the hope of all our Race.

Twixt over-joy'd, his eyes will needs run over;
Which, yet a while, he turnes aſide to cover:
Then thus returnes; your cunning anſwer ſhowes
That you are falſe. Truth needs not ſuch a Gloſe:
I am reſolv'd; and can beleeve no other.
By th' life of *Pharaoh*, till you fetch your Brother
You ſhall not hence, one Hoſtage ſhall remaine,
The reſt ſhall goe well loaden home with graine:
This favour will I doe, expect no other,
Nor move me more, untill you bring your Brother,
To teſtifie your Stories are not lyes:
Elſe by the life of *Pharaoh* you are Spyes.
(Heer, Sirra, Marſhall, take them to your charge,
Looke none of them be let to go at large)
Ile give you three daies Reſpit to revolve;
Then let mee heare what herein yee reſolve.

They (inly prickt in their owne conſcience
For cruelties committed now long ſince;
'Gainſt this their unknown Brother, now a Prince)
Among themſelves debating what was beſt
(Seeing the *Vice-Roy* did ſo deep proteſt)
Thought

Thought moſt expedient, and reſolve in briefe,
To ſend home Nine, loden with ſuch reliefe,
To fetch their Brother; leaving one behinde:
Which Part by lot, to *Simeon* was aſſign'd;
Whom they for Hoſtage to the Prince preſent,
(Upon the third day) with their full intent.
Then he commands their Sacks with Corn be fill'd:
They pay for it; but, ſecretly hee will'd,
That each mans money ſhould again be put
Into his Sack, and then the Sack re-ſhut.
So, now their Hoſtage in ſafe cuſtody,
They lade their Aſſes, and full heavily
Leave Ægypt and their Brother; hying home,
Unto *Samaria*: where no ſooner come,
But, their old Father, forthwith miſſing one, (on?
Cryes, Where's your Brother? Where's my *Sime-*
What, is hee ſick, or dead (I doubt mee rather)?
Neither, ſaid *Juda*, dead, nor ſick, good Father:
Hee's well in health, but doth for pledge remaine
In Ægypt, till wee all go back againe,
And bring with us our brother *Benjamin*:
For, ſuch conditions muſt wee enter in,
Or elſe we could have brought you nothing thence.
The Man wee dealt with, a great Man, a Prince,
Next to the King, at our arrivall there,
Askt many queſtions, whence, and what wee were:
Whether wee had a Father, or a Brother,
In what eſtate, how old; and many other.
We doubting nothing, told him truely all:
Then, more auſtere, and more Majeſticall,
Now I perceive (ſaith hee) that you are Spyes,
And all your Anſwers are ſo many Lyes:
You come but to ſurvay our ſtrength and ſtore,
To find our weakneſſe, and our wants explore:
Yee tell mee of your Father and your Brother:
But, I beleeve neither the one, nor other: (Teſt?
Where's your Commiſſion? Where's your Fathers
Why came not that one Brother with the reſt?
Or why came you ſo many? It is clear
You come to ſpy: and you ſhall buy it dear.
Wee anſwer'd for our ſelves the beſt wee could:
All would not ſerve: Th' iſſue was this; we ſhould
Leave one for Hoſtage, and the other Nine
Should bring home Corn, and bring him *Benjamin*,
Or never to returne unto that place,
Or never dare to looke him in the Face:
For, by the Life of *Pharaoh*, wee were Spies,
(That is his Oath) and all our Words were Lies.
Good Father *Jacob*, having heard all this,
With many a ſigh (as ſorrowes manner is)
Is there, ſaith hee, under the heav'ns bright Eye,
Another Father ſo diſtreſt as I?
One Son is loſt; another pris'ner left
In a ſtrange Land; another now bereft
(By your device, or your advice at leaſt)
And all of you (I doubt mee) all the reſt
To be extinct, while I ſurvive in feares
Of ſo bad news to come to my ſad eares.
Firſt would to God (ſo God were not diſpleas'd)
My daies were ended, and my ſorrowes eas'd.
Thus ſpeaking wept hee, and thus weeping ſpake.
His Sons with Comforts ſeek his Care to ſlake,
Saying, The godly ſhould not fear ſo deep,
Sith God his ſervants will more ſafely keep.
Then to their Sacks: Each having his unknit,
Each findes his money in the mouth of it.
Amazed all: ſad *Jacob* thereupon,
Sons, Sons (ſaid hee) there lackt but this alone:
This is enough to kill all hope (as vaine.)
For, if to Ægypt you returne againe,
The mighty man that fain'd you Spies before,
Will find you Theeves now; & what need he more,
Having ſo ſifted and ſo ſought your Coat,
To finde a hole, that hee might cut your throat?
No, no (I ſweare) my *Benjamin*, my Boy,
Mine onely Comfort left, mine onely Joy,
I will not hazzard on ſo tickle ground:
You, you ſhall goe that are ſo promiſe-bound,
If you think good, and God will have it ſo:
And when you are determined to go,
I'll give you all the golden good I have,
Jewels and Coyne, your Brother to un-ſlave
And ſave your ſelves; and to beſtow in Corne,
If God be pleaſed that you ſhall returne.
On th' other ſide, againſt his Fathers feares,
Sad *Judah* thus intreats him, even with Tears:
Deare Father, heare us firſt; and then I pray
Have care of us, and of your ſelfe this day.
For, how ſhall wee unto that Man returne,
Who ſolemnly hath by his *Pharaoh* ſworne?
Except wee bring our Brother *Benjamin*,
Nor wee, nor hee that is there cooped in,
Shall be diſmiſt: nor ſhall wee have the grace
To heare his voyce, or ever ſee his face;
Where, God hee knowes, what ſhall of us become:
And how much better ſhall you be at home?
How will you live? Where will you have to feed
This multitude, if there wee do not ſpeed?
Father, for Gods ſake follow my advice:
Upon my perill, ſtand not off ſo nice.
This Lad will ſave both us, and you, and all;
And on my life, no hurt ſhall him befall:
Two tender pledges leave I here of mine;
If hee miſcarry, let them pay the Fine.
Then doubt not, Father, lay your feare aſide,
And prudently for you and yours provide.
That thus our money was return'd; no doubt,
By his direction it was brought about:
But for a pit-fall, or for Pitie rather,
It is uncertain: this is certaine, Father,
Hee is reported, over all that Coaſt,
To be a good man, and a godly-moſt;
And, if the Whole be partly gheſt by Part,
Wee ſaw ſome tokens of a tender heart:
For, while to him wee there did ſad relate
The ſad diſtreſſes of our preſent ſtate,
Of you and of our Brother, and our Brats;
Our miſeries hee ſo compaſſionates, (hide,
That he even wept: which though hee thought to
And turn'd away, yet many of us ſpy'd.
Wherefore, good Father, let us loſe no time;
Prolong no longer, neither doubt the Clime,
Nor feare the man, nor faint for any thing:
Wee ſhall be ſafe under th' Almighties wing.
This urg'd with tears; the Old man overcome,
Cryes, Go on Gods name, God re-guide you home:
Go when you will, and with you take the Lad,
And ſome beſt preſents that may heer be had

In

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In this hard time; *Myrrhe, Storax, Almonds, Hony, Gumme, Cinnamon*, and therewith, double mony,
Both for the former, which you brought againe,
And for the New, if Now you shall obtaine.
And Wee the while will pray and pay our vowes,
To th' everlasting Patron of our house,
The *Lord of Hoasts*, our Fathers God and ours,
To prosper and protect you with his pow'rs.
Blushing *Aurora* sweetly peeping out,
When *Sol* againe had brought his Teem about,
The Father and the Sonnes, together all,
All up and ready, on their knees doe fall
In due Devotion, as they daily wont:
Then to their Breakfast (not to dwell upon't)
Furnisht of what their journey did require,
Gifts, money, *Benjamin*. Their tender Sire,
Weeping, Him kissing, and imbracing, thus
Bids sad *Adieu*: Deare Son, Ay prosperous
Thy journey be. If Fates thee safe restore,
Then wish I life; for teares hee could no more.
Then to the rest; imbracing, blessing all,
While all for blessing on their knees do call.

They to their long-hard journey settling them,
Leaving *Samaria* and *Jerusalem*;
Past *Idumæas* Palmy Groves, and past
Syrbonian Moors, *Arabian* Desarts vast;
At length arrive on *Egypts* wealthy Coast,
And reach at last their *Memphis* wished most.
Whom gladly JOSEPH entertaineth there,
And instantly lets out his Prisoner.

Admitted then to gracious Audience,
Thus *Ruben* spake: When wee, right Noble Prince,
Returned home, had to our Father done
Your high Commands, touching his younger Son,
Whom you required to be hither brought;
Opening our Sacks to shoot the Corn wee brought,
In every Sack wee found our severall summe
(Which God he knows, we know not how should
Our Father hearing what was com to pass, (com.)
And, seeing it, deep-sighing, cry'd, alas!
Alas! My sonnes, I see som sad Mis-hap
Hangs over us: and all our old good-hap
Is crost and cancell'd. Sees Heav'ns glorious eye
Another Father so distrest as I?
Twelve sonnes I had, and one (alas!) is lost;
Another Pris'ner in a forrain Coast;
Another, now (mine onely comfort left)
Surrepted Thus, and You withall bereft:
And all of you to go I wot not whither
(Made Theeves) perhaps to perish all together.

We comfort, We thus press with all our pow'rs;
O Father, trust our Fathers God and ours.
And for the man that now in Ægypt swayes,
Hee is most just, most gentle. Him they praise
For their Preserver, and their Father there
Pious and pure: then, What is thence to feare?

Wonne with our words, at last with much adoo,
Hee granted us to bring his Darling too.
Go then, said hee, God to and fro direct you;
And with his wings of Favour still protect you.
Take with you *Benjamin*; and take withall
(Such as our Countrey yeelds) these Presents small,
Gumme, liquid *Storax*, bitter *Almonds, Hony, Mirrhe, Cinnamon*: take also double mony,
To pay both for the Corne you had before,
And for as much as now you shall bring more:
And to that just Man (as you say) commend
Mee and my Sonne: pray him to stand a friend,
To pity Him, and You, and Mee, and All.
So all good hap to Him and you befall.

While this he spake; The Prince with much adoo
Refraining tears, cries, Welcome all of you,
Your Selves, your Presents, and your Brother heer,
Who quits you from suspect: Be of good cheer,
Goe wash your weary Limbs from soyl and sweat,
And soon I pray come sit with mee at meat.

Thus said the Prince. The servants, som prepare
Bath for their Feet; som Vessels; som their Fare;
Buttry and Pantry, som; som spead the Table;
And other-som as busie in the Stable.
Him-self the while dispatcht affaires of State,
Heard Suits for food, appointed each their Rate;
And then returnes unto his Guests again;
Showes them his stately House, his Stuffe, his Train;
His gold and silver Plate, ingrav'n, imbost,
Couches and Carpets of a wondrous Cost;
And round about, most sumptuous to behold,
Deep Arras Hangings, all of silke and gold,
Of sundry Stories there so lively wrought,
That almost living were the Figures thought;
Such sprightly Postures, and so speaking Gestures,
So native Visages, so nat'rall Vestures.

Faith-famous *Abra'm* after Heav'ns behest,
Leads heer his *Is'ac* to be kill'd as Beast.
The Lad heer loads the Asse with Holmen sprayes:
The Father makes the Pile: Heeron hee layes
His bond-led, blind-led Son: his hand heav'd up,
An Angell holds, and there is held a Tup.

There, *Jacob*, flying his rough Brothers wrath,
Hyes him amaine towards his native Path,
His Fathers ancient Seat, and happy Realm,
Betwixt swift *Tigris*, and th' *Euphratean* stream;
There, at a Well his Uncle's Daughter aides,
Drawing up Water for the tender Maids:
There on the Downs he tends their Fathers sheep,
Serving for *Rachel* double Prentise-ship.

While *Isr'els* glad Sons (at this wealth amaz'd)
Now full of hope, on these things greedy gaz'd,
Great JOSEPH calls (for Supper was gone up)
Come, give us Water: It is time to sup:
Then, tall, hee sets him in his Ivory Chaire,
And bids them sit, and treats them wondrous faire.

Heer, Death preventing Fracastorius,
This late begun, Hee left un-ended Thus.

FINIS.

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THE PARLIAMENT OF VERTUES ROYALL:

(Summoned in France, but assembled in England)

FOR

Nomination, Creation, and Confirmation

OF

The most Excellent Prince

PANARETUS.

A Præsage of Pr. DOLPHIN:
A Pourtrait of Pr. HENRY:
A Promise of Pr. CHARLES:

Translated;

AND

Dedicated

TO HIS HIGHNESS,

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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To the Honourable, Sir *Robert Carie*: Sir *James Fullarton*: Sir *Robert Carr*: Sir *David Foulis*: Master *Thomas Murray*.

GRave *Guides* and *Guards* of Hopefull CHARLES *his Wayn*,
Leſt I incurr the leaſt of Your Diſdaine;
If, without leave, I (over-raſhly rude)
Uſurpe Your Rooms, or on Your Rights intrude;
I humbly crave your *Licence*; and your *Loves*,
For my *Addreſs*, when my *Acceſs* behooves.
I know the *Field* of His Young HIGHNESS heart
So duely *till'd* by your deep *Care* and *Art*
(Adding his Fathers *Royall golden Writt*;
And goodly *Practiſe* to demonſtrate it:
His (late) rare *Brother's* Pattern, of Renowne:
With Honeſt *Quin's* new-caſt *Prince-Worthy Crown*:
And *holy Promptings* of that reverend Payre,
Milborne and *Hackwill*, from the *ſacred Chaire*)
That little needs Hee the *Stagyrian's* ſtore,
The *Corduban's*, or th' *Attick-Muſe* his Lore:
Much leſſe (alas!) my ſilly *Muſes* Myte,
With *borrowed Feathers* to advance his Flight.
Yet, ſith, too often, to a tender Eare,
Too-ſerious *Lectures* ſound but too-ſevere;
Eſpecially, to *Princes* dainty Taſte,
They ſeeme but harſh, and will not down in haſte
(As wholeſom'ſt Diſhes, if but homely dreſt,
Some queaſie Stomacks hardly can digeſt):
Let mee preſume (with your good leaves) a while
To imitate *Phyſicians* honeſt Guile;
Who, oft, in *Sugar* ſheathe their bitter *Pills*,
The better ſo to *Cure* unwilling *Ills*,
When wayward *Patients* for the *Sugars* ſake,
Take-in their *Health*, which elſe they would not take.
Sad Rules of *Patience*, *Abſtinence*, *Auſteritie*,
Humilitie, *Frugalitie*, *Sinceritie*,
Religion, *Labour*, *Care* of *Common-Wealth*,
And *Manie*, meet for *Prince* and *Peoples* Health;
Which hardly can, in their *Owne Likeneſſe*, ſink
In *Youth-full* Mindes (ſcarce in their Eares, I think)
How gravely oft, with greateſt Diligence
Preſt, and impreſt with *Tullian* Eloquence:
Sweetly *diſguis'd*, in artificiall Sutes,
Dancing the *Meaſures* after *Delphian* Lutes,
Waſhed in *Nectar*, wrapt in ſugred *Verſe*,
Enter more eas'ly, and more deeply pierce.
This I endeavour: and to this Intent
I ſummon CHARLES to *Vertues* PARL'AMENT.

TO THE HIGH-HOPEFULL CHARLES, *Prince of Great-Brittaine.*

WHere witty Bertault (*in his* Fancy) *meant*
But a faint Præſage *of His Prince of* France;
Our Hopes of Ours *the better to advance,*
Wee *have preſum'd to* call *a* PARLIAMENT;
Where Royall Vertues *from* Olympus *ſent,*
By ſeverall ACTS *of ſacred Ordinance,*
Conform, confirm Your *future* Governance;
So pleaſe it Heav'n Your heart *and* hand *conſent.*
O! pleaſe it Heav'n, You *may be bleſſed Thus,*
Theſe Works *to imitate, Theſe* Acts *to act;*
To prove Your ſelf, This ſame PANARETUS,
When future Age ſhall ſee our Hopes *in* Fact.
Which, while I pray; ſweet Prince, in humbleſt ſort
I cite Your HIGHNES *to* This Soverain Court.

——————To Your Highneſs Service

——————humbly-devoted,

——————JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE Lords *Spirituall and Temporall:* The Knights and Burgesses of the Lower-*House*:

And to all generous and ingenuous Readers.

PResuming all your Lordships will appear,
Not by your *Proxies*, but in person, heer;
And in your turnes say (Every one) *Content*,
To every *Act*, in *Vertues* PARLIAMENT;
I humbly bring You every-one A *Briefe*
Of every *Bill*; or, at the least, *the Chiefe*.

An *Act against* Duels, *desperate* Combats *and* Roaring Boyes. *Page* 432
An *Act for better* Execution *of the former Act.* 433
An *Act against* Hypocrisie. ibid.
An *Act against* Superstition. 434
An *Act against* Abuses *in the Courts of* Justice. ibid.
An *Act for some* Mitigation *of the former Act.* 435
An *Act for due* Execution *of* Justice *in generall.* 440
An *Act against* Persian *State, in proud* Retiredness. 442
An *Act against profuse* Prodigality. ib.
An *Act of exceeding* Love *and excellent* Resolution. ibid.
An *Act of rarest* Pietie *in a Prince.* ibid.
An *Act for* Imitation *and* continuance *of the former Act.* ibid.
An *Act for right* Imployment *of Publike and private* Treasure. ibid.
An *Act against* Ingratitude. ibid.
An *Act against* King-Killers, Powder-Traitors, *and their Abettors.* 443
An *Act for* Clemency, *and against* Impunitie. ibid.
An *Act for* Propagation *of Princely* Pietie. ibid.
An *Act against the* Mitred Monarchy. ib.
An *Act of* Admiration. ibid.
An *Act for* Reading of Histories. ibid.
An *Act against* ignorant *and ignominious* Chroniclers. ibid.

THese All are *Publike Acts*: *Private* this *Session*
Hath passed None: but in the next *Impression*,
Your *Acts of Bounty*, and the rest of *Marke*,
Shall be recorded,

By your under-Clarke,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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NAMES OF THE NOBLES IN This *Parliament*,

Interpreted.

PANARETUS:	*ALVERTUOUS.*
Andria:	*Proweſſe.*
Phroneſia:	*Prudence.*
Piſtia:	*Fidelitie.*
Eumenia:	*Clemencie.*
Evergeſia:	*Liberalitie.*
Hypomoné:	*Patience.*
Cateria:	*Conſtancie.*
Aletheia:	*Truth.*
Dicea:	*Iuſtice.*
Euſebia:	*Pietie.*

Interpretation of other terms uſed in This *Parliament*.

Dyſidaimoné:	Superſtition.
Eridea:	Contention.
Merimné:	Careful vexation.
Dapania:	Charge or Coſt.
Adicia:	Injuſtice.
Oval:	Crownes for unbloody Victors.

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PANARETUS.

YEARS timely Turnes unto a Luſtre run,
Brought forth at laſt the long-long wiſhed Sun,
Whereon our Hopes our juſt deſires purſu'd,
To ſee our PRINCELING with a *Name* indu'd
(Which ſince WEE *ſaw, or heard that happy ſound,*
Saturn's ſlow Teem had trotted twice the Round)
When, lo, Th' *Etern All-Maker's* Majeſty,
Quick-darting down his All-diſcerning Eye,
Whereby his goodneſſe all his Works doth guide;
And ſeeing preſt the ſacred Pomp and Pride
(As in ſo ſolemne Myſteries is wont)
T' adorn the *Altars* and the hallowed Font;
In th' inſtant ſummons with a gracious beck
Nine nimble Scouts, which ſcudding light & quick,
Diſpatch more ſpeedy than a thought the things
Above injoyn'd them by the King of Kings,
Who with a mildly-moſt-majeſtick geſt,
In heav'nly words, his pleaſure thus expreſt: (now
The young *French* DOLPHIN is even ready
To take the *Name* my fore-Decrees alow:
A frequent *Name* of Kings, and famous farre;
Wonders in *Peace*, Thunders in dreadfull *Warre*;
And, one of them, more Excellent in *Grace*,
Among my *Saints* hath juſtly held a place.
But yet beſides that *Name*, which *France* affects
For one Man's vertue, and for due Reſpects;
Beſides that *Name*, which onely men have giv'n,
I'll give him one my Self, as ſent from Heav'n:
And ſuch a one, as one-day, by Events
Shall prove it a true *Praſage* of that *Prince*;
And, in *One Word*, myſteriouſly contracts
The *Hiſtory* of his ſucceeding *Acts*.
Go therefore, quickly from all Quarters cite
The rareſt *Vertues*, and moſt requiſite
For Royall boſomes, that did ever reſt
Within the Cloſet of a Kingly breſt.
Tell them, it is Our pleaſure and *Decree*,
That to this *Prince* they all *God-mothers* be:
And Shee among them that is found moſt fit,
And beſt behooves in *Crowned ſoules* to ſit,
Shall at the Font, her ſacred *Name* impoſe;
And from thence-forth inſpire him, as hee growes,
With all her pow'rs, to correſpond the ſcope
And full Extent of that great Empires Hope,
Whoſe *Limits* yet unlimited appear,
Where Sire and Son to mee are equall dear.
I ſee th' *AEgean* ſtreams, and *Thracian* ſtrand,
Already trembling under his Command:
And th' horned *Creſcent* (which hath ſcorn'd to vale)
Before the Beams of this new Sun growes pale.
To greateſt Ships (as Guides of all the Fleet)
The cunning'ſt Pilots evermore are meet:
Mine, moſt Immediate, ſeems the ſoverain care
Of *Soverain Kings* (who but my Subject are);
And therefore, I, that have behight *This Lad*
An ampler Rule than ever Monarch had,
As, of the WORLD to make him *Emperour*,
I'll have his *Vertues* equall to his pow'r;
I'll make them ſo: and to approve it, all
The Earths foure Corners I to witneſs call.
This publiſht thus: eft-ſoons the winged poſts
Addreſſe them quick to theſe inferior Coaſts;
And (ſwift as arrow) hee that took to finde
Faire *Andria*, or great and goodly minde,
Among the many Idols of our daies
That counterfeit her faſhion and her phraze,
Spy'd her at laſt, for her heer ſlight account,
Ready to leave us, and above to mount
A winged horſe, in hope elſe-where to get
A new Renowne, 'mid ſtranger Nations yet.
Her Helmet (ever as her head ſhee ſtirs)
Seemed to twinkle with a thouſand Stars:
A ſtately grove of azure Plumes did wave,
And proudly ſhadow'd her gilt Armour brave:
The bright keen Blade that by her ſide ſhee wore,
Inur'd to blood in Battels long before,
As it were, weary of that ruſting reſt,
And greedy longing for his wonted feaſt,
Seem'd malecontent, and his proud ſheath diſdain'd
(The golden Priſon that him ſtill detain'd) (ſtrife)
Whereon were grav'n (with *Arts* Art-paſſing
By ſuch a hand as could give Metall life,
The nobleſt feats of *Valour* (moſt extold)
In later Times, and in the Daies of old,
Of greateſt *Monarchs* that yet ever were,
Whoſe marks the World (unto this day) doth bear.
There, by the Banks of *Granic* dy'd in graine
(As then: no Banks, but rather Hils of Slaine)
Philips Great Son (in ſpite of multitude)
To his ſole Scepter the whole World ſubdu'd.
There, valiant CAESAR (*Rome's* firſt Emperour)
Quaſhing the Senats and the Peoples pow'r,
And ſtopping all their Lawes to his Sword's Law,
Tramples the Trophies of his Son in Law;
Who pale without, and all appall'd within,
Flyes from *Pharſalia*, and his hoaſt, unſeen.
Why flyes Great *Pompey*? ſo (at once) to loſe
Th' Honors ſo oft wonne from ſo many foes?
Becauſe Thine fainted, muſt Thou faulter too?
O yes! with *Ceſar* thou hadſt heer to doo.

There's thy Excuſe: & though Thou loſt the Game,
Thy Victor yet ſome-what abates Thy Shame.
There (on the Chape of maſſie gold, unmixt
With other Metall plain or wrought, betwixt)
Our own, Great HENRY, ſmear'd with blood &
Purſues th' *Ibereans* with keen fauchin juſt; (duſt,
And juſtly keening his courageous ſp'rite
Againſt thoſe daring *Demi-Moors* deſpite,
Beats out of breath the braveſt of their Troupe;
Who, bleak for fear, begin to faint and droupe:
The gold, there looſe, ſeems even to fly and (more)
Looks pale in faces full of pride before.
But Hee (well marked by his milk-white Plume)
With Kingly ſcorne, diſdaining th' odious fume
Of vulgar blood, in valiant fury runns
Upon the proud Commanders, *Dukes* and *Donns*,
Who (either proud of Port, or rich Attire)
Had by his hand a ſodain death for hire.
Their royall Pattern all his Troops take-after,
And of the reſt they make a glorious Slaughter:
Whence ſtreams of gore that to their Center ſcud,
Met in a Ruby, make a Lake of blood.
Such coſtly Sheath ſheath'd in ſuch workmanſhip
The ſheen keen Blade on *Valour's* brawnie hip
(Hung in an azure Scarf, all over-ſow'n
With Crowned Swords, and Scepters over-thrown.)
A thouſand other famous Battels fought.
At ſundry times, with cunning-coſt were wrought
Within her Crimſin Baſes, waving low
About her Calves, in Buskins white as ſnow.
Shee ſeem'd like *Pallas*, 'gainſt the Giants preſt;
Or (on Mount *Ida*) againſt *Mars* addreſt.
At ſudden ſight of Heav'ns bright Meſſenger,
In mylder port ſhee ſtraight compoſed her;
And when Hee briefly to her heedfull thought
Had done the ſacred Arrand that hee brought,
And (by the way) had queſtion'd her (beſide)
Whither her Haſte was bent, ſhee thus reply'd:
Cœleſtiall Herald, While th' Heroick Prince,
Whoſe gentle Yoak his *Celticks* ſo contents,
Carv'd with his Sword a Statue to my Name,
To ſtand triumphant in the houſe of *Fame*,
Nothing could hold mee from his ſteps, a-part;
My hand did guide his hand, my heart his heart:
Yea, I was with him, nay, within him preſt,
His ſpirit's familiar, and perpetuall gueſt.
But ſithence *Peace* Him now hath quite diſarm'd,
And keepeth *Mars* within her Temple charm'd;
I did give way to my keen Swords Requeſt,
(Which can no longer lie and ruſt in Reſt)
And, while his heart, now all in love with *Peace*,
Hath left his hand, for mee, no buſineſs,
I meant to ſeek ſom other *Strand* for Stage
To act my Wonders, in Warres dreadfull rage;
That in brave Battels I again might reap
The Palms Hee wonted on my head to heap.
For, with the ſparkles of my glorious fire,
Th' incenſed breſts of Younglings to inſpire,
I can no more finde in my heart; ſith they
So raſhly ruſh to caſt themſelves away,
So ofr, for Trifles (bred of idle breath)
So madly run to an untimely death;
So daily ſacrifice their Life and Soule,
In ſom ſo fooliſh Quarrels, ſom ſo foule,
That, in the iſſue (fatall for the moſt)
The Victors Self may rather bluſh than boaſt;
And ſuch, as for ſuch to uſurp the Sword
(Beſides the Conqueſt's even to be deplor'd)
Is nothing elſe but to profane the ſame,
And to blaſpheme mine honour and my Name.
Not that I blame (where Blood & Nature binds)
In point of *Honor* (Idol of brave mindes)
A Cavalier, ſo ſenſible of wrongs,
To hazzard Life and all that him belongs;
Sith, void of Honour, hee is void of ſenſe,
That holds not Life a deadly Peſtilence.
But I would have them rightly learne before
(Not, of a heart meer valiant and no more;
But of a heart valiant at-once and wiſe)
Wherein that point of precious Honour lies,
For which, hee's happy that his Life ſhall loſe;
And curſed hee that careleſſe it forgoes.
For, ſuch a cup-fume over-flowes the brain
Of ſuch whoſe Soules this error entertain,
That One will ween his Honour intereſs't
To bear a Word, though ſpoken but in jeſt;
Who never thinks it tainted with a Lye,
Nor toucht with baſe and wilfull Perjury:
Nor with his Treaſon, when for ſom pretenſe
Hee hath betraid his Countrey or his Prince,
Or yeelded-up ſom un-diſtreſſed Place,
Or fled the firſt to ſave a Cowards caſe.
So th' Hipocrite, through ſuperſtitious Error,
Thinks hee hath done ſom Sin of hainous horror,
When by miſ-heed, or by miſ-hap, hee coms
Un-hallow-waſht, into the *Sacred* Rooms;
Yet, makes no Conſcience, yet hath no Remorſe
To have undone, or done to death, by force
Of un-juſt Doom, or fraud of Evidence,
A many poor and harmleſſe Innocents:
Nay, laughs at Widows and at Orphans tears,
By his deceit, diſpoyl'd of all was theirs.
Thoſe valiant *Romans*, Victors of all Lands,
They plac't not *Honour* there where now it ſtands;
Nor thought it lay, in making of the Sword
Interpreter of every private word;
Nor ſtood upon *Puntilios*, for Repute,
As now-adaies your *Duellers* purſue't.
But from their Cradle, train'd in Rules more fit,
They neither knew th' abuſe nor uſe (as yet)
Of Chalenges, *Appells*, and *Seconds*-aid.
But, when the Lawes their Bridle looſe had laid,
For publike Glory 'gainſt a publike Foe,
There Honours point, there Valors proof to ſhow.
But, when behoov'd, bravely and firſt to front
An Armies force, or bear their ſudden Brunt;
Or, larded thick with darts, victorious, dy
Upon a Breach, or on a Rampire high;
Or, leap alive into a yawning Hell,
To ſave their City from Infection fell;
Liv'd never Men that leſſer feared death,
More-daring Valour never yet had breath.
Witneſſe (unto this day) th' undaunted hearts
In *Curtius*, *Decius*, and *Horatius* parts:
With many Worthies more, Immortalliz'd,
Which for their Countries have Selves ſacrifiz'd;
And Whoſe brave deeds, whoſe honours, whoſe de-
Move more deſpair than envie in mens harts: (ſerts,
For,

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For, dying ſo, Garlands and glorious Verſe,
Not Cries and Tears, honour'd their happy Herſe;
Their Flower of Fame ſhall never, never ſhed,
Becauſe their Death, their Countrey profited:
Wheras the death wch brings now brain-ſick youth
Unto their Grave, deſerves but Tears and Ruth;
Their Courage caſts them even away, for nought;
Without Memoriall, ſave a Mournfull Thought,
Which, banning but the fury that inflam'd-them,
Honours enough, if that it have not blam'd-them.
O what a number of courageous Knights,
Abortively, have in theſe *Single Fights*
Loſt the fair Hope the World conceiv'd of them,
Have idlely fruſtred, of their Valours gem,
Their gracious Prince, who juſtly might expect,
Againſt his Foes, their forward Worths effect;
And, ſacrilegious, to their Wrath have given
And heady Rage (whereby they have been driven)
The ſacrifice, which (with more ſacred zeal)
They ought to God, their king, their common-weal!
Ynow to make (could they return from death,
Such as they were, when heer they loſt their breath)
Not a Sole Squadron, but an hoaſt of men,
Whoſe Acts alone would furniſh every Pen;
An Hoaſt of *Hectors*, and *Achilleſes*,
Ceſars and *Scipio*'s, who, by Land and Seas,
Following great HENRY for their Generall,
Mought (if hee would) have made him Lord of All,
Where, now, they ly in an inglorious Toomb,
Longing for Light untill the Day of Doom:
Or lower, in eternall Dungeons dwell,
With Ghoſts and Shadows skirmiſhing in Hell.
This miſchief therefore, ſpringing day by day,
And ſpreading ſo, as nought his courſe can ſtay;
And ſeeing (too) mine Honour blurr'd with blame,
When theſe raſh Mad-caps doe uſurp my name;
To be, from hence-forth, from the Rage exempt
Of ſuch as turn my glory to contempt,
And thus deface my Vertues grace with Vice,
I hop't elſe-where ſome holier Exerciſe;
And rather would, hearts ſo intemperous
Should not enjoy mee, than imploy mee thus.
Heer *Andria* ceaſt: The Angell, gracefully,
Humours her Anger with this milde Reply:
Certes, fair *Nymph*, your Plaint hath right & truth;
But yet, excuſe the boiling heat of Youth;
Perhaps, 'tis harder than you ween (preciſe)
To be at-once a *French-man*, *Young*, and *Wiſe*.
This Evill from this in-born Errour ſprings,
That a *Brave Minde*, when wrong'd in any things
Hee weens himſelfe (if ſo hee *Armes* profeſs)
Muſt no-where ſeek, but in his Sword, redreſs:
And that an Eye, a No, a Nod, a Nick,
'S enough t' offend a Noble ſenſe and quick.
Pernicious Errour, which doth undermine
Both *Martiall* Thrones, and *Civill*, and *Divine*!
For, to no end the *Publike* Sword ſhall ſerve,
If every man may with his *Private* carve.
And then, in vain are Soverain Princes Lawes,
When Subjects dare themſelves decide their cauſe.
But I beleeve, This Madneſs will no more
Præcipitate their courage, as before.
The curb of Law, which by their prudent Prince
Is now new made againſt This Inſolence,
Will bar their boldneſs, and (directing mean
How (This deer Honour ſaved whole and clean)
A gallant Spirit, wrong'd in any kinde,
May lawfully his Satisfaction finde)
Will binde their hands, & even glue-in their blades,
Till, when ſom Foe their Common Right invades,
In forward Zeal of their dear Countries good,
It ſhall be honour (even) to dive in blood.
Diſpoſed therefore to expect Amends,
Diſpatch the Order which Heav'ns Monarch ſends;
And goe not hence, where thou art ſo renown'd,
Till all the World be but This Empires bound:
Were it for nothing but that *Riſing Sun*,
Whereon all Eyes already have begun
(Both Friends and Foes) to fix their hopes & fears;
That brave *Yong Prince*, who from his cradle bears
Thine Image in his eyes, and in his arms,
Thine Exerciſe in every kinde of Arms.
Surely, ſaid *Andria*, 't had been hard to finde
A ſtronger Charm heer to arreſt my minde
(Chiefly, heer living my Soules *Sympathy*,
His Father; rather, that ſame other I):
For, as in th' one I am a Miracle,
So will I be a match-leſs Spectacle
In th' other too, when to his Ancient Right
His daring Sword ſhall make his Claim by Fight;
Whether his Armies royall-Front aſpire
Thoſe craggy Hills whoſe name is ta'n from Fire;
Or tend unto thoſe fruitfull Plains which ſpred
Toward *Böotes*, and *Hyperions* Bed,
Whoſe Princes, in their Fables Antique-fram'd
Counts among *kings*, *Kings* among *counts* are nam'd.
After theſe words, pronounc't with voyce & geſt,
As Oracles are wont to be expreſt,
Both took their flight through the thin cryſtall air,
Towards the Place appointed for Repair
Of all the reſt of *Royall Vertues* Band, (mand.
Which were convented by Heav'ns high com-
Royall *Eumenia* was already come,
And ſimple-manerd *Piſtia* (thought by ſom
Long-ſince exiled from the World); and Shee
Who from afar doth all Events fore-ſee.
There was (apparent by illuſtrious things)
Fair *Evergeſia*, Ornament of Kings,
And firm *Hypomonè*, with her Twin-ſiſter
Carteria, and Shee whoſe Patrone and Aſſiſter
Are often ſhent, *Alethia*, little known
To mortall men (no, ſcarce among her own)
With vails and cloaks they doe be-cloud her ſo,
Whoſe ſpotleſs Selfe ſhould rather naked goe.
In brief, of all the *Vertues* ſummon'd heer,
There wanted none but *Dicea* to appear:
And St. *Euſebia*, in her Shadowes hid,
That long it was ere Her the Angell ſpid.
For, heer among us a queint *Idol* haunts,
Whoſe ſimple habite, whoſe ſad countenance,
Whoſe lowely look; whoſe language mildly-meek,
Whoſe zeal-like geſtures, and whoſe poſtures like,
So counterfeit Her, with the Mask it makes,
That many times the wiſeſt it miſtakes.
You 'ld think, her heart had onely God for Joy,
Her Exerciſe onely to faſt and pray;
That ſhee abhors the world; and, lodg'd therein,
Lives as the Fiſh that out of water bin;

That

That burning zeal of Heav'n consumes her so,
That all seems bitter that shee tastes below.
Yet all the while, This hollow *Holy-Tricks*
Doats but of Honours, dreams of Bishopricks,
Thirsts for Promotion, thrusts for Primacy,
Hunts glory still, yet seems it to defy,
Never does good but for som great applause,
Nor ever did good, for meer *Goodness* cause.
This Bane of Soules, and that same Foppery
(Of old) sirnamed *Dysidaimonie*,
Whose heart, deject with terrors over-strong,
To fear God's *Justice*, doth his *Mercy* wrong
(Right *Servile Fear*, with Errors foolifi'd)
Hath driven *Eusebia* hence, else-where to bide;
Because th' one loves not, th' other mis-beloves
What best to fear, and least presume behooves.
The Angell therefore ferrets every nook,
And narrowly her wonted haunts doth look,
In every Cloister, and in every Cell,
Where Folk beleev'd that shee did ever dwell:
Yet nothing findes hee of her, any-where,
Save som old track or footing heer and there;
No, though hee visit the austerities
Of famous *Abbeies* and fair *Nunneries*:
But, in her stead, hee meeteth evermore
One of these Hags in every *Covent* Door,
Drest in a habite of so humble show,
That hard it was the difference to know.
Yet, at the last, prying on every side,
Her (as conceal'd) in a by-place hee spy'd,
Where, with incessant tears, shee staid to rew
And to bewaile our Errors old and new;
Amid an humble Troop, whom like Desire
To loath the World, and from it to retire,
Had made preferre a poor and mean estate,
Yea Want it self, in place so separate,
Before the Wealth, the Honours and Delights,
Wherewith the World inveigles, as invites:
As choosing rather heer to loose all These,
Than lose thereby their Soules eternall Ease.
In this sequestred place, prostrate in Praier
(Best *Antidote* 'gainst *Hopes pride* and *Despair*;
The two grand poysons of Soules Faculties)
The Angel found *Eusebia* on her knees.
Their Talk was short, the Time importun'd so:
In briefe therefore hee doth his Message show,
Acquaints her quickly whence, and why hee came.
Then Shee eftsoones consenting to the same,
Away they post in a swift Airie Coach
Towards the place where all the rest approach,
The generall *Rendez-vous* for all this Act:
Where yet (alas!) the Ladie *Dicea* lackt.
For, th' Angel, tasked to goe seek her forth,
Sees her no more conversing on the Earth
Nor findes her sitting (as shee wont of-old)
On Princes Thrones, and Prelates uncontroul'd;
Nor among Magistrates, which are the Tongue
And Life of *Law*, t' interpret Right and Wrong.
Where-at amazed, and desiring more
To sound what reason men could yeeld therefore,
Assumes a body, bearing in his hands
A bagg of Writings and seem-Deeds for Lands:
Comes to a Hall, all full of Murmuring
Of people pricked with the angry sting
Of fell *Eridea*, who her Venome sheds
Even into Boores and Paisants hearts and heads,
By her keen fury (as with Brizes) stung;
And by *Merimnè* and *Dapania* wrung:
In this great Hall, unknown unto Repose,
Stalks that stern Furie, either among those
Of her own Frye, or 'mong the wretched Crew
Whom her hard gripes had made (in vain) to rew.
A Rank of Seats, each unto other fixt,
And every one a sundry Name affixt,
Bordred the Walls, smokie with age, and foule;
Perches of many Plumie-pounced Fowle,
Whose nimble Quills have learn'd to fly for that
Rich Minerall, which makes men peace and prate.
There was no Order: a lowd-buzzing Presse
With whirling Eddies hurry'd without cease,
Full of all Sorts; of Priests, of Gentlemen,
Merchants, Mechaniks, Grooms and Husbandmen:
Each justled other, crowding to and fro,
As heer and there the stream did ebb and flow.
This yauld, that brawld, another beat the Barr;
One woo'd the Judge, another urg'd him farr;
This proves *Default*, That pleads a *Warrantie*;
This avoids *Witness*; That *Appeals* more high;
Another, fleering, doth his adverse flowt.
With Rod in hand the *Ushers* trudge about:
A world of *Lawyers* swarm'd; yet som had leasure
(As least imploy'd) the Places length to measure.
All boyl'd with *Discords*; one no sooner done,
But instantly another New begun;
With such a Noyse as soundeth neer the Shoare
When towards a Storm, the Sea begins to roare.
Hard-by this Ocean, which Night only still'd,
Appear'd an Old-man (as one deeply ill'd,
And inly galled for some grievous losse)
With eyes lift-up, pale cheeks, and armes across;
Whom th' Angel spying, towards him hee speeds:
And (seeming Mortall by his shape and weeds)
Good Father, said hee (so to sound his minde)
Where might I (think you) Lady *Dicea* finde,
Whom I have sought already far and neer,
And surely thought now to have found her heer?
Dicea, my sonne, said the Old-man (well-nigh
Gushing out Tears which stood in either eye;
And sending forth a deep-fet sigh, before)
Dicea, alas! is in the World no more.
That Fire which only Death hath pow'r to quench,
That fel Desire no Deluge else can stanch;
The burning Thirst of Worldly goods and Gold,
And all Sins, taught to war against her, bold,
Have forc't her to forsake this wretched Frame,
And fly again to Heav'n whence first shee came.
Or, if in Earth shee yet have any Stance,
'Tis with the *Cynois*, *Turks*, or *Scythians*:
But in this *Climate* hardly doth appear
Any small signe, to show shee hath been heer.
Cruell *Adicea* in her Room is set:
Hate, *Favour*, *Fraud*, *and* Madame *Counterfait*
(Out of all *Courts* hunting all *Conscience* quight)
Make of Right Crooked, and of Crooked Right.
Art and *Deceit* keep there their open Schooles:
Reason and *Law* are but the phrase of Fooles.
For, *Law* and *Reason* are now waigh'd (by sleight)
In *golden Scales*; where onely GOLD is waight.

Thus

Thus, the old-man proceeding ſtill complain'd;
Till th' Angell, thus his Blaſphemies reſtrain'd:
Alas! good Father, your freſh Grief (I ſee)
For ſome great ſuite, late loſt unhappily,
From your ſad lips this bitter language draws;
Excuſable (perhaps) for your Grief's Cauſe:
But th' eye of Paſion ill diſcerns the truth.
This having ſpoken; the Celeſtiall youth
Turns to another, leſſe diſturb'd in mind;
And likewiſe asks, Where hee might *Dicea* find.
Hee, more diſcreet, and milder-ſpoken, far,
Replyes: My Son, ſure very few there are
(Yea of the wiſeſt, who beſt underſtand)
That eaſily can anſwer thy demand.
For One perhaps will think her to be there;
Whereas, another (ſeeming wrong'd) will ſwear
By Heav'n, and all that in it Heav'n contains,
That not a ſpark nor mark of her remains:
Each holding her, preſent or abſent, ſtill
As his own cauſe hath thrived well or ill.
But I'll aſſure thee (and paſt all Appeal)
That in this Place ſhee doth not alwaies dwell.
Sometimes ſhee comes, and brings for companie,
Honour, and *Faith*, and old *Integritie*:
But the ſtrange Tricks of a bold babbling Dame
Call'd *Quiddi-quirk*, as barbarous as her Name,
Moleſt her ſo, that ſoon they drive her hence;
For, both at once have no-where Reſidence:
And *Plutus* too, her many-times diſmaies; (ſwaies,
With that ſweet Power whereby the world hee
Cauſing her oft return with heavie cheer:
And that's the Cauſe ſhee ſtaies ſo ſeldom heer.
Oft have I ſeen her on the ſoverain Seat
In that high *Senate* whoſe *Edicts* compleat
Sway all the Kingdome; and (if any-where)
I ſure beleeve, you yet ſhall finde her There,
If thoſe Abuſes whoſe bold Tyrannie
From other Thrones hath driven her openly,
Have not crept-in by ſome cloſe Golden Port:
But, far be that from ſuch a reverend Court.
Heer ceaſed Hee: and inſtantly, withall
Loſing his ſight, the Angell leaves the Hall;
His airie body to the Air repaies.
And while hee takes to other Courts his waies,
Hee happily the wiſhed *Lady* meets:
Who, inly joy'd (which outward geſture ſweets)
Becauſe in Judgement ſhee had overthrow'n
Wrongs proud ſupport, & giv'n poor right his own,
Came from deciding of a Cauſe of waight,
Before the Peers and Counſell of Eſtate.
But, her content was doubled when ſhee heard
Heav'ns ſacred will (as th' Angell had averr'd)
And his high pleaſure (whoſe Omnipotence
The Heav'ns adore) for *Surname* of the Prince:
With him therefore Her ſpeedy ſhee directs
Towards the troupe which onely her expects.
Now all theſe *Nymphs* aſſembled ſeemed preſt
(All diverſly with Joy and Hope poſſeſt)
To take their flight to that King-favour'd Place
Where (pre-ordained for this Work of grace)
They ſhould impoſe the Royall Infants Name,
The worlds main hope (as moſt conceive the ſame)
When ſodainly there did among them breed
A noble ſtrife, which ſtayd their forward ſpeed;
Though great deſire to ſee the radiance
Of that young Sun which ſhould enlighten *France*,
Haſted their haſte: and though on every ſide
As well the ſacred Pomp as civill Pride,
The King himſelfe, Princes and Princely Dames
Glittring in Gold, ſparkling in pretious Flames,
And all the Court adorn'd in rich Array,
Seem as offended at the leaſt delay.
But yet, becauſe Heav'ns Monarch had decreed,
That of the *Vertues* Shee which ſhould exceed,
As moſt conducing to Kings happy ſtate,
Should with her Name this Princeling nominate;
When one of thoſe high Heralds urg'd them on,
Among themſelves This to conſult upon,
Conſult? ſaid *Andria*: Why conſult about
A Point, whereof (I think) was never doubt?
Mine, Mine 's this Honour: for, among us all,
Who more adorns a Kings Memoriall,
Or better keeps a Scepters Majeſty
At his full height in Royall hands, than I?
I fill his Name with Glory and Renown:
I make him fear'd abroad of every Crown:
I, with the terror of his Arms, deterr
Ambitious Tyrants that they dare not ſtir
Offenſive War againſt Himſelf or His,
How ever ſpurr'd by Spite or Avarice;
His famous Valour gaining This, for Meed,
That at the laſt hee ſeems it not to need:
Unleſſe hee liſt his conqueſts to extend
Throughout the World; then is it I that bend
The proudeſt Mountains under his command,
The ſtrongeſt Holds I render to his hand:
I fill with feare, I chill with trembling Ice,
The boldeſt hearts of oldeſt Companies
That dare reſiſt his quick and thick Alarms,
With th' only luſtre of his glittering Arms.
I often onely with his Trumpets ſound
(Without a ſtroak) his Enemies confound;
And, dreadfull make the moſt redoubted heer
Think it no ſhame to flee his fierce Career,
As if (no Steel, of proof to ward his blows)
'T were Raſhneſſe more than Valour to oppoſe.
Such were of-old thoſe hardy *Heroes* found,
For Proweſs, Then for *Demi-gods* renown'd:
Such, Hee whoſe ſhoulders ſhor'd *Olympus* walls;
Such, Hee who conquer'd th' Empire of the *Gauls*:
Such, that Great *Macedon*: and ſuch (again)
Thoſe famous *Paladines*, whoſe Fables vain
(Yet uſefull Tales) th' old *Romans* fain to fit,
That even they ſeem by *Morpheus* fingers writ.
But what they had *Ideally* from Art,
That *Really* I to a Prince impart.
Who knows not, that I, onely us'd in Field,
Serve all the *Vertues* both for Sword and Shield?
Your Selves indeed ſeeme to agnize no leſs,
Although in words you ſhame it to confeſs.
For, when the fury of Wars dreadfull Stowers
Begins to thunder neer your dainty Bowers,
All pale for fear; all trembling, all diſmaid,
To Mee yee flee, to Mee yee cry for Aid;
Under my wings yee creepe to keepe you ſure:
Where (& but there) you think your ſelves ſecure.
And, rather I, than Any (who expoſe
My Self alone againſt the Hail of Blows)

Begin

Begin Eſtates, beget and bring them forth,
And plant (in bloud) the Empires of the Earth.
Th' admired height of *Romes* great Scepter yerſt
(As that of *Greece*) was but My work, at firſt;
And that ſame Other famous, glorious throne,
Whoſe Greatneſſe Yet, doth in its Cinders groan.
For, though by War, with Fire and Sword, I waſte
What Heav'ns Decree hath doom'd to be defac't;
Even while I raze, I raiſe; and, of the Rubble
Of petty States, I build One hundred double:
As horrid Dragons grow ſo hugely great,
Of many Serpents that alive they eat.
You are indeed extoll'd (and worthily)
For knowing well, to uſe a Victory:
But, without Mee, You can have none to uſe;
Without me then, your Knowledg nought accrues.
Therefore, your honour's leſs; at leaſt, 'tis ſuch
As (at the beſt) on Mine dependeth much.
In brief, in all the ſacred works wee doe,
Our Merit's divers, and our Honour too:
You rule the humble, I the proudeſt tame:
You adorn Kingdoms, and I conquer them:
You can direct, and I protect, a Crown:
You doe beſiege, I dare aſſault, a Town:
You ſhew the utmoſt of Mans Wit and Art,
I act your aims with valiant hand and heart:
You (laſtly) plot, in ſhady Chambers ſeel'd,
What I perform, abroad, in bloudy Field.
But, in all theſe, I paſs you All, as far,
As to ſubdue the ſtouteſt Foes in war;
To ſee about one (Lightning-like) to flaſh
Millions of Shot, Millions of Swords to claſh;
To hear no noiſe but Canons roaring Thunder,
Divorcing Soules from Bodies paſht in ſunder;
To march in bloud even to the knees; and yet
In all undaunted, not diſmai'd a whit,
Is both more painfull and more Princely too,
Than clearing of a cloudy Fraud, or two;
To ſhield by counſell Equity oppreſt;
To gain the Fame of Wiſedom with the beſt;
To faſt and pray, or give aboundantly,
Or get the name of gracious *Clemency*.
Then well fare *Valour*: and, long live the Story
Of valiant Princes in the Fane of Glory:
No humane *Vertue* hides, ſo well as I,
Obnoxious ſtains when Princes ſtep awry;
An ALEXANDER, ARISTIDES ſeems,
Becauſe the ſplendor of my ſpreading beams
With radiant luſtre dazles ſo the ſight,
That nought is ſeen but great and glorious Light.
Where, if hee lack my Raies, or my Renown;
Boaſt hee of double or of trebble Crown,
Be hee benign, be hee munificent,
Juſt, wiſe, religious, learned, eloquent,
Preciſe of Promiſe (both to Friend and Foe)
Princes abroad little regard him though;
Yea, might hee juſtly all (elſe) *Vertues* vaunt;
Yet, wanting mee, hee ſeemeth all to want.
His hare-like hart at wars leaſt noiſe doth quake,
And to his Beads hee doth him all betake:
His fear ſtrikes feat in his beſt Refuges,
And his no-courage doth diſcourage His.
In brief, as bleſt with *Peacefull Vertues* rare,
Hee ſeems far fitter (in a time of War)
With *Keyes* and *Croſiers*, a POPE 's Part to play;
Than *Sword* and *Scepter*, as a KING, to ſway.
As *Andria* had ended heer her Part;
Shee, in whoſe School wee learn the heedfull art
Of never fondly Undertaking ought;
Soft, ſoft, ſaid ſhee: To boaſt our ſelves, wee ought
Not blame our Equalls; nor (with proud Exchange)
To our own Praiſes their Diſpraiſes change:
Andria, I grant, Thy Merit 's great; but Mine
Is, if not greater, full as great as Thine;
Sithens, to raign in Soule of *Majeſty*,
There is no *Vertue* to be matcht with Mee.
For let a King be full of High-deſignes,
Let him be Valiant, as your *Paladines*;
Let him be gracious, juſt and liberall;
True of his word, and ſo devout withall,
That at his Feet all Vices proſtrate ly;
If Mee hee lack, that am all *Vertues* Eye,
Blindefold hee uſes (nay, well-neer abuſes) (ſes:
Theſe divine Gifts, which bounteous Heav'n infu-
And right reſembles a fair Ship, for Sea
All ready rigd, and furniſht every way
With every Needfull; Men, Munition, Beef,
Beer, Biſcuit, all: onely ſhee wants (the Chief,
The life and Soule, the Senſe, the Law, the Light
Whereby ſhee lives, moves, ſtirs, and ſteers aright)
A skilfull Pilot, with *Diſcretions* hand
Her winged manage rightly to command
With hempen Rains, and wooden Bridle; ſo,
That never wry ſhee ſail, nor wrong ſhee rowe:
Without whoſe guidance, if the puffing gales
Into the Deep tranſport her huffing ſails,
Shee runs at random, and with ruefull Knock
Soon ſplits her ſelfe upon ſom Shelf or Rock.
Even ſo it fares with Princes when they make
Or Peace, or War, and not my Counſell take;
Or, without mee, as it were blindefold, uſe
Their other Gifts the gracious Heav'ns infuſe:
They thrive ſo little, that (as in a Wrack)
Their own rich Burden often breaks their back.
Their forward Valour but ſad Fruit doth yeeld;
They win the Victory, yet loſe the Field:
They bravely fight, and yet are bravely foil'd:
Som Error ſtill hath all their Actions ſpoil'd.
Their Bounty bindes not, but unbindeth, hearts:
Their Clemency, much more than Rigor, ſmarts:
Their Zeal it ſelf proves to themſelves pernicious;
And, unto others, blinde and ſuperſtitious:
Their Vice and Vertues them ſo inter-nex,
That ſcarce can one diſtinguiſh their Effects.
Not that *Ill* ſtill is not *Good*'s Oppoſite;
But that, They, wanting Mee, their onely Light,
Doe (even) Good evill; or doe, out of ſeaſon,
A Good, which is not good, done without Reaſon;
And, of fair *Vertues*, fruitfull Seeds of Glory,
Reap blaſted Buds, which ſtain their goodly Story.
What famous conqueſt ever yet was got,
Which to the Victor I prepared not?
Thou fighteſt bravely and in Victories
Of bloudy blades, getſt the firſt Crown, for prize:
But I, by th' art of Providence, diſpoſe
To glorious iſſue thy courageous blows.
I wiſely take the fit advantages.
Of Time and Place, to ſecond Courages:

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I skilfully the Squadrons range and ranke;
I marſhall them to ſhew their Front or Flanke
As beſt befits (by warlike Stratagem)
T' incloſe their Foes, to clip, or curtall them;
Or, breſt to breſt (as angry Lions wont)
With brave incounter, charge them full afront:
I, by an ambuſh, laid with lucky ſpeed,
Oppreſt with number, help thee at thy need:
I many times prevent thy like miſ-hap,
When ſeem-flee Foes would train thee to the trap:
I, to be brief, with ever watchfull brain
Aſſiſt, to make thy Valour never vain.
But, if a Prince muſt needs want one of us,
And mought not be both *Wiſe* and *Valorous*;
Sure, Reaſon would our glorious parts aſsigne;
Thine, to brave Souldiers; to great Captains, Mine;
Becauſe, my Pow'rs are proper to command,
As thine to execute with hardy hand.
But though our humours ſo far divers be,
Yet may wee Both, in one brave Spirit, agree:
And, for this age, wee need no Witneſs elſe
But famous HENRY, who in both excels;
With ſo great Wiſedom ruling on the Throne
Which with ſuch Valour hee hath made his own:
His Victories, yet, making Men diſpute,
To which of Us, they ſhould them beſt impute.
Yet hundred Laurells never widow-curſt,
And hundred *Ovals*, which no skin have burſt,
Prove I have often Conquer'd without Thee:
But never wert Thou Victor without Mee.
For, I have oft ſeen Armies diſsiped,
And proud, ſtrong Cities often rendered,
(Well mur'd, wel manned, & well ſtor'd with food)
Without the ſpilling of a drop of bloud;
Uſing no other than the ancient Wile
Of waſting fields; where Publique loſs (the while)
Return'd this Gain, to ſtoop by famine Thoſe
Which could not elſe have been ſubdu'd by blows.
Beſides th' off-cutting of all Paſſages,
As well of Succours as of Forrages;
Is even to conquer by uncaſuall courſe,
Fight-leſſe to fight, and without force to force.
Great Captains therefore did Us never part:
Sith either, ſole, is as a head-leſſe Dart;
Or (if not head-leſſe) heed-leſſe thrown (as ill)
From feeble Caſter, without aim, or skill.
'Tis ſaid of *Pallas*, in the *Trojane* Broyl,
That Shee in fight ſtern *Mars* himſelf did foyl;
To ſhow how far *Wiſe-Valour* doth excell
A raſh Exceſſe of *Courage* boiling fell;
Whoſe fume-blind force, wanting Diſcretions beam,
Reſembles right a ſightleſs *Polyphem*.
But, whether joynt or ſever'd be our Pow'rs,
My Cunning ſtill yeelds fairer fruits and flow'rs,
Than doth Thy violence (though oft it ſpread
Bright vertuous rayes about Thy glorious head).
For, onely then are Thy ſtiffe arms imploy'd,
When ſtubborn war dares to have all deſtroy'd.
But, when ſweet *Peace* fils crowns with Coronets,
Thou art lockt up in Princes Cabinets;
Among the Corſelets, which, now wariefi'd
Through love of *Peace*, they have new layd aſide;
Or thoſe, which idlely (through Times alteration)
Hang by the Walls, both out of Uſe and Faſhion.
But I, indifferent, ſerve in *War* and *Peace*;
I breed her, feed her, and her yeers increaſe,
By prudent Counſails, provident Decrees,
Kinde turns, calme treaties (fitting all degrees);
In brief, by all means meet to render Kings
Mutually friends; and rule their Underlings:
Whence to their States if happy fruits accrew,
Th' honour of all to Mee alone is due.
But, in the world, what State hath ever thriven;
Or rather, which hath not to wrack been driven,
Where lackt My Conduct, and where only *Chance*
Hath ſteer'd the courſe of Publique Governance?
What humane action, what deſign, what thought,
Without Mine aid hath ever come to ought?
What Private ſtock, what Publique ſtem of Blood,
Without my rules hath ſprung, or long hath ſtood?
All nobleſt arts, all nimbleſt works of worth, (forth,
Which humane brains conceive, and hands bring
Hold they not Mee for rich and fruitfull wombe,
From whence their births (both firſt & ſecond) com?
The kindeſt Counſails, without Mine among,
May wee not call them Treaſons of the Tongue,
When blind and bad advice (though malice-leſs)
Ruins the Friend to whom it meant Redreſs?
Nay nothing, nothing under Heav'n, may miſſe
The Minds-guide rayes of my Reſplendencies:
I am the true Sun of all humane acts;
Without Mee, *Fortune* all their praiſe exacts.
If ought I leave to *Fortunes* doubtfull deed,
It ſhall appear well ſet, though ill ſucceed:
But where My Scepter hath a ſoverain ſway,
Fortunes falſe Die hath little power to play.
Then, be't on Cedar, with a Pen of Gold,
For *Memory* and *Glory* too inrol'd,
That *Of all Soule-adorning Gifts divine,*
The Majeſtie, the Monarchie is Mine:
That I, Their Queen, life of Their lawes and ſpring,
Am, of all VERTUES *worthieſt of a* KING.
To whom, I ſeem ſo much more requiſite
(Being both his Guide and Eye to give him light)
As hath a Guide (ſo judge the moſt diſcreet)
More need of Eyes, than either hands or feet.
Heer ceaſt *Phroneſia*: *Andria* inſtantly,
Weening her wrong'd, ſeems willing to reply,
And to her Selfe already ſoft ſhee ſayes,
Shee hath leſſe skill in Phraſes than in Frayes;
But, to maintain the honour of her Cauſe, (draws.
Where need requires, not words but ſwords ſhee
Then St. *Euſebia*, joyntly raiſing fair
Her Soules pure zeal, and her ſweet Voyces air,
See, ſee, ſaid Shee, how proudly inſolent,
Vain men, admiring, and too-confident
Of their fond *Wiſdom*, and frail *Fortitude*
(Forgetting heav'ns quick Eye and Arm) conclude,
That their own ſtrength, or their owne providence,
Hath foil'd their foes, or giv'n their own defence;
As ſilly children (ſet on fourm or ſtool)
Whoſe hands are (firſt) held at the *Writing-School*,
Forming ſom Letter, vaunt it for their Owne,
And think their Art-leſs fingers skilfull growne.
But, O fond Mortalls! Neither is't your Art
Of myſtike State, nor your high hand and heart,
Which in your Borders Peace and Plenty brings,
Or ends your Battels in your Triumphings:

But

But Heav'ns Right-hand, invisibly addrest
To rescue You, death hath it selfe repress;
Repell'd all Perills, put-by all Mis-haps
(Ready to quell you with tempestuous claps):
And then retorting all upon your Foes,
In lieu of *Laurels* (which they did propose)
Sends Terrors, Errors, or Disorders rife,
Or Mutinies, or other Civill strife,
Or other Mischief, which confounds their pow'rs
With their own swords, or maks them fal on yours:
So that your hands, victorious Thus, doe bear
Right glorious Palms, and Olives every where
Adorn your Coasts with their rich oily tresse,
And all with you is *Victory* or *Peace*.
Yet you, ingrate the-while, through blind Self-love,
Not seeing, that these Gifts come from above,
Sacrifice to your Selves, confer the honour
Of all, to all, save to their own right Owner.
O cursed Soil! O barren Sand and dry!
Not better'd ought by any husbandry;
Hardned with Heav'nly dews, the more the worse:
More worthy nothing than a heavie Curse.
O wretch! refer, refer aright, and bring
These sacred Streams birth to their sacred Spring,
That perfect Good, which can no more desist
To doe thee good, than thou him to resist.
Through all thy Province let his name be prais'd:
If to a Crown his favour have thee rais'd,
Rear Him an Altar in thy Soule anon;
And, for Burnt-Offring lay thy heart thereon:
His pow'r (alone) adore, implore and trust;
And in thy Self kill every kinde of lust:
So shalt thou not, what-ever Hap succeed,
Neither so much Courage nor Counsell need.
For covering thee with his protecting hand,
Did all the World in Arms against thee band,
Besiege thee round, assault thee in such sort,
That nought could save thee; neither force, nor fort:
Amid all dangers which might fright thee there,
Hee, hee would free thee from all cause of fear;
And thine, preserv'd from death and deadly Foes,
Would be amaz'd to conquer without blowes.
Thy Praiers would put a hundred Hoasts to flight,
Had each a *Cæsar* to command them right:
Yet, fighting on thy knees, with arms across,
Thou, thou (alone) shouldst conquer; without loss.
Again, His Angell would assume the Sword
Wherwith somtimes th' *Assyrian* swarms he gor'd;
Again, *Senacherib*'s braving Blasphemies
Should finde a King, with water in his eyes,
To vanquish him with vows: and, as with charms,
Thou shouldst doe more with Tears, than hee with arms.
Why then thus vainly dare we heer consult
Of others Right, or of our Own insult?
Shee, shee that gives to God (nay, giveth God)
On Her of right this Crown should be bestow'd;
Sith, her possessing, they All Good possess:
But, wanting her, All else is emptiness.
Let neither *Prowess* then, not *Prudence* ween
Her Self *Kings Glory*, neither *Vertues* Queen:
I have seen Valiant Kings, and Prudent too,
And such as knew in all turns what to doe,
And such whose Constance was incomparable,
Live wretchedly, and dy as miserable:
Yet, never saw I but a happy end
Of pious Princes, which on God depend;
And in all doubts, all dangers (from their Birth)
Have (facing unto Heav'n the thoughts of Earth)
With eyes ay-fixt on that *Suns* sunny side,
Beleev'd his Love their guard, his Law their guide.
Not that I would a Prince, secure and idle,
Should so let-goe his Empires Rains and Bridle;
To cast on God the Cares, the Managings,
And glorious labours that belong to Kings:
Nay, rather would I, that with Vigilance,
Constancy, Justice, Wisedom, Valiance,
And all else Vertues which his God hath giv'n,
Hee second still th' assisting hand of Heav'n;
Ay well assur'd, that God will not neglect
Just-armed Prayers of his own Elect.
But, to His onely Bountie must they give
Th' honour of all the fruits they shall atchieve
By their most noble Cares, most royall Pains:
Not to the depth of *Machiavilian* Brains,
Not to the vain Effort of humane force,
Nor martiall courage, mowing Men and Horse,
Which in effect (how glorious Name it bear)
Is but a Publique (lawfull) Massacre.
In brief, what Worth, or Wit in King may be,
Heav'ns King commands hee make Them wait on Mee:
Make That, the Spur; Me, Rain of each Intent;
This, of his Counsail; Mee, the President:
Credit Them often, Mee continually:
That They inspire his Heart; his Judgement, I.
And, that in nothing They with Mee compare;
Nor any else (how Royall) *Vertues* rare:
But make Mee sit in Honours fourm the first;
Yea, without Mee, esteem his State accurst:
Hold Them for *helpfull*, Mee for *necessary*:
And firm beleeve, when Times are adversary,
Rather to faile, with *Prow'ss* and *Policy*,
Nay fall, with All; than flourish without Mee.
Through such a *Faith*, that great *King-Prophet*
With little force, so many Foes reverst:
So oft escap't so many Snares of Death,
Which Envies hand had set to stop his breath:
So fortunate, in every jeopardy,
Hee almost seem'd t' have wedded *Victory*.
What Monarch would not gladly be the Heire
Of these high fortunes of His *Vertues* fair?
Who would not purchase at the dearest rate
Of all his Pains, the glorious Praise hee gate?
And yet, the *Vertue* which advanc't Him so,
And on his Acts such honours did bestow,
Was not his *Prowess* (though hee durst enough)
Neither his *Prudence* (though of famous proof);
But his religious *Piety* and *Zeal*
To serve the Lord, the God of *Israel*:
Zeale, which, consuming him with heav'nly flame,
Made him to consecrate his Facts, his Fame,
Himselfe, his Sword, his Scepter, and his Song,
At th' Authors feet, to whom they all belong:
As still esteeming that hee held his Crown,
By his support who had it first bestow'n;
Not by the Prowess, or the Policy,
Of his own darefull hand, or carefull Eye.
Let noblest Princes imitate this Part,
This pious zeale of his religious heart:

And

And let them know, that nor their Heed in ſway,
Nor their Good-hap (wch ſeems t' attend them ay)
Their Knowledge, Courage, nor Victorious fame,
About their heads ſo glorious Garlands frame,
Neither from heav'n ſo many bleſsings bring,
Neither ſo much doe magnifie a King,
Nor dignifie the Scepter in his hand
So many millions juſtly to command;
As I, who, after this worlds *Diadem*,
Find them a-new, in new *Jeruſalem*:
That God himſelfe vouchſafes to *watch* their ſtate,
Becoms their *Counſell*, their *Confederate*,
Their Rock, their Refuge from their Enemies,
And gets them daily glorious victories:
That, without Mee, no *Vertue* is compleat;
And that, in That which maketh truly Great,
I paſſe the reſt, and all the beſt they can,
As far as God in Greatneſſe paſſeth Man.
Euſebia heer concluding her diſcourſe,
Dicea began her Title to enforce:
I have (ſaid ſhee) long lent you eare a-like,
Yet from your Reaſons and your Rhetorike
I gather nothing, from the moſt of you,
But Uſurpations of Mine honours due;
While mine own Nourſling from my ſide you ſteal:
Wherein, with *Juſtice*, you ſcarce juſtly deal.
For, if of *Vertues* any worthy be
To raign, as Kings eternall Companie;
And with more luſtre their great Names doe grace,
I, I am Shee may juſtly claim that Place;
As Shee alone, who, by One duety, doo
Make happy Kings, and happy Subjects too:
Shee, that of all the graces from above,
Acquire them moſt their Peoples hate or love:
Shee that the Stock of Traytors doth extinguiſh,
She that good Kings from Tyrants doth diſtinguiſh:
Shee that to Each due recompence imparts
According to their good, or bad Deſerts:
Shee, without whom, the rife-full ſtrife-full ſound
Of *Mine* and *Thine*, would all the World confound.
Not that I am ſo inly blunt, or blind,
As not to value *Valours* va'iant mind;
Or not to ſee, What benefits to Kings
Sacred *Euſebia*, and *Phronêſia* brings:
But ſave *Euſebia* (whom I honour more
Than all the Greatneſs worldlings moſt adore)
Not one of you produceth her effects
So fortunate and free from all defects,
But oftentimes ſome evill them ſucceeds
Which equalls oft their good, ſomtimes exceeds:
Much like ſom Herbs, of doubtfull fame and force,
Which cure one Griefe, and cauſe perhaps a worſe.
'T's a glorious Work tryumphing worthily,
To win by force a famous Victory,
To flowre a field with dead, to ſwim in blood,
To glaſſe ones Valour in a Crimſin flood:
But, what 's all this, but a meer Maſſacre
Of furious Lions (not a humane war)
Unleſs the Right of the bright Sword victorious,
Make the Cauſe juſt, and the Effect as glorious?
And are not thoſe ſo bloody Palmes (the while)
Gathered in countreyes ruin'd with the ſpoile
Of Wars dire fire, flaming on every ſide
Of thoſe ſad fields, forſaken far and wide?
O bloudy *Vertue*, for War onely fit,
And for the Miſchiefs that doe wait on it!
Yet leſt (alas!) her thirſty Steel ſhould ruſt
Within her Sheath, too-long reſtrained; muſt,
Muſt men wth tears ſee their dear countries ſpoil'd,
Their fields with heaps of ſlaughtred bodies pyl'd,
Their cities ſackt, their houſes all inflam'd, (ſham'd,
Their treaſures ſhar'd, their wives aud daughters
Their tender babes (which have no help but cries)
Brain'd, broached, broyl'd, in horrid Sacrifice?
Sure, Noble Furie of heroick hearts,
The hideous Stage whereon thou act'ſt thy Parts,
Is too-too-coſtly to a State; too-dear
Are all thy Palms; thy Glory walks too-neer
Deep Miſeries, Pains, Perils, Dolours Deaths,
And dire Events; which not alone the breaths
Of Foes bereave, and Forraine States undoe;
But wrack with all thine own Domeſticks too.
For, what Effects, but ſuch nefarious things,
Have been the fruits of thouſand *valiant* Kings?
Whoſe memories ſo ring of Battailes yet,
That even with bloud their Stories may be writ:
Leaving their Names, juſt Arguments of terror,
Loading the Earth with Monuments of horror,
Filling both Land and Sea, with Gore, with Gall,
And, to no purpoſe, topſie-turning all:
Sith all the gain of all their Victories,
Is but a fame of Valiant Robberies;
Reproachfull praiſe to Soverain Potentates,
To *Supreme Paſtors*, to high Magiſtrates:
Yet, moſt of Theſe have reapt no other fruit,
From bloudy labours, but this odious Bruit:
Whereas They ſhould (onely) their Powers imploy
To ſalve, to ſave; and never to deſtroy.
One onely King (no further Name is need)
Juſtly conſtrain'd to arme, and mount his ſteed,
By force to enter to his own by Right;
Hath ſacred all his Art, his Heart, his Might,
To's Empires good: and, chaſing War away,
Makes Peace approv'd his Valours daughter ay.
The reſt, ſtill greedy of new *Iſles*, new *Indes*,
Have rais'd ſuch ſtorms wth their ambitious winds,
As in their own Seas have nigh ſunk themſelves,
And caſt their Subjects upon Rocks and Shelves,
Where (through more woes) they, even with tears,
How ill it is to have a King too Bold. (behold
Now, for your Prudent (but meer Prudent) Kings,
Too much diſcourſe, wch frō their judgment ſprings,
Oft makes them timerous, loth to take-in-hand;
To loſe their time, while waiting Time they ſtand;
And, daring nothing, but Diſcourſing ſtill,
To Erre as much as thoſe that dared ill:
Or, makes them, more (in Worldly matters, heer)
Subtile and ſharp, than loyall and ſincere.
So that as they of dangers heedfull are;
Of Them, no leſſe behoves it to beware.
I will not ſay that many times the grounds,
Wheron the worlds blind, fooliſh wiſdom founds,
Are contrarie unto the ſolid Baſe (place.
Which heav'ns true wiſedome every where doth
So that, one Thought never it ſelfe extends
(Nor can) at once, to two ſo divers Ends:
No more than can the ſight of mortall eyes
In one ſame inſtant, Heav'n and Earth compriſe.

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What ſhall I ſay of Thee (and doe thee right)
Sweet S^t. *Euſebia*, Gods own deer Delight?
Thou filleſt Kings, indu'd with Thy deſires,
With ſacred fervour of Celeſtiall fires;
Thou mak'ſt their Lives a lively ſpeaking Law,
To rule their Subjects more by Love than Awe;
But yet, thou mak'ſt (if thou alone be theirs)
Them too-too-ſlack in other Kingly Cares;
Too-mew'd in Peace, in War too-ſcrupulous;
And think ſo much of Heav'n, that Earth they loſe.
And *Evergéſia*, praiſing Thine Effects,
Amid the beſt well may wee doubt defects:
For, what in Kings more Heav'n-like ſeems to all,
Or God-like more, than to be *liberal?*
Yea, *liberal* Princes ſeem even Gods on Earth,
Com-down from Heav'n to hunt deſpair and death,
Care, Indigence, Incomber and the reſt,
Where-with poore *Vertue* often is oppreſt.
Yea, Even as Gods, their names are honour'd heer,
And, for their Service nothing is too-deer.
(The ground of which ſo great Benevolence,
In ſome, is Hope; in ſom, Experience):
So that all Vows, all Voices end in Them,
And as the Sun, Their Scepters brightly beam.
Yet, oftentimes, thoſe *Bounties* of thy hand
Prove *publique Burdens*, bitter to a Land;
When fluent Princes (leaſt their Favours ſource
Should be exhauſted) have too-oft recourſe
To Tributes, Impoſts; and ſome worſe withall;
Whence *Flowers* too few, too many *Thornes* befall:
And *Avarice* her ſelfe unjuſtly fills
With what *Profuſion* over-fondly ſpills.
Nor thou, *Eunomia*, though extoll'd ſo high
As liveleſt Type of Heav'nly *Clemency*,
And onely Shield of ſuch as dare infringe
My ſacred Rules, to ſave them from Revenge:
Thou canſt not cleer thee from the confluence
Of Evills us'd to follow *Indulgence*.
For, by too-ſparing, Thou doſt vices ſpread;
Thou loſeſt ſound, to ſave corrupt and dead:
And filling Cities with home Enemies,
Thy *Pardons* turn to publique *Injuries*.
But I, by practice of unpartiall Rigor,
Maintain good Orders, keep the Laws in vigor:
Make Kings at-once belov'd and feared too
(Feared, alone of thoſe that evill doe)
Their Subjects (ſet on happy Plenties knee,
In their poſſeſſions from Oppreſſions free)
Bleſſe them, adore them, hold them (ever deer)
Their Countries Fathers, nay their gods wel-neer.
In brief, no Bleſsing can befall a Realm,
But Theirs injoy, from, by, or under Them.
For, as it is, of the *Wilde-Aſh-tree*, ſaid,
That th' onely ſavour, nay the onely ſhade,
Inſtantly kills (by ſtrong *Antipathie*)
What ever Serpents underneath it lye:
Such, to the Snakes of Vice, thoſe Princes are
Which 'gainſt *Injuſtice* have proclaimed War,
With no leſſe Care to make my Rules to raign,
Than their own Scepters in their hands ſuſtain.
Can no rebellion ſpring at leaſt, none ſpeed
In their Dominions, neither Factions breed;
Sith gracious Heav'ns vouchſafe them this accord,
For having us'd ſo equally My Sword
(To all Degrees, in City, Field and Town)
In Civill War they ſhall not wear their Own.
Their People, feeling in their happy Sway,
What Hap, what Reſt, what Freedom they injoy,
Deeming them as their gods, and meting (rife)
Their length of Bliſs by their dear length of Life,
Watch for their Safeties; and can ſuffer nought
'Gainſt them to be miſ-done, miſ-ſaid, miſ-thought;
No more than 'gainſt their Publique 's Proſpering,
Whereof they hold their *Juſtice* onely Spring.
For, of all rareſt Vertues that may meet
In a juſt Prince, they onely take the ſweet
Of Mine Effects; and of that *Equall Care*
Of not ſurcharging more than they may bear.
What boots it that their Majeſties be *meek*,
Magnanimous, *frank*, *pious*, *politique*,
And of a ſp'rit ſurpaſsing each Extreme?
Miſſe they but Mee, they little reck of them:
They love them not, they liſten far and neer
Som welcom news of their wiſht death to hear:
When, if they uſe My ſacred Exerciſes,
Though they be ſtain'd (perhaps) with other vices,
They hold them perfect; and, in ſpite of Fate,
Even after death, their Names they celebrate;
As living *Reliques*, ſtill preſerv'd above
In *Fames* fair boſom, and their Peoples love.
Witneſs, unto this day that *Norman* Prince,
Brave *Rollo*, ſtill belov'd (though dead long ſince)
Still call'd upon (as for His *juſt* Revenge) (fringe.
When ſom new Wrong doth their old Right in-
Henceforth therefore, O Princes, that deſire
To have your Names to higheſt Fames aſpire,
To leave behinde you Monuments of Worth,
To give your Glories, after death, new Birth;
Endeavour not to dazle proudeſt eyes
With Tow'rs of Marble mounted to the skies;
Neither by War (whoſe Train is plague and dearth)
With fire aud blood to mingle Heav'n and Earth;
To thouſand Perils to expoſe your lives,
Wherby your greatneſs, not your goodneſs, thrives.
Onely, love *Mee*; let *Mee* be reverenc't
Through all your lands, by all your hands defenc't:
Let *Mee* ſit by you on an Awfull Throne,
To daunt the Lewdeſt with my looks alone;
And with my Sword ſtill drawn to prune away
Luxuriant Twigs that break my *juſt* Array:
Let My *Tribunals* be the Poors Refuges:
Let thereon ſit no mercenary Judges:
Let *Innocence* finde there her ſureſt Fort;
And who wants Right, there let him want ſupport:
There let My *Balance* be impawn'd to none;
But, as his Right is, let Each have his Own:
In brief, with You let Mee be ſet ſo high,
That abſolute as you doe Raigne, may I:
And I ſhall more enrich your laſting Stories, (ries,
Than all your golden Tow'rs, your conquering glo-
Your precious Gifts that with full hand you give,
Or ought beſides, whereby your Names can live.
Dicea as yet did her Diſcourſe purſue
(Though milde *Eunomia*, loth to loſe her due,
Loth longer to endure her Vaunts ſo high,
With open mouth was ready to reply;
And ſo her Siſter *Evergeſia* eek,
Some little choler colouring her cheek)

When

When from th' *Empyreall* (right *Imperiall*) Court,
Came a new *Nuntio* with a new Report,
A truſtie Truch-man of ſupernall Pleas,
Their gentle Jars thus gently to appeaſe.
Immortall Beauties of paſt-humane Soules,
Hee, that both Globes in his own hand-gripe holds,
Does you to weet, that his high pleaſure is
(To quench for ever all your Differences)
You All have th' honour to impoſe the *Name*,
To whom hee means ſuch favour and ſuch Fame,
PANARETUS (for an auſpicious Signe
Y' have markt him all with all your Types divine)
That, all transform'd into that *reverend* Clark,
Heav'ns hallowed Organ, for this ſacred work;
Euſebia, Thou (Whom hee reſembles beſt)
Shalt *Name the Child*, in name of all the reſt;
After that Hee hath ſix times ſounded tho
That other *Name* his *Nation* fancies ſo.
Hy, hy yee then: Time calls you; for the throng,
Theſe Rites expecting, thinks each minute long.
And I, the while, with no leſſe ſpeed muſt ſpy
Th' Unholſome Den where *Peſtilence* doth ly,
And in Heav'ns name, her ſtraitely countermand,
That Shee preſume not once to lift her hand,
Nor from her Quiver ſhoot one Arrow out
At any of the Royall Courtly Rout
Aſſembled for the ſacred *Myſterie*,
During the Pomp of That *Solemnity*.
Heer-with the Angell henc't, and bent his flight
Tow'rds Our ſad Citie, which then deeply ſigh't
Under the furie of that Monſter fell.
Hee found her out in a hot-humid Cell,
About to arm her, and to ſcout abroad, (forbode.
Even towards the Place which now the Heav'ns
Foul ſeam-rent rags (wch ſom old Robe had bin)
Cas't heer and there her yellow-ſallow skin,
Whore-in hot fiery *Carbuncles* were fixt,
With poys'nie *Rubies*, heer and there betwixt:
A quench-leſs Thirſt, with a continuall Feaver,
Broil'd in her breaſt, boil'd in her body ever;
Her very breath was as a deadly ſtroak:
Her curſed Stance ready with ſtink to choak:
So cloſe it was, that never Wind could fan,
Save th' unrefin'd autumnall *Affrican*,
Whoſe noyſom air a ſtuffing fog did pen
With muſty Vapours of a moiſty Fen.
All round about her, by her ſide did ly
All ſorts of Fruits that ſooneſt putrefie,
Millions of Milions; Pears, Plums (paſsing numbers)
Moſt-humour-poys'ning, crudie-cold Cucumbers;
Green Grapes; and that ſoft *Perſian* Fruit (ſo deer)
Banefull at home, and little better heer.
The Angel, wonted to Heav'ns Bliſs-full Hall,
Made little ſtay in this unholeſom Stall:
But, loathing ſoon that thick contagious air,
Hee ſpeedily diſpatcht his Meſſage there;
And Heav'n-ward quickly from the *Furie* flew,
Whoſe horror yet ſo ſeem'd him to purſue,
That hee had fainted to have bin ſo nigh-her,
Had hee not felt him of th' immortall Quier.
Th' immortall *Siſters*, in one troop, the while
(which from their Owners every Vice exile)
Tranſported ſwift upon a winged Cloud,
By their Arrivall made the Palace proud.
The pompous Scaffold, for this purpoſe rear'd,
Seem'd at their ſight to tremble (as afear'd):
The ſtately Towers of th' antique Edifice,
The maſsie Porch, and Arch and Fronteſpice,
Seem'd round about to lighten ſmiling flames,
As at their Entrance to adore theſe Dames.
They, ſhuffling them (unſeen) amid the throng
Of thoſe *Good-great*, whom (as they paſt along)
A ſoft ſweet Murmur, for their vertues, bleſt;
Served with Them (each in her office preſt)
That goodly *Riſing Sun*, whoſe Rayes, new ſpred,
So rathe a Spring of flowring Hopes have bred:
And, after both his favour'd *Names* were given,
The humane firſt, then that they brought frō heav'n,
All, in a ring, about him did appear:
(Under the form of ſom faire Princeſs neer,
Or ſom great Prince then preſent there in view)
To doe his Name the honours juſtly due;
Each cheering Him to follow for direction
The Propertie Shee brings to Kings perfection.
Maiſt thou (ſaid one, as his ſweet Eyes ſhee kiſt)
Great-little Prince, be of the Heav'ns ſo bliſt,
That, though *Auguſtus* fortunes Thine ſurpaſſe,
Thy Fortunes yet may give thy Prudence place:
Mayſt thou abound in royall Bountie ſo
(Another ſaid) that *Trajane* thou out-goe:
May (ſaid another: how my Hopes aſpire!)
Thy Valour, one-day even excell thy Sire:
May there (ſaid one) one-day appear in thee,
Thy Martiall fathers match-leſſe Clemencie:
And, maiſt thou from thy Child-hood (ſaid another)
Exceed in *Zeal* thy Mother and God-mother.
In brief (*Pandora*-like) each offered there
Their precious Gifts, in Præſage (as it were)
Till with advantage gracious Heav'ns produce
Their *wiſhed-Counſails* into act and uſe.
Grant, God Almighty, King of Kings, that Hee
When on theſe Thrones his royall Turn ſhall be,
Hee may have care t' accompliſh every-where
What all our Hopes have for him dar'd to ſwear;
And what his Looks, Words, Maners, Motions, ſeem
In every part to promiſe ſtill for Him.
May Hee, his People tender, love, protect;
Delight in *Juſtice*, yeeld them her Effect:
May hee forbear to over-charge their backs
With novell Tributes, or with need-leſs Taxe:
And let them ſee that of all Titles given
To all the Kings that have been under Heav'n,
Hee holdeth *Good* the beſt; better than *Glorious*,
Wars-thunderbolt, *Earths-terror*, *Great*, *Victorious*;
Whoſe loftie ſound makes Princes oft become
Abroad more feared than belov'd at home.
High ſwells the Ocean, when the Moon's at full,
And with proud Billowes threats both hill & hull;
But ſinks again, and ſhrinks into his Bed,
When *Cynthia* mues her never-conſtant Head:
So (ſwelling proud; ſo, ſurly browd the while;
So, temper-leſſe; tempted with Fortunes ſmile)
Ignoble Natures are too-lightly pufft;
And with her Frown as baſely counterbufft.
Far other be his firm and generous Minde,
Whether his Fate be curſt or be ſhee kinde;
Yea, fawn-ſhee, frown-ſhee, (firm indeed to none)
Be Hee ſtill like Himſelfe, *The ſame*, *ſtill one*;

Still bountifull, ſtill milde-majeſticall,
And ſtill vouchſafing free Acceſſe to all:
So that no Bar (a *Barbarous* device)
But due reſpect doth ſever Him from His.
For, be a Prince never ſo mighty *Great*,
If betwixt Him and His a Bar Hee ſet;
At length hee ſets one (which ſcarce ought repairs)
Twixt their affections and his own affairs.
Leave hee to th' idle Pomp of *Preſter-Jans*,
To miſſ-proud *Sophyes*, and ſoft *Aſians*,
That Care, to keep their tawny Majeſties,
From Subjects ſight (ſave once a yeer, or twice)
And let Him daily (like the Sun) goe out
To cleer and cheer the cloudy World about;
To doe the poor oppreſſed Widow right,
To help the Orphan, over-born by might;
To eaſe the juſt ſighs of ſad Labourers:
And alwaies (like that beſt of Emperours)
Think That no Day, nor think it loſt (for nought)
Wherein hee hath not ſom ſuch action wrought;
Or that hee lives not then, or lives in vain;
Or as a Subject, not a Soverain.
Conſume not Hee in frivolous Expence,
What gold a juſt Love's gentle violence
Shall for his Succour (in extreme Affair)
Force his poor People from their hands to ſpare
(Nay, from their mouths, nay rather frō their bellies)
Perhaps, drawn-dry with Pump of former Tallies.
But rather, counting it (with ſom Remorſe)
Not Gold, but Blood; may Hee with greater force
Abhor to laviſh, upon idle Vains,
His Subjects ſoule, and th' humour of their Veins.
That great *King-Prophet* (ſo renown'd for Song)
Once for the water of a Well did long,
Which at the Poſtern of a Citie roſe,
Amid an Hoaſt of his moſt deadly Foes:
Three of his *Worthies* (in deſpight of death)
Brake through their armie, even to underneath
The very wall whereas the Well did ſpring;
Whereof they drew a portion for the King.
Then, off again they bravely come their waies
(Cover'd with wounds, but more with worthy
And re-arriv'd in their own camp, their prize (praiſe)
Unto their Prince preſent in humble wiſe.
But Hee, bethinking through how many deaths
Thoſe dreadleſs Champions had then fetcht their
In fetching of that wiſhed Water ſo; (breaths,
For all his thirſt, hee would not drink it tho:
For, what is This (ſaid hee) but the heart-blood
Of theſe that thus have ventur'd for my good?
So to Gods will, His, willing to accord,
Hee offers it on th' Altar of the Lord.
So, may Our Prince another-day imploy
The publique Treaſure, which with carefull Joy,
His loving Subjects ſhall (as ought the loyall)
Yeeld to ſupport his Port and Charges royall.
May Hee preſent to th' in-ſight of his Thought,
With how much Sweet and Sorrow it is bought:
What Rigor (uſed in his Name perhaps)
Extorts it from oppreſſed Widows laps, (Swains,
From wretched Crafts-men, from hard-wracked
Whom Poverty at her own Meſs maintains;
And, in Compaſſion ſay (with tender grief)
This is my Subjects blood, my Peoples Life:
This muſt not then in idle Pompe and Play
(As water ſpilt) be ſpent and caſt away.
Then (doubting leſſe the damage than th' abuſe)
Vow it to God, as to the rightfull Uſe.
And, 'tis to conſecrate, and vow it right
(And in a faſhion pleaſing in Gods ſight)
To poure it out in Royall (right) Expence;
Either in War-works for his Realms defence,
Or for his Honour; to all Times to ſeale
His King-like Bounty, Providence, and Zeale.
Cloſe-fiſted therefore may Hee never be
To the true *Seed* of ſacred *Memorie*;
To thoſe whoſe luſtre doth adorn Renown,
And honours Kings more than their orient Crown:
To ſtately Structures, ſpeaking Eminence,
So as their Uſe match their Magnificence:
To wall high-waies; to heaw down harmful ridges:
To parallel Eld's Aquæducts and Bridges:
Found Hoſpitals, or to endow them founded;
To ſtop Sea-Breaches where they have ſurrounded:
To fence with Peers and Piles of ſundry ſorts
From *Neptunes* furie his importing Ports:
To build fair Shops for th' *Helyconian* Looms,
T' advance their *Arts*, and give chieſe Parts chiefe
And (as with living Nets) by Benefits, (Rooms;
To catch both *Valiant* Spirits and *Learned* Wits.
Millions of Verſe have founded loftily
The Prudence, Proweſs, Pitie, Pietie,
And ſacred Juſtice of our Soverain Sir,
As divers Gales their divers Sails did ſtir:
But not a Voice, in low or lofty vain,
Hath of his Bounty ever ſung a ſtrain:
Yet yeerly from his *liberall* hand doth come
A million (a more than Royall Sum)
Among thoſe (happy) whom his Goodneſs graces,
Or whom their own in his opinion places.
Which of his Predeceſſors (firſt or laſt)
In Gifts or Guerdons theſe fair limits paſt?
Not one of them did ever reach ſo high;
Yet Vulgar bruit (halfe falſe, halfe flattery)
Gives ſome of them the great and glorious Name
Of *Liberal* Princes, of illuſtrious fame.
And ſhall not wee then, bear through th' Univerſe
His worthy Praiſe upon the wings of Verſe?
Shall not wee ſay that his renowned hand,
As worthily (in Peace) with Bounties band
Can binde unto him whom hee worthy knowes,
As bravely conquer (in the Field) his Foes?
Be mute that liſt, and muzzle they their ſtile,
On whom his Bounty never daign'd to ſmile
(Were 't throw their own miſ-fate, in having none,
Or having Vertues, not to have them known).
But I, whoſe hap hath been to march with thoſe
Towards whoſe laps his golden River flowes,
My Voice and Verſe ſhall trump-it far and nigh
To modern eares, and to Poſterity.
And (without Flattery) ſay, that all the ſcope
Of Wiſhes waiting on our future Hope,
And all our prayers for a Compleat Prince
(As in the reſt of Royall *Ornaments*)
Need of the Heav'ns no greater Hap require,
But that in This, the Son be like the Sire;
And that hee may (obſerving golden mean)
Give like a King that means to give again:

Yet,

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Yet, with ſuch fervour to this glorious Part,
That ſtill hee give leſſe with his hand than heart.
Vouchſafe th' Eternall Deſtinies-diſpoſer,
Kings ſole Advancer, and Kings ſole Depoſer,
That maugre Tyrants wrath, and Traytors wile
(Whoſe Maſter-peece wee Heer have ſeen yer-while)
Hee may wax old (after his aged Sire)
In Peacefull Raign, untill his Raign expire:
And never but at Tilt, or Tourney, feel
The combrous burthen of a Caſe of ſteel;
Or, when juſt furie ſhall inflame his ſp'rite
Againſt Uſurpers of His ancient Right.
But, whether law-leſſe Need or Glories love,
Him drive or draw, his Force in Field to prove,
May Hee in Counſail, Courage, and Succeſſe,
Match his great Parents conſtant Happineſſe,
So as there be no need to ſpur Him forth,
With brave remembrance of His matchleſs worth.
But, *Laurell* burnt, crackles in vain; and of-it
Champing the leaf alone, makes not a Prophet,
If that his Tutors have not more to doe,
To hold him from, than to incite him to;
To cool, than kindle, that courageous heat,
Which makes men fear no death, no dangers threat:
But, as once *Theſeus*, ready to be kill'd,
Was known to be the Kings ſon, that ſo will'd;
By his gilt Sword and Signe engrav'n thereon:
Hee ſhall be known to be His Fathers Son,
By the Exploits of His, in ſuch a Rank,
As would have made the two firſt *Ceſars* blank.
Be Hee Benign, ſo as his Indulgences
Breed not Bad-Boldneſs, Feed not Inſolences;
Like to ſome Winters, over-milde and warm,
Which neither kill the Weed, nor chill the worm;
But breed the Plague, Pox, Murrain and the reſt,
That rotten humours make, in Man and Beaſt.
Not, but I know it far more honourable
To ſave than ſpill (in Caſes tolerable)
Sith heer a World of Duſt-bred Creatures live,
Can reave Mans life, which onely God can give:
But too-oft Pardoning oft too-many draws
T' have need of Pardon, through contempt of Laws
And Magiſtrates; whom the Audacious reak
But Bugs, and Bridles to baſe mindes and weak.
In Mildneſs then, be Hee ſo moderate
(For his own ſafety and the publique State)
That neither Horror taint his Executions;
Neither his Favours harbour Diſſolutions:
And, too-remiſſe, by His too-oft Reprieves,
Turn Pities Temple to a Den of Theeves.
May he fear God, love, worſhip, ſeek, & ſerve him,
Know, it 's Hee ſole doth ſtabliſh and preſerve him:
That Kings, as his Anointed, have Regard:
That but Hee guard them, little boots their guard.
May hee beleeve His Word, honour, obey;
Take it, for Compaſs in this Wordly Sea,
Make it the Meaſure of Kings Power, in all;
And, counting That of Laws the principall,
Have it ay written in his hearts deep rooms;
But, as a Prince, not as a Prieſt becoms.
Under th' old Law (now abrogate long ſince)
One might be both a *Pontife* and a Prince,
For nothing ſeemed then to hinder them
From matching ſo Mitre and Diadem:
But now their Functions are divided far,
And Monkiſh Kings, now but contemned are:
There Man and Maſter but *Hail-fellow* is; (prieſts.
And Subjects play the Kings, where Kings play
May Hee be loyall, conſtant in ſincerity;
In ſoule, abhorring lyes, and loving verity:
That as his Deeds ſhall (for the moſt) be Miracles,
So may his Words be altogether Oracles.
Th' Almighty grant, that during all His daies,
All ſparks be quencht which factions wont to raiſe;
For, for the moſt (to double Miſerie)
There be two Kings where two great factions be.
But, if there ſhould (which God forbid) ſucceed
Such Miſchiefs heer as here-to-fore there did,
May hee not want ſound Counſails happy Light,
To guide him in his Fathers ſteps aright:
Who reaving th' eldeſt Emperours their Palms,
Suddainly turn'd ſuch Tempeſts into Calms,
By Means ſo milde, that it was rather thought
By heav'nly Hap, than humane Wiſedom wrought.
But, were it Wiſedom, were it Happineſs,
Match Hee our *Wiſhes*, and His *Wiſe ſucceſs*:
Th' one of Himſelfe, th' other from Heav'nly hand,
That Peace may proſper over all his Land.
I know that Princes being born for th' Arts
Which Counſels, Camps, & dangers ſchool imparts,
The Books moſt needfull and peculiar Theirs,
Are *Politiques*, of State and State-affaires.
But, ſith ſo few yeers doe our *Age* comprife,
That even the greateſt of the greedy-Wiſe,
Should know but little, if no more they knew
Than from experience of one *Age* they drew;
That hee, at once, may ſee all Accidents
Of all *paſt Ages*, with his own 's Events;
May Hee propoſe and ſet before his eyes
The goodly Tables of all Hiſtories;
And there contempling all the true Records
Of other Monarchs, mighty States, and Lords,
Obſerve their acts, their Counſells, their Diſcourſe,
All (notable, or rare) in all their Courſe;
Both what to follow there, and what to ſhun,
And whether Fame or Shame their lives have won:
May Hee there glaſſe himſelfe, and mark it brim,
Whether the ſame ſhall not be ſaid of Him.
For heer, Our *Verſes* ſmoothly ſing and ſmile;
But *Hiſtory* will *hiſſe*, in other ſtile:
And Kings that heer have been compar'd to Gods,
Entombed once, though under golden Clods,
If in their lives they have deſerv'd it, firſt;
Shall have their Names torn, & their Fames accurſt.
What may I add unto Theſe Wiſhes *more?*
No more but this; that All heer wiſht before,
And All preſaged of the DOLPHIN *heer,*
Concur in CHARLES: *that all his Parts appear*
A living Picture of all Parts of Worth
Of all thoſe Worthies *Whence Hee takes his Birth:*
That gracious Heav'ns (which promiſe even as much)
In all theſe Vertues daign to make Him ſuch,
That really hee give royall Aſſent
To all the Acts *of Vertues* PARLIAMENT;
That in his Tern, the Ages after Us,
May finde, and know him for PANARETUS:
And, ſith That Name *muſt needs Immortall be,*
That no prophane hand blurr His Hiſtory:

But some sweet Daniell, *or some sacred* Hall,
Or civill Hayward, (*milde-majestike all*)
With purest faith, *in a peculiar* stile,
A glorious Worke *of his great* Works *compile:*
Or, if that any of more worthy Skill-is.
Be hee the HOMER *to This new* ACHILLES,
GREAT BRITANS *great hope of great hap to-come;*
Phœnix arising from a Phœnix dust:
In whom the heavens (as mercifull as just)
Restore our great losse in great HENRY'S *Tombe.*
Long, long and Happy (in thy Brother's *roome)*
Succeed Thou CHARLES, *ever as Good as Great:*
Deriving, old, to thy old Fathers *Seat,*
Wise Great Good STVARTS, *till the Day of Doom.*
Which while I pray, sweet Prince vouchsafe a space
To read and rue Your humble Bead-mans *Case.*

FINIS.

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HEer (like LEANDER in the *Helleſpont*)
Toſt in a Tempeſt in the darkeſt Night,
Diſtract with teares, divorced from the ſight
Of my *High Pharus* which to guide mee wont;
Spying *Böotes* in your HIGHNESS Front,
For life I labour towards your hopefull Light
(May never Care beclowd that Beam ſo bright,
Come never Point of leaſt *Eclipſe* upon't)
Yet, though (alas!) your gracious Rayes have ſhow'n
My wracked limbes a likely way to land:
Unleſſe (by Others Help, or by your Own)
The tender Pity of your Princely hand
Quick hale mee out, I periſh inſtantly,
Hal'd in againe by *Sixe* that hang on *Mee*.

SIxe-times already, ready even to faint,
With grievous Waight of guiltleſſe Want oppreſt;
BARTAS and I have bow'd and vow'd our beſt
Before the *Altar* of our *Soverain Saint*:
And yet, the Eare that heareth every Plaint;
The Heart that pities every poore Diſtreſt;
Alone (alas!) ſeems deafe to my Requeſt;
And only, is not mov'd with my Complaint.
Yet muſt I needs (NEED ſtill importunes ſo)
Importune ſtill, till ſome mild Soule relent:
But (under Heav'n no Help, no Hope, I know,
Save YOU alone my Ruine to prevent:
YOU onely may, *Now* onely, if at all:
Paſt Help, paſt Hope, If *Now* YOU faile, I fall.

Your Highneſs's
moſt humbly-devoted,
and obſervant Servant,
JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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THE SECOND SESSION OF THE PARLIAMENT OF VERTUES ROYALL

(Continued by Prorogation)

FOR

BETTER PROPAGATION

of all true Pietie,

AND

Utter Extirpation

of

{ATHEISME, & HYPOCRISIE;
AVARICE, & CRUELTIE;
PRIDE, & LUXURIE.}

(From the Originall)

Transcribed,

AND

Inscribed

To the High-Hopefull

CHARLES,

Prince of Great Britaine,

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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A

DIVINE AND TRUE TRAGI-COMEDY;

IOB TRIUMPHANT

IN

HIS TRIALL;

OR

THE HISTORIE

OF

HIS HEROICALL

Patience,

In

A measured

METAPHRASE.

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* *To* ARTHUR'S CASTLE *(call'd by* ART'S CHAST LURE) ***************

* *My Hope Heere Haſtneth, For My* HEARTS LAST-CURE. ***************

Sir, You have ſeen, In My PANARETUS, A SVVEET IDEA Of——Our hopes in You: A REAL ACT of that—Ideal VIEVVE, In My Sr. LEVVIS Roy—All-Vertuous.

Heer (more HEROIK, and more HOLY-TRUE)
I bring Your Highneſs (Paſt all the Patterns
Yet A Higher Peece of old Rome & Greece)
Faith's PATIENT Champion, in His Triumph due.
Farre be His Croſſes Neer be His Courſes
From my Prince, *I pray:* *(As the moſt complete*
In ſacred GRACES that beſeem The GREAT)
Tow'rds God & Man; in cleer or cloudy Day;
So much more needfull By how much Satan
In This Sin-full Age, (neer his end) doth rage:
With Whom and His, the better Aye to wraſtle,
Great *Michael* gard & ſtrengthen ARTHUR'S CASTLE;

Praies

Proſtrate

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

To *&*
the *Ho-*
Right *norable*
Reverend FATHER,
GEORGE ABBOT,
Lord ARCH-Biſhop
OF CANTERBURY:
****
IN Grate-full HONOR
Of Your MANY *Giftes*
Of GRACE & NATURE
(Apted to Your Place)
This DORIKE *Pillar*
My DEVOTION *liftes;*
To ſhew Heer——After
What Wee owe your Grace:
Both, for Your Prudence,
And Your Pious Zeale;
Learning *And* Labour
In Your Double Charge;
Swaying The CHURCH,
Staying the Common-Weale;
Moſt STUDIOUS *Ever*
EITHER to Enlarge:
And Laſt (not leaſt) of all,
For CONSTANT *ſtanding*
On Right's *weake Side,*
Againſt the Tide of wrong;
When PHILISTINES,
And Daliladies *banding,*
With Armes or Charmes
Would bind or blind the Strong:
In Honor of theſe Honors, this I bring
To Reverend ABBOT, & His Second, KING.
VESTER—SYL—VESTER
Deditiſſimus.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, the Lord ELESMORE, *L. High Chancelour of England.*

*THOMAS EGERTONUS: (*Anagramma*)
*NESTOR THEOMAGUS.

GRave, *GOD-WISE NESTOR; *Never did a Name*
(Save A JUST MASTER) better ſpeak a man
(As Court and Councell, with Mee, witneſs can)
Than doth Your Owne, in this Your Anagram.
Should I a Volume *of Your* Vertues *frame,*
Broad as my Breſt, and Thicker than my Span;
Could I ſay More, more True, more Duely, than
The Character *concluded in* This ſame?
For, *Pious-Prudence *cannot but be* Juſt:
And Juſtice *cannot but be* Temperate:
And Temperance *from* Courage *iſſue muſt.*
So that Your Name *doth Your whole* Life *relate,*
So NESTOR*-like, for grace-full,* *Godly-Sage,*
That Nothing wants, but (what wee wiſh) His Age.

Ex Animo Exoptat

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, WILLIAM HARBERT, *Earle of Pembroke,* Lord Chamberlaine, &c.

PAtience prevailes (*when* Paſsions *are undon*)
This doth This Volume *truely intimate:*
So doth Your Vertue, *firm, and fortunate,*
Now cheer'd *with Radiance of our* Royall Sun.
O! long and Happy may Hee ſhine *upon*
So Noble *a Plant (mo* Such *to propagate)*
So Grace*-full,* Uſe*-full, both in* Court *and* State;
Help*-full to All,* Hurt*-full at-all to None.*
Among Thoſe Many *whom Your* Worth *hath won*
(Of either Sexe, of every Age, and State)
With glad *Applauſes to congratulate*
The worthie Honour *of Your* Charge *begun*
(Though not, perhaps, ſo long and lowd, as Many*)*
Accept My AVE, *as Devout as* Any.

Your Lordſhips moſt obliged

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,

Sir EDVVARD COKE, Knight; *Lord Chief Justice of England, and one of his Majesties most Honourable* Privie Councell.

*EDVARDUS COCUS:

(*Anagramma*)

*SUCCEDO, ARDUUS.

1 * HArdy *and* Happy *may You long* Succeed,
In all the Courses of your Christian Zeale,
To scourge Abuse; and purge the Publike-Weale,
Of vicious Humours, with auspicious Speed.
Hardy *and* Happy *Never more did need,*
To meet with Malice, and with Might to deale;
And sift the Drift the Serpent would conceale.
How happy Heav'n You for these times decreed!
Hardy *and* Happy *may You still* proceed,
Untill you finde, confound, and suffocate,
The Viperous Vermin that destroy the State.
Hardy *and* Happy *be your Minde and Meed*
With GOD and Men: applauded and approv'd
Of Prince and People; of All Good, belov'd:

Ex Animo Exoptat

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
Lords *Spirituall and Temporall*;

The Knights and Burgesses of the Lower-*House*;

And to all generous and ingenuous Readers.

YOur preſt *Aſſiſtance*, and *Aſſiſtance* paſt,
Vouchſafed, heer, when you were *ſummon'd* laſt,
Binde and imbold mee once more to preſent
My humble *Briefs*, in form of PARLIAMENT;
Hoping no leſſe *Conſent* of Your good-wills
In *paſſing* Theſe, than of Our former *Bils*;
So-much more *Need*-full in this *Weed*-full Time,
By How-much *Vice* doth over *Vertue* clime.

An *Act againſt* Atheiſme *and* Irreligion.
An *Act of pious and humble* PATIENCE.
An *Act conformable to the former.*
An *Act confirming both.*
An *Act of humane* Frailty, *to teach the Beſt*, Humility.
An *Act of the* Weaker Veſſell.
An *Act of* Imitation, *with better Application.*
An *Act* (*of many Branches*) *concerning the* Juſtice *of* GOD *in his* Judgements.
An *Act of* exhortation *to* Repentance *and* Humiliation.
An *Act againſt* Preſumption *of our ſelves.*
An *Act touching* GOD's Omnipotence, Omniſcience, Al-regency, Al-ſufficiency.
An *Act againſt* raſh *and erroneous* Cenſures.
An *Act againſt* Partiality *in Judgement*, falſe Witneſs, Suborned *Evidence.*
An *Act, intimating the* Comfort *and* Confidence *of a good* Conſcience.
An *Act, averring the* ſhortneſs of Life, *and uncertaine Certainty of* Death.
An *Act againſt* Saducees *and* Epicures.
An *Act againſt* Puritaniſme.
An *Act intimating the effects of an* evill Conſcience.
An *Act againſt the* Security *and* Inſolence *of fat and Eaſefull* Epicures *and Oppreſſors.*
An *Act againſt* Hypocrites.
An *Act againſt* Bribery, Brokery, Uſurie.
An *Act againſt uncivill* Indiſcretion *in viſiting of Friends, Eſpecially againſt* Aggravation of Griefs.
An *Act for our* Imitation.
An *Act againſt* Flattery.
An *Act of* Terror *to the* Wicked *in their ſuddain and fearfull* Fall. *Anno* 1615.
An *Act againſt* Ambition, *conformable to the former.*
An *Act againſt* Unkindneſs of *Kinſmen, Neighbours, Friends, Servants, Wives, &c.*
An *Act of lively* FAITH, *againſt all* Saducees, Epicures, Atheiſts.
An *Act of* Animadverſion, *that wee ſtumble not at the* Proſperity *of the* Wicked.
An *Act for the* Laſt Aſſiſe, *and finall* Sentence & Execution *of the Ungodly.*
An *Act againſt* Merit *of* Works.
An *Act againſt* Works *of Supererogation.*
An *Act againſt the Children of* Darkneſs; Murderers, Adulterers, Burglers, &c.
An *Act againſt all* greedy Wringers, Wrongers, Uſurers *and* Oppreſſors.
An *Act of* Meditation *on the manifold* Manifeſt Works *of* GOD, *mighty and marvelous.*
An *Act of* Invincible Faith *and* PATIENCE.
An *Act Againſt* Tyrants, Extortioners, Rackers, *and all Unrighteous and Unrelenting Rich.*
An *Act, limiting Mans* Wit *and* Induſtry from *the illimitable* Wiſdom, *& inimitable* Works of God.
An *Act againſt looſe and* idle Education *of Youth.*
An *Act againſt* Wandring *and* Wanton Eyes.
An *Act againſt* Pride *and* Vanity *of all kindes.*
An *Act againſt* Couſenage, Concupiſcence, Cruelty, Briberie.
An *Act againſt* Adulterie.
An *Act againſt impious and* imperious *Maſters and Miſtreſſes.*
An *Act againſt* dilatory *Almners, and ſolitary* Nabals.
An *Act againſt the* Uncharitie *of our Daies, ſuffering ſo many Poor to dye without Doores.*
An *Act againſt all* Injurie, Inhumanity, &c.
An *Act againſt* Avarice *and* Infidelity, Superſtition *and* Idolatry, Sacriledge *and* Surcuidry.

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An *Act against* insulting *over Miserie.*
An *Act against all manner of* Extortion *and* Cruelty.
An *Act touching the* right use *and happy* issue *of* Afflictions.
An *Act of the proneness of* Mercy *toward the* Penitent.
An *Act against* empty *and* idle FAITH.
An *Act (by implication) against the* Popes *depriving and depraving of* Princes.
An *Act conteyning a* Divine Lecture *of* naturall Philosophy, *to the last Chapter: which is the* Last Act *of This Holy* PARLIAMENT.

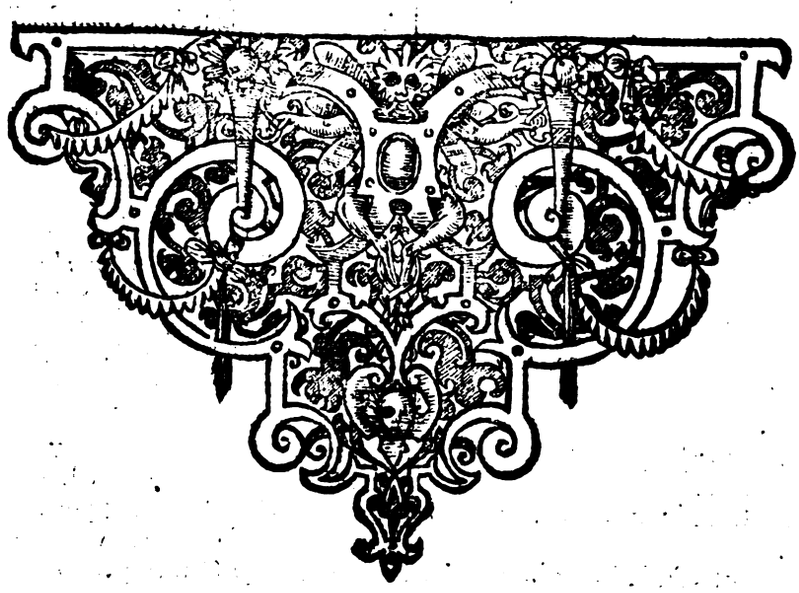
WHose severall *Acts*, of sweet & soveraign *Use*
To cherish *Vertue*, and to check *Abuse*
(Too rough transcribed, by too rude a hand,
For so high *Statutes* of the HOLY-LAND)
Are heer presented, as fit *Precedents*
Of sacred Rules for your High *Parliaments*;
By (th' once least Moat in th' Upper-Houses Sun)

Your Under-Clarke,

Unworthily Undon

(By over-trusting to a starting *Bow-Yer*-while too strong, to my poor Wrong and Woe)

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.



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IOB TRIUMPHANT IN HIS TRIALL.

The Proëm.

A Solid Rocke farre ſeated in the Sea
(Where many Veſſels have been caſt away)
Though blackeſt Storms of bluſt'ring Winds do threat,
Though boyſterous Rage of roaring Billowes beat;
Though it be rak't with Lightning & with Thunder;
Though All, at once aſſault, and Each aſunder;
With maſſie Bulk of it Selfs Marble Tower,
Still, ſtill repels th' inevitable Stower;
And ſeems ſtill firmer, and more permanent,
The more the Tempeſt hath been violent:
Right ſo the Faithfull; *in whoſe humble Breſt*
Religious feare of God *is deepe impreſt;*
What-ever Stroak of Fortune *threat his State,*
What-ever Danger him diſcommodate,
What-ever Miſchiefe that betide him ſhall,
What-ever Loſſe, what-ever Croſſe befall;
Inflexible, invincible purſues
The ſacred Footing Hee did ever uſe:
And aye more conſtant and confirm'd is Hee,
The more extreme his ſad Afflictions be.
If any Spirit inſpir'd with holy-mood,
Carefully-curious of the publike Good,
Would lively limne th' immortall Excellence
Of ſuch a Patterne of ſuch Patience,
As neither Elements diſplaced quight,
Nor envious Starres, nor angry Foes deſpight,
Nor all the Fiends inſatiate furie fell
(By fraud or force) could ever quail or quell:
'T were labour loſt, to fable (Homer-like)
The ſtrange long Voyage of a wily Greek;
The Paines, the Perills, and extreme diſeaſe
That hee endured both by Land and Seas;
Sith ſacred Truth's *Heav'n-prompted Books preſent*
In Conſtant Job *a worthier Argument.*
Thou then, Urania, *to whom right belongs*
The ſacred Conſort of Celeſtiall *Songs,*
Tune Thou my Voice, Thou teach mee to record
Who did incite, what did invite the Lord,
With Miſeries ſo rewfull and ſo rife,
So to diſturb his quiet happy life;
What hainous Sin, what horrid high Offence,
Th' Almightie's vengeance mought ſo deep incenſe:
Or elſe what Cauſe, what Object elſe might ſtir-it.
Boile there ſuch wrath in an impaſſive Spirit?

But, O Preſumption! Why have I begun
(Alas! no Prophet, *neither* Prophet's *Sonne?*
No Prieſt, *no* Levite; *nay, no* Iſraelite
(Such as Nathanael) *but a* Cananite
Full of corruption, foule of hand and heart)
To touch the Ark? *to under-take* This Part?
Ah! pardon Lord; O! purifie mee all
From all profaneneſſe; from ſin's bitter Gall:
And as yer-while it pleas'd thee to infuſe
In mine unſchooled and unskilfull Muſe
(By vertue of Thine All-ſufficing Grace)
*Immediate pow'r du-*Barta's *Track to trace:*
So as (how-ever weake, and Art-leſſe, I)
That Worke *findes* Welcome *with the graveſt Eye:*
Now more good Lord, my Wits and Words refine,
To treat divinely Matter ſo Divine:
O! ſacred Spirit, now ſanctifie my Stile;
Let not my ſenſuall, thy pure Senſe defile:
But tune mee right, to Eccho, *as belongs,* (Songs.
Thy Huſsian's *Sighs, & then thy* Jesse an's
And to that end, vouchſafe mee (at thy pleaſure)
Leſſe Need-*full Life, in a leſſe* Care-*full leaſure.*

Chap. I.

Neer wher *Idumē's* dry and ſandy Soile (while,
Spreads Palmfull Forreſts, dwelt a man yer-
Of Life unblotted, and unſpotted Fame;
God-fearing, Juſt, Sin-flying, Job by Name.
With due reſpect to Heav'n's and Nature's Law
In Wedlocks ſweet Yoak did hee ſeemly draw:

Whence, by that Bounty, whose all blessings be,
Seaven Sons hee had, and lovely Daughters Three.
Great was his Substance: for, of fleecy Sheep
Upon the Downs seven Thousand did hee keep;
Five hundred yoak of Oxen did hee owe;
Five hundred Ass-shees, Camels six times so:
Great Train within doores, & great Train without,
Made him esteem'd through all the East about.
His Sons, by turns, their Sisters did invite
And feast each other, in a daily Rite:
JOB blest them every Even; and every Morn
When first *Aurora*'s rosie beames return,
The good Old-man, to GOD, in humble-wise,
For each of them did offer sacrifice:
Lest they might have *mis-don, mis-said, mis-thought*,
Or (in their Feast) offended GOD by ought.
While happy JOB thus brought the year about,
It came to passone day when all the Rout
Of Light-full *Angels* did themselves present
Before the foot-stoole of th' *Omnipotent*,
There also came the Executioner,
Th' ambitious Prince, Malicious *Lucifer*:
With whom the Lord expostulating, thus
Said; *Sathan*, say, Whence comest thou to Us?
I come, said Hee, from walking in and out,
And compassing the Earthly Ball about.
Hast thou not then survey'd my Servant JOB
(Reply'd the Lord) whose like in all the Globe
There is not found; so full of loving-feare,
So faithfull, fruitfull, rightfull, and sincere?
Is it for Nothing, said the subtle Foe,
That JOB adores, and loves and fears Thee so?
Hast thou not hedg'd him safe on every side?
Hast thou not heapt him blessings far and wide?
But, for a while with-hold thy Favour's stream,
With-draw thy hand, & hide thy bounteous beam,
Then shalt thou see (or double my disgrace)
Hee will anon blaspheme thee to thy Face.
Lo, said th' *Eternall*, from this instant how'r
All that hee hath is in thy hand and pow'r;
All, but Himselfe, Himselfe I sole exempt.
Satan eftsoones assumes his bold Attempt.
As all his Children were together met,
Their elder Brothers hearty Cheer to eat,
Came one to JOB running, and breathlesse nigh,
Scarce could hee speake, yet weakly thus did cry,
Ah! woe is mee to be the Messenger
Of so sad News as now I bring you, Sir:
As all your Oxen under painfull yoak,
Their pointed Journeys in your Fallowes broke;
And as your Asses in the Meads did feed,
Sabean Thieves came forth with furious speed
And tooke them all, and all your Servants slew,
I onely scap't, to come and tell it you.
While Hee yet spake, there came Another in,
Hared and hot, and thus did Hee begin:
Sir, From the heav'ns a suddaine Fire did fall
Among your Sheep, and hath consum'd them all,
And slaine your Servants yet they could eschew;
I onely scap't, to come and tell it you.
While Hee yet spake, Another came, amaz'd
And sadly said; Sir, while your Camels graz'd
In your owne Pastures up and downe the lands,
The proud *Chaldeans* in three armed Bands,
Surpriz'd them all, and all your Servants slew;
I onely scap't to come and tell it you.
While Hee yet spake, Another came and cry'd
In piteous Fright (as if himselfe beside)
O, Sir! your Sons and Daughters (all the rest)
Were met to day at my young Masters Feast,
Where, from beyond the Wilderness anon
A sudden Whirle-wind rose and rusht upon
The corners of the house, and shooke it so
That instantly it fell from Top to Toe,
And with the fall them altogether slew;
I onely scap't to come and tell it you.
Then starting up, JOB gan his clothes to rent,
Shaves his hoare haire, his head with Ashes sprent;
As in a swoune falls to the ground with grones,
And sadly sighing, Thus himselfe bemones:
Ah! Naked came I from my Mothers wombe,
Naked shall I returne unto my Tombe:
The Lord hath taken what himselfe hath giv'n:
Blessed be God, th' Almighty Lord of heav'n.
Yet did not JOB, for all that him mis-fell,
Murmur at God, nor inly sink or swell;
Nor sinne against th' eternall Providence,
But suffred all with humble *Patience*.

CHAP. 2.

ANother day, when all the sacred Bands
Came all attending their high Kings com-
Came also He, whose Envie (since He fell (mands,
From heav'n) hath striv'n to hale down man to hell;
With whom the Lord expostulateth thus:
Now *Satan*, say, Whence comest Thou to Us?
I come said hee from walking in and out,
And compassing the Earthly Ball about.
Then, hast thou found, replyes th' *Omnipotent*,
In all thy circuit, man more confident,
Or minde more constant, or more faithfull Soule,
Than JOB my servant: whom thine Envie foule,
Late urg'd my Leave by sharp assaults to try?
How hast thou sped? what hast thou got thereby?
Alas, said he, I reft him but the things
That fly from men with transitory wings;
And therefore hee regards his losse the lesse:
But would thy pow'r him som-what neerer presse,
Would'st thou permit mee touch him to the quick,
I yeeld mee conquer'd if hee do not kick;
If more hee serve, trust, pray, or praise thy Grace,
If hee, in fine, blaspheme not to thy Face.
Pinch but his body, and then, *skin for skin*,
Hee'll wince without, and sodain flinch within.
Go Fiend, said God; sith th' art so obstinate,
Fall on my JOB, him felly cruciate:
Touch not his Soule; his Body only touch.
Hence *Satan* hyes, glad that hee might so much.
Without delay then, with the most despight,
Hee sets on JOB; and in most piteous Plight,
With ulcerous anguish fils his body so,
That crusted all in Scabs from top to toe,
Amid the Ashes, sad and desolate,
Scraping his Sores with shels (or sherds) hee sate;
Yet constant still, still calmely *Patient*,
Without a word of grudging Discontent.
Then said his Wife, What helps Integrity?
What boots it, Man? Alas! curse God, and dye.

Go

Goe, foolish Woman, the good man reply'd,
Thy rebell heart doth thy rash tongue mis-guide:
Shall wee, from God, of Good receive our Fill;
And, at his pleasure, not partake of Ill?
So JOB as yet, for all that him mis-fell,
Displeas'd not God, but bore it wondrous well.
By this, the light-foot, feather-tongued Dame
Had far and wide spred and dispersed the fame
Of JOB's Mis-fortunes (from the first begun)
That Hee was halfe dead, and was whole undone.
His Friends then, *Eliphas* the *Themanite*,
Bildad the *Shuite*, the *Naamathite*
Zophar (as others) hearing this report,
As soon as might be towards him resort;
Resolv'd with Comforts, to relieve in part
Their Friends Affliction, and asswage his Smart.
But, there arrived, at the very sight
Of his so wofull and so wretched Plight,
They all amaz'd, their Garments sadly tore,
Their heads with ashes all besprinkled o'r;
And for seav'n daies and nights in sorrows drown'd,
Lay grieving, by him, groveling on the ground,
Without word speaking, lest untimely trouble
Amid his anguish should his Dolours double.

CHAP. 3.

JOB therefore straining his obstructed voice,
Began Thus, sadly with a shivering noise:
O! Woe be to the Day when I was born:
O! be it ever of the Light forlorn:
O! may it ever under Darkness lye,
And never Sun vouchsafe it cheerfull eye;
Nor God regard it: let a deadly Shade
O'r-cloud it ay, as ever Dismall made.
O! woe be also to the Night Wherein
My Mother my Conception did begin:
Lightning and Thunder thrill it evermore,
Whirle-wind and Tempest may it ever roare:
Of Fogs, of Frosts, of Show'rs, of Snows, of Hail,
Of Mists, of Mil-dews may it never fail:
May it no more in *Calender* be plac't;
But, from the Roll of Months and Years be rac't:
May th' Evening Stars be dark: No light returning:
May it no more see th' Eye-lids of the Morning,
Because it clos'd not, at my wretched Birth,
The fruitfull Dore that brought me weeping forth,
But let mee passe unto this wofull Light,
To undergoe so miserable Plight.
O! Why, when shapelesse in my Mothers Womb
I lay as dead, Why did not Death strike home?
Why not (alas!) amid the bearing Throes,
When I began to feell Mans feeble woes?
Why did the knees support mee? Why the breast
Supply mee suck? Why was I swath'd and drest?
Sith else (alas!) I had now lien at ease,
Had been at rest, had slept in quietnesse,
Among the high and mighty Potentates;
Kings, Counsellors, great Lords, and Magistrates;
Who in the World to leave their Names renown,
Have built them bowers w^th others shal pul-down:
And those rich Princes that have heapt of-old
Their houses full of Silver and of Gold.
Or, Why (alas! as an abortive Birth),
Was I not hid and buried in the Earth?
There, Tyrants cease from their imperious Pride:
There, Vertuous Workers at their rest abide:
There, Pris'ners rest from their Oppressors Braul:
There, Slaves are free from their fell Masters Thrall:
There, High and Low (without Disdain, or Dread)
Rest all together in one Common bed.
O! wished Death (more to be wisht than Life)
Thou break'st the Force of Envies Ingines rife:
Thou cutt'st-off our travails tediousnesse:
Thou kil'st our cares, Thou calm'st our most distress.
O! to the wretched why is Light imparted?
Why Life (alas!) unto the heavie-hearted?
(Who longs for Death: and if it linger long,
Would fainer seek it than even Gold (among)
And gladder finde it (as of Joyes the Chief)
Within their Grave to burie all their Griefe)
Especially, to Him whose Way is hid:
Whom God hath shut-up, stopt and streightened?
Sith, yer I eate, My Sighs refell my Food,
My Roarings gush out like a raging Flood.
For (though my Plenty never made mee proud;
My Power imperious; nor to pleasure bow'd:)
What most I doubted I endure, (alas!)
And what I feared is even come to passe.
For Care and Feare, I had no rest before;
Yet Trouble's come, and trebbles more and more.

CHAP. 4.

JOB ceasing so; began the *Themanite*,
Inly perplext, an Answer thus to dight:
If Wee presume to comfort thee, deer Friend,
Will our Discourse (I feare it will) offend?
Will thy Disease our kinde Good-wills disdain?
But, in this Case (alas!) Who can refrain?
Who so hard-hearted, so uncivill-bred,
That can unmoved see thee thus bested?
To see and heare Thee in this deep Distresse,
Who can keep silence? Who can hold his peace?
Why! Thou wert wont, in thy Prosperities,
To stay weak hands, and strengthen feeble knees;
To counsell those that in their Course had stray'd,
To comfort those whom Crosses overlay'd:
Now that Mis-hap on thine own head hath hit,
Now that the Storm hath thine own vessell smit,
Now that the Case is thine, how art thou sunk
From thine own Succour! from thy self how shrunk!
Where is, alas! where is Thy confidence,
Thy Constancy, thy Hope, thy *Patience*,
Thy Piety, thy Faith, thy Fear of God,
And th' upright Path which thou hast ever trod?
O! ponder this: who ever Innocent
Hath perished? Hath the Omnipotent
Eternall Justice ever plagu'd the Just;
Destroy'd the Righteous who Him onely trust:
As I have seen Those that have plough'd and sow'n
Iniquity, reap sodainly their own;
When with the blast of God they blasted fall,
And with his breath are quick consumed all?
God, in his Fury starveth in distresse
The roaring Lion and the Lioness;
Their rav'ning Whelps are scattered far away,
Their Teeth are broken, and they pine for Prey.
I'll tell thee more: Once in a certain night,
Silent, I heard a Voyce, and saw a Sight.

(About

(About the time when Sleep begins to ſeaze
Our drowzie Lids, our daily Loads to eaſe)
Amaz'd with feare my hair began to heave,
My heart to tremble, every part to leave
His proper Part; when to mine eyes a-ſpace
Appear'd the Image of an unknown Face:
One ſtood before mee, whence (yet more diſmai'd)
I heard a *Voice*, and thus (mee thought) it ſaid:
Shall Man be juſter than his God (ſaid Hee)?
The Creature purer than his Maker be?
Behold, hee found not in his Angels bright
Firm Fealty, but Folly in his ſight;
How much more, then, in Thoſe whoſe habitation
Is but of Clay, but Duſt their beſt Foundation?
Whoſe brittle Veſſels heer ſo little laſt,
That yer they know them they are often paſt:
Whoſe fickle Garment (how-ſo-ever loath)
Shall be deſtroy'd and done, before the Moath:
Whoſe doubtfull Daies, yer they begin, be gone;
Cut down by death, when leaſt they think thereon:
Whoſe Dignities (how-ever grac't, or great)
Shall die with them, and them the Worms ſhall eat.

CHAP. 5.

NOw call thou loud, if any will reply: (eye?
Among the Saints where wilt thou turn thine
Two ſorts of Fooles (th' Idiot and Envious) die;
Of anger th' one, th' other of Jealouſie.
I have beheld the Fool fair rooted yerſt:
Yet have I ſoon his Habitation curſt;
Becauſe his Children ſuccour-leſſe ſhall ſuffer
By *Juſtice*-Doom, and none ſhall Pitie offer:
Himſelfe withall confounded void of Hope,
To gather-in his long expected Crop, (ſnatch;
Which th' hunger-ſtarved from the Thorns ſhall
The Thirſtie ſhall his ſubſtance all diſpatch;
A Miſery, which God doth oft permit:
For, th' Earth it ſelfe is not the Cauſe of it;
Sith, were not Sin it ſhould not barren be,
But, Man, for Sin, muſt toile him ſervilelie,
In Sweatfull Labour, born for labour's end
As properly as Sparkles to aſcend.
But were My Caſe, as Thine; in this Diſtreſſe,
Rather to God would I my ſelfe addreſſe:
Him would I ſeek, of Him would I enquire,
Whoſe works are great, whoſe wonders all admire;
Unſpiable, Unſpeakeable by Man;
Immutable, Inſcrutable to ſcan:
Who on the Earth the rain at pleaſure pow'rs,
And in the Streets diſtills the liquid Show'rs:
Who lifts the lowly up, brings down the lofty;
And rears ſad Mourners unto Health and Safety:
Who diſſipates the craftieſt Policies;
And diſ-appoints the Counſels of the wiſe:
Who takes the warieſt in their proper wiles;
And wicked ones in their own guile beguiles;
So that they meet with darkneſs in the day,
And, as at Midnight, grope at Noon their way:
But, Hee preſerves the poor, from ſword & tongue,
And cruell hands of Tyrants, prone to wrong:
So that the Poor ſhall have their bleſſed Hope:
But wicked ones their curſed mouths ſhall ſtop.
Lo, then, how happy hee whom God correcteth!
Repine not therefore that hee Thee afflicteth.
Hee wounds, and heals; hee ſtrikes and hee reſtores:
Hee ſendeth Plagues, and Plaiſters for the Sores:
Hee in ſix troubles ſhall deliver thee;
And in the ſeaventh, thou ſhalt be danger-free.
Hee will preſerve thee from fell famines rage;
And from the Sword of War thee diſ-ingage:
Thou ſhalt be ſafe frō ſcourging tongs of mones,
Nor ſhalt thou fear Deſtruction when it comes:
Nay, thou ſhalt laugh at it, and dearth deride;
Not dreading Beaſts of felleſt Pawes and Pride.
Stones, thorns, and thiſtles ſhal be friends with thee:
With thee the Beaſts in conſtant league ſhall be.
And, as without, thou ſhalt have Peace within
Thy houſe; thou ſhalt behold it, and not ſin.
Thou ſhalt perceive thy Seeds ſeeds ſeed to ſpred
As Graſs in Fields, and Flowers in every Mead.
In a full Age to thine own Grave ſhalt thou,
As, in due time, Corne to the Barn or Mow.
Lo, this is Truth; and thus wee daily try-it:
Conſider it, and to thy Selfe apply-it.

CHAP. 6.

JOB then reply'd: O! were my Sorrows waigh'd,
And with my Suffrings in juſt Balance lay'd,
They would exceed the Seas wet Sands in poize:
Therefore (alas!) they ſwallow up my voice:
For th' Arrows of th' Almighty, keen and quick,
Have thrilled mee, and ſtill within mee ſtick;
Their Anguiſh makes my ſpirits faint and quail me.
Alas! the Terrors of the LORD aſſail mee.
Braies the wild Aſſe if hee have graſs his fill?
Or lowes the Oxe if hee have fodder ſtill?
Unſavoury things who without Salt can eat?
In whites of Eggs is there a taſte of meat?
Yet am I fain, alas! and fore't (indeed)
Of what my ſoule abhorred moſt to feed.
O! that the LORD would daign mee my deſire,
Grant mee my Longing, grant what I require:
Which is but This; that Hee would end my daies,
Let goe his hand, and let mee goe my waies.
So ſhould I yet have Comfort (though I burn
In bitter pangs of Death, I will not ſpurn,
Let him not ſpare mee) for yet doe not I
The holy Word of th' *Holy-One* denie.
But O! What Power have I to perſiſt?
What may enſue, if I ſhall long ſubſiſt?
Am I as hard, as tough, as ſtrong (alas!)
As ſtrongeſt Stones? or is my fleſh of Braſs?
Nay, am I not already Impotent,
My ſpirits conſumed, and my ſtrength all ſpent?
In croſſes, comforts ſhould friends moſt afford:
But men (alas!) have left to feare the LORD.
My Brethren have deceiv'd mee as a Brook.
As riſing Flouds, they have mee ſoon forſook;
Which, foule and deep, in Winter all ore-flow,
Or, cruſted thick with ice, no moyſture ſhow;
Or elſe, in Summer, by *Sols* thirſty ray
Are licked-up, and quickly dry'd away,
While travellers to *Thema*, and *Saba* thought
To water there, and for their ſupper ſought;
But failing quite, and fruſtrate of the ſame,
They are confounded, and they bluſh for ſhame:
Even ſuch are you, you ſee mee ill appay'd
In diſmall plight, and you are all diſmai'd:
Why are you ſo? when have I bid you bring,
Or out of yours, ſupply mee any thing?
Or crav'd of you auxiliarie bands
To reſcue mee from foes, or tyrants hands?

Shew

Shew mee mine Errour, where I have gone wrong:
Tell mee my Fault, and I will hold my tongue.
But, bold and free's the speech of Innocence:
Which of you can reprove; and what Offence?
Think you advantage of my words to have,
As if Affliction made mee wildely rave?
Then on the Orphan doth your furie fall;
You dig a Pit to catch your Friend withall.
Therefore, vouchsafe mee better to revise;
Wrong mee no more: My words be neither lyes,
Neither my deeds (as you shall finde, I trust,
If you returne) in that behalfe unjust.
Complain I causeless? Doe I counterfait?
Is not My mouth with anguish all repleat?

CHAP. 7.

HAth not Man's warfare his set limits heer,
As hath the Hireling (by the day, or yeer)?
As toyled servants for the Night attend;
And weary Taskers for their Labours end;
So have I looked, but (alas!) in vain,
For end of Sorrows, and for ease of Pain.
Perpetually my fruitlesse Months proceed;
My tedious Nights incessantly succeed:
No sooner layd down but I long to rise,
Tired with tossing, till the Morning spies.
My Flesh is clad with Worms, with excrement
Of lothsom dust, my Skin doth rot and rent:
My Dayes flit faster than the Shuttles slide
From Weavers hands, whipping from side to side.
Consider, Lord, my Life is but a Blast:
Mine eye no more shall see the Goodness past:
Who now beholds mee, shall no more, anon:
If thou look-on Mee, I eft-soons am gone.
As Clouds doe passe, and quite away doe flit,
Whoso descends ascends not from the Pit;
Neither returns unto his wonted own;
Nor of his place is any more be-known.
Therefore (alas!) I will not spare to speak;
I cannot hold, needs must I silence break,
Amid the anguish of my Spirits distresse,
And in the depth of my Soules bitternesse.
Am I a Sea? or Whale? that with a Guard
Thou girtest mee, and keep'st mee in so hard?
If I have said; In silence of the Night
(When drousie Humour fiels-up every Sight;
When all, above, in, under Aire, Earth, Seas;
In quiet Slumber seem to take their Ease)
It may be that my painfull Pangs shall cease:
It may be that my Passions shall have peace:
With fearfull Visions then thou dost affray mee,
With Dreams and Fansies dreadfully dismay mee:
So that my Soule had rather chuse (at once)
To die, than live in Durance of my Bones.
Wearie of life, live alwaies shall I not;
Then leave mee, Lord, alas! my dayes are nought.
O! What is Man that thou extoll'st him so?
That Thou on Him dost even thy heart bestow?
That every Morning Him thou visitest?
And every Moment Him examinest?
How is it that Thou leav'st mee not a little?
Alas! nor lett'st mee swallow-in my spettle?
O! Thou Preserver of Mankind, I know,
And I acknowledge I have sinn'd, but, O!
What shall I say? what shall I doe to Thee?
Why in thy wrath dost thou incounter Mee?
Why mak'st Thou mee (alas!) the mark & white
To thy Displeasure, in my Self's despight?
Remit, O Lord, what I have ill omitted:
Remove (alas!) what I have miss-committed.
For, now I goe down to the dust, to lie:
And, if Thou seek, to morrow, none am I.

CHAP. 8.

BUt *Bildad* then (loth longer to refrain) (tain
Said; JOB, How long wilt thou this Plea main-
With words, as high as Tempests vehemence
Blow'n by the breath of thine Impatience?
Dar'st thou averre, that God doth Right subvert?
Or that th' Almighty, Judgement doth pervert?
Though, Sith thy Sons had sinned them hee sent
To the due Place of their sinnes Punishment;
Yet, if thou early unto God repair,
And to th' Almighty make thine humble Prayer,
If Thou be pure, and in his sight sincere;
Hee will again awake to Thee: and rear
Thy ruin'd State; thy righteous House restore
With Peace and Plenty, manifoldly more.
Ask of the Ages past: inquire (I pray)
Of th' Ancient Fathers (for, of yesterday
Wee Novices know nothing in effect;
Our dayes are but a Shadow in respect)
Will not they teach thee (without wiles of Art)
And truly speak the language of their heart?
Can Rushes spring? are Sedges seen to grow,
Where is no moisture; where no waters flow? (ther,
Say that they should: yet would they sooner wi-
Though never cut, than all else grass together.
Such is the way of all that God forget:
So failes the Hope of th' Holy-Counterfait:
His Hope shall be cut off: his Confidence
Like busie Spider's brittle Residence:
Hee shall be leaning on his House, but it
Shall not be able to support him; yet
Hee shall hold fast, and thereon fix him sure;
But that (alas!) shall never long endure:
As doth the Tree, which growing in the Sun,
O'r-spreds an Orchard with fresh Boughes, anon,
His happy Roots among the Fountains winding,
And round about the rockie banks them binding:
If from his Place to pluck it any ween,
It will denie; as safe as if not seen:
Lo, by this means it will rejoyce, the while
That it may prosper in another Soile:
So, God will never the Sincere reject,
Neither the wicked by the hand erect.
Till hee have fill'd thy mouth with meriment,
Thy lips with triumph (in intire content)
Thy Foes shall all be with confusion clothed,
Wrapped in shame, dispers't, despis'd and loathed;
Th' ungodly shall be razed to the ground,
Their Tabernacle shall no more be found.

CHAP. 9.

JOB then reply'd: I know, I grant you this;
In God's respect, that no Man righteous is.
No: if Hee argue, if Hee question;
O! Who can answer of a Thousand one?

What

What heart ſo conſtant! O! what ſoule ſo cleer,
That dares for Juſt before that Judge appear?
Hee is All-prudent, and All-powerfull too: (doe?
Who thrives, that ſtrives with what hee minds to
Hee mounts the Vallies, & he vails the mountains:
Hee ſhakes the Earth; hee opes and ſtops the Foun-
Hee bids the Sun ſhine, and forbids it ſoon: (tains:
Hee ſeals the Stars up; hee conceals the Moon:
Hee ſpreds alone the Heav'ns large Canapey:
Hee treads upon the bound-leſſe ground-leſſe Sea:
* Orion. Hee makes *Arcturus* Star, the * *Stormy youth*,
The *Pleiades*, and *Climats* of the *South*:
Hee worketh mighty things and manifold,
Miraculous and more than can be told:
Hee paſſeth by mee, and repaſſeth ſo,
Unſeen of mee, and unperceived tho:
Hee, when him pleaſeth, if a Prey hee take,
Who can compell him to reſtore it back?
Nay: who ſo bold into his acts to pry?
Or, who dares queſtion what hee doth, or why?
His anger is not ſtopt, nor ſtoopt a whit;
But ſtrongeſt helps are fain to ſtoop to it.
Then, how-much-leſſe; O! how-much-leſſe am I
Able (alas!) with Him my Caſe to try?
No: were I juſt, I were not abſolute;
But, to my Judge would I make humble Sute:
And, to my cry if hee reply, yet hard,
Can I beleeve that Hee my voyce hath heard,
For, with a Tempeſt hee deſtroyes mee ſtern;
And wounds me Cauſeleſſe (for ought I diſcern);
Nor ſuffers mee ſo much as breathe at all;
But fils mee ſtill with Bitterneſſe and Gall.
If Strength wee ſpeak of; Who is ſtrong but He?
If Judgement; then, who ſhall mine Umpire be?
If I would juſtifie my Selfe (with Him)
Hee by mine own Mouth will mee ſoon condemn:
If I would plead mee perfect and upright,
Hee, Hee would judge mee wicked, in his ſight:
Though I were perfect (to my Selfe) from Sin;
Alas! I know not mine own Soule within.
Therefore (thus vexed and perplexed rife)
I loath alas! and I abhor my life.
Yet, grant I not; but that the Lord doth ſmite
(Which you deny) both wicked and upright,
Elſe, when Hee ſtrikes a People (old and young)
Would He ſeem ſmile at Good mens ſtripes among?
Would Hee beſtow upon th' Ungodly-moſt
Earth's Soveraintie, and let them rule the Roſt?
Would Hee permit profane Bribe-blinded ones
With blunted Sword to ſit on *Juſtice* Thrones;
While that the Vertuous to the wall are thruſt?
While th' Innocent are troden in the Duſt?
For, who, but Hee, directs, acts, orders all
In all the world, what ever doth befall?
My Daies far ſwifter than a Poſte have paſt;
Paſt without ſight of any Good (to-laſt):
As ſwifteſt Ships, ſo have they ſlid-away;
Or as the Eagle haſting to her prey.
If that I ſay, I will forget my Griefe,
Forgoe my wrath and yet re-hope Reliefe:
Ah! then my Torments all afreſh affright;
With terrours, leſt Thou wilt not quit me quight.
For, if I be Ungodly, all in vain
I cry to Thee, and to no end I plain:
Or, if Unguilty, cleane, and white as Snow
(In mine own ſight) in Thine I am not ſo;
But in the ſight of Thy pure Eyes, as ſoil'd,
And with the Garment that I weare defil'd.
GOD is not Man, as I (in equall Sute)
That I with Him ſhould argue or diſpute:
Nor is there (ſhould wee meet) a Moderator,
Twixt Him and Mee to arbitrate the matter.
Let Him leave-off his hold, take-off his Rod,
Lay-off his awfull Majeſty, as GOD;
Then will I ſpeak, and freely, void of Fear:
But, as it is, I muſt, I will forbear.

CHAP. 10.

AS dead alive, upon my Selfe I'll lay
My ſad Complaint; and in mine anguiſh pray
Thus to the Lord, O Lord, condemne mee not;
But ſhow mee, why thou hunteſt mee ſo hot.
Lord! art thou pleaſed to oppreſſe mee thus?
O! doſt thou judge as doe th' Unrighteous
(Unheard, untry'd, and unſuſpect) to trip
And caſt-away thine own hands Workmanſhip?
Seeſt Thou, as Man? or haſt Thou carnall Eyes?
Years as Mans years? daies as Mans daies, who dies;
That thus Thou rack'ſt Mee, and protract'ſt Me ſtill,
Searching and ſifting to finde out mine Ill?
I cannot ſin, Thou know'ſt, but thou muſt ſee:
For, from thine hands can None deliver Mee.
Thy hands have made Mee, all, and every part:
And wilt thou now thine own hands work ſubvert?
Remember, Lord, how frail and brittle ſtuff
Thou mad'ſt mee of (then uſe mee not ſo rough)
Even of the Clay, as is the Potters Cruſt:
And wilt thou then re-cruſh mee into Duſt?
Thou pour'dſt me out as milk (within the womb)
Thou mad'ſt mee there, as Cheeſe, a Crud becom;
With Skin and Fleſh Thou cloth'dſt mee fair & fit,
With Bones and Sinews faſt together knit;
Inſpir'dſt mee Life and Soule, Reaſon and Senſe;
And ſtill preſerv'dſt mee by thy Providence.
Theſe Things as hidden in thy Boſome be:
But well I know, that it is ſo with Thee.
If I have ſinned, Thou wilt ſift mee neer;
And of my Guilt Thou wilt not hold mee cleer.
If wicked I have been; then woe to mee:
If righteous; yet ſtill will I humble be;
Though deep confounded and amazed much,
To ſee, and feel, my ſad Affliction Such.
But, be it more: come, Lion-like ſet on-mee:
Return e and ſhow Thee marvelous upon mee
And ſo (indeed) Thou doſt: for, Thou renew'ſt
Thy plagues on mee: and me more fierce purſew'ſt:
Changes of woes, Armies of pains extreme,
Afreſh invade Mee, and mee round behem.
Then, why (alas!) why didſt thou bring me forth
From fruitfull Womb (being no better worth)?
O! that I there had periſhed, unſeen:
And that I were as if I had not been,
Brought from the womb (one tomb, unto another)
To Earth my Mother, from my Earthly Mother.
Is not my Glaſs neer out? My Date neer done?
O! let him ceaſe, and leave-off laying-on;
That I may take a little Comforts breath,
Yer quite I goe to the dark land of Death,

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A Land of Darkneſs, Darkneſs Selfe (I ſay)
And Shade of Death: where is no Light, no Day.

CHAP. II.

THen anſwered *Zophar, the Naamathite*; (right?
Should words prevail? Shall prating paſs for
Should all be mute? Shall no man dare reply,
To mock thy Mocks, and give thy Lie the Lie?
For, Thou haſt ſaid (and that, too-vehement)
My words, and deeds, and thoughts, are innocent;
Pure in thine eyes. But O! that GOD would ſpeak;
That Hee would once His ſacred ſilence break,
To ſhew thee wiſdom's ſecret's: Thou might'ſt ſee,
Thou merit'ſt double what hee layes on Thee;
And ſurely know that (in his *Juſtice* ſtrict)
After thy Sins, Hee doth not Sores inflict:
But ſeems to have forgotten, or forgiven
Thy Treſpaſſes againſt himſelfe and Heav'n. (ſind?
Canſt Thou, by ſearching, GOD 's deep counſell
Conceive th' Almighty? Comprehend His mind?
Reach His perfection? It doth Heav'n excell
In Height; in Depth exceeds the loweſt Hell:
Longer than Earth: larger than all the Seas. (theſe?
O! what? when? where? How wilt thou meaſure
If Hee cut-off, ſhut-up, collect, reject;
Who can divert Him? Who his Courſe correct?
He knows vain men: he ſees their harts þ hard them
In Guiles and Wiles, and will not he regard them?
That fooliſh man, made wiſe, may be reclaimed;
Borne brute and dull, as an Aſſe Colt, untamed.
If therefore, by Repentance thou prepare
Thine humbled heart: if that, in hearty Prayer,
Thou ſtretch thine hands unto his Throne above:
Though thou haſt ſinn'd, if thou thy ſin remove:
If thou remove it, and permit no more
Iniquity to dwell within thy Doore:
Then ſhalt thou, doubtleſſe, free from fault & fear,
Settled and ſafe, thy Face again uprear:
Then ſhalt thou ſure forget thy miſery:
Or, but eſteem it as a Stream paſt by:
Then all thy Daies be than the Noon more bright;
And thou ſhalt ſhine, as Morning after Night:
Then ſhalt thou reſt ſecure and confident,
Hopefull and Happy, in thy proper Tent,
In thine own Dwelling: where, for Eminence,
Sutors ſhall flock, with ſeemly Reverence.
But, as for ſtubborne, wilfull Wicked-ones,
That ſtill run-on in their Rebellions,
Their Helps ſhall fail, and all their Hap ſhall fall;
And as a Gaſp, their Hopes ſhall vaniſh all.

CHAP. 12.

THen ſaid the *Huſſian*: You, undoubtedly,
You are the Men: Wiſdom with you muſt dy:
Yet (would yee knew it) ſomwhat know I, too;
I underſtand perhaps as well as you.
Nor will I yeeld you in this Jarre a jot:
What you have urg'd I know: and Who doth not?
Yee ſay, I lie; yee tell mee that I mock:
But I am made my Fellows Laughing-ſtock:
Who calls on GOD, and whom Hee heareth preſt,
Th' Upright and Juſt is (indeed) made a Jeſt:
And Hee that 's going down (in ſtate forlorn)
Like dying Lamp, is to the Rich a Scorn;
While (for the moſt) Oppreſſors proſper, ſure;
And God-provokers, ſafely and ſecure,
Have in their hand (GOD in their hand hath put)
The Horn of Plenty, them at will to glut.
Ask but the Beaſts; inquire of Earth, or Seas;
Or Fowls, or Fiſh: for, which is it of Theſe,
But knows, and ſhows, and plainly tells thee this;
That GOD 's their Maker: and of all that is:
That in his hand 's the Life of all that lives:
That Hee alone, to all Men, Breathing gives.
Doth not the Eare try ſpeeches (bad or good)?
And, for it Selfe, the Palate taſte the food:
So, Wiſedom ſhould be to the many-year'd;
And Underſtanding to the hoary-hair'd.
With him it is (with th' *Ancienteſt of Daies*)
With him is Counſell, Wiſdom, Pow'r and Praiſe:
Lo, Hee deſtroyes, and no man can reſtore:
Whom Hee ſhuts-up, can be let out no more:
Hee ſtops the Streams; then dry they up and ſhrink;
Hee ſends them forth; then all the Earth they ſink.
With Him is Strengh: with Him is all that is:
Who erreth, and who maketh erre, are His:
Hee doth diſtract the Counſellors of State;
Hee makes the Judges as infatuate:
Hee breaks the Bonds of Kings Imperiall aw;
And brings them bounden under Others Law:
Hee leads the Princes as a Captive prey:
Diſmounts the Mightie; and, with ſtrange diſmay,
Hee dulls the Learned, dumbs the Eloquent,
And reaves the Judgement of the Ancient:
Hee powres contempt upon the Noble-born;
Hee ſtrips the Strong: Hee leaves the Stout forlorn:
Hee deepeſt Secrets ſoon diſcovereth:
Hee brings to light the darkeſt ſhades of Death:
Hee multiplieth People; and Hee mowes
Them down again (by Famin, Plague, or Blowes):
He ſends them forth in *Colonies* to ſpread; (dread):
And brings them back (by wracke, lacke, ſacke, or
Hee reaves the hearts of thoſe that rule the Earth,
And maks them roam throw deſart ſands of dearth,
Where none goe by; They grope as in the darke;
They have no Light, no Sight; no certaine Marke;
They ſtray; they ſtumble; too and fro they wheele:
And Hee, Hee makes Them, Drunkard-like, to reele.

CHAP. 13.

ALl this my eies have ſeen, my ears have heard:
Al this my heart hath waigh'd & wel cõferr'd.
So that, in This what you have known I knew;
And am not herein to give place to You.
But, as You wiſh, I alſo wiſh: O! would
Th' Almighty pleas'd that I might be ſo bold
(In his own Preſence, at his Bar to ſtand)
To plead with him the Cauſe I have in hand.
For, You, indeed, are too Sophiſticall:
Silly Phyſicians, for my Sickneſs, all.
O! that you therefore had ſtill held you mute:
So might you ſtill have held a wiſe Repute.
But, liſt you now unto my Arguing:
Mark well my Reaſons, and the Proofes I bring.
Will You ſpeak falſly for th' Almighty Lord?
Will you for Him pronounce a Guilefull word?
Will you be partiall for His perſons ſake?
Will you for Him, with Cavels under-take?

Shall

Shall it avail you? will Hee con you thank
At his great *Audit*, for this double Prank? (ther?
(Or, ween you, ſmoothing, theſe Deceits to ſmo-
Or, but to mock Him, as one Man another)? (it,
No: you ſhall know, Hee will not brook nor bear
But chide you ſharp; how-ever ſecret were it.
Shall not the brightneſs of his Face affray you?
His majeſtie with awfull Rayes diſmay you,
Meer Earth and Aſhes (daring thus to play)
Your beſt but Duſt: your reſt but Dirt and Clay?
Hold you your tongues: no more your ſilence break:
But (at my Perill) give Mee leave to ſpeak.
Why ſhould I teare mee (as one out of Senſe)
With mine own Teeth? or doe Selfe-Violence?
No: ſhould Hee ſlay mee, I would hope again
(Though in his ſight I ſtill my right maintain)
For, Hee himſelfe will ſave and doe mee right;
And cleer mee from your doom of Hypocrite:
Sith, in his preſence Such can have no place,
Nor hope ſuch help of his aſſiſting Grace.
Give therefore eare unto my words; and waigh
With due regard What I ſhall truely ſay.
Lo, heer I ſtand, as ready to be try'd
(And well I know I ſhall be juſtifi'd)
Come, who will charge mee, and oppoſe my Pleas?
(Alas! I die, if now I hold my peace)
Onely, but ſpare mee in Two things: with-draw
Thy heavie hand; with-hold thy glorious Awe
From frighting mee; then, from before thy face
I ſhall not hide mee; nor betray my Caſe:
Then, at thy choice, be in this cauſe dependant
(I am indifferent) *Plaintif*, or *Defendant*.
What, and How-many are my Sins (pretended)?
Shew mee wherein, and how, I have offended,
That Thou ſhould'ſt ſhun, and turn thee from me ſo;
And handle mee as thy moſt hated Foe.
Doſt thou vouchſafe a wither'd Leaf to cruſh?
Againſt dry Stubble doſt thou daign to ruſh?
That in ſo bitter and ſevere a ſtile
Thou doſt endite mee: and recite (the while)
My ſins of Youth (them re-recording freſh,
With th' Heritage *inherent* unto Fleſh):
And put'ſt my feet into the Stocks ſo ſtrait;
Watcheſt my waies, and at my heels doſt wait,
To finde ſome hole in my fore-acted Life
(Scourging mine Errors with thy Terrors rife)
While, rotten-like, it waſteth, as a Cloth
Grown full of holes and eaten by the Moth.

CHAP. 14.

MAn, born of Man's and Womans loynes, alas!
Hath but few daies, and thoſe full ſad to paſs.
Much like a Flower hee ſhooteth up and fades;
Quickly cut down: hee vaniſheth, as Shades;
Of no continuance [heer]. Yet, doſt thou daign
To frown at Such? and ſtrive with mee ſo vain?
Who, from Pollution, can pure thing extract?
O! there is None; none that is ſo exact.
Sith then his dayes Thou haſt determined;
Sith that his Months with thee be numbered;
Sith thou haſt ſet the certain time hee has
(To Him uncertain) which Hee cannot paſs,
Forbear awhile, and from him look away,
Till (as the Hireling) hee hath done his Day.
For, though a Tree be felled; from the Root,
Yet is there hope that Branches will re-ſhoot:
Though in the Earth the Root be old and dry,
Though on the Earth the Trunk as dead doe lie;
Yet, by the Sent of the neer-winding Flood,
It will revive, and as a Plant, re-bud:
But Man (man's Body from his Soule bereft)
Man down and dead; O! what of Him is left?
Sith as Sea-waters, paſt, re-paſſe no more;
As rivers, dry'd, returne not to their Shore:
Man, dead-aſleepe, ſhall never wake againe;
Nor never riſe, till Heav'n no more remaine.
O! wert thou pleas'd, mee in my Grave to hide,
Untill thy Wrath were paſt and pacifi'd!
Or that there were ſome time, or term aſsign'd me,
When thou wilt ceaſe; and in thy mercy mind mee!
Or ſhall a Man *neer* dead, *heer* live againe;
Still living-dying in continuall paine;
And ſhall I ſtill, in this diſtreſſed ſtate,
Wait, all the Dayes of mine appointed Date,
Untill my Change (my *Renovation*) come;
When Thou ſhalt call mee: nor ſhall I be dumb,
But anſwer thee: Then, then thou wilt approve
That thou the works of thine own hands doſt love;
Though now my ſteps thou numbreſt ſo exact;
Not'ſt all my Sins, and ſeem'ſt them to have packt
As in a Bagge, ſafe ſealed; yea, to add
New Treſpaſſes unto the old, I had.
So that, as Mountains, mouldring down to ſink;
As from their places ſhiver'd Rocks doe ſhrink:
As waters break the Stones; as Show'rs ſurround
The duſty Earth; Thou doſt Man's hope confound;
And tryumph'ſt ever over Him, dejected;
Transform'd in face as from thy face rejected.
Nor knoweth hee, whether his deer Poſterity
Shall poorely fare, or flouriſh in proſperity:
But, while his Soule his Body beares about,
That ſhall have Woe within; and This without.

FINIS. THE

JOB.

THE SECOND BOOK.

CHAP. 15.

TO This of His (ſo hot and vehement)
Thus *Eliphas* (in the ſame Element):
Should one ſo wiſe (as thou doſt vaunt thee heer)
Diſcourſe ſo vainly? bring ſuch idle gear?
Vent from the Centre of a ſwelling breſt
As noyſom Gales as the unholſom Eaſt?
Trifle the Time about (I wot not what)
In idle and unprofitable chat?
Nay: nullifie Religious fear and *Pietie*,
Not praying to, but pleading with the *Deitie*?
Which thine own mouth hath witneſt too-too-far,
With ſubtile Cavils of a Sophiſter.
Yea, thine own mouth (not mine) ſhal thee convince:
Againſt thy ſelfe thy lips give Evidence.
Why Man! wert Thou the firſt man on the earth?
Or, wert Thou born before the Hills had birth?
Haſt Thou alone GOD's Secret underſtood?
And haſt Thou onely Wiſedom, in thy Hood?
What is't Thou knoweſt, that Wee have not kend?
What underſtand'ſt Thou, but wee comprehend?
There are of Us as old as Thou; or rather,
Some (I ſuppoſe) more antient than Thy Father;
And doſt Thou ſlight our Comfort (godly ſent)?
Or haſt Thou of thine Own more excellent?
Why doth thy heart, and whither, thee tranſport?
Why doſt thou cloſe thine eyes? that in this ſort
Thy Spirit turns (ſhall I ſay ſpurns?) at GOD,
And from thy Lips ſpets words ſo bold and broad?
O! what is man that hee ſhould clean exiſt?
Or womans Son that hee ſhould Juſt perſiſt?
Behold, hee found, his Angels ſtood not ſure:
Neither, the Heav'ns, in his pure ſight, are pure:
Then, how much-more, before him, filthy ſtinks
Stock-ſtained Man, who Sin, as Water, drinks?
I'll therefore ſhew thee (hark, & mark mee wel)
What I have ſeen; I will declare and tell
What, from their Elders, Sages yerſt have know'n,
And to their Heirs ſucceſſively have ſhow'n.
Such as, indeed, have had the Helm in hand,
To ſteer their Own, and Strangers to with-ſtand.
The wicked Man's in-labour, all his Life;
In bitter Pains, in Pangs, in Paſsions rife:
Number of years are ſeldome his, to ſum:
A Sound of Fears ſtill in his ears doth hum:
Or, if at all hee ſeeem in eaſe to ſwim;
The ſwift deſtroyer ſhall ſoon ſeize on him,
Hap-leſs, and hopeleſs ever to recover;
Seeing the Sword, him ever hanging over.
Needy, indeed; or greedy ſtill of more
(Pining in Plenty, ſtarving in his Store)
Hee wanders, ſeeeking of his Bread about;
In dread of want; of a Black Day, in doubt:
Trouble and Anguiſh ſhall him deep affright;
As royall Armies ready for the Fight.
For, hee hath ſtretched his proud hand at Heav'n;
And ſtubbornly hath with th' Almighty ſtriv'n,
Running at him, ruſhing upon his Neck;
Yea, on the Boſſes of his ſhield ſo thick:
Becauſe his Fat, his full broad Face doth cover;
And lardie Collops on his ſides hang over;
And dwels in houſes, rather Towns of late
(By him) diſ-patron'd and depopulate;
By him, re-built, re-gilt, re-gloſt, re-glas'd;
By him, re-*Named* (ready to be ras'd)
Yet, ſhall not hee be rich; nor in Proſperity
Perſiſt; nor leave Poſſeſsion to Poſterity:
Nor, out of Darkneſſe ever get ſhall hee;
Nor ever other than inglorious be:
His branch ſhall wither, and with flame be waſted:
Himſelf ſhal, ſodain, with GOD's Breath be blaſted.
Then, let not (hard-beleeving haut humanity)
O! let not the Deceived truſt in Vanity.
For, Vanity ſhall be his recompence:
Before his time ſhall hee be ſnatched hence:
His Spring ſhall never ſprout, his Flowers ſhal fall,
His Fruit, yer ripe, ſhall be off-ſhaken all
(As Grapes and Olives with untimely Froſt)
The Lord ſhall ſhake them, and they ſhall be loſt.
For, th' Hypocrites Diſſembling Congregation,
Shall be diſperſt, and brought to Deſolation:
And ſodainly ſhall Fire conſume the Tents
Of *Briberie* with all their Inſtruments.
For, They conceive but Miſchief; breed but Guile,
And bring forth vain Iniquitie the while.

CHAP. 16.

HEe pauſing heer, JOB Thus replies him, ſad:
Yet more of This? This have wee often had:

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You are indeed a ſort of Viſiters;
A Crew of cold and wretched Comforters,
Shall idle, addle, airy, words ſurceaſe?
Or what doth make you dare to dwell on theſe?
I Could I, as you, if you were in my Caſe,
And I in yours; your Soule in my Soules place:
Could I, againſt you, words have multiply'd?
Inſulted on you? at you, ſhook my head?
No: I ſhould rather have raught you Relief,
And with my ſpeeches have aſſwag'd your Grief.
But, though I plain, my Grief's not mitigated;
Either, forbear I, what is it abated?
For, hee hath wearied mee: Yea, Lord, thou haſt
Spoil'd mee of all: and laid mee wholly waſte:
The wrinkled Furrows, on my brow and back
(Bare skin and bone) bear witneſs of my Wrack.
My Foe's fell wrath hath raakt and rent me ſore:
Hee ſtrives againſt mee; and ſtill angry more,
More eager ſtill, gnaſheth his Teeth upon mee;
And with his eyes keen flaſhing frowneth on-mee.
My Friends (alas!) they laugh at mee the while,
They buffet mee, and bitterly revile;
They gape upon mee, and together gather,
Not to relieve mee, but to grieve mee, rather.
Thus hath GOD hemm'd mee with ungodly bands,
And turn'd mee over into wicked hands.
I was at eaſe; when by the Neck hee took mee,
Brake mee a-ſunder, and to ſhivers ſhook mee:
And (whether for Diſport or for Deſpite)
Made mee his Butt, and ſet mee as his White.
His cunning Archers doe beſet mee round;
Hee cleaves my Reins; and ruth-leſs, on the ground
Pours-out my gall: with doubled blows he cruſhes,
And Giant-like, upon mee fiercely ruſhes.
I have in Sack-cloth ſadly ſow'd my Skin,
In Duſt and Aſhes have I humbled bin,
I have (alas!) beſinear'd my Face with Tears,
On mine Ey-lids death's Shade hath ſwom, in fears:
For no foule Sin, neither, for Faſhions ſake,
To ſeem a *Saint*: pure Prayers did I make,
Pure and Sincere: elſe never may they come
In Heav'n, to have either regard or room.
Neither, O Earth! if ever blood I ſhed,
O! let it not by thee be covered.
But lo, my Witneſs is in Heav'n above;
My Record there, my Conſcience to approve.
My friends contemn mee, and condemn mee too:
But, drown'd in tears, to GOD appeal I doe.
O! that one might (as Man with Man, in Sute)
That, Neighbour-like, one might wth GOD diſpute.
For the few Daies of my ſet number gone,
I goe the Way from whence return is none.

CHAP. 17.

MY Spirit's ſpēt: my daies are don (& leave me)
The Grave's already ready to receive mee.
Yet are there wth me none but thoſe that mock me:
Doth not mine eye ſtill ſee them ſtill provoke mee?
But, put mee in a Surety, give mee Pledge,
To anſwer mee what I ſhall then alledge.
Who 'll undertake it? who will give his hand,
That to the Triall thou wilt daign to ſtand?
Sith Thou, O Lord, their hearts haſt hidden quight,
From Underſtanding, and from judging right;
And therefore wilt not, for their Arrogance,
Admit of them, nor them ſo high advance, (neither:
Not, that I would, they ſhould have ſooth'd mee
For ſuch ſhall periſh, and their Seed together.
But, to the Vulgar I am made a Song,
A Tale, a Tabret unto every Tongue
(Through grief wherof, mine eye decays and dims;
And as a Shadow are my other Limbs).
The better ſort, amazed at my Plight;
The Innocent, judge mee an Hypocrite.
Yet, ſhall the Righteous ſtill hold on his Courſe;
And the Sincere ſhall ſtill adde force to force.
Therefore, my Friends, return, recant, re-call
Your hard Opinions: and miſ-Cenſures, all:
For, of you all, not one wiſe man I finde;
Nor fit *Phyſician* for a troubled minde.
My Daies are paſt; and my Deſsignes undone;
Yea, even my hopes (my hearts Poſſeſsions) gone:
My Noon (alas!) is changed into Night;
Small ods there is twixt Darkneſſe and my Light.
What can I look for, but among the Dead
To make my houſe? to have my Grave, for Bed?
For, to corruption, thus aloud I call;
Thou art my Father: to the Worms that crawl,
You are my Mother, and my Siſters, all. (pear,
Where 's then my hope? how ſhall that Hap ap-
Which you yer-while did ſo re-promiſe, heer?
Thoſe things with mee ſhall down into the Deep:
And, with my Duſt, amid the Duſt ſhall ſleep.

CHAP. 18.

THen ſaid the *Shuhite*: Will you never ceaſe
Your tedious Talking? Never hold your peace?
Forbear a while; give ear a little now:
Obſerve our Speech, and wee will anſwer you.
But, why, as beaſts, are wee upbraided thus?
And why ſo baſely doe you count of us?
Hee, rather ſeems to be beſides his Senſe,
That wounds himſelfe in his Impatience.
Why? Shall the Earth, for Thy ſake be forſaken?
The Rocks remov'd? and ſolid Hills be ſhaken?
No, no: The Light of Wicked-ones ſhall out:
His Fiery Sparkle ſhall not ſhine about;
Within his Doores ſhall Darkneſſe be for light:
With him, his Candles ſhall be quenched quight:
His Strength ſhall fail him (or be fatall to him):
His Counſells caſt him; his own wit undoe-him:
For, his own Feet ſhall bring him to the Net;
And willingly upon the Gin ſhall jet:
Him, by the heel the ſubtill Snare ſhall catch:
Him, ſhall the Theeves and Robbers over-match:
For him are laid the Meſhes of Miſ-hap;
Trains on the ground, and in his waies a Trap:
Him, on all ſides, ſad Terrors ſhall affright;
And ſodain drive him to his Feet, to flight:
His plenteous Store ſhall Famin ſoon devour:
Deſtructions Sword ſhall hunt-him every-hower,
Conſume his Sinews, and un-bar his Skin:
And Peſtilence (Death's Heir) ſhall rage within.
His hope ſhall hop without his expectation:
His confidence ſhall from his Habitation

Be

Be rooted out, and razed (as it were)
And bring him down to the drad king of Fear;
Who ay shall dwell within his Tabernacle,
(Because not his, not his own Habitacle):
Som secret harm, som flash, som Sulph'ry shower,
Shall sodain spred amid his cursed Bower:
His Roots below shall rot amid the Clay;
His Boughs above be cut and cast away:
His Memorie shall perish from the Earth;
His Name heer nameless (as before his Birth)
Hee shall be driv'n to Darkness, from the Light:
And forth the World hee shall be hunted quite.
Nor Son, nor Nephew shall hee leave behind;
Nor in his Houses any of his Kind.
So that, the Ages, present, and to come,
Shall stand amazed at his dismall Doom.
And this is sure the Lot, the heavie Load
Of wicked-ones, that fear not, know not GOD.

CHAP. 19.

JOB then reply'd: Alas! how long will Yee
Torment my Soule, with words; & torture mee?
Ten times yee have with too obdurate minde,
Reproacht mee This: uncivill and unkinde.
But, put the Case, that I have sinn'd, indeed:
Must not I bear it: Then (alas!) what need
You load mee more; and magnifie your wit,
To amplifie my Guilt, and Grief of it?
Seeing you see that GOD hath cast mee down,
And with his Net hath compassed mee round.
Lo, I cry-out of wrong and violence;
Aloud I cry; yet have no Audience,
Nor Ease at all: hee hath so hedg'd my way,
I cannot passe: My Paths, in stead of Day,
Are Dark beset: hee hath my glorie reft;
And from my head hee hath the Crown bereft:
Hee hath destroy'd mee, every-way undone:
My hope, removed (as a Tree) is gone:
And more, his wrath against mee fiercely fryes;
Hee reckons Mee among his Enemies:
His Troupes assembled, march against Mee, egre;
And, round about my feeble Tent beleguer:
Hee hath dispersst my Brethren from mee far,
To Mee, my Kindred as meer Strangers are;
My Neighbours flie mee; my Familiar Friend
Hath now forgot mee (as if never kend):
Nay: mine own Household; men, maid-servants, all,
Count mee a Stranger, care not for my Call,
Nor will come at mee; though I speak them fair:
Nay: to mine own wife (for the noisom air)
My Breath is strange, though I beseech her, lad,
By those dear Pledges wee together had.
The Basest scorn mee; and when up I rise,
They spet their spite in bitter Obloquies.
Mine Intime-most- Those that I loved best
Abhor mee all; and mee the most molest.
My Bones, in stead of flesh, cleave to my skin;
And that not sound, save what my Teeth grow in.
Then pity mee, O pity mee, my Friends;
Sith GOD on mee his heavie hand extends:
Ah! Why doe you yet persecute mee, rough,
As GOD? alas! hath not my Flesh enough?

O! that my words (the words I now asfever)
Were writ, were printed, and (to last for-ever)
Were grav'n in Marble with an iron pen
With Lead in-yoated (to fill up agen).
I surely know that my Redeemer liveth:
And that Hee shall (This, firm my Faith beleeveth).
In th' End of Time, return and rise from Dust
(The first and Last) to judge and save the Just:
And, that, I shall, when worms have eat this Clod,
I shall awake, and in my flesh see GOD:
Yea: I shall see him with these Eyes of mine;
And with none else: though now in Pains I pine.
The rather, therefore should you now retract,
And thus Your-selves discreetly now correct:
Why persecute Wee Him? Why hate Him, Wee?
Sith This Foundation is thus fixt in Mee,
Then, be you warn'd: beware, and fear the Sword:
For wickedness and cruelty [in word]
Incenseth Wrath: know, there shall Judgment com,
To doom them right, who Others (rash) misdoom.

CHAP. 20.

SCarce had hee done; when the *Naamathite*
Replies him thus: therefore my thoughts incite
My sodain Answer: therefore am I spurr'd
(Regarding light thy sharp and shamefull Gird)
With speed to speak, unto the Point in hand,
What I conceive and rightly understand.
Know'st thou not this of old, through every age,
Since first on Earth began Man's Pilgrimage;
That the triumphing of the wicked Sort,
The Joy of th' *Hypocrite* is ever short?
Although to Heav'n hee mount his glorious Top;
Though to the Clouds his head be lifted up;
Yet shall hee perish, as his dung, for ay:
And who hath seen them, shall ask, where are they?
As Dreams forgotten, shall hee take his flight;
Yea chas'd away, as Visions of the Night:
Th' Eye that hath seen him, shall not see him twise,
Nor shall his Places him againe revise.
His Children shall be fawning on the Poor,
And his Extortions shall to them restore:
His Bones are full of his Youth's sins (his Lust)
Which shall not leave him till hee lie in dust:
Though to his Taste his Sin be passing sweet,
Though under-neath his Tongue hee cover it,
Though there hee spare it, and not spet it out,
Though on his Palate still it roule about;
Yet is his meate turnd, in his Bowells, all;
And is, within him, as the *Aspic's* Gall: (fain
H'hath swallow'd wealth; but GOD shall make him
To spue it out, to cast it up again:
Hee shall the *Aspic's* direfull Poison suck:
With Vipers' tongues hee shall be deadly stuck:
Hee shall not see the Oylie Rivers Currents,
Nor Brooks of Butter, nor the Hony Torrents:
His Labour never shall regain his Loss:
Hee shall restore whom hee before did cross;
The Restitution shall be all his state;
Hee never shall digest, nor joy thereat;
Because the Poor hee crushed, and forsook;
And Others houses violently took.

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Sure hee shall have no quiet Calm within;
Without, no Store of what hee joyeth in.
There shall be no Remainder of his meat;
And his Reversions none shall wait to eat.
Nay: in his Ruffe, and at his greatest height,
Hee shall be stocked in full many a Strait:
Continuall hazzards shall him round enring;
Each spitefull hand shall have at him a fling:
When hee is ready for his rich Repast,
On him will GOD his fiery Fury cast;
Amid his Feasts his drad Displeasure thrilling
In stead of Food, his breast with horror filling;
If hee escape the Sword; from Bowes of steel
Steel-headed Arrowes shall him thorough thrill:
The naked Swords bright-shining terror shall
Peep through his bosom, creep throw guts & gall.
Horrors shall haunt him: and so, hard-bestid,
From hiding him, all Darkness shall be hid.
A Fire unblow'n him suddain shall consume:
And woe to them that tarrie in his Room:
Heav'n shall discover his Iniquities,
And Earth for witness shall against him rise;
All his Revenews, all his state, and stay,
Shall flow to Others in his wrathfull Day.
This is the Portion of the Wicked: This
His heritage by GOD appointed is.

CHAP. 21.

SO, *Zophar* ceast. Then JOB reply'd: I pray
Hear heedfully what now I have to say:
Be this the Comfort you vouchsafe, alone;
Let Mee but speak; and afterwards, mock on.
Doe I complain, or make my moan to Man?
Why doe you crosse, or interrupt mee, than?
If I have cause of Grief should not my spirit
Be mov'd withall? Can flesh and blood forbear it?
Behold mee well; and be withall dismay'd:
And let your hand upon your mouth be layd.
Thought of the like (elsewhere) would me affright,
And daunt my Flesh: how then, my present sight?
How comes it that the Wicked live, live long
Grow rich, grow great; wex eminent, and Strong;
They see their Children, and Grand-children, rise
Settled about them: In their House, no Strife;
No Feare; no Foe: They feel not any Rod,
No stripe, no stroke, of the drad hand of GOD.
Their Bullock genders, and proves ever fit:
Their Heifer calves, and never casteth it:
Their little ones, like Lambkins send they out;
Their Striplings play and skip, and daunce about;
They tune their voice to sweetest Instruments,
Harp, Pipe and Tabret; to delight their sense:
In Wealth and Health they live; scarce, ever, sick
Of long disease; but to their Graves goe quick.
Yet These are Those, that to th' Almighty say,
Depart from us; wee will not learn thy Way:
Who is the Lord? that wee should him obey?
What should wee profit, if to Him wee pray?
They have not sure the power in their own hand,
To get and keep their wealth at their Command.
Be therefore far, be ever far from Mee,
Their works and words and thought's Impietie:
Far be their Counsells: far be all their Waies:
And far the Peace of their so prosperous Daies.
And yet, how often is their Lamp put-out?
How often are they compassed about
With swift Destruction? In his Furie strict
How oft doth GOD their Paiment heer inflict?
How oft, as Straw before the winde, are They,
And as the Chaff with Tempest whift away?
How oft doth GOD, in the Ungodly's sight,
For Their own Guilt, their own dear Issue smite?
Or, lets Themselves heer see Themselves undone;
Drinking the hot Wrath of th' Almighty-one?
For, what is it to Them? or what care They (clay)
(Their mouths cut-off, their months one-stopt with)
What hap their house, what hazzard follow shall =
What weal or woe, unto their Heirs befall?
But herein, who GOD's wisedom shall impeach?
Or, who shal him, that rules the highest, teach?
One dies at ease, in Strength's perfection growing;
His brests with milk, his bones with marrow flowing —
Another dies in anguish of his spirit; (ing.
And never did good Day or Night inherit:
Both are, alike, laid in the Dust together;
And Worms, alike, doe ease and cover Either.
Lo, I conceive your mis-conceits, from hence;
Your mis-collections, and your wrested Sense:
For, where (say yee) wher's now the Princes Court?
And where the Palace of the wicked sort?
Have yee not asked those that travaile by?
Aud doe yee, can yee, yet their Marks deny?
That (for the most) the wicked most are spared,
Reprived heer; till that dread Day prepared
For dire Destruction: and then (for their Errors)
Shall be brought forth, in that *great Day* of Terrors.
For heer so, Mighty and so Great they are;
Who, to their face shall their Offence declare?
Who dares disclose it? Who shall prosecute?
And their due Sentence who shall execute?
Nay (notwithstanding) to their Grave in peace
They passe, with Pomp of solemne Obsequies;
Accompany'd, attended (in their kinde)
With Mourning Troups, before them and behinde:
Entomb'd among their Ancestors; and rest
In gloomie Vales, as happy as the Best.
How doe You then, Mee comfort, or confute;
While vainly thus, and falsly you dispute?

FINIS.

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JOB.

THE THIRD BOOK.

CHAP. 22.

TH'old *Themanite*, as mov'd withall, replies,
Can Man, to GOD (as to Him-selfe, the Wise)
Be profitable? any pleasure is 't
Unto the Lord, if righteous Thou persist?
If thou be just, if perfect and upright;
Is GOD the better? Gains th' Almighty by 't?
For fear of Thee, will Hee reprove thee (strict)
Enter in Judgement, and thee thus afflict?
Is not thy Sin great and thy Wickednesse;
And infinite thy foule Unrighteousnesse?
Yes: thou hast ta'n thy brothers Pledge for nothing,
And stripped even the Naked of their Clothing:
Thou hast not giv'n the wearie, Drink at need;
Nor to the Hungry, wherewithall to feed:
The Eminent and Mighty had their fill:
They held the Earth, and sway'd thee at their will:
But silly Widows hast thou empty packt;
And th' arms of Orphans have been crusht & crackt.
Thence is it now, that Snares beset thee round,
And sodain Fears thee trouble and confound:
Or a black Darkness that thou canst not see;
And a huge Deluge that o'r-whelmeth thee.
Is not the Lord in th' High *Empyreall* Blisse?
Behold the Stars, how high their Distance is:
And then (saist thou) What can th' Almighty mark?
How judgeth He? What sees he through the dark?
Clouds cover Him from spying so far hence:
Hee walketh in the Heav'ns Circumference.
But, hast not Thou observ'd the ancient Track
The wicked trod, to their untimely Wrack; (stood,
Who, quick cut down, supplanted where they
Had their Foundations swallowed with the flood?
Who said to GOD, Depart from us; and thought,
What can th' Almighty doe to us, in ought:
Yet, with good things Hee fill'd their habitations.
But, far from mee be their Imaginations.
This see the Righteous; safe the while, and glad:
And laugh at them, in their Destruction sad.
For, Wee shall stand; our Substance not decay:
But their Remainder shall the Fire destroy.
Therefore, acquaint thee (and that quickly too)
With GOD; make peace: & thou right wel shalt do;
Receive (I pray thee) from his mouth Direction;
And in thy heart, lay-up his Words instruction.
If, to th' Almighty thou at-once return;
Thou shalt be built-up: and shalt bravely spurn
Iniquity far from thy Selfe away;
And from thy Dwellings put it far, for ay.
Then, as the Dust thou shalt have Gold, at will;
Pure *Ophyr* Gold, as Pebbles of the Rill:
Yea, the Almighty Thy defence shall be:
And store of Silver shall be still with Thee.
For, in the Lord thy Pleasure shalt thou place;
And unto Him shalt thou lift up thy Face:
Him shalt thou pray-to; Hee shall hear thy Layes,
And grant thy Sute; and thou return him Praise:
Thou shalt decree, and Hee shall make it good,
(So thy good purpose shall not bee withstood):
And on Thy Waies, and in all Works of Thine,
His Light of Grace (and Glory too) shall shine.
Nay: when-as Others (as thy selfe art now)
shall be cast down; re-comfort them shalt Thou,
And thus re-cheer them: Yet, yet may you rise,
For GOD *will save such as have humbled eyes.*
Yea: on the Noxious will hee pitie take,
For th' Innocent; and spare them for thy sake.

CHAP. 23.

THen answered JOB: Tho to this day my mones
Right bitter be, my Grief exceeds my Grones
How is it then, that I, as yet, am held,
For having plain'd, as if I had rebell'd?
O that I knew, that som would shew me, where,
I might goe finde my Soverain Arbiter.
That I might speedy unto him repair;
And even approach to his Tribunall Chair.
I would before him plead my just defence,
And fill my Mouth with pregnant Arguments.
Then would I know what should his answer be:
And understand what Hee would say to mee.
Would hee oppose mee with his Power divine?
No: rather would hee steel and strengthen mine,
There might the Just in his just Plea proceed:
And I should ever from my Judge be freed.
But, Whether to the West I take my way;
Or to the pearly Portall of the Day;

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Or, to the Norward, where hee worketh rife;
Or, to the South, the Cell of bluſtring ſtrife:
Whether I look before mee or behinde;
On This, or That ſide: Him I cannot finde. (try'd:
Yet, knows Hee well my Way: and hath mee
And I, like Gold, ſhall come forth puriſi'd.
My Foot hath walked in his ſteps: His Way
Have I obſerved; and not gone aſtray:
Nor have I ſtarted from his Precepts ſet,
But priz'd them more than my appointed Meat.
Yet, Hee perſiſteth in one purpoſe ſtill.
Who can divert him? Hee doth what hee will;
And will perform what is of mee decreed.
And many ſuch things are with Him, indeed.
Therefore, before Him, am I wonder-ſmit;
Affraid of Him, when I conſider it.
For, GOD hath ſuppled and made ſoft my heart,
And deep perplext mee in my inward Part;
Becauſe my Languors neither end, nor I:
Nor can I ſee, nor ſound the Reaſon, Why.

CHAP. 24.

BUt, can it be, (how can it other be?
But that the Times of the Divine Decree
(Concerning Judgements more or leſs ſevere;
When, why, & who, & how, and what, and where)
Hidden with GOD, and hidden from his Own;
Should to the World, and wicked be unknown?
They ſhift the Land-marks frō their ancient ſeat:
They take by force mens flocks, to feed, or eat:
They drive away the ſilly Orphans Aſſe:
They take for Pledge the Widows Ox (alas!):
They turn the Needy from their neereſt way:
They make the Poor together hide them ay:
Lo, like wilde Aſſes in the Wilderneſs,
They ramp about their brutiſh Buſineſs:
Riſing betimes for Boot (like Free-booters):
The Deſart Field yeelds Food for them and theirs.
They reap them Each a Crop, from Others Crop:
They gather Each a wicked Vintage up:
They cauſe the Naked without Clothes to lie,
Quivering for Cold, no Covering but the Skie;
Waſht with the Showers that from the Mountains
Embracing Clifts, for Shelter; Rocks for Bed: (ſhed;
They pluck the Pupill from the tender Breſt:
They take from Poor a Pawn of all their beſt;
They leave them Naked; Nay, the Hungry ſoule
Even of his Sheaf, and gleaned handfulls poule:
Yea; Labourers, that in Their ſervice toyle;
That tread their Wine-preſs, & that make their oile,
That trudge and drudge in their Affairs; in fine
They let them ſtarve, and even for thirſt to pine.
The Citie groanes under their wicked Thrall:
Th' oppreſſed, ſlain, and wounded, cry, and call:
Yet, 'tis apparent (as the Sun is cleer)
GOD doth not alwaies ſmite (nor cite) them heer.
Yet, Theſe are Thoſe that ay the Light abhor:
Know not their Way, nor keep, nor care it for:
The Murd'rer riſes (early) yet the Light;
To kill the Poor: and robbeth (late) at Night:
Th' Adulterer's Eye doth for the twy-light wait;
And, muffled, ſaies, None ſees my quaint Deceit:
They (Burglars) dig through houſes in the Dark,
Which, in the Day, they for their own did mark.
But, Light they loath: Morning to Them is death:
Death's Terror, Day; which all diſcovereth:
On Waters ſwim they light and ſwift, for fear:
On Earth, as Vagrants, fly they heer and there
(Their curſed portion) every-where undone:
By-waies they ſeek, and the High-waies they ſhun.
As Heat and Drought, diſſolve & drink the ſnow;
The wicked-One the Grave ſhall ſwallow ſo.
The Womb that bare him, ſhall him quite forget;
And, to the Worm hee ſhall be well-come Meat.
Hee ſhall, with Men, no more remembred be:
Bnt broken-off, as is a withred Tree.
Hee weds the barren that brings never forth;
And, if a Widow, leaves her nothing worth.
Yet, by his power, Hee drags the Mighty down;
And none is ſafe, if Hee in Fury frown:
No; though, with Preſents they his Patience buy,
And build on it; on Them hee caſts an eye.
Such, for a little, are aloft: Anon
As low as Others; as all others, gone:
Soon taken hence, ſhut-up, cut-off, and ſhorn
As (with the Haile) the tufted ears of Corn.
If thus it be not; Who will (I deſire)
Diſprove my Speech; and prove mee now a Lyer.

CHAP. 25.

TO this, the *Shuite* anſwered ſhortly Thus:
Hee is Almighty, Dradly-Glorious;
Whoſe Power imperiall, and All-humbling Aw,
Rules his High Places in moſt peacefull Law.
Is any number of His Armies known?
What Light ſo bright, but His hath over-ſhone?
How, then, may Man, with GOD, be juſt defin'd?
Or, Hee be Clean, that 's born of Woman-kinde?
Behold, the Moon, before Him, is not bright:
Stars are not pure in his All-pearcing) ſight.
Then, How-much-leſs? How-much-leſs man (alas!)
The Son of Man: a Worm, a Worthleſs Maſs?

CHAP. 26.

JOB, hereunto replyes incontinent:
Well have yee ſaid; but, how Impertinent!
How haſt Thou holp the weak and feeble wight?
How fit defended him that hath no might?
How ſweetly taught the ſimple and unwiſe?
How full declar'd the Matter, as it lyes?
To Whom doſt Thou this Speech of thine direct?
What moves thee to it? and to what effect?
For, I (for My part) know, that, Not alone,
Th' Eternall rules, on his ſupernall Throne
The things above, in their harmonious Courſe;
But heer below, the Better and the Worſe.
Beneath the waters, dead things formed bin;
And, dumb (their own Inhabitants) within:
Hell is nothid from him: Deſtructions Cave,
From his inſpection can no Covering have.
Hee, th' ample heav'ns over the Void extends:
Hee, upon Nothing the ſad Earth ſuſpends:

Within

Within his Clowds He bottles up the rain, (twain:
Which with its weight tears not the Clowds in
Hee hath in-bow'd the fore-front of his Throne,
And spread his clowdy Canapey thereon:
Hee hath begirt the Waters with a List
Shall ever last, till Day and Night desist.
The massie Pillars of the Pole doe shake
If hee but chide; and at his check they quake.
Hee by his pow'r doth the deep Sea divide:
His Prudence smites her, in her fellest pride:
Hee, by his Spirit, the Spangled heav'ns hath dresst
With glittering Signes; the Serpent and the rest.
Lo, these are parcels of his waies suprem:
But, O! how little doe wee heare of Him! (ders
Who can conceive? Who understands the Thun-
Of his more secret, and most sacred Wonders?

CHAP. 27.

WHile none repli'd, JOB gravely thus goes on:
As lives the Lord, th' Almighty *Holy One*,
Who seems a space my *Verdict* to suppress,
Loading my soule with brunts of bitterness;
While Breath is in mee; till my Spirit, inspir'd
By God, be gon, and from mee quite expir'd;
My Lips shall speak no wickedness, no wile;
Nor shall my Tongue deliver any guile.
No; God forbid that I should justifie
Your rash mis-judgement. Mine integritie
I'll not abandon, to my dying day:
Mine innocence I never will betray:
My righteousnesse still will I fast retain;
And, my cleer Conscience, while I life maintain.
But, as the wicked; be mine enemies:
Those, as unrighteous, that against mee rise.
For what's the hope of th' hollow Hypocrite
(Though hee hath heaped Treasures infinite)
When God shall take (in a disastrous day)
His Land (his Life) his Goods (his Gods) away?
Will God regard, or heare his howling Cry,
When hee is compast with Calamity?
Or, in th' Almighty can hee comfort take?
Will hee to God continuall Prayer make?
I'll show you, how th' Almighty hand doth deal:
God's wonted course I will not now conceale:
Nay; you your Selves, you all have seen it too.
Why talk yee then thus vainely as yee doo?
This is, with God, the Portion and the Part
Of the ungodly and the cruell heart:
This heritage shall impious Tyrants have
From the Almighty, This they shall receave:
If many Children hee shall leave behinde,
As many shall the Sword or Famine finde:
Or, if that any in Remain be left;
They by the Plague, shall, unbewail'd, be left.
If hee have heaped Silver, as the dust;
And Clothes, as Clay; hee may: but sure the Just
Shall 'joy his Silver, and his Treasures share;
And weare his Ward-robe, how-so rich and rare.
If brave hee build; it is but like the Moth
(On others ground, as that in others Cloth)
Soon dispossest: or, like a Watch-house, soon
To bee set up, and suddenly pull'd-down.
Such Rich, shall dye; and lie without regard,
Ungather'd to his Fathers Toomb prepar'd:
Nothing of him remaines in Memorie:
Hee vanisheth in Twinkling of an eye.
Horrors shall seize him, as a Flood, with Fright;
And as a tempest hurry him by night.
An Eastern Storm him quite away shall chase;
And, as a Whirle-winde, hurle him from his place.
So pitilesse, in wrathfull Jelousie,
(While glad and fain hee would his fingers flie)
Will God pursue him; and good men shall smile,
And clap their hands, and hiss at him, the while.

CHAP. 28.

SUre, there are Mines & veinlings (under ground)
Whence Silver's fetcht, & wherein Gold is found;
Iron out of earth, and out of stone the Brass
Is melted down (into a purer mass).
Beyond the bounds of Darkness Man hath pry'd
And th' excellence of under-ground descry'd:
The rarest stones, and richest Minerals;
From deadly Damps, and horrid Darks hee hales:
And, if som Torrent come there rushing in
(Such as no foot hath felt, no eye hath seen)
Hee can revert it, or divert it, soon,
Without Impeachment to his Work begun.
Earth's surface yeelds him corn & fruits for food;
Her under-folds, som burning Sulphury flood:
Amid the Quars of stone are Saphires store:
Among the Dust, the precious Golden Ore
(Where never Bird, before did Path descry,
Where never Vulture cast her greedy eye,
Where savage Whelps had never-never trac't;
Nor furious Lion ever by had past):
On Cliffs of Adamant hee laies his hands;
Their height and hardness hee at will commands;
Slents them wth sledges, crops their clowdy crown:
Hee by the roots turns Mountains up-side down:
To let out Rills, hee cleaveth Rocks in sunder:
His eye perceives all that is precious, under:
Hee binds the Waters, that they shall not weep;
And dives for Riches in the deepest deep.
All this, and more, hath Man. But where is found
That soverain Wisdom, sacred and profound?
That understanding of the Waies divine,
Of God's supreme and secret discipline?
Man knowes it not; nor kens the worth of it:
It is not found in any living Witt.
The Deepes confess, the Sea acknowledgeth;
Tis not in mee; nor with mee; th'other saith.
Nor gold, not silver, nor all Gems that are,
Can purchase it, nor equall it by farre:
No wedge of *Ophir*, never so refin'd;
No *Æthiopian Topaze*, *Pearle of Inde*,
No precious *Onyx*, neither *Saphire* pure
(*Corall* and *Crystall* passe I, as obscure)
No *Carbuncle*, no *Diamant* so rare;
No One, nor All, with Wisdome may compare.
But, whence is then, and where is to be found
That sacred Wisdome, secret and profound?
Sith it is hidden from all humane eyes;
And from the sight of every Fowle that flyes,

Death

Death and destruction say; Wee of the same
Have with our eares but onely heard the Fame.
GOD, GOD alone doth understand its way;
And knowes the place where it abideth aye.
For, hee, at once beholdeth all that is
In all the World: All under heav'n hee sees,
To poyze the Winds, and portion (at his pleasure)
Unto the Waters their due weight and measure.
When for the raine hee stablisht a Decree,
And for the Thunder's Lightning Mutinie;
Then did hee see it, and fore-see it fit:
Hee numbred, pondred, and prepared it:
And unto Man this *Maxime* did apply;
GOD's Fear is Wisdome and from sin to flie.

CHAP. 29.

JOB yet proceeded, and said furthermore,
O! were it with mee, as it was of yore,
In my fore-passed Months, my former dales,
When God preserv'd me; when with gracious rayes
His lightfull Lamp reflected on my head,
Whereby I walkt through Darkness, void of dread:
As in my youngest times; when yet the Lord
Vouchsaf't mee Blessings of my Bed and Boord;
When yet the Lord was with mee in my Tents,
And showred there his hidden Providence. (ter,
Whē, where I went, my waies were bath'd in but-
And Rocks about me Rills of Oyle did gutter:
When I had gone unto the publike Gate
To take my place where all our Senate sate,
At sight of me, should yong men hide them thence;
And th' elder sort stand up, for reverence:
Nobles were silent if I present were;
And if I spake, they turn'd their Tongue to Eare:
And th' Eare that heard me blessed me: and th' Eye,
That saw mee, witnest mine Integrity.
For, I delivered every Poor oppresst,
The Orphan and the Helplesse I redresst:
Hee blessed mee that was wel-neer undon:
The Widows heart I cheered: I put-on,
I put on *Justice*, as a seemly Gowne;
It was unto mee as a Robe and Crowne.
I, as an Eye unto the blind became;
And as a foot unto the Halt and Lame:
A Father was I to the Poor; and where
The Case was dark, I would discuss it cleer.
I also brake th' Oppressors greedy Jawes,
And took the Prey out of his Teeth and Pawes.
Then thought I, sure, to die at home in rest:
And said, I shall with long good daies be blest.
For, by the Waters was my Root out-spred:
Upon my top Heav'ns nightly Deaw was shed:
My Wealth increast, mine Honour daily grew,
My Bowe of Health (my strength) did still renew.
When I had spoken, every Eare was prest
To give mee Eare, and in my Counsels rest,
Without Reply: and as the later Rain
The thirsty earth, my Words they entertain.
If I had laught or smil'd on any neer,
They took no notice, nor would change my cheer.
I sate as Chief, I onely rul'd the roast,
Dwelt as a King amid an armed Hoast;
And as a man, amid a mourning Rout,
That from his lips pours lively comforts out.

CHAP. 30.

BUt now (alas!) my Paisnès Mee deride:
The meanest mock me; Yea, and those (beside)
Whose ragged Fathers I refus'd, to keep
My Shepheards Curs much more to cure my sheep.
For, to say truth, what service could they doe?
So idle bred (both Young and Elder too)
Weakned with Sloth, and wicked Conversation;
And waxen old, in wretched Desolation:
For Cold and Hunger wandring heer and there,
With Mallowes fed, and Roots of Juniper:
Pursew'd as Theeves, hunted from place to place
With *Hue* and *Crie*; and ever had in Chase;
and therefore fain, for Shelter's sake, to creep
In Clifts and Caves; in Rocks and Dungeons deep:
Among the Thornes and Thickets roaring rife;
Wild Out-lawes, leading a most bestiall life:
The Breed of Fooles, the Fry of basest birth,
Of name-lesse Men: indeed the Scums of Earth.
And yet, to such am I now made a Song,
A Ballad, and a By-word in their tongue:
Yea, These despise mee, and despight mee too,
Spet in my Face, and make no more adoo.
Because the Lord my Bow-string hath unbent,
And slackt my Cord, therefore these insolent
Insulters now loose and let go the Raines
Of all Respect, unto their lewd disdaines.
Now very Boyes doe take the Wall of mee,
Trip at my feet; and (in their Jollitie)
Mis-judge my Life, and of mee Rumors raise,
After their owne cruell and curst Waies:
They mar my Path that I have walked in,
Further my woes, and have no help therein:
As a wide Flood-breach they have rushed on-mee,
And with the Ruines have roul'd-in upon-mee.
Terrors are turn'd upon mee, and pursew
My life as Winde; my Weale, as Vapours flew:
Therefore my Soule, in sore afflictions vext,
Is poured out, and inly deep perplext.
Dayes dark and irksome have upon mee seaz'd:
And in the night (when others most are eas'd)
My very bones within mee are oppresst,
Nay, pearced through; my Sinnews take no rest:
My strange Disease, with angry violence
Of th' hot impostumes loathsome Virulence,
Hath staind my garments: and with straining dolor,
About my neck it gripes mee as a Coller.
Laid in the Dust, I roule the Mire among:
Becomn, indeed, like Ashes, Dirt and Dung.
To Thee I cry, to Thee the while I call;
But, Lord, Thou hear'st not, nor dost heed at all.
Nay, thou art also cruell turn'd to mee;
With hot Assaults, as on an enemy:
Thou lift'st mee up (as in a storm, the Stubble)
To ride a whirle-wind, while with Fear and Trou-
I faint, and fall (dissolved, as it were) (ble)
In deadly Swoun, hurry'd I wot not where:
But well I wot, Thou soon wilt bring mee home
To death, the House where all that live shall come;
Whither,

Whither, thy Hand thou wilt no longer ſtretch;
And whence, no praiers boot, nor need, to fetch.
Did not I weep for others wofulneſs?
Was not my ſoule griev'd at their poor diſtreſs?
When good I lookt for, evill came: when light,
A diſmall darkneſſe, worſe than blackeſt night.
My bowels boyled with continuall heat;
A troublous time upon mee ſudden ſet:
Not with the Sun, but ſorrow black I turn'd:
Amid th' Aſſembly, lowd I cry'd and mourn'd,
With hideous noyſe (for horrid Anguiſhes)
As kin to Dragons, and to Oſtriches.
My harp is tuned to a heavy Tone;
My Muſick turned to the voice of mone.

CHAP. 31.

I Made a Covenant with my conſtant eyes,
From gazing out on blazing vanities: (ſtaid)
(Having my Choice, whereon my thoughts were
Why ſhould I once miſ-think upon a Maid?
For, O! for ſuch, what Part, what Portion is
With God, above, in th' Heritage of bliſſe?
Nay; is there not deſtruction ſtill behinde,
Strange Puniſhment, for wicked (of this kinde)?
Are not my Paths apparent unto God?
Doth not hee ſee and ſumme the ſteps I trod?
If I have walkt in vanity and pride:
If unto fraud my foot have ever hy'd:
In his juſt Balance let him weigh mee right,
And hee ſhall finde mee by his Beam upright.
If that my Steps have ſtraid, or trod awry:
If that my heart have hearkned to mine eye:
If to my hand hath cleaved any ſpot:
If bloud or bribes the ſame did ever blot;
Then let mee Sowe, and others eat my Crop;
Yea, let my Plant be ever plucked-up.
If ever Woman have my heart beguil'd;
Or I layd wait t' have Others Wife defil'd:
Let mine againe unto another grinde,
And mee be puniſht in my ſins owne kinde.
For this is ſure a high and hainous Crime,
To be condemn'd and puniſht in the prime:
Yea, 'tis a fire, whoſe fury will not ceaſe,
But ruine all, and root out my Increaſe.
If ever I deſpis'd my Man, or Maid,
Debating with mee, and them over-waid;
What ſhall I doe? What Anſwer ſhall I make,
When God, as Judge, their Cauſe ſhall undertake?
Did not one Maker them and mee create,
Of Matter like, in Manner like, and Fate?
If ever I deny'd the poor's deſire:
Or let the Widowes longing hopes to tyre:
Or ever eat my morſels all alone,
And gave the Orphan and the needy none
(Hee hath been with me from my child-hood bred
As with a Father: Shee, in Husband's ſted,
Hath ever had my Counſell for her Guide,
My Pow'r for Guard; my Purſe her Want ſupply'd).
If I have ſeen or ſuffered any Poor
To lie and die, Naked, or out of Door:
Nay, if his loynes be-bleſt not mee from harm,
Becauſe my Fleece and Cottage kept them warm:
If ever I, againſt the impotent,
Poor, Father-leſs or Friend-leſs Innocent
(For Feare or Favour, of a Freind or Foe,
For Gaine, or Grudge that I did ever owe)
Have lift my hand, or him in right withſtood;
Or, when I might have, have not done him good:
Then let mine Arme off from my ſhoulder fall,
And from the bone be paſht to powder all.
For, God's drad Judgements did I alwaies fear:
Whoſe Highneſs Wrath I could nor balk nor bear.
If I on Gold have fixt my Hope, or Heart;
Or, to the Wedge have ſaid: My truſt thou art:
If I have joy'd for being growne ſo Rich;
Or for my Hands had gotten mee ſo much:
If, when I ſaw the Sun or Moone to ſhine,
My heart (intic't) in ſecret did incline
To th' idle *Orgies* of an Idoliſt;
Or (*Heathen*-like) my Mouth my Hand hath kiſt:
Or if, in Summer of my golden Daies,
Or ſilver Nights ſhininig with proſperous Rayes,
My heart in private hath been puft too-high,
Aſcribing all to mine owne induſtrie
(Which had been impious ſacriledge and Pride:
For then had I the God of Heav'n deny'd):
If I recjoyc't at mine of my foes,
Or have triumphed in their overthrowes;
Or have ſo much as let my tongue to roule,
Or heart to wiſh a curſe unto their ſoule:
Though oft my Servants in their rage extreme,
Would faine have beaten, nay, have eaten them;
If I have ſhut the ſtranger out of door:
Or let-not-in the weary Pilgrim poor:
If I (like *A D A M*) have conceal'd my ſin,
And cloſely cloakt my Wickedneſs with-in:
(Although I could have over-born, with Aw,
Whole multitudes; the meaneſt Groom I ſaw,
I feared ſo, I durſt not wring, nor wrong,
Nor wrangle with: but kept my Tent & Tongue);
O! that I had an equall Arbiter,
(To heare, and waigh, conſider, and confet).
Behold my Aime: th' Almighty I deſire
(A certaine Signe of mine intent intire)
For, Hee, I know, would ſentence on my ſide;
And witneſs for mee, that I have not ly'd.
Then though againſt mee (in his fell deſpight)
Mine Adverſarie ſhould a Volume write,
It, as a Robe, I on my back would beare,
And as a Garland on my head it weare:
I would by peece-meale, ſhew my Converſation,
All ſo unlike to all his Accuſation,
That cleering mee, it ſhould him more convince,
To come and aske mee Pardon, as a Prince.
But, if my Land againſt mee plead or plain;
Or, if my Furrowes cry-out, or complain:
If *Tith-leſs, Taxe-leſs, Wage-leſs, Right-leſs*, I
Have eat the Crop, or caus'd the Owners die;
In ſted of Barley, and the beſt of Corn,
Grow nothing there, but Thiſtles, Weeds & Thorn.

Heer JOB *ſurceaſt.*

JOB.

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JOB.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

CHAP. 32.

HEer alſo ceaſt the Three fore-named Friends
From farther ſpeech (as hopeleſs of their ends)
Sith JOB ſo ſtifly ſtill maintain'd his right
Of righteouſneſs, in his owne proper ſight.
Then angry *Zeale* began to ſwelt and ſwell
In *Elihú* the ſonne of *Barachel*,
The *Buzzite* born, and of the race of *Rum*:
Both againſt JOB began his wrath to flame
(Becauſe, as tenor of his words imply'd,
Rather Himſelfe, than God, he juſtify'd)
And alſo thoſe his Foe-friends, for ſo ſtrict
Condemning JOB, untry'd and unconvict.
His modeſtie him hitherto with-held,
As giving place to others of more Eld:
But, ſeeing JOB to a full period come;
And th' other three without reply, as dumb;
His *Zeal* burſt out, and Thus in briefe began:
I muſt confeſs, I am too-young a man
T' have interrupted you (ſo old) before
In this diſpute; and therefore I forbore:
I was in doubt; I durſt not ſpeak (till now)
My weake Opinion, and preſent it you.
For, dayes (thought I) and years can farther reach:
And long Experience Wiſdome beſt can teach.
Men have a Soule, and Reaſon's light inherit:
But, Wiſdome is inſpir'd by th' *Holy-Spirit*
(Which bloweth where it will, and worketh free,
Not ty'd to Age, nor to Authoritie):
For, Great men alwaies are not wiſeſt found,
Nor the moſt Ancient ſtill the moſt profound.
Therefore awhile to mee give eare, I pray;
And let Mee alſo mine Opinion ſay.
I well obſerv'd your words, with diligence
I ſcan'd your Reaſons, markt your Arguments:
Yea, neer and narrow have I watcht and waigh'd
What Each of you, and All of you have ſaid:
Yet is there None of you (apart, or joynt)
Convinces JOB; or anſwers to the Poynt.
Leſt You ſhould ſay; Wee Wiſdome compaſs can,
God will evince him; not the wit of man.
For mee, mee yet hee never did gain-ſay:
Nor do I mean to anſwer him, your way.
Heere-with amaz'd, they ſtill continuing mute
Without Reply, or ſhew of more Diſpute
(For I expected yet ſome ſpeech from ſome:
I waited ſtill: and when as none would come)
I will, ſaid I, now proſecute my part,
To give my Cenſure from a ſingle heart:
For, I am full of matter to the top;
My ſpirit within me, ſtrains mee, ſtirs mee up:
My breſt is like a Wine-Butt, wanting Vent,
Ready to burſt; or Bottles like to ſlent.
I'll therefore ſpeake, that I may yet re-ſpire;
And ope my mouth, to fanne mine inward fire.
Yet none, I pray, from mee the while expect
Smooth ſoothing Titles; perſonall Reſpect:
For, ſoothing Titles know not I to give;
Nor, ſhould I, would my Maker let mee live.

CHAP. 33.

NOw therefore, JOB, hark with attentive heed
To all the Words that from me ſhall proceed:
For, what I ſpeak, premeditated is;
Not out of Paſſion, or of Prejudice:
But moſt ſincere, and from a ſingle heart,
Out of cleer knowledge (without Clowds of Art).
One and the ſame, of the ſame maſs of Mire,
Made mee, as thee; and did my Spirit inſpire:
Feare not therefore, if thou have ought to ſay;
Oppoſe and anſwer: put thy Words in ray:
I am (according to thy wiſh) to plead
And parley with thee, in th' Almighties ſtead;
And yet, a man: My terrors ſhall not fright thee,
Neither my hand with heavie tortures ſmite thee:
Lo, Thou haſt ſaid (I heard and markt it well)
In mee, there none iniquity doth dwell:
I am Upright, and Clean, and Innocent:
Yet, as a foe, Hee is againſt mee bent:
Hee picks occaſions to inflict mee Stroaks;
Sifts all my waies, and ſets mee in the Stocks.
And lo, in this, even in this ſaying ſo,
Thou art not Juſt: for (if thou knowſt not) know,
That

That God is Greater than all men: then, Why
Striv'ſt thou wᵗʰ him? whoſe ſupreme Soveraignty
Yeelds us no reaſon, nor account at all,
Of his high Counſels; Why, or How they fall.
For once, yea twice, to man th' Almighty ſpeaks;
Yet man perceives not (or it little reaks)
By Dream, or Viſion of the night, in Sleep
Upon his bed; or in ſome Slumber deep:
Then opens hee mens eares, and him revealeth,
And ſweetly there their meet inſtruction ſealeth;
To turn a man from his intended Ill,
And hide the Pride of his ambitious Will:
To keep his ſoule back from the brink of hell;
To ſave his life from death, and dangers fell.
Sometimes, hee's alſo chaſt'ned on his bed,
With grievous Sickneſs, from the foot to head;
Inceſſant burning in his bones and blood:
So that hee loatheth the moſt dainty food.
His fleſh conſumed, and his bones ſo high
That they appeare (as an Anatomie):
His Life and Soule draw neer unto the Pit,
(The Grave doth gape, and Worms do wait for it).
If with him be a holy Meſſenger
(One of a Thouſand) an Interpreter,
To ſhew to Man the *Juſtice* of his God,
In his Correction, with his ſharpeſt Rod;
And, rightly humbled, re-advance the Meek,
By Faith, above his Righteouſneſſe to ſeek,
And pray to him; Hee will propitious ſtand,
And to his Servant hee will thus command,
Deliver him from going to the Grave,
I am appeas'd: a Ranſom found I have.
Then, than a Child, ſhall freſher be his Fleſh,
Hee ſhall returne unto his Youth afreſh:
Then ſhall hee call on God, and God ſhall be
Right gracious to him: hee with joy ſhall ſee
His glorious Face. For hee will render than
(Hee will impute) his righteouſneſſe to Man.
Hee viſits men; and if that any ſay,
I have offended: I have gone aſtray:
I have miſ-done: I have perverted right:
O! I have ſinn'd, and had no profit by't;
Hee will deliver from infernall Doom,
His Soule; his life from an untimely Toomb.
Lo, all theſe things doth God do, twice or thrice,
(Oft and again) to man (too prone to Vice)
To re-reduce his Soule from Death's dark Night;
To be enlightned with the living light.
JOB, mark it well, And harken farther yet
What I ſhall ſpeak: ſave when thou ſeeſt it fit,
If ought thou have to anſwer, or object,
Speak on, in God's Name, for I much affect
To juſtifie and cleer thee (if I may):
If otherwiſe, if nought thou have to ſay;
Liſt, and obſerve with ſilence, I beſeech;
And I ſhall teach thee Wiſedome, by my Speech.

CHAP. 43.

SO, hee proceeded, and ſaid furthermore:
Heare mee, ye Sages; men of skilfull lore:
For, as the Palate doth diſcerne of Food,
Th' Eare tryeth words (how they be bad, or good).
Let's then debate this matter among us;
Examine it, and what is right, diſcuſs.
For, JOB hath ſaid: *O! I am juſt, upright;*
And yet (ſaith hee) *GOD hath bereft my Right.*
Should I belye my cauſe? My thrilled Wound
Is paſt all Cure; and yet no Crime is found.
What man, like JOB, himſelfe ſo over-thinks?
Who (wilfully) Contempt, like Water, drinks:
Who, with the wicked and ungodly walks,
Jumps, juſt with them, and in their language talks.
For, hee hath ſaid; *Man hath no profit by't*
To walk with God, and in him to delight.
But, heare mee now, all yee that underſtand;
O! be it far from the All-ruling hand
Of *Juſtice* Selfe (th' Almighty God, moſt High)
To doe Injuſtice, or iniquity.
No: Hee to Each man his owne Work repaies;
And makes him finde according to his Waies.
Undoubtedly, the *Lord of Hoaſts*, the ſtrong,
Nor hath, nor doth, nor will, nor can do wrong.
Who hath to him charge of the Earth impos'd?
And, Who but hee, hath the whole world diſpos'd?
If hee but pleaſe on man to ſet his minde,
To re-aſſume his Spirit, his Breath, his Winde,
All fleſh at once (if hee but hold his breath)
Shall turn to Duſt; and periſh all, in death.
Now note thou this, if ſo thou haſt a heart
To underſtand; liſt what my words impart:
Shall he have Rule, that Judgement loathes & lacks?
And for unjuſt, wilt thon the Juſteſt tax?
Beſeems it Any to a King to ſay,
O! thou art wicked (in thy partiall Sway)?
Or unto Princes (to upbraid them) thus,
You are Ungodly, you are impious?
Then, how much leſſe to him that puts no Ods
Touching the perſons of thoſe earthly *Gods*;
Nor twixt the Rich and Poor, the Great and Small;
For they (alike) are his owne hands-work, all.
They (at his will) ſhall in a moment dye;
Yea, even at midnight (unexpectedly)
The People ſhall be troubled and tranſported;
And even the Princes, without hands ſubverted.
For, evermore his Eyes are open wide
On all mens Waies, on every Step and Stride.
There is no Darkneſs, nor no ſhade of Death,
For Wicked-ones to hide them under-neath:
Nor, will hee Any yet ſo over-load,
That they may juſtly grudge, or plead with God.
By heaps, will hee to peeces grinde the Great,
And (in their ſteed) ſet others in their ſeat:
For, unto him their works are manifeſt;
Night turn'd to Light: and they ſhall be ſuppreſt.
Them, as moſt wicked, ſmites hee (as it were,
In all mens ſight, in open Theatre)
Becauſe from him they did revolt and ſwerve;
And would not any of his Waies obſerve:
But caus'd the lowd Cries of the poor aſcend
To Him, who alwaies doth their Cries attend.
When Hee gives Quiet, who dares be ſo bold
To cauſe Diſturbance? and, if hee with-hold
His Countenance, Who then behold him can;
Whether a People, or a Private man?
That th' Hypocrite no more may raigne (as King)
Nor, under him, the ſnared People wring.

Us

Us therefore thus beseems, to say to God:
I beare with Patience thy correcting Rod:
I will not murmur, nor burst out therefore;
But sigh in silence, and offend no more:
Shew mee my sins I see not, nor perceive;
And, henceforth will I all injustice leave.
Or, should it be after thy pleasure ay?
No: will-thou-nill, Hee will (not I) repay.
Now, therefore speak thy Conscience seriously;
And let the prudent mark and testifie,
That, void of knowledge, JOB hath mis-averr'd;
And, wide of Wisdome, his Discourse hath err'd.
Would therefore (Father) he might yet be tri'd;
Sith for the Wicked hee hath so reply'd;
For, to his sin hee doth rebellion add:
Claps hands at us, as hee the better had:
And (too-too-pure in his too-prudent Eyes)
Against th' Almighty, Words hee multiplies.

CHAP. 35.

ELihú speaking, Thus moreover said:
Think'st thou this right (if it be rightly waid)
Which thou hast spoken (or thy speech imply'd)
My Righteousness is more than God's (O Pride!)
For, thou hast said, *What will it vantage mee,*
What shall I gain, if I from sin be free?
I'll answer thee; and with thee All so dreaming:
Look up, and see the heav'ns above thee gleaming;
Behold, how high: If therefore thou transgress,
And multiply thy sin and wickednesse;
What hurt dost thou to God? what detriment?
On th' other side, if thou be innocent,
If just; what dost thou to his *Goodness* give?
Or, from thy hand, What, what doth hee receive?
Thy wickedness may hurt a Man (like thee):
Thy righteousnesse to Man may helpfull be.
For manifold and frequent Tyranny,
Oppressors make oppressed-ones to cry;
Yea, to cry-out for cruell Violence
Of Mighty-ones, of men of Eminence:
But there is none that saith (as due belongs) (songs,
Where's God, *my Maker* (Who by Night gives
Who teacheth us, hath us more Wisdome giv'n,
Than Beasts of earth, or to the Fowles of heav'n).
There cry they oft; but none doth heare or heed,
For, th' Evils sake (who in all ills exceed)
For, Vanity, God doth not, hath not heard;
Nor ever will th' Almighty it regard. (Just:
Now, though thou saist, thou seest him not, hee's
With him is judgement; therefore in him trust:
For want whereof, his Wrath hath visited;
Yet not so hot as thou hast merited.
Therefore doth JOB open his mouth in vain:
And voyd of knowledge, yet, yet, mis-complain.

CHAP. 36.

ELihú said: A little suffer mee;
For I have yet more to alledge to Thee,
On God's behalfe. I'll fetch mine Arguments
From farre (confirm'd by long Experience)
To justifie my Maker's *Holiness*,
Give him his owne, and right his righteousnesse.
I'll speake no falshood, nor no fraud propound:
All my Discourse shall be sincere and sound.
Lo, God is mighty; yet doth none despise:
Omnipotent, Omniscient, Strong and Wise.
Hee spareth not the Life of wicked wights;
But the Oppressed in their wrongs hee rights:
His eyes are never off the righteous sort:
Them on the Throne hee doth with Kings consort:
Them hee advances; and beyond all Term
Doth them establish, and them fast confirm.
Or, if that ever fetters them befall,
Or, they be holden in afflictions thrall;
Hee lets them see their works, their wickednesse,
Their wandring By-wayes, and their bold excess:
And opens then their Eare to Discipline,
Commanding quick that they returne from Sin.
If they return, to serve and him obey,
Their dayes and years right happy spend shall they:
If not; the Sword shall smite them suddenly:
And in their wilfull Folly shall they dye.
But Hypocrites, the men of double heart,
They heap-up wrath: they cry not when they smart.
They dye in youth; their life among th' uncleane,
Most Insolent, most Impudent, Obscoene.
Hee th' humble Poor in his affliction frees:
Their Ears hee opens, in calamities:
So would hee, thee from thy distress have freed,
And brought thee forth, far from the streits of need,
To spacious plenty; and thenceforth thy Boord
Should with the best and fattest have been stor'd:
But thou, too-wicked-like, too-stiffe hast stood;
As their presumptions seeming to make good;
Not stoopt, but strutted in contesting pride.
Therefore, on thee doth judgement yet abide.
Sith wroth hee is, beware to tempt him more;
Lest with his stroak, hee sudden smite thee ore:
Or hisse thee hence with his Almighty breath:
Then can no Ransom thee redeem from death.
Will hee regard thy Goods? or reak thy Gold?
Thy State, or Stength (how much, or manifold)?
Nor wish thou (hopeless) for the (hapleste) night,
When from their place People are taken quight:
Beware, regard not thou iniquitie;
Neither (alas!) through faint infirmitie,
Chuse rather that, than thine Affliction's Part,
With humble Patience of a constant heart.
Behold, the Lord is, for his pow'r, supreme:
And, for his prudence, Who doth teach like him?
Who hath appointed unto him his way?
Or, Who can tell him, *Thou hast gone astray?*
Rather, remember that thou magnifie
His publike works, apparent to our eye;
So visible, that both the young and old,
Them from a far do bright and brim behold.
Lo, God is greater than wee comprehend:
Nor can the number of his years be kend.
Hee makes the thick exhaled Vapours thin,
That down again in silver Deaw's they spin,
From strouting Clowds abundantly distilling
For th' use of man, the Plains with Plenty filling.
Also, can Any understand th' Extent
Of Clowds, or know the Rattling of his Tent?

Behold

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Behold, Hee ſpreadeth out his light there-over,
And even the bottom of the Sea doth cover.
For, by the ſame Hee worketh divers waies,
Both to his *Juſtice* and his *Mercies* praiſe:
That, through exceſs, cauſing a fearfull Flood;
This, temperate, producing ſtore of Food. (tween,
Hee vailes the Light with Clouds that come be-
Forbids it ſhine, and lets it not be ſeen:
Boading a ſhower, or ſtorms approaching rage:
Which oft, even Cattell of the Field preſage.

CHAP. 37.

HEer-at, my heart trembles for inward fear,
As if remov'd from it owne place it were:
Hark, hark with heed unto the hideous Noiſe,
The horrid Rumbling of his dreadfull Voice,
Which, with his Lightning, hee directeth forth,
Under whole Heav'n, and over all the Earth.
After the Flaſh, a Claſh there roareth high;
Hee thunders-out his Voice of Majeſtie:
And then no longer will hee keep them back,
When that is heard over our heads to crack.
God with his Voice, doth thunder wondrouſly,
And works great things that wee cannot diſcry:
Hee bids the Snow to cover Hill and Plain;
So, drizling Showers; and ſo, his mighty Rain;
Wherby, from field-works he ſeals up mens hands,
That they may know his Works, how he cõmands.
Then, to their Den the ſavage Heards doe hie;
And for a ſeaſon in their Covert lie. (coms:
From Southern Chambers the hot Whirl-wind
Frõ Northern Cels, that which with cold benums.
The Froſt is giv'n us, by the breath divine;
When Cruſts of Cryſtall ſpreading Floods confine.
The blackeſt Cloud hee doth exhauſt of waters:
And, his bright Cloud (the Lightnings ſhroud) hee
And (by the counſell of his Providence) (ſcatters.
All This, by turns, in round Circumference
Is turn'd about: and ready at his Call,
Throughout the World, to doe his will in all.
For, Hee commands them come, for Puniſhment,
Or Love to His; or elſe indifferent.
Harken to this, O JOB; ſtand ſtill, and ponder
The Works of God, ſo full of weight and wonder.
Know'ſt thou (alas!) when hee diſpoſed them;
Or caus'd the Light out of his Lump to beam? (er)
Know'ſt thou the clouds juſt poize (the high or low-
And wondrous works of the All-perfect Knower?
How, when he calms the earth with Southern puff,
Thy thinneſt clothes thou findeſt warm enough.
Haſt thou with him, ſpread forth the ſpangled skie?
That (liquid Cryſtall-like) ſtrong Canapie?
If ſo; then ſhew us, what to ſay to him:
For, what to ſay, we are (alas!) too dim.
Should I miſ-ſpeak, needs any him inform?
Nay, ſhould I not be ſwallowed up (in ſtorm)?
None fixtly can (when clowds be cleer'd away)
Behold the bright and ſhining Lamp of Day.
From out the North ſtream goodly beams of gold:
With God is Light more bright by manifold,
More pure, more piercing, paſt a mortall eye;
More dreadfull far. His glorious Majeſtie
(*Dwelling above, in Splendors inacceſſible*)
For us to find out, is a point impoſſible.
Hee's excellent in *Prudence*: paſſing *Strong*:
Plenteous in *Juſtice*: and doth no man wrong.
Therefore men fear him: Yet for their deſert,
Regards not hee thoſe that are Wiſe of heart.

CHAP. 38.

THen, dread JEHOVA from a Whirl-wind ſpake
In ſacred termes; and thus with JOB he brake:
Where? Who is Hee, that (to himſelfe ſo holy)
Darkens my Counſels, with contentious Folly?
Come, gird thy loynes, prepare thee, play the man;
I will oppoſe thee: anſwer, if thou can. (diſmaid)
Why? Where wert thou, tell (if thou know'ſt,
When the foundations of the Earth I laid?
Who marked firſt the Meaſures of it out?
Or (canſt thou tell) who ſtretcht the Line about?
What Baſes had it; and fixt where-upon?
Or, who thereof, laid the firſt Corner-ſtone,
When Morning Stars for joy together ſang,
And all God's children cheerfull eccho rang?
Or, who with Doore, ſhut-in the Sea ſo ſtreight,
When from the womb it ruſhed with ſuch weight?
When as I made the Cloud a clowt for it,
And blackeſt Darkneſs as a ſwath-band fit:
And Cradled it in mine appointed place,
With Bars about, and Doores at every pace:
And ſaid unto it; Hitherto extend;
And farther, not: heer thy proud Waves be pend.
Hadſt thou the Morning from thy birth, at beck?
Mad'ſt thou the Dawn in his due place to break?
That it might reach the earth's Circumference,
And that the Wicked might be ſhaken thence:
To ſtamp it (various, as the Potters clay)
With many Formes, in manifold array,
When as th' Ungodly ſhall be all diſcry'd;
That *Juſtice* hand may break the armes of Pride?
Haſt thou gone down into the Sea it ſelfe;
Walkt in the bottom; ſearched every Shelfe;
Survai'd the Springs? Or have the Gates of death
Been opened to thee; and thoſe doores beneath
Death's gaſtly ſhadows? Know'ſt thou (to conclude)
(Tell if thou know'ſt) the earth's juſt latitude?
Which is the way where lovely Light doth dwel?
And as for Darknes where hath ſhe her Cell; (priſe;
That thou ſhould'ſt both, in both their bounds com-
And know their dwellings, and their Paths preciſt?
Needs muſt thou know them: Thou wert born yer
No doubt thou wert, thou art ſo old a man. (than:
Haſt thou the treaſures of the Snow ſurvai'd?
Or ſeen the Store-houſe of my Hail (up-layd
And hid in heaps againſt the time of need)
For War-like Battry, where I have decreed? (out,
Which is the way whence Lightning flaſheth
Scattring th' unhealthy Eaſtern Gales about?
Who hath diſpos'd the upper Spouts and Gutters,
Whereby the Aire his over-burthen utters?
Or given the Lightning and the Thunder way,
To cauſe it rain on places parcht away;
On thirſtie Deſarts, where no people paſs;
On barren Mountains, to revive the graſſe?

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Had Rain a Father? Or, begot by whom
Was pearly Deaw? Or, from what pregnant Womb
Came cryſtall Yce? Or, canſt thou rightly render,
Who did the hard and hoary Froſts ingender,
When Waters creep under a ſtone-like cover,
And th' Oceans ſurface is thick-glaſed over?
Canſt thou reſtrain the pleaſant influing
Of *Pleiades* (the Uſhers of the Spring)?
Or canſt thou loſe *Orion*'s ycy Bands,
(Who rules the Winter with his chil Commands)?
Canſt thou bring forth (the ſoultry Sümers Guide)
Bright *Mazaroth* (or *Dog-ſtar*) in his Tide?
Or canſt thou lead *Arcturus* (and his Train,
Th' *Autumnal* Signs) his Sons or *Charls his Wain?*
Know'ſt Thou the Statutes of the Heau'ns above?
Or canſt thou (here) them in their order move?
Wilt thou command the Clowds, & Rain ſhall fall?
Will Lightning come, and anſwer at thy call?
Who hath infus'd Wiſdome in th' inner part?
Or Underſtanding who hath giv'n the heart?
Who can ſum-up the Clowds, or clear the Sky?
Or ope Heav'ns bottles, when the Earth is dry?
To ſteep the duſt, and knead the clotted Clay,
Yerſt over-baked with too-hot a Ray?

CHAP. 39.

WIlt Thou go hunt, th' old Lioneſs to help;
Or fetch-in prey to fill her greedy whelp,
When they are couchant in their Den, or watch
For paſſant Heards, their wonted Boot to catch?
Who for the Raven provideth timely food;
When as her hungry greedy-gaping brood,
Wandring about, and wanting what to eat,
Do (croaking) call, and cry to mee for meat?
Know'ſt thou the time when mountain Goats and
Do yean & calve (according to their kinds)? (Hinds
Canſt thou keep reckning of the Months they go,
And how their Burdens to their birth-time grow;
When they but bow them, and forth-with let fall
Their tender fruit, and all their pains withall?
Who hath ſent out the Wild Aſs, free to feed;
Or let him looſe (from ſerving humane need)
Whoſe houſe and haunt I have ordaind expreſs
Within the brackie barren Wilderneſſe?
Hee ſcorns the Cities multitude and noyſe:
He reaks not of the yawning Drivers voyce:
The craggie Cliffs his ſhaggie Paſtures been;
Where off hee croppeth what hee findeth green.
Will th' Unicorn thee willingly obay?
Or, will hee come unto thy Crib for Hay?
Will hee be brought to harrow or to plow?
Or will hee bring thy Corn unto thy Mow?
Wilt thou preſume of him, for ſtrength in fight?
Or leane to him, thy labour to acquite?
Didſt thou beſtow the Peacocks goodly Fan?
Or, gav'ſt thou Feathers to the Stork (or Swan)?
Or, to the Oſtridge her delicious Treſs
(Th' ambitious badge as well of War as Peace)
Who layes her egges, and leaves them in the Duſt,
To hatch them there, with radiant Heat aduſt,
Without her help, or heed; leſt tread or track,
Of Man or Beaſt them all to peeces crack:
Unkindeſt Dam, the labour of her wombe
That dares annull; while Hers not Hers become:
So void I made her of intelligence,
And kinde inſtinct of Natures influence:
Yet, with her Wings and Feet ſo faſt ſhee skips,
That ſhe the Horſe and Rider both out-ſtrips. (der,
Haſt thou indu'd the Horſe with ſtrengthful won-
And cloath'd his creſt, and fill'd his breſt with thun-
Canſt thou affright him, as a Graſs-hopper; (der?
Whoſe noſtrils pride ſnorts Terrors every where?
Hee pawes the Plain, hee ſtately ſtamps and neighs,
And glad goes-on againſt the arm'd Arraies,
Diſdaining Fear. For, for the ſword and Shield,
Dart, Pike, and Lance, Hee 'll not forſake the Field,
Nor turn his back (how-ever thick they ſhiver)
Nor for the Croſs-bow, and the rattling Quiver.
Hee ſwallowes-up the Earth in furious heat;
Nor will beleeve the ſound of the Retreat.
Among the Trumpets, ſounds his cheerfull Laugh,
Ha-ha-ha-ha: hee ſmelleth afar-off
The wiſhed Battaile; hears the thundring Call
Of proud Commanders; and lowd Shouts of all.
Is't by thy wiſdome that the Hawk doth mew
And to the Southward ſpreads her winged Clew
Doth th' Eagle mount ſo high at thy beheſt,
And build aloft (ſo neer the clowds) her Neſt?
Shee dwels upon the Rock and ragged Cliffe,
And craggie places the moſt ſteep and ſtiffe:
From whence, about to ſeek her prey ſhee flies;
Which, from afar, her quick keen Sight eſpies:
Her young ones alſo, only Blood doe ſuck:
And where the ſlaine are, thither doe they ruck.

CHAP. 40.

MOreover, yet, The Lord, proceeding, ſaid
To JOB: Shal he that dares wth God to plead,
Teach him his part? Let him (who God doth tax)
Heer let mee hear the Anſwer that hee makes.
JOB ſadly then Thus humbly did reply:
O! Lord, behold; O! moſt-moſt Vile am I.
What ſhall I anſwer Thee? What ſhall I ſay?
Onely, my hand upon my mouth I'll lay.
Once have I ſpoke, and twice; and too-too-bold:
But now, for ever I my tongue will hold.
Again, the Lord out of the Whirle-wind ſpake,
And ſaid to JOB: Yes, yes; thy Theam re-take:
Gird up thy loynes again, and play the Man:
I'll queſtion thee: now anſwer, if thou can. (hie);
Wilt thou make voyd my Judgements (juſt and
Condemning Mee, thy ſelf to juſtifie?
Haſt thou an Arme like to the Arme divine?
Or is thy Voyce as Thunder-like as Mine?
Put-on thy Robes of Majeſtie and Might:
Deck thee with Glory, and with Beauty bright:
Dart forth the Lightnings of thy wrathfull Frown,
Againſt the proud, and bring them tumbling down:
Behold thou all, and every one that's proud,
And down with them, and all the wicked Croud:
Trample upon them, in their very place:
Hide them in Duſt at once; there bind their Face:
Then will I grant (what thou haſt urg'd ſo brave)
That thine own Self thine own right hand can ſave.

But,

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But now behold (thy fellow) BEHEMOTH,
Thy fellow Creature; for, I made you Both.
Hee, like an Ox amid the Field doth graze:
In's Loynes and Navell, his moſt ſtrength hee ha's:
Hee whisks his ſinnewie Taile, ſtiffe as a Ceder;
His ſtones (within) with nerves are wreath'd toge-
His Bones & Ribs be ſtrong as Brazen Bars, (ther,
And as unyeelding as the Iron-Spars:
Hee's of the Maſter-peeces of the Lord,
Who alſo arm'd him with a ready Sword.
The Mountains yeeld him meat; where night & day,
All other Beaſts doe fear-leſs feed and play.
Beneath the broad leav'd ſhady Trees hee lodges
Amid the Fens, among the Reeds and Sedges,
Compaſt with Willowes of the Brook about:
Where, when hee enters (in the time of Drought)
The maſſie bulk of his huge body bayes
The Torrents courſe, and even the Current ſtayes:
There, yer hee go, the River dry hee drinks;
And in his Thirſt to ſwallow *Jordan* thinks.
Dare any come, before him, him to take,
Or bore his Snout, of him a Slave to make?

CHAP. 41.

CAnſt thou hale up the huge LEVIATHAN,
With hook and line amid the Ocean?
Canſt thou his tongue with ſteely Crotchets thrill;
Or with a Thorn his ſnuffing Noſe, or Guill?
Will hee come ſue, by Supplications, to-thee?
Will hee with ſmooth and ſoothing ſpeeches woo-
Wil he by Covenant, ſerve thee, at thy beck; (thee?
Or be thy Slave, for ever at thy Check?
Wilt thou with him, as with a Sparrow, play;
And give him, ty'd, unto thy Girles, away?
Shall Fiſher-men of him a feaſt prepare?
Shall they his fleſh among the Merchants ſhare?
Canſt thou his skin with barbed *Pheons* pearce?
Or plant his head with groves of Otter-ſpears?
Lay hold on him: ſet on him: but, before
Think on the Battell, and come there no more.
For 'tis ſo far from hope of Victory,
That even his ſight would rather make thee fly.
There's none ſo fierce that dares him rouze or hunt.
[Then, Who ſhall ſafely Mee my ſelfe affront?
Who hath prevented mee? To whom have I
Been firſt beholding for a Curteſie,
Or bound at all for any Benefit
Beſtow'd on mee, that I ſhould guerdon it?
Why? is not All earths ample arms confine,
All under Heav'n, All in the Ocean, Mine?]
I will not hide his Parts and Properties;
Neither his ſtrength, nor ſeemly Symmetries.
Who ſhall unhood him? Who with double Rain
Shall bridle him, with Snaffle, Trench, or Chain?
Or put the Bit between his Jawes (his Portall)
Impal'd with Terror of his Teeth ſo mortall?
His ſhield-like Scales, hee chiefly glories in,
So cloſe compact, glew'd, ſealed; that, between,
No Aire can enter, nor no Engin pearce,
Nor any Point diſ-joyne them or diſperſe.
His Neeſings cauſe a Light, as brightly burning;
His Eyes are like the Eye-lids of the Morning;
Out of his mouth flow blazing Lamps, and flye
Quick ſparkes of fire, aſcending ſwift and hie:
Out of his Noſtrils, ſmoak, as from a Pot,
Kettle or Caldron when it boyleth hot:
His breath doth kindle coals, when with the ſame
Hee whirleth out a ſtorm of Fume and Flame:
Strength dwelleth in his Neck; ſo that hee joyes
In ſaddeſt ſtorms, and triumphs of Annoyes:
His Flakes of Fleſh as ſolid to his bone;
His heart's as hard as Wind-mils neather-ſtone.
To ſee him riſe, and how hee breaks withall;
The ſtouteſt ſtoop, and to their Prayers fall.
No Weapons of defence, or of offence,
Can him offend, or from him be defence:
Iron and Braſſe Hee waighs as Sticks and Straw:
Sling-ſtones and Arrowes, Him do never aw:
Darts daunt him not, more than they Stubble were:
Hee laugheth at the ſhaking of a Speare:
Sharp ragged Stones, Keen pointed Sherds & Shels,
Hee reſteth on, amid his muddy Cels.
Hee makes the deeep ſea like a pot to boyl,
A pot of Oyntment (caſting ſcummy Soyl):
Where hee hath paſt, hee leaves upon the ſtreams
A ſhining Path, and th' Ocean hoary ſeems.
In earth is nothing like him to be ſeen;
So fear-leſs made, ſo full of haughty ſpleen;
Deſpiſing all high things, Himſelf beſide.
Hee is the King of all the Sons of Pride.

CHAP. 42.

JOB, proſtrate then, Thus to the Lord profeſt:
Drad God, I know, and I acknowledge preſt,
That All Thou *canſt*; and all Thou *kenneſt* too:
Our thoughts not hid; Thine owne not hard to do.
I am the Man, Who (to my ſelfe too-holy)
Darkned thy Counſels, with Contentious Folly.
For, I have ſpoken what I underſtood not, (not.
Of wondrous things which comprehend I could
Yet, Lord, vouchſafe, vouchſafe, I thee beſeech,
An eare, and anſwer to my humble ſpeech.
Till now, mine eare had onely heard of thee:
But now, mine Eye thy gracious Self doth ſee.
Therefore, My ſelf I loath, as too-too-bad;
And heer repent in duſt and Aſhes, ſad.
Now, after this with JOB; it came to paſs,
The Lord did alſo ſpeak to *Eliphaz*
The *Themanite*; and thus to him ſaid hee:
My wrath is kindled with thy Friends and thee:
For none of you have ſpoken of my Path,
So right and juſt as JOB my Servant hath.
Therefore go take you Rams and Bullocks faire;
Seven of a ſort; and to my JOB repaire;
Bring for your ſelves your burnt Oblations due,
And JOB my Servant hee ſhall pray for you,
(For him will I accept) leſt, juſtly ſtrict,
After your Folly, I revenge inflict;
Becauſe you have not ſpoken of my Path,
So right and juſt as JOB my Servant hath.
So *Eliphaz*, the ancient *Themanite*,
Bildad the *Shuhite*, the *Naamathite*
Zophar (together) them prepar'd and went
And did according God's Commandement.

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Alſo the Lord accepted JOB, and ſtaid
His Thrall-full State (when for his friends he praid)
And turned it to Solace-full, from ſad;
And gave him double all the goods hee had.
Then all his Brethren, Siſters all, and Kin;
And all that had of his acquaintance bin,
Came flocking to his Houſe, with him to feaſt;
To waile his Woes, and comfort him their beſt,
For all the Evill which the Lord (of late)
Had brought upon his Perſon and his ſtate.
And each man gave him (as beſt beare they could)
A peece of Money, and Ear-ring of Gold.
So, that the Lord bleſſed JOB's latter Time,
With more abundance than his flowry Prime.
For, fourteen Thouſand Sheep were now his flock;
Camels ſix Thouſand; Steers a Thouſand yoak;
Shee-Aſſes twice five Hundred; Familie
Juſt as before: Seven Sons, and Daughters Three.
Th' Eldeſt *Jemima*, *Kezia* the next:
And *Keren-Happuch* (ſaith my ſacred Text)
The Third hee named (Names of goodly Senſe,
Alluding to ſom gracefull Excellence:
The firſt, as much as *Luſtre of the Morn*;
Caſsia, the next; laſt, *Alabaſtrine Horn*)
In all the Countrey were no Women found
So faire as theſe. JOB, of his goods and ground,
Among their Brethren gave them Heritage.
Yet, after This, JOB liv'd a goodly age,
Twice Seventy years, and ſaw his Sons Sons Sons,
Succeſſively, Foure Generations:
And then Hee dy'd, Ancient and full of Dayes.

To GOD, for him, and all his Saints be Praiſe,
And for his Succour in theſe ſacred Layes.

AMEN.

EPITAPHIUM JOBI.

Qui Se, qui Sêclum vicit; qui ſæva Suorum
Funera, Amicorum jurgia, Pauperiem;
Ulcera qui carnis, qui Conjugis impia verba;
Qui Cœlum iratum, mente tulit placida:
Invictum virtute *Jobum*, *Patientia* Virgo,
Nunc vidua, hoc Sponſum condidit in Tumulo.

* ** *VVho, SELF, The World, & Satan, triumpht-o're*

* ** *Who, Wealth's & Health's & Children's rueſull, Loſſe;*

* ** *Who, Frends Rebuke, Foes rage, Wifes curſing Croſſe;*

* ** *Hev'ns Frowne, Earth's force, Hels Furie, Calmely bore:*

Th' Invincible *in Vertue, JOB, Her* Pheere,
The Virgin Patience (*Widow now*) *toomb'd Heer.*

FINIS.

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BETHULIA'S RESCUE.

THE

Wonder of Widowes:
Honour of Wives:
Mirrour of Maids.

Tranſlated; and Dedicated

TO

The Soveraign of VVomen,

ANNE

Queene of Great Britaine.

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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TO THE RIGHT-RIGHT HONOURABLE *LADIES*,

Lucie, *Marchioness* of Winchester.

Lucie, Anne, Frances, } *Countess* { of Bedford. of Dorset. of Exceter.

Frances, Katherin, Susan, } *Countess* { of Hartford. of Salisbury. of Montgom.

Barbara, Elizabeth, Elizabeth, } *Vi-Countess* { Lisle. Haddington. Fenton.

Sara, Margaret, Honoria, } *Baroness* { Zouch. Wotton. Hay.

Elizab. Elizab Jane, } *Baroness* { Knowles. Cavendish. Roxborough.

MIrrors of HONOR, *Models of Perfection,*
Lowe to You all, bowes the BETHULIAN Dame;
Beseeching All, but chiefely, You, *by Name,*
To daign her grace and place in your Affection.
You Noblest Lights, *whose* Vertues *bright reflection*
Rare-richly sparkles every way some flame
(*Diverse in Form; in vertue* still the Same)
On Objects worthy of your Worth's *Election:*
Your kinde Addresse *Shee craves, your sweet* Direction
Towards the Presence of your Soverain DAME:
Whose High Endowments by the Trump of Fame,
Invite All Vertuous *under Her* Protection;
Which JUDITH *humbly prayes You, pray for Her:*
And milde interpret Her Interpreter.

BETHULIA'S RESCUE.

THE FIRST BOOK.

I Sing the *Vertues* and the valiant Deed
Of th' *Hebrew Widow*, that so bravely freed
Bethulian-Doores from *Babylonian*-Dread,
And with just Fauchin did behead their Head.
Thou, that to save, from *Pagans* servile Rigor,
Thine *Isaac*'s Heirs, didst steel with manly Vigor
Weak JUDITH's heart, my feeble heart advance;
Raise, raise my thoughts in high and holy transe;
Upon my Spirit, O I let thy Spirit reflect:
Grant I may handle in a stile select
So sacred stuffe; that whoso reads this *Story*,
May Profit reap, I Comfort, and Thou Glory.
And You, *great* Comfort *of* Great-Britan's King,
Whose Vertues *heer I under* JUDITH *sing*;
Thrice-royall ANNE, *vouchsafe auspicious Rayes*
Of Princely Favour *on These Pious Layes*
(Composed first upon a Queen's *Command,*
Disposed next into a Queen's *own hand,*
Transposed now *to a more* Queen's *Protection:*
As most peculiar *to all* Queen's *Perfection).*
Great-gracious Lady, let it not distaste,
That JUDITH *made not (as shee ought) more haste*
To kisse Your *Hands*; *nor deem, nor doubt, the worst,*
Though Shee *have seen* Your royall Spouse *the first*:
It was her Truch-man, *much against her minde,*
Betray'd her so to goe against her Kinde.
For which Offence, *with other mo, to Her,*
Sh' hath got her now a new Interpreter;
Shee hopes more faithfull (wishes, more discreet)
To say and lay Her Service *at Your Feet:*
To give Du BARTAS *(at the last) His Due,*
In Her behalfe; and in Her, *honour* You.
While *Israel* a happy *Peace* injoy'd,
And, dangerless, with diligence imploy'd
The fruitfull Soile, which seventy yeers unsow'n,
Had ly'n before, with Thistles overgrow'n;
The Lord, Who often, by some Stroak severe
Of just Correction, *wakes* his Own (for fear
Lest too-long resting make them like the Horse,
Which standing still too-long, doth lose his Force,
Forgets to manage; and, too-pamper'd, growes
Unruly, restive; and his Rider throwes;)
Covers their Country with so huge an Hoast,
That clouds of *Arrows* darkned all the Coast,
Pikes, Bills & Darts, seem'd, as they stirr'd, or stood,
A moving Forrest, or a mighty Wood:
And, of all sorts of souldiers, rankly-rude,
Under their Ensignes marcht such multitude,
As even drew dry the Rivers where they past
Through rich *Judea*; so that, at the last,
Cleer *Jordan*'s Selfe, in his dry oazie Bed,
Blushing for shame, was fain to hide his dead;
Because (flat Bankrupt) hee no more could pay
One Tribute-stream, of all hee ought the Sea.
The sun-burnt Reaper had yet scarcely rid
The ridged Acres of their richest Weed:
The needie Gleaner scarce had gathred clean
The scatter'd Ears the Binder left, to glean:
And scarce, as yet the Flayls upon the Floores
Began to groan: when *Jacob* at his Doores,
Sees HOLOPHERNES his weak Frontires spoile;
In bloody Rivers drown his fertile Soile;
Not sparing fel the tender Female-kinde,
Nor hoarie hairs (already short confin'd)
Nor Sucklings, swaddled in their Mothers arms,
From insolence of his insulting Arms.
Then, as a flock of Sheep, which sees their Foe
Come forth a Wood (who oft hath scar'd them so)
Minds no Defence; but scudding to be gone,
Makes, in an instant, hundred Flocks of one:
Th' *Isa'cians* seized with a sodain fear,
Thinking his Hoast behind them every where,
Dispersed and scatter'd (like those silly Sheep)
Fly into Woods, in Rocks and Caves they creep.
Th' affrighted Swains neglecting fields & flocks,
To save their lives, climb steepest Hills and Rocks:
Artificers, leaving their Tools to play,
Gain-greedy Chap-men, laying Trades away,
Hie them to hide them, in securer sort
In mossie Caves, than in a martiall Fort.

And

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And greateſt Lords hold Dens of Wolves and Bears
A ſafer Hold than Gold-lyn'd Walls of theirs.
Fear, lending wings to th' Aged, makes them ply
With luſtie ſpeed up to the Mountains nigh:
Fear makes the Mothers, all forlorn and loſt,
Lug their dear Cradles to the Clouds almoſt:
Fear makes the Children (like ſo many Lambs)
Craule on all foure after their dabbled Dams:
There 's nothing heard but hideous cries & plaints,
Sad Lamentations, pitifull Complaints.
O Lord! (ſay they) wilt thou for ever, thus
Thrill down the Darts of thy fierce Wrath on us?
Shall the *Chaldean Idoliſts* again
Thy Choſen Flock in ſervil Yoak enchain?
Shall our ſad Houſes, turn'd to Heaps of ſtone,
With weeds and thorns again be over-grow'n?
Shall ſacrilegious Fire again preſume
Thy ſacred Houſe, thine Altar to conſume?
But *Joachim*, High-Prieſt of God, that tide,
And of the *Hebrews* then the chiefeſt Guide,
Follows the ſtout and expert Pilots guiſe,
Who, when hee ſees a ſodain Storm ariſe,
Ads not more Fear, with his Fear, to his fellows,
Nor leaves his Ship to mercy of the Billows;
But, hiding his diſtruſt, oppoſes brave
His Arm and Art againſt the Winde and Wave:
For, quick diſpatching (hourely) Poſt on Poſt,
To all the Coverts of the Able-moſt (them
For Pate, Proweſs, Purſe; commands, praies, preſſes
To come with ſpeed unto JERUSALEM.
Since firſt th' *Eternall* gave his ſacred Law,
Upon Mount *Sinai* (in ſo dreadfull Awe)
Th' *Ark*, which contained, in *Two leaves of ſtone*,
Much more ſound *Wiſedom*, in it ſelfe alone;
Than ſubtile *Greece*, or *Rome* (renown'd for *Wiſe*)
In Worlds of Volumes ever could compriſe;
Wandred from Tribe to Tribe, from Race to Race,
Throughout all *Jurie*, without reſting-place,
Yea, ſometimes too (O too audacious Theft!)
The ſacrilegious *Philiſtins* it reft:
Till th' happy day when *Jeſſe* 's holy Stem
Lodg'd it for ever, in JERUSALEM.
But, ſith as yet, great *Davids* hands were red
With bloud of Thouſands hee had ſlaughtered;
The King of *Peace* would have a peacefull Prince
In Peacefull dayes, with all magnificence
To build his TEMPLE; whoſe high Battlement
Seem'd Earth to ſcorn, and threat the Firmament,
Till th' hapleſs Day wherein a hatefull King
(In name and nature, juſt reſembling
This *Tyrant* 's Lord) with execrable Blaze,
Did burn it down, and the Foundation raze.
A long-while after, *Abr'am* 's ſacred Stems,
Return'd from Shores of Tyrant *Tygris* ſtreams;
Beſet with Fears, with Perill, and with Pain,
Re-builded Heer God 's glorious houſe again.
Which, though (alas!) that firſt no more it matcht,
Than a Kings *Palace* a poor *Cottage* thatcht;
In Bigneſs yet, Beauty, and Height, obſcur'd
All Pagan *Wonders* which moſt Fame procur'd;
Th' *Aſſyrian Queen-kings*, (ſometime) ſumptuous
Th' *Epheſian Temple*, the *Egyptian Towers*, (*Bowers*,
The *Pharians Pharus*, *Carians* coſtly *Tomb*,
Rhodes high *Coloſſus*, the huge *Heaps of Rome*.
For, for admired *Art*, This glorious TEMPLE
Serv'd *Cteſiphon* for *Model* and Example;
Lent rare *Apelles* curious Penſil Light,
And led *Lycippus* cunning Chizel right.
Thither by troups, th' *Iſaacian* Tribes devout,
Return'd to *Salem*, flockt from all about:
As, when the Heav'ns, opening their Sluces wide,
Poure ſodain Showers, ſurrounding every ſide;
The gurgling Rills with rapid Courſe deſcend
From ſundry Hills, and to ſome River tend.
But ſad-ſweet JUDITH in the midſt (almoſt)
Shined as *Cynthia* 'mid the *Nightly* Hoaſt:
For, God (it ſeem'd) her Beauties form had caſt
In rareſt Mould of Nature (firſt or laſt).
Th' *High Primate* then, aſſiſted with the Ligne
Of *Eleazar* (Prieſts, whoſe ſacred Crine
Felt never Razor) on his oyled head
A pearly Mitre ſadly ſetteled:
His ſacred Body alſo ſoon hee heals
With ſacred Veſture, fring'd with golden Bells.
Then burns for *Offring*, ſlayes for *Sacrifice*,
Kids, Lambs, Calves, Heifers, in aboundant wiſe;
Th' horns of the Altar with their blood bedying,
And lowly loud, thus to th' Almighty crying:
Wee come not heer, O dreadfull Lord of Hoaſts,
To plead a Roule of *Meritorious Boaſts*;
Nor to proteſt, that in theſe Puniſhments,
Thou wrong'ſt thy *Juſtice*, and our *Innocence*:
No; wee confeſſe, our foule and frequent Crimes
Worthy worſe Plagues than theſe, a thouſād times;
Could'ſt thou forget thy dear authentick *Pact*
With *Abraham*, or would'ſt thou (ſo exact)
Forcing thy *Mercy* in thy *Juſtice* Scale,
Our waight of Sins with Judgements countervaile.
Remove our Cauſe, wee therefore (Lord) intreat,
From *Juſtice* Bar, unto thy *Mercy*-Seat:
O! holy Father, pardon us (wee pray)
And turn from us this fearfull Storm away.
Alas! what boots us, that thy mighty hand
Hath brought us home from *Tigris* hatefull ſtrand,
Free from the Yoak, which wee ſo long (before)
Under th' *Aſſyrian* cruell Tyrants bore;
If theſe fat Fields, wee have but new re-tild,
If theſe fair Frames, wee doe but now re-build,
If theſe (O Dolour!) our dear loving Wives,
Our Babes, Sons, Daughters (deerer than our lives)
Muſt ſerve the *Chaldees*, *Ammonites* for *Pay*,
And be the *Perſians* and fell *Parthians* Prey;
If this thine Altar, if theſe hallowed rooms,
Be re-profan'd with Heathen *Hecatombs*?
O! if thou wilt not pitie Us, abhorr'd;
At leaſt, be Jealous of thy *Glory*, Lord:
At leaſt, have pity on this *Holy Place*,
Where to no God, but to JEHOVAH 's *Grace*
Is *Incenſe* burnt, nor any *Sacrifice*,
But to thy Selfe, of all the Deities.
Lord! therefore turn, O turn the *Chaldean* Torches
From theſe rich Cedar *Roofs*, theſe ſtately Porches:
Preſerve theſe *Plates*, this pretious *Furniture*,
From ſacrilegious Pilferers impure:
And let our Sorrow, and our Sacrifice,
Unto thy *Juſtice* for our Sins ſuffice.
The Service done, Each doth his way depart,
And *Joachim* inſtantly calls apart

The

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The States of *Juda*; and thus sadly sweet,
Consults with them how with this Storm to meet.
Graye *Peers* (said hee) if your brave Zeal, of old,
Be not quite quenched, be not yet key-cold:
If Care of Wives, if tender Childrens love,
Had ever power your Soules deer Soules to move:
If in your Breasts rests any noble Worth,
Now, now or never bring it bravely forth:
For, but God aid, and your auspicious Speed,
Wee are undone, Wee and our wretched Seed:
And never more shall the Immortall see
This Altar *Smoaking* to his *Majestie*.
While th' Aire is mute, so that it scarce can make,
In Summer dayes, an Aspen leaf to shake:
While Seas be calm, so that, with Streamers brave,
A thousand Sail slide on the sleeping Wave:
While all the Winds be mew'd up in their Cell,
'Tis hard to say, which Pilot doth excell.
But, when a Tempest, one-while sinks a Ship
Down to the Bottom of th' infernall Deep;
Another-while, with swelling Fury driven,
Tilts with her Tops against the Stars of Heav'n;
Raking a Shelfe now, and a Rock anon;
Then, and but then, is a good Master know'n.
Therefore (alas!) let now no carnall Care
Of goods, lives, honours (for your private Share)
Make you forget your common-Countrey's Love,
This *Sacred Place*, th' Honour of GOD above:
But humbly all into His hands resigning
Your soules whole sway, & all your spirits refining
In sacred Flame, from Drosse and Mists impure,
Which too-too-oft the cleerest Eyes obscure;
Advise (I pray) the best, in likely-hood,
Most pleasing God, most for the Publique Good.
An aged Traytor then, whose breath distill'd
Sweet hony words, whose brest with gall was fill'd;
Wringing false Tears from his dissembling Eyes,
His cursed Drift did in these Tearms disguise:
My Spirit's faint, my Speech doth fail me quight,
My frostie hairs for horror stand upright,
When I consider how this Tyrant fel, (quell,
With bloud-floods drowning where hee comes to
Draws neer Us; threatning to our Houses Flames,
Death to our Selves, dishonour to our Dames;
But, when (on th' other side) to minde I call
This mighty Princes milde Receit of All
(Not onely such, as, rude and Reason-les,
Serve (like himselfe, dumb Idols) Blocks & Beasts:
But such, as matching our *Zeal's* holy Heighth,
Are *Abraham's* Seed, both in their flesh and faith;
Which wisely have (and timely) turn'd (submiss)
The deadly Edge of his drad Vengeances)
I praise the Lord for such a Foe; so meek
To yeelding Lambs, to Lyons Lyon-like;
As flexible to humble Tears, as fel
To Resolutions that (in vain) rebell.
Sith therefore, yet we may have choise (for *Jury*)
Of War, or Peace; his favour, or his furie;
Winking in dangers, ~~let's not wilfully~~
Follow our fathers stubborn Sur-cuidry:
But, striking Sail in such Storms violence,
Let's live secure under so good a Prince.
Yet, *None* mis-take that I this Counsell give,
To save my Stake, as one too-fain to live:
Alas! my Years are of themselves of age
To *dye* alone, without *Assyrians* Rage;
Without the help of their keen Dart or Pole,
To launce my Heart, or to let out my Soule: (again,
Where, were my Youth's Spring now re-flowr'd
And heatfull bloud boiling in every vein,
My *Zeal* to *GOD*, and to my Country's Good
Should shew mee well no Niggard of my blood;
Might (*Sampson*-like) my Death bring Death to all
The *Pagan* Hoast, and their proud Generall.
But, more I fear, lest, with a Zeal too-Young,
Wee, fighting for the Law, the Law impugne;
Inciting so the Souldiers Insolence,
Incensing so the Fury of the Prince,
That they by conquest of one Day undoe
Deer *Israel*, and drown *GOD's* Glory too.
For, *Wee* bereft, What People, in *This Place*,
Truly-religious shall implore his grace?
Who, of all Nations that dispersed Wun
From Shores of *Indus*, to the *Setting Sun*;
And from the farthest *Hyperborean* Coasts,
To those whose Clime continuall Summer roasts,
Hath chosen onely *Jacob* for his Own,
And on *This Mount* his drad-deer *Glory* shown?
But, good old *Cambris* (else the mildest Prince)
Groans, griev'd and pale with Passions vehemence;
And, interrupting That, with this Discourse
Heartens the heartless Peers and Counsellors:
Rather, O Earth (for which our Earthlings strive)
Gape under mee, and swallow mee alive:
Rather, just Heav'ns, with sulphury Fire and Fume
(As *Sodom* yerst) Mee sodainly consume,
Than I Should (Saint-without, within Malitious)
Give *Israel* a Counsell so pernitious.
Were it, the Head of this inhumane Band
Meant but our Bodies onely to command,
Tho with our Birth, to this fair Light wee brought
Sweet *Liberty* (so sweet and deer, that nought,
No Hopes, no Heaps may be compar'd to it):
The TEMPLE sav'd, I might perhaps submit.
But, sith this Tyrant, puft with foolish Pride,
With heavier Gyves to load our Soules (beside)
Which (onely Vassals of the *Thunder-Thrower*)
Nor know, nor owe, to any Scepters lower;
Would that (forgetting him who made us all,
And of all People chose us principall,
And fatherly provides us every thing,
And shields us ay with Shadow of his wing)
Wee take for *GOD*, his proud ambitious Prince,
Who, *Nimrod*-like, ~~with hellish Insolence~~,
Would climb to Heav'n, although his life be such,
As merits not the name of Man, by much.
Let's beard him boldly, bravely stand wee to't,
Arms against Arms, Man to Man, Foot to Foot.
Victory lies not in vain-glorious hearts,
Number of Horses, nor of Pikes, and Darts:
These be but Instruments th' Eternall moves,
To crown with cõquest whom his Goodness loves.
~~Yet, should the Lord now suffer Heathen's rage~~
To over-run his sacred Heritage,
Because in life his Name wee so dishonour;
In Death, at least, in Death, let's doe him Honour:
And, if wee cannot *Assur* overcome,
Let's win, by *Patience*, Crowns of *Martyrdom*.

And

And, could our Foes(as fel as *Lestrigons*)
From off the Earth extirp our Tribes at-once;
They could not tho *GOD*'s glorious Name interr
(As these Apostates falsly would inferr).
For, Hee that with so sundry Nations stor'd
Th' unpeopled World, from one Man; and restor'd
(Long after that)by one small Bark the waste
The *Flood* had made, when it had All defac't;
Is not Hee able even of stones to raise
A People Zealous of his glorious Praise?
Is not Hee able once again to ope
Old *Sara*'s Womb,and give her Spouse(past hope)
More Sons, than Sands on *Lybian* shores be cast,
By ruffling *Boreas*, loud Cloud-chasing Blast;
Or twinkling Spangles nightly brightly roule
On sabled Circles of the whirling Pole:
Which,with more sacred voice,more humble awe,
Shall sound his Praises, and observe his Law?
Then rather,Fathers(foule befall You else)
Let us die *Hebrews*,than live *Infidels*.
Let 's not prefer,too-base and too-too-blame,
Profit to Duty, idle Fear to Shame.
Cambris Oration was no sooner done,
But all th' Assembly (as all joyn'd in one)
Confirm'd his Counsell both with voice and geste:
And *Joachim*, (Joy-rapt,above the rest)
Lifting to Heav'n-ward reverent hands and face,
Said, Lord wee thank thee,that thy speciall grace
Hath steel'd our hearts, and linkt our wills no less:
A hopefull Signe of happy good Successe.
Then, to the Princes hee the Charge commits
Of Towns and Provinces,as Each befits:
Lest any, spurr'd by Envie or Ambition,
In *Israel* should kindle new Sedition.
So, Each with-draws,and bravely-bold prepares
To front the worst that martiall Fury dares.
Who th' *Aristæan* busie Swarms hath seen
On *Hybla*'s Top; Whether with Launcets keen,
Charging the Drones wth over-neer their homes
Come humming out to rob their fragrant Combs:
Whether, collecting their delicious Deaw
From various *Thyme*,and other Flowers not few:
Whether,extending,in rare *Symmetrie*,
With wondrous Art, their *Waxen* Canapey;
And arching even,so many Thousand Cells,
So quick, so thick; so like,as nothing else:
Whether conducting their too-full Supplies
Else-where to plant their goodly *Colonies*;
Which keep,still constant,in their new Plantation,
Their Mother Citie's Manners,Lawes and Fashion:
Hath seen the *Jews* as busie Diligence,
And quick Desire to put them in Defence.
Some stop the Breaches made by Art or Age;
By the Heav'ns anger,or the Heathens rage:
Some,lest the Ram,butting with boisterous Fals,
Should pash to powder their too-feeble Walls,
With Bastiõs,Bulwarks,Rampiers,Rav'lins,Forts,
Flank on all sides their Cities where imports:
Some to and fro trudging with Baskets fill'd,
In places needfull sodain Sconces build:
Some wanting time,or means their Town to wall,
With broad deep Trenches soon begirt it all:
And from a River neer they cut a Rill
The hollow bosom of their Dike to fill.
While Armorers, in order,beating quick
Hot sparkling Steel on Anvils hard and thick,
Transform it soon to Corslets,Curtellaxes,
Helms,Gorgets,Gantlets,Bills and Battail-axes;
And some,for need(to furnish and set out
Th' untrained Shepheard,Neat-heard,& the Lowt)
Ground the ground-slycing Coultar to a Blade,
And of the Sickle a streight Weapon made:
None Young and healthy took Repast or Rest:
One on his back,another on his Beast,
Others in waggons carryed-in apace
Corn,wine,and food to som importing Place:
Even so,in Summer(as the *Wise-man* tels) (Cels
Th' Emmets by troupes haste from their hollow
To get-in Harvest graving where they gone
Their Diligence even in a path of Stone:
The lustiest Swarms for their Provision range,
The sick and old wait at their thrifty Grange
T' unload the Burthens, and lay-up their Store
In their great Garner, byting yet before
Of every Grain,lest kept so warm below
Amid the mold, it after sprout and grow.

The End of the First Booke.

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BETHULIA'S RESCUE.

The Second Book.

NOw *Holophernes* in the *Scythick* Fort
Had pight his Standards; and in various Sport
His Youthfull *Pagans* did them ſtill delight;
Nought leſs expecting than Affront, or Fight:
When hee had news, The *Jews* ſtood bravely out,
Defy'd his Pride, and fortifi'd about.
Shall then (ſaid Hee) ſhall then a ſort of Slaves,
A ſort of Clowns & Shepheards, arm'd with Staves,
With Slings & Stones, preſume to ſtop the Courſe
Of mine exploits: which, nor the roaring ſource
Of rapid *Tigris* and ſwift *Euphrates*,
Nor ſnowie Tops of *Taure* and *Niphates*,
Conſpir'd, could ſtay? You Chiefs of *Moabites*,
Of valiant *Ephraim*, and fierce *Ammonites*;
You that as Neighbours (having long converſt)
Know all the Nations on theſe Hills diſperſt,
Say, from what People had they their Deſcent?
What lies their Strength in? What 's their Govern-
For, he that wiſely knows his foe (they ſay) (ment?
Hath, in a manner gotten half the Day.
Then *Ammon*'s Prince, bending his humble knee,
Thus to the *Duke* reply'd right prudently;
(For, though in heart a *Pagan*, born and bred;
Againſt his minde, his Tongue, divinely led
By that ſame Spirit which did the See'r compell,
Which came to curſe, to bleſſe his *Iſrael*;
Of th' *Hebrews* State did ſuch Relation make,
As if in Him *Moſes* and *Ezdras* ſpake):
My Lord, I ſhall, ſith You ſo pleaſe, recite
Th' *Iſa'cians* Story; and will follow right
Th' ingenious Bees, which wont not to devoure
All Sweet they meet, nor ſuck of every Flower;
But even of thoſe they chuſe, take but the Crops.
This People (Sir) upon the Mountain Tops
Encamped heer, originally came
From forth the loins of famous ABRAHAM,
Who, to obey the GOD of Gods, moſt High,
Maker of All; of All Support, Supply;
Came to *This Countrey* (then, in Occupation
Of *Cananites*, the rich and native Nation)
Where that ſame GOD not onely heaps with Gold
And Goods, his Houſe; but alſo (though Hee old
An hundred years; a third part leſſe, his Wife;
And, till that ſeaſon, barren all her life)
Sent him a Son; ſwearing, His ſeed ſhould ſway,
Triumphant Scepters many, many a-day:
But, when good *Abraham*'s old-old Age expects
This happy Promiſe in the ſweet effects,
Th' Immortall Voice (O piteous Myſteries!)
Commands that Hee his ISAAC ſacrifice.
Even as a Ship, upon the raging Sea,
Between two Winds Croſs-toſſed every-way,
Uncertain knows not in what Courſe to ſet-her,
Till one of them, ſtriving to get the better,
Doubles his billows, and with boiſterous blaſt
Drives her (at random) where hee liſt, at laſt:
So, th' *Hebrew*, feeling in-ward War (that ſeaſon)
Twixt Love and Duty, betwixt Faith and Reaſon,
Doubts what to doe; and his Perplexities
Lean now to that hand, and anon to this: (won
Till th' heav'nly love hee ought his GOD had
The earthly love hee bore his onely Son.
Then, having ready Fire and Fagot laid,
And on the Altar his deer Son diſplaid;
The knife hee draws with trembling hand, and had
Even heav'd his arm about to ſtrike the Lad,
When GOD, in th' inſtant ſtaies the Inſtrument
Ready to fall on th' humble Innocent:
As ſatisfi'd with ſo ſufficient Triall
Of *Abraham*'s Faith; to Him his GOD ſo loyall.
From ISAAC, JACOB; and from JACOB ſprung
Twelve ſturdy *Sons*; who with ſore Famine wrung,
Forſaking *Canaan*, for a great-good-while
Had happy Biding by the Banks of *Nile*:
Where their bleſt Iſſue multiply'd ſo faſt,
That they became th' *Egyptians* Fear, at laſt:
Yea, though (alas!) their bodies had no reſt,
And tho their backs with burthens were oppreſt;
Like noble Palm-Trees, mounting ſtifly-ſtrait,
The more, the more they be ſurcharg'd with waight.

Therefore

Therefore the Tyrant which then held the Reins
Of that rich Soile where sad Heav'n never rains,
Commands that all male *Hebrew* Infants found
(Poor Innocents!) be quickly kill'd, or drown'd,
As soon as Wombs had them delivered;
That one same day might see them born and dead.
O Tiger! think'st thou? thinks that Rage of thine
To cut-off quite *Isaac*'s Immortall Ligne?
Well may it reave the scarce-born Life of those
New-hatched Babes, and them of Light fore-close:
But notwithstanding, *Jacob*'s swarming Race
Within few Years shall cover *Canaan*'s Face;
And thine own Issue even the first shall be
To break (and justly) thine unjust Decree.
Pharao's fair Daughter, with a noble Train,
For Bloud and Beauty rarely matcht again,
One Evening, bathing in the Crystall Brook
Which thorough *Gossen* crawls with many a crook,
Hears in the reeds a ruefull Infants voyce;
But thinking it some of the *Hebrews* Boyes
(As 't was indeed) her Fathers bloudy Law
Stopt for a while her tender ears with Awe.
But, at the last, marking the Infants face
(I wot not what unusuall Tracts of Grace
And Types of Greatness, sweetly shining there)
Love vanquisht Duty, Pity conquer'd Fear:
For, Shee not onely takes him up from thence,
But brings him up, and breeds him as a Prince,
Yea, as her own. O Babe belov'd of God!
O Babe ordain'd to lighten th' *Hebrew*'s Load!
To lead their Bodies, to direct their Mindes:
First, best, most Writer, in all sacred Kindes:
Thou hadst but now no Mother, (so be seen)
And now for Mother, thou hast found a Queen.
Lo, thus (my Lord) could their wise *God* extract
Good out of Evill, and convert the act
Of Persecution (bent against the blood
And Life of His) unto their greater good.
So *Joseph*'s Brethren, by their Envious Drift
To over-throw him, to a Throne him lift:
So did proud *Haman*'s deadly Hatred lend
Sad *Mordecay* a Ladder to ascend
To honours Top, and trimm'd his neck (past hope)
With gracefull Chain, in stead of shamefull Rope.
One day, this *Hebrew*, driving *Jethro*'s Sheep
Upon Mount *Horeb* (where hee us'd to keep)
Saw on the sodain a bright blazing Flame
Burn in a Bush, and yet not burn the same;
From whence, anon hee heard (wth fear & wonder)
A voice, might shake both heav'n & earth in sunder.
I, I that (onely) AM-WAS-SHAL-BE, Who
Made All of Nothing; and can All un-doe,
When pleaseth Mee: I-AM, *The Holy-One,*
The Great, The Good, The Just; Whose hand alone
Sustains, maintains, and rules the World: I-AM,
Th' Omni-potent, The GOD of Abraham;
Fierce to my Foes with my *Revenging* Rod:
But unto Those that worship Mee for GOD,
Mee sole, and whole in Thought, in Word, & Deed,
Most *Mercifull*; to Them and all their Seed.
Then doe my Will: dispatch thee speedy hence;
Goe, say from *Mee*, to that unhallowed Prince,
Which ruleth *Memphis*, and the fertile Plain
Where swelling *Nilus* serves in stead of Rain,
That hee dismisse my People: and lest Hee,
Incredulous, distrust thine Embassie;
Cast-down thy Rod, thy Message to confirm:
It to a Serpent shall eft-soons transform.
Hee throws it down, and instantly withall
Sees it begin to live, to move, to craul,
With hideous head before, and tail behinde,
And body wriggling (after Creepers kinde).
Re-take it up, his *GOD* commands him then;
Which, taken, takes the former Form agen:
And, past Mans Reason (by the power of *GOD*)
Of Rod turns Serpent, and of Serpent Rod.
Arm'd with this Wand, wherewith hee was to quell
The sceptred Pride of many an Infidel,
Hee many a time importunes *Pharao*,
In *GOD*'s great Name, to let the *Hebrews* goe
Into the Defart, at their liberties
To serve the Lord, and offer Sacrifice.
But *Pharao*, deaf unto his sacred Word,
Stifly withstands the Message of the Lord:
Who then by *Moses* working many Miracles,
Authorized His Orator and Oracles.
First, Hee not onely turned into *Bloud*
Nile's seaven-fold Waves, and every other Flood
That fattens *Egypt*; but even every Spring,
Whose captive Crystall, golden Pipes doe bring
To serve the Court: so that the King is forc't
With that *red liquor* to allay his thirst.
Then, from the Fens, from puddly Ponds & Lakes
Millions of Millions of foule *Frogs* hee makes
To cover *Memphis* with their ougly Frie,
And not forbear the Kings own Canapy.
Then, of all Ages, of all sorts, and sexes,
With burning *Ulcers*, and hot *Biles* hee vexes;
So that th' *Egyptians*, in unceassant anguish
Of unknown Poyson, on their Couches languish:
Nor can their Leaches their own Leaches be,
In their unheard-of, hidden Malady.
Then on their cattle; Flocks, & Heards, & Droves
In Downs & Dales, Fens, Forrests, Fields & Groves,
A strong *Contagion* sodainly hee spred;
Which took so quickly both their heart and head,
That silly Shepheards neer the Rivers side,
Their Cattle dead, sooner than sick, espy'd.
Then turns the earths dust into swarms of *Lice*:
Then dims the Air with duskie Clouds of *Flies*,
Of Drones, Wasps, Hornets, humming day & night
In every place, with every face to fight,
And fixing deep in every *Pagans* skin
Th' unusuall anger of their steeled Pin.
Then (when appear'd no Threat of troubled Air,
No signe of Tempest) at his Servants Prayer
Th' Eternall thundred down such Storms of *Hail*,
As with the noise and stroak did stoutest quail:
Heer falls a Bull, brain'd with a Hail-stones rap;
There sprawls a Childe, split with a Thunder-Clap:
Heer a huge Forrest, lately all a Cloud
Of tufted Arms, hath neither Shade nor Shrowd:
And, if the native sap again re-suit
The naked Trees with comely Leaves and Fruit,
Again (alas!) the *Caterpiller* crops,
Within few hours, the Husbands yearly hopes.
Then with gross *Darkness* vailing close the Skies,
Hee so field-up stubborn *Egyptians* eyes.

That

That for three dayes with fearfull foot and hand
They groapt their way (except in *Gossen*-land);
And *Titan*, tir'd in his long Course, for ease,
Seem'd then to rest him with th' *Antipodes*.
But, as the same Sun, the same instant, makes
The Mud to harden; and to melt the Wax;
So had these works, so full of admiration,
On divers Subjects, diverse Operation.
The humble *Hebrews*, GOD 's great hand adore;
But wilfull *Pharao* spurns it more and more:
Even as a Corselet, when 'tis cold enough,
The more 'tis beaten growes the harder Proof.
Yet, at the sad news of the Prince, his Son,
And all their Heires, all in one night undone;
Hee was so daunted, that hee early bod
The *Hebrews* goe to serve the Lord their GOD:
Who, in a *Piller of a Cloud* by Day,
Of *Fire* by Night, directed right their Way.
But, soon retracting his extorted Grant,
The stubborn Tyrant strangely arrogant,
Arms all his *Egypt*, and in post pursues
The Arm-lesse Legions of the harm-lesse *Jews*,
Then lodg'd secure along the sandy shore,
Where th' *Erythraan* ruddy Billows rore.
Was not such Noise, when, tearing *Gibraltar*,
Th' *Herculean* Sea came first to spred so far
Twixt *Calpe* and *Abile*; nor when *Oenotrie*
Sad-sighing lost her deer neer *Trinacrie*;
As in both Armies: Th' one insulting proud;
Th' other in skrieches, and sad cryes, as loud,
Deafned the shores: while fifes, horns, furious horse,
With noise and neighs, did even the welkin force.
Cursed Seducer (cry'd the *Jews*) what Spight
Mov'd thee to alter our Lives happy plight?
What? are wee Fishes, that wee heer should swim
Through these deep Seas? Or, are we Fouls to skim
Over the steepest of these Mountains tall?
Were there not Graves in *Egypt* for us all?
In our dear *Gossen*? but wee needs must come
In this *Red-Sea* to seek our ruefull Tombe?
Yet, mildest *Moses*, with his dead-live Wand,
Strikes th' awfull Streams: which, yeelding to his hand,
Discover Sands the Sun had never spy'd,
And wall'd the same with waves on either side:
Between the which (dread-lesse and danger-lesse)
The *Hebrews* dry-shod past the *Crimsin Seas*.
But, when the Tyrant rashly them pursues,
Marching the way was made but for the *Jews*,
The Sea returns, and over-turns his Force,
Himselfe, his Men, his Chariots, and his Horse.
O happy People, for whom GOD (so kinde)
Arms fire, and air, and clouds and waves & winde!
Whom all things serve: which hast all things in pay,
O! never let Time 's File to fret away
So rare a Favour? rather let the tongue
Of all thine aged tell it to their young;
They to their seed, and they to theirs again;
Eternally these wonders to retain.
Them, forty years, GOD in the Desart fed
With Angells Food, with a celestiall Bread;
And from a Rock (as dry as Pumice first)
Made Rivers gush, to satisfie their Thirst:
Kept (even) their Shooes, and all their Garments
As good, the last, as the first day they were: (there
And, sith our Soules will faint for want of Food,
Most liberall in all, for all their good,
Gave (on Mount *Sinai*) in his *Sacred Law*, (Awe:
Soule to their Soules, through sharp-sweet filiall
Teaching them all (as dutie all doth binde)
To love Him first, and next to Him, Man-kinde;
That wee might never break that sacred Twine
Which Man to Man, and Man to GOD doth joyn.
Grave *Moses* dead, brave *Josuah* 's rule began;
Whose happy Sword soon conquered *Canaan*;
And in few years into subjection brings
The Lives and States of one and thirty Kings.
At his command, more powerful than the Thunder,
The firmest Rocks and Rampiers fall in sunder;
Without the Shock of Tortoise or of Ram,
To batter Breaches where his Armie came:
For, but with bellowing of hoarse Trumps of horn,
As with an Engine, proudest Towers are torn:
As at his Beck, the Heav'ns obey his will;
The Fire-foot Coursers of the Sun stand still,
To lengthen Day, lest under wings of Night,
His *Heathen* Foes should save themselves by flight.
This scourge of *Pagans*, in a good old age
(To live in Heav'n) leaving this Earthly Stage,
Israel had many Magistrates of Name,
Whose Memories live ever fresh in Fame.
Who knows not *Ehud*, *Sangar*, *Samuel*,
Debora, *Barac*, and *Othoniel*?
Who hath not heard of mighty *Sampsons* Coile;
Who, sole, and Arm-lesse, did an Army foile?
What praise wth *Jepthe*'s might have wel compar'd
Had but his rashnesse his deer Daughter spar'd?
What Clime, what Time, what river, dale or down
But rings of *Gedeon*, and his high Renown?
After the *Judges*; *Kings*, (som good, som bad)
The sacred Helm of th' *Hebrew* Vessell had:
Had I their *David*'s holy Harp and Skill:
Nothing but *David* would I warble still:
But as (my Lord) great *David*'s Deeds, could none
(Yer-while) atchieve, but *David*'s Selfe alone;
Can none but *David*'s Harp, and *David*'s Hymne
Resound aright the Honours due to Him:
I will not therefore, with unworthy Layes,
Seeming to Praise him, derogate his Praise.
But, shall I balk his Son, whom Heav'ns adorn
With health, wealth, Wisdom, & all-plenties horn:
Whose prudent *Problems*, touching every Theam,
Draw thousand *Sophists* to JERUSALEM,
Arabians, *Indians*, *Africans* among;
Chain'd by the Charms of his all-Skilfull Tongue?
Or Him, whose *Zeal* the Idols so defac't;
Re-purg'd GOD 's TEMPLE, & his *Rites* re-plac't?
Or him, that saw a heav'nly Hoast descend
To succour *Sion*, and his Foes offend?
Or Him, whose Army, neer to *Gerar*, yerst,
Proud *Ethiopians* swarming Troops dispersst?
Or Him, who praying for Heav'ns aid, to fight
'Gainst *Ammon*, *Moab*, and *Mount-Seirite*;
Saw, by themselves, his sad request ful-fill'd,
When, Selfe-incenst, Themselves they enter-kill'd?
But *Chaldei*'s King, by their's *Captivity*,
Put (late) an End unto That *Monarchy*.
Yet did Great *Cyrus* Them again restore
To Liberty; and gave them furthermore

Leave to elect Two *Rulers* of their Race:
Whereof the One (who yet supplies the place)
Was *Joachim*; who, for his holy Life,
Prowess, and Prudence, is respected rife,
Not sole in *Sion*; but with *Ammonites*,
Syrians, *Sydonians*, *Madians*, *Moabites*. (on,
Thus was (my Lord) the *Prime*, this the *Progressi-*
Of ISRAEL, through every Times succession:
And thus the Lord hath lift them (nigh) to Heav'n
Som-times; som-times, them (even) to hell hath dri-
But, whether *Princely-priest*, or *Judg*, or *King*, (v'n.
Of th' *Hebrew Tribes* have had the Governing;
So long as they observ'd the sacred *Pact*
GOD with their Fathers did by Oath contract;
Ay prosperous, tryumphantly they troad
On proudest Foes: and all the World abroad,
Conspir'd in Spight, could nothing them annoy,
Much-less distract them; least of all, destroy:
On th' other side, soon as they have infring'd
His Ordinance, their GOD (to be aveng'd)
Hath thrall'd them, now, to cruell *Moabites*,
Anon to *Edom*, then to *Ammonites*,
Then *Philistins*: and ay his Wrath hath bin
Heavie upon them, when they hap to sin.
If so be therefore, any their Offence
The jealous *Justice* of their GOD incense; (ers,
Mine not their Mounts, nor undermine their Bow-
Nor bring thy Rams against their rampir'd Towers,
Nor scale their Walls, nor lead thy warlike Legions
(With Resolution) to assault them once:
For, let them heap, on *Carmel Libanus*;
On *Liban*, *Niphate*, there-on *Emmaus*:
Yea, in one Chanel let them muster hither
Indus and *Rhone*, *Nilus* and *Rhine* together,
Tiber and *Iber* too, to fence their Coast:
They cannot scape from thy victorious Hoast.
But, if they have not broke the *Covenant*
Which GOD to *Abram* and his Seed did grant:
Beware (my Lord) beware how you come neer
This *Holy Nation*, to their GOD so deer.
For should swart *Auster* him dispeople quight
To furnish Thee with all his, fit to fight:
Should swarming *Boreas* from His utmost end
All His tall Souldiers to Thy service send:
Should *Zephyrus* add to Thy dreadfull power
His martiall *Legions*, all *Hesperians* Flower:
Should (lastly) *Eurus* send Thee for Supplyes
His Troops which first see *Phœbus* Rayes arise:
All These, all-daring, all-devouring Swarms,
This armed World, or all This World of Arms
Could never conquer (in a thousand yeer)
The least, worst, weakest, of these Cities heer;
Because Their GOD will be their sure *Defence*:
That GOD Almighty, whose Omnipotence
Can with a breath confound all Kings that dare
(As Thou dost now) 'gainst Him make open War.
As th' Oceans Billows swell not by and by,
When (first) the Winds begin to bellow high;
But, first begin to foam, and then to fume
Higher, and higher, till their Rage presume
To chide the Earth, and check the Welkins Front,
And bandy Hills against the Heav'nly Mount:
Even so, the Princes of this *Pagan* Rout,
Hearing GOD 's prayses, forth-with break not out
In ragefull Furie; but as th' *Ammonite*
Grows in Discourse, so grow they in Despight;
Till at the last, with loud, proud murmurings,
They even blaspheme the glorious King of Kings.
Kill (cry they) kill; let's hew and hale in peeces
The subtile Traytor, that with wylie Speeches,
To save his *Hebrews* from *Rhamnusius* Rod,
Would fright us with a false and idle God.
Renowned *Generall*, send but out a score
Of all thy Troops, and they shall soon run-o'r
Those rascall Rebels; and reduce them all
Prostrate and humble at Thy feet to fall:
Ah Coward, Villain. But the Vice-Roy then,
Stopping their loud outrageous Storms again,
Began himselfe *Thus* to the *Ammonite*;
O impudent Impostor! Tell Mee (right)
What Fiend, what Fury hath inspir'd these Spels:
What *Trevet* told thee, or what *Sibyl* elle
Made thee beleeve that *Syrians* shall not quell
Th' *Isaacian* Troop, but stoop to *Israel*,
Whose GOD is but their *Dream*, or *Fansie* vain,
Or meer *Device* of MOSES subtile brain;
Neither, of power to give them Victorie,
Nor from Our hands to rescue Them nor Thee.
What GOD have wee, but the great King of Kings,
NABUCHADNEZZAR? whose drad puissance rings
O'r all the Earth: who covering far and nigh,
The Plains with Horse, Hills with Infanterie,
Shall raze these Runnagates; which, fled from *Nile*,
Have heer usurped Others Right yer-while,
Die therefore, Villain, die; take the desert
Of thy false Tongue, and of thy treacherous heart.
What said I, fond? No, Dastard, I disdain
My valiant Blade in thy base bloud to stain:
Thou shalt so quickly not receive the meed
Of thy disloyall and detested Deed
(For, a quick death is Wretches blisse, wee know;
Them quickly ridding both of Life and Woe)
But, with thy Dayes thy Dolours to protrack,
Thou shalt from hence unto *Bethulia* pack,
Where still thou shalt, through infinite dismay,
Undying, dye a thousand times aday;
Untill, with those *invincible* (thou saist)
With thousand wounds a wretched End thou hast.
Why trembleſt Thou? why doth thy colour faile?
Why seems thy heart for horrour so to quaile?
If so their GOD be GOD (as thou hast vaunted)
Now, by thy Face witnesse thy faith undaunted,
Then, the Lord Marshall, in Authoritie
Under the Vice-Roy, not in cruelty,
Transporteth speedy, neer *Bethulia*'s side
Th' un-*pagan Pagan*, hand and foot fast ty'd;
Leaving his Troops wounded with wondrous grief
To be deprived of so brave a Chief:
Even so the Puttock in his crooked Serrs
The peeping Chicken through the Welkin bears;
While the poor Dam below, cluck-clucking thick,
Cryes, but in vain, and calls her rapted Chick.
The Citizens, seeing th' approach of Foes,
Soon in *alarm* them all to Arm dispose;
And, with meet Number of their Men of worth,
And choice commanders, bravely sally forth;
Faster than Torrents gushing from the Hills,
Run hopping down into the lower Fields.

The

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The Foe, retiring to their mightier Bands,
Leaves captive *Anamon* in the *Hebrews* hands;
Whom with a forced foot, though free in thought,
And will right willing, to their town they brought.
Where, round-environ'd with a curious Crowd,
Lifting to Heav'n his hands and eyes, aloud
Thus hee began: O thou great GOD, the Guide
Of Heav'n and Earth, and All that is beside;
Whose living Spirit (spred in, and over All)
Gives All things Life, Breath, Growth, Originall,
I give thee, Lord, a thousand Thanks devout,
That thou hast daign'd, yer death, to take mee out
Of my wilde Stock, to graft mee in the Stem
Of th'happy Tree, deaw'd with thy *Gracious* stream;
Which (maugre Blasts, & Blastings, rough and rife)
Of all the Trees, bears onely Fruit of Life.
And, good *Is'acians*, for GOD 's sake, I pray
Mis-doubt mee not, as comming to betray,
Or under-mine by wylie Stratagem,
Your Strength or State; or wrong JERUSALEM.
No: GOD doth know, I suffer This, for You,
For witnessing before yon wicked Crew,
GOD 's mighty Arm for your Fore-Fathers shown;
As ready still, to save and shield his Own.
Fear not therefore Their mighty multitude,
Whose sight (almost) so many hath subdu'd
Nor let their Boasts, nor braving Menaces,
Kill, quail, or cool, your holy Courages;
For, should the whole earth sed her sons in swarms,
Against you onely, all to carrie Arms;
So that your Trust be fixt in GOD alone,
Not in an Arm of Flesh, not in your Own;
You shall, no doubt, make ruddy *Mocmur* 's Flood,
With Idolist *Assyrian* Armies blood:
You shall, no doubt, of Fearfull, Fierce become,
Your strong Assailants stoutly over-come.
Th' Almighties hand, so ready bent to smight,
Is, but to humble, not destroy you quight;
And, but to shew you, that in all Distress,
Hee, onely Hee, can give you quick Redress.
As from a Bramble springs the sweetest Rose;
As from a Weed the whitest Lilly grows:
Even so, divinest Sighes, devoutest Tears,
Demurest Life, are Fruits Affliction bears.
For, heer the Faithfull are much like the Earth,
Which, of it Selfe (alas!) brings nothing forth
But Thorns and Thistles, if the Plough shee lack,
With daily wounds to launce her bunchy back.
But yet the Lord (who alwaies doth relent,
So soon as Sinners earnestly repent,
And, in his time, his sharp hand doth retire,
And cast, at last, his Rods into the Fire)
Will rid your dangers, and restore you rest,
Even in an houre, when you can hope it least. (tears;
Then, courage, friends: let 's vanquish God with
And then our Arms shall quickly conquer Theirs,
Their World of Men. And, if as yet in Mee
Rest any Strength; if any Courage bee;
If mine Experience may in ought avail:
If with mine Age, all be not old and frail:
I vow it all, and all that else is Mine,
To your Defence, and for the *Law divine*.

The End of the Second Booke.

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BETHULIA'S RESCUE.

THE THIRD BOOK.

FLame-ſnorting *Phlegon*'s ruddy breath began
Reducing Day, to gild the *Indian*;
When early wakened with their ratling Drums,
Each *Heathen* Souldier from his Cabin comes,
Takes-up his Arms; and marching in Array,
Towards *Bethulia* tends the ready way.
In May, the Meads are not ſo py'd with Flowers,
Of ſundry Figures, Colours, Savours, Powers;
As was this Hoaſt, with Squadrons, different
In Language, Manners, Arms, and Ornament:
So that th' old *Chãos* (wombe of th' UNIVERSE)
Was never made of Members more diverſe.
Yet, heer-in all agreed, for all their Ods,
To war againſt th' Eternall God of Gods, (ſhake,
Whoſe breath, whoſe beck, makes both the Poles to
And *Caucaſus* and *Libanus* to quake.
Heer, cold *Hyrcania*'s bold and braving Seed,
Mixt with (their neighbours) both *Armenias* breed,
Wave wanton Creſts. There, *Parthian* Archers try
Backward to ſhoot, the while they forward fly.
The *Perſian*, there, proud of th' Imperiall ſtate,
With golden ſcales ſcalops his Armed plate.
Heer would the *Mede* ſhew, that for want of Hap,
Not heart, Hee loſt his (late) *Imperiall Cap*.
And that, nor Pomp of his too ſumptuous Suits;
His painted Checks, his *Phrygick* Layes and Lutes;
His criſped Buſh, not his long, borrowed Lock,
Had ever power his Manly mind to ſmock:
Happy-Arabians, who their Fern-thatcht Towns
Tumble in Tumbrels up and down the Downs:
The ſubtle *Tyrians*, who did firſt invent,
Our winged words, in Barks of Trees to print:
The men of *Moab*, and the *Ammonites*,
The *Idumeans*, and the *Elamites*,
Learned *Egyptians*: Thoſe that neer confine
The ſwelting Coaſts of ſwarteſt *Abyſſine*:
In brief; All ASIA was immur'd almoſt
Within the Trenches of this mighty Hoaſt;
Wherein, well-neer as many Nations cluſtred,
As th' *Hebrews* Army ſingle Souldiers muſtred.

But, of all theſe, none plagu'd the *Iſraelites*,
More, than their own Apoſtate *Ephraimites*;
Who not to ſeem of kin to *Iſrael*,
Rag'd with more fury, fought more deadly fell.
As, in the Spring time, while a Poole is ſtill,
And ſmooth aloft, the Frogs lye croaking ſhrill;
But if the leaſt ſtone that a Child can ſling
But ſtir the water, ſtreight they ceaſe to ſing:
So, while a happy *Peace* JUDEA bleſt,
The Conſtancy of Theſe ſtood with the beſt
Among the Saints; and the Lord's ſacred Praiſe
Was in their mouthes daily and many waies;
So that they ſeem'd like burning Lamps to ſhine
Amid the Flock, devoutly-moſt-divine:
But, at the Noyſe of *Holophernes* Name,
Their famous Faith nothing but aire became;
Their Mouth is ſtopt, the *Zeal* they did preſume
So highly hot, is vaniſht into Fume.
Nay, turned *Pagans* (for ſom Profits ſake)
They, worſe than *Pagans*, their poor Brethren rake.
O! what a Number of ſuch *Ephraimites*
Are now-adayes (Deceitfull Hypocrites!)
With-in the *Church*, the while a proſperous wind,
With gentle Gales, blows fair and full behinde;
Which ſeem with *Zeal* the *Goſpel* to imbrace,
While that it yeelds them either gain, or grace:
But, if the Chance change; if it hap to puffe
But halfe afront; if *Shee* be fain to luffe;
Faint-hearted, then forth-with they caſt about:
And, with th' Almighty playing banque-rout,
With greater Rage his Law they perſecute,
Than yerſt with *Zeal* they did it proſecute;
And in their Malice grow more fierce and furious,
Than *Julian* yerſt, or *Celſus*, or *Porphirius*.
Soon as the *Hebrews* from their Turrets ſpy
So many Enſignes waving in the Sky;
And ſuch an Hoaſt, marching in ſuch Array,
Begirt afar their Citie every way:
They faint for dread; not having where to run,
Save to the GOD their Grandſires truſted on.

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O Father (cry they) Father of Compaſsion,
Whoſe wing is wont to be our ſtrong Salvation;
Sith now againſt us all the World doth ſwarm,
O! Cover us with thine Almighty arm.
Thus having pray'd, the carefull Governour
To Charge his Watches doth him quick beſtir;
And when the Sun in his moiſt Cabin dives,
With hundred Fires the Day again revives;
Watches himſelfe amid the *Court of Guard*;
Walks oft the *Round*: and weens, that over-hard
Phœbe's black Coachman drives his ſable Steeds,
Hebrews neer Ruine haſting more than needs;
While, oppoſite, the *Pagans* think her faſt
With her *Endymion*, in a ſlumber caſt:
But, Mens frail wiſhes have (alas!) no force,
To hold, or haſten, th' Heavens ſettled Courſe.
Soon as they ſaw *Aurora*'s ſaffron ray
On their *Horizon* to renew the Day,
The *Vice-Roy* makes a thouſand Trumpets ſound,
T' aſſemble all his ſeatter'd Troops around;
Which from all parts with ſpeedy paſes went
Environing their Chief-Commanders Tent:
As round about a Huntſman, in a morn, (horn,
The Hounds doe throng when once they hear his
Having, in vain, ſummon'd the Town; hee tries
A hundred waies, it (wrathfull) to ſurpriſe:
Heer, th' Enginer begins his *Ram* to rear;
Heer mounts his *Trepan*, and his *Scorpion* there;
Bends heer his *Bricol*, there his boyſterous *Bow*;
Brings heer his *Fly-Bridge*, there his batt'ring *Crow*:
Beſides high *Timber-Towers*, on rowling Feet
Mov'd and remov'd; controlling every Street.
Heer, Pioners are put the Ditch to fill;
To levell Mounts, to make a Hole a Hill:
To play the Moles, to dig a ſecret way,
Into the Town their Souldiers to convay.
Heer, others muſt their Ladders raiſe the while,
And quick ſurpriſe the Sentinels, by wile:
Others muſt under-mine: others aſpire,
With matter fitting, every Gate to fire.
But the moſt part ſtand ready in Array
To give Aſſault, ſoon as they ſee their way
Made meet and eaſie by the battering Thunder
Of all their Engines paſhing Walls in ſunder.
Tower-tearing *Mars*, *Bellona* thirſting-blood,
Fill there the fainteſt with their Furious-mood:
There fiery Steeds, ſtamping and neighing loud;
There *Pagans* fell, braving and raving proud,
Wth hideous noiſe make th' heav'nly Vault reſound,
The Earth to eccho; and even Hell aſtound.
But Hee that keeps eternall *Sentinell*
On Heav'ns high Watch-Tower, for his *Iſrael*
Pitying his People, alters, in a trice,
The Tyrants purpoſe, by a new Advice;
Cauſing the Captains of brave *Moabites*,
Strong *Idumeans*, and ſtout *Ammonites*,
Thus to adviſe: Moſt noble *Generall*,
Terrour of Kings, redoubted Scourge of all;
Wee would not wiſh (my Lord) in any ſort,
You bring your brave Bands to aſſault this Fort:
For, neither pike, dart, ſling, bow, ſword, nor ſheild,
So back the Foe, or make them ſlack to yeeld;
As theſe proud rocks, which, by wiſe natures grace,
Rampire the Rampires of this wretched Place:
Which yer you ſcale, undoubtedly will coſt
Ladders of Bodies; and even Tythe your Hoaſt.
The Victor is no Victor, if his Gaine
Paſs not his Loſs; nor th' Honor drown the Stain.
Wiſe-valiant Prince, that Fiſher, Fool wee hold,
Who for a Gull, venters a Line of Gold:
And, ill doth th' honour of a Crown beſeem
Th' inhumane, bloody, barbarous Head of him
Who rather would the death of many Foes,
Than Life and Safety of one Friend, to choſe.
You may (my Lord) you may, without Aſſault,
Or loſs of Man, reduce them all to nought,
If in yon Hillocks you but ſeize the Springs,
Whence hollow Lead the *Hebrews* water brings;
Who, ſo by Thirſt diſtreſt, and ſo put to't,
Will come and caſt them haltred at your Foot.
The noble Lion never ſets-upon
Baſe fearfull beaſts, but on the nobleſt one:
Jove's ſulphury Darts Hee feld or never thrils
But on Mount *Atlas*, or the *Rypheen* Hills:
And ſtormfull *Auſter*, ever rather ſmote
Cloud-cleaving Turrets than a lowly Cote:
No more, no more let your drad Arms aſſail
So faint a Foe as of himſelfe will quail,
It is not Fear (my Lord) and much leſs Pitie;
(Fear of our Selves, or Favour to the Citie)
Makes us oppoſe us to thy Purpoſe yet:
For yer that wee thy happy Standards quit,
For, thee will wee defie th' immortall Gods:
For thee wee 'll break their Altars all to Clods:
For thee will wee march with unwearie ſoles,
Beyond the *Arctick* and *Antarctick Poles*:
For thee will wee with winged Arms goe fetch
Jove's Aigle down; and *Neptune*'s Trident ſnatch:
For thee, the Son ſhall not his Sire forbear,
Nor Sire the Son; nor Brother, Brother ſpare.
The *Generall*, who for avail revolves,
Peizes this Counſell; and re-peiz'd, reſolves:
Diſpatching ſpeedy a ſelected Force,
To ſeize the waters, and divert their Courſe. (ſee
Th' *Hebrews*, their drift, and their owne danger
In that Attempt: ſo ſally inſtantly
To ſtop the Foe from ſtopping of the Stream
Which ſhould derive Liquor and Life to them.
Then *Pagans* fighting for ambitious Fame;
Jews, not to die with un-revenged Shame;
Bravely incounter with ſo fell Diſdain,
That now the *Pagan* flyes, now fights again;
Follows his flying Foe: and now the *Jew*,
Nigh foiled, faints; now doth the Fight renew:
So that fair *Victory* ſeems long to waver,
As it were doubtfull, whether ſide to favour:
Till (at the laſt) th' *Hebrews*, all over ſpred
With Clouds of Shot, back to their Bulwark fled;
Even as a Pilgrim, in the naked Plain
Meeting a Storm of mighty Hail or Rain,
Runs dropping wet ſome hollow Rock to finde,
Or other Covert built by Nature kinde.
Pagans purſue them, and pel-mel among
Enter almoſt the Citie in the Throng.
Then every where did dreadfull Noiſe ariſe:
From ſtreet to ſtreet th' amazed Vulgar flies;
Tearing their hair, beating their breaſt and face:
As if the Foe had even poſſeſt the Place.

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Why flie ye Cowards? whither? do you know?
What Fortreſs have you, if you this forgoe?
Or, in this Citie ſeek you for a ſtronger,
To guard you better, or preſerve you longer?
If now (alas!) you dare not bear you ſtout
Againſt the Foe, while hee is yet without;
How will you dare reſiſt his violence,
Were hee once Maſter of your weak defence?
The People, chid thus by their prudent Chief,
Som-what re-heartned, reſcue with relief
Cambris and *Carmis*; who, the while like Towers,
Had in the Gate withſtood th' Aſſaulting Stowers
Of almoſt all the furious Infidels.
For Lance, a long Maſt, either ſtrongly welds,
For Arms an Anvile; each a maſſie Targe
Of ſteel about his neck, as long as large:
Adown their ſhoulders from their Helms did wave
Thick Plumie Clouds of Colours-brightly brave:
Both like, in Age, in Courage, Name and Nature;
Both like in Bulk, both like in Strength and Stature.
Both, like two Popplars which (on either ſide
Some ſilver Brook) their treſsie Tops doe hide
Amid the Clouds; and ſhaken by the winde,
Oft kiſs each other, like Two Brethren kinde.
The *Heathen*, ſeeing ſtill freſh Troops deſcend
From every ſide, the Citie to defend;
Leave-off their On-ſet: and welnigh disbanded,
Gladly retreat whither their Heads commanded.
When I conſider the extreme diſtreſs
Which thirty dayes did the *Bethulians* preſs;
Song ſad enough I hardly can invent,
So deadly Plight lively to repreſent:
My hand for horrour ſhakes, and can no more
Guide on this page my Pen as heretofore:
Yet doe mine Eyes with Tears bedeaw it ſo
It well appears a ſubject full of Woe.
Thou Spirit which doſt all Spirits vivifie;
Which didſt unlooſe the Tongue of *Zacharie*;
And, through the world thy ſacred *Name* to preach,
Thy Meſſengers ſo ſundry Tongues didſt teach:
Direct my wearie Quill, my Courage raiſe,
That I, This Work may finiſh to Thy Praiſe.
Tho th' *Hebrews* ſaw their Town, on every part;
Not with an Hoaſt, but with a World begirt,
Yet had they hope the long ſiege would no leſs
Conſume th' *Aſſyrians*, than themſelves diſtreſs:
But when the Foe had all the Pipes depriv'd,
Whence, water yerſt the ſacred Town deriv'd,
Alas! their hope and even their heart did ſhrink,
As quite cut-off, and dry'd up with their Drink.
The Rulers though (yer Bondage, Death to take)
Give to the People what themſelves did lack:
To wit, a hope, water enough to keep
In private Troughs, and publique Ciſterns deep;
Both Citizens and Souldiers to ſuffice,
So that they would be moderate and wiſe.
So: th' Officers divide in ſilver meaſures,
To all, of all ſorts, of theſe liquid Treaſures,
This welcom Liquor; which might ſerve (at firſt)
To keep their life a while, not quench their Thirſt.
Their Ciſterns dry'd, they ſeek in every ſink:
Of every Gutter greedily they drink;
T' appeaſe their thirſt a while, not pleaſe their taſte,
With Drink whoſe ſtink was oft the Drinkers laſt.
O wretched Men! O wondrous Miſery!
Little, or much; drink, or not drink; they dye.
Plenty and Lack of Liquor, in extreme
Though Contraries, concur to murder them:
With-in whoſe Bodies warreth Thirſt, as fell
As outwardly th' outrageous Infidell.
Street, Lane, nor Alley had this wofull Citie,
Where-in the *Siſters*, Enemies to Pitie,
Invented not ſom new and uncouth guiſe
To murder *Hebrews*, and from firmeſt eyes
(In ſigne of Sorrow) ſhowers to extract
Of pearly Tears, of bitter brine compact;
'Mid all Degrees; if reſted any-where
But ſo much moiſture as could make a Tear.
There, an Old man complaineth that a Lad
Hath new ſnatcht from him all the Drink hee had:
But thirſt contracts his throat, his voice and veins;
And ends at once his Life, his Plaint, and Pains:
A Souldier heer re-ſwils again (and gladder)
Th' unſavoury water which had ſweld his bladder:
There th' wofull Mother, on her Couching-Settle,
Her half-dead Childe reviveth with her Spettle:
Heer the ſad Lover ſighes her lateſt breath
With the laſt Sighes of her deer Love, in Death.
For cruell *Thirſt*, comn from *Cyrenian* Strand
(Where ay Shee lives amid the burning Sand,
Perpetuall panting for continuall Drouth,
Hanging her Tongue a foot without her Mouth,
Her Face all wrinkled, both her Eyes deep ſunk,
Her Body lean and light, her Bowels ſhrunk,
Her Breſt tranſparent, and her Veins repleat
With Brimſtone, all, in ſteed of Blood's moiſt heat)
Blows from her rotten Lungs a loathſome breath
Through all the Town; infuſing Fumes of Death
In th' *Hebrews* Art'ries; cauſing every Porch
Obſcurely ſhine with ſome Funereall Torch.
So that the Heav'ns, ſeeing ſo many woes,
Could hold no-longer; but would fain with thoſe
Sad-weeping *Hebrews* Their ſad Tears have meld,
Save that their Tears the Lord of Hoaſts with-held.
And, I my Selfe, that drown mine Eyes with theirs,
Unable though well to expreſs thoſe Tears,
Will with my Silence vail their Countenance;
Following that Painters learned Ignorance,
Who well conceiving that his live-leſſe Colours
Could not to life expreſſe the deadly Dolours
Of *Agamemnon* at his Daughters End,
Cover'd his ſad Face with a ſable Bend.
Mean-while, the few that of this Wrack remain,
Againſt their ſad Chiefs murmur and complain:
The Lord, ſay they, in Juſtice recompence
Your wilfull Malice, and our Innocence:
The Lord, look down upon the wretched Teen
Your wicked Counſells have heer plung'd us in:
For, had you yeelded to the Foes demand,
Yer hee had entred on the *Holy Land*,
Wee, happy wee, had never ſeen our Friends
So hap-leſſe brought to ſo untimely Ends.
Alas! what Comfort reſts? O wretched City! (ty:
Thoſe that beſiege thee round would ſhew thee pi-
Thine own are cruel: foes would fain preſerve thee:
Thy friends deſtroy thee: thoſe would fain reſerve-
Would ſave thy children; thine own children (thee,
Run headlong all on wilfull death together. (rather

Lord,

Lord, wel we know, our wicked deeds have made
Thee (juſt diſpleas'd) to draw the kneeneſt blade
Of thy fierce-kindled ire, which juſtly ſheads
Thy deadlieſt darts on our diſloyall heads.
Yet, thou, which doſt not long thy wrath retain,
(Againſt thine owne) O turn to us again:
Lord, change the purpoſe of our wilfull Lords,
Who 'gainſt our boſomes whet the *Pagan* Swords:
Or grant (at leaſt) with thouſand Arrows thrill'd,
Wee rather may by *Heathen* hands be kill'd;
Than longer Languor of this baneſull Thirſt
To linger us in living death accurſt.
Deer Brethren, 'tis our onely duty bindes,
Their Rulers ſaid (not our ſiniſter mindes
Of undermining, or of pyning Ours)
Thus to hold out againſt theſe *Heathen* Pow'rs.
If you have pain, Wee have our portion too;
Wee are imbarkt in the ſame Ship with you:
On the ſame Deep wee the ſame danger run;
Our Croſſe is common, and our Loſſe is one:
As common ſhall our comfort be, when God
Shall pleaſe to eaſe us of th' *Aſſyrian* Rod:
As ſure hee will, if your impaciency
Stop not the courſe of his kind Clemency.
Then, ſtrive not with th' All-perfect; but depend
On God alone: whoſe actions all do tend
To profit His: Who, in his ſeaſon, ever
(Almighty) can and will *His Church* deliver.
Sometime the Archer lets his bow, unbent,
Hang idly by; that, when it is re-bent
With boyſtrous Arms it may the farther caſt
His winged ſhafts, and fix them far more faſt:
So, oft the Lord ſeems, in his boſom, long
To hold his hand; and after (as more ſtrong)
To hammer thoſe whoſe impious impudence
Miſ-ſpends the Treaſure of his Patience,
Which (at firſt ſight) gives all Impunity
(As think the lewd) to all Iniquitie.
But, at the laſt, his heavie Vengeance paies
Them home, for all his *Juſtice* long Delaies:
As th' Uſurer, forbearing of his poor
And needy Debtors, makes his debt the more.
What tho th' high Thundrer, in his Fury dread,
Strike not in th' inſtant this proud *Vice-Roy* dead?
Can all th' Amaſs of waters which he pent
Above and under th' ample Firmament,
Seditious, ſo ſhake off his Soveraigne pow'r,
As not to ſend the thirſtie Earth a Shower?
No, no: though Heav'ns, on every ſide ſo cleer,
Boad nothing leſs than Rain, or moyſture neer:
They with their Tears ſhall ſhortly ſoak the Plain,
As on the day when *Saul* began to raign:
For, all the Heav'ns, the Stars, and Elements,
Muſt execute his high Commandements.
But ſtill the Plebe, with thirſt and fury preſt,
Thus roaring, raving, 'gainſt their Chiefs conteſt:
O, holy Nation! ſhall wee, ſhall wee die,
Their Elderſhips grave Sights to ſatisfie?
O! ſhall wee die to pleaſe Theſe fooliſh-wiſe,
Who make themſelves rich by our Miſeries;
And with our bloods would purchaſe them a
To live for ever in the Role of Fame? (Name,
No, no: let's rather break their ſervile bands
Which hold us in: let's take into our hands
Our Cities Helm; that freeing it from Sack,
Wee wiſely ſo may free our ſelves from wrack.
As the Phyſician, by the Patient Preſt,
Who, on his bed (unruly) will not reſt;
Permits ſometimes what Art prohibiteth;
Oſias ſo, importun'd, promiſeth
To yeeld the Town, if in five daies appear
No certain Signe of divine Succour neer.
The people then, their wofull paſt eſtate,
Their preſent pain, and future Fears forgate:
Sith though it ſhould not hap as moſt they thirſt;
At leaſt, they ſhould of Evils ſcape the worſt.
But JUDITH (who the while inceſſant Showres
From her ſad eyes, in ſigne of ſorrow poures)
With mournfull voice now calls upon the Lord;
Anon, her ſad Soule comforts in his word: (clime;
Prayers were her Stairs, the higheſt heav'ns to
Gods *Word*, a Garden, where (in needfull time)
Shee found her Simples (in Examples pure)
The Carefull *Paſſion* of her *Heart* to cure.
There, JUDITH reading (then not caſually,
But by God's will, which ſtill works certainly)
Light on the place where the left handed Prince,
Who griev'd for Iſraels grievous Languiſhments
Under the *Heathen*; to deliver them
Slew *Moab's Eglon*, by a Stratagem.
The more ſhee reads, ſhe marks it, and admires
That Act of *Ehud*, and in zeale deſires
To imitate his valour. But frail fleſh
With thouſand Reaſons would her purpoſe daſh;
Propoſing now, the Facts foule odiouſneſs;
Then, fear of death; then dangers numberleſs,
Where-to ſhee puts her Honour: and that (though,
For *Iſraels* ſake, God ſhould the Act allow)
Behooves a mans hand, not a womans (there)
Much fitter for a Spindle than a Speare. (wage;
While JUDITH thus with JUDITH doubts doth
A ſudden puff turns-over that ſame *Page*:
And, that which followes ſhowes how *Jahel* yerſt
Couragiouſly the ſleeping temples perc't
Of that fell *Pagan*, who from th' *Hebrews* flying,
Accurſed found in his defence his dying:
To teach all Tyrants in all times to-come,
That they may fly, but not out-fly their Doome.
This laſt Example did ſo fortifie
The fearfull widow, that even by and by
Shee would with Engine of Revenge endeavour
So wicked Soule's and Bodie's knot to ſever.
But while apart Shee plots, and plots anew
Some wily way her purpoſe to purſue;
Shee hears reported by a neighbour Dame,
The Towns decree, much grieved at the ſame:
So: to prevent miſchiefs ſo neer at hand,
Shee ſends forth-with for thoſe of chiefe Cõmand;
Whom ſharply ſweet ſhee thus begins to chide:
Why how-now, Lordlings, ſhal the Lord be ty'd
Unto your Terms? Will you th' Almighties Arms
Chaine with your Counſells? limit with your
O! unjudicious Judges, will you thus (Charms?
Give Law to God, who gives it heav'n and us?
Will you ſubject, to times confined ſtayes, (daies?
Th' Author of times, months, moments, years and
Be not deceiv'd; The ſacred Pow'r Divine
No Circumſtance can compaſs or confine:

God

God can doe, what hee will; will, what hee ought:
Ought love his righteous (whom his love hath bought)
This (Fathers) This my dead Hopes most revives,
That in our City not a man survives
Who lifts his hands (after the *Heathen* fashions)
Unto the dumb, dead Idols of the Nations.
All Sins are Sins: but That foule sin, alone
Exceeds all blinde or bold transgression
That we have heapt 'gainst sacred Heav'n: for that,
Seems to degrade God of his Soverain State;
To give his *Glory* to a Wedge of Gold,
Or block, or stock, or stone of curious mold.
Sith then that sin doth not our Conscience taint,
Of God's deer succour let us never faint:
Let's think, (alas!) how now all *Iuda*'s Eyes,
Agast, are cast upon our Constancies:
Let's think, that all will (over all the Land)
By our Example either stoop or stand:
Let's think, that all these Altars, Houses, Goods,
Stand (after God) on our couragious Moods:
Let's think, Wee keep the Gate of *Israel*;
And that, so soon opening to th' Infidell
(Who hates so deadly all our *Abramides*)
Wee shall be held Traytors and Paricides.
We cannot, neither will wee now deny
But that our counsell (thus the Chief reply)
Was foolish and offensive to the Lord:
But now (alas!) wee cannot break our word.
But, if thou rew our common miseries;
And canst not see our tears with tear-lesse Eyes;
Weep night and day: O! weep and sigh so much,
That thy sad sighs and tears with Ruth may touch
Th' Eternall Judge; whose gentle ear is ay
Open to all that to him humbly pray.
I shall, said shee, and (if God say *Amen*)
Dis-siege this City, yer wee meet again.
Sound me no farther, but expect th' event
Of mine (I hope) happy as high Intent:
And, soon as night hath spread her dusky Damp,
Let mee go forth into the *Heathen Camp*.
Go on, in God's Name: and where-ere thou art,
God guide (said they) thy foot, thy hand, thy heart.

The end of the third Book.

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BETHULIA'S RESCUE.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

JUdith, the while, trils Rivers from her eyes,
Atters her knees, tends toward th'arched Skyes
Her harmleſs hands: then Thus with voyce devout,
Her very Soule to God ſhee poureth out:
Lord! that didſt once my Grandſire *Simeon* arm
With *Juſtice* ſword, t'avenge his Siſters harm;
Daign me that ſword, that I may puniſh (juſt)
This Tyrant fell, far-paſſing *Sichem*'s Luſt:
Who not ſuffic'd with Virgins raviſhment,
And Rape of Wives; is execrably bent
To root thy Name out from the Earth around;
And raze thy Temple, level with the ground.
Preſumptuous Prince! whoſe whole Affiance ſtands
In hundred thouſand Souldiers hee commands,
In hundred thouſand Horſe, which (thirſting-fight)
With lofty Bounds the lowly earth do ſmite:
Without Belief, that thou alone (O Lord)
Bin'dſt Heads & Hands; with either *Crown* or *Cord*:
Strengthneſt the feeble, quickly foyl'ſt the Strong;
And lay'ſt the Pow'r of proudeſt Kings along.
Grant therefore, grant, good God, his charmed brain
The curious tramels of my Treſs may chain:
Let every look of mine be as a dart.
With amorous Breach to wound his willing heart:
O! let the little grace of Face and Form
Thou haſt vouchſaft me, calm his furious ſtorm:
Let the ſmooth cunning of my ſoothing lips
Surpriſe the fell Fox in his Suttleſhips:
But chiefly, Lord, let my victorious hand
Beſcourge and hammer of this *Heathen* Band:
That all this All may know, that *Abram*'s Race
Is ever covered with thy Shield of *Grace*;
And that no Tyrant ever toucht thy *Jury*,
But felt in fine the rigour of thy Fury.
Let not, good Lord, O let not one of Theſe
Return to taſte *Hydaſpe* or *Euphrates*.
Thus JUDITH prayes: and in the ſteed of ſtops,
With thouſand Sighs her words ſhee interrupts.
Then from her ſad ſole Chamber late ſhee packs,
Adorn'd with *Ophir*-Gold, and *Serean* knacks.
O! ſilver-browd *Diana*, Queen of Night,
Dar'ſt thou appear, while heer below, ſo bright
Shines ſuch a ſacred Star, whoſe radiant flame
Would even at Noon thy Brothers ſplendor ſhame?
Though, as unknown, to paſs unſhown ſhee ween,
Her Odors made her ſmelt, her Jewels ſeen;
Muſk, Ambergris, and Civet, wheere ſhee went,
Left all along an odoriferous ſent:
A Carbuncle ſhin'd on her brow ſo bright,
That with the Rayes it clarified the Night:
A ſilver Tincel waving in the winde,
Down from her head hung light and looſe behind:
Gold bound her golden Treſs; her Ivory Neck
Rubies and Saphirs, counter-chang'd in check:
At either Eare, a richer Pearle than yerſt
Ægypts proud *Princeſſe* in her cup diſperſt:
Her ſoft white Boſome (as with Curtains drawn)
Tranſparent coverd under Cob-web Lawne:
Her Robe, Sky-colour'd Silk, with curious Caul
Of golden Twiſt, benetted over all.
The reſt ſhee wore, might have beſeem'd for Tires
The ſtately Foundreſs of th' *Euphratean* Spires.
For, though her ſelfe were *Modeſty* it ſelfe;
T' intice this *Pagan* to the wrackfull Shelfe,
Beſides her owne, ſh' had borrowed Ornaments
Of other Ladies of moſt Eminence.
Achior, watching in the *Court of Guard*,
Seeing her paſs ſo late, and well prepar'd;
Enquires of *Carmis* (who then watched too)
What, Whence ſhee was, & what ſhee went to do:
So brave a Gallant, trickt and trimmed ſo;
In ſuch a time, in ſuch a Place of wo.
Yet while ſaid *Carmis* in our Citie dwell'd
Merari; a man heer high in honour held:
To whom for Seed, God but this Daughter ſent:
His Houſes Joy, this Cities Ornament.
Gain-greedy Fathers now-adayes turmoyle
Bodies and Soules, Heap upon heap to pile:
But, have no care with the Mind's goods to grace
Th' heirs of their goods (which after melt apace):
Much like a man that keepeth in his Cheſt
His coſtly Garment, folded fair and preſt,
But lets his body, it was made to ſerve,
Naked the while, in Wet and Cold to ſtarve.

But,

But, as the Farmer ſpares no pains, nor coſt,
In husbanding his Land; but carefull moſt,
Now rids the ſtones, anon rips-up the ridges, (ges;
Heer caſts a ditch, there plants, there plaſhes hed-
And never is his hand or toole there-fro:
But chiefly careth there good ſeed to ſowe,
That when the Summer ſhall have ryp't his Plains,
His Crop may pay him for his Coſt and Pains:
Or, as ſom Damſell, having ſpeciall Care
Of ſom faire Flower, which puts-out early-rare
Th' *Incarnate* Bud; weeds, waters every-houre
The fertill Plot that feeds her *Gilli-flower*;
That, one-day blown, it may ſom Sunday-morn
Her lilly Boſom, or her head adorn:
So wiſe *Merari* did endeavour fair
To form the Manners of his tender Heir;
That, in his Age, hee thence again might gather
Th' Honour and Comfort worthy ſuch a Father.
For ſoon as ever, ſtutting yet and weak,
Her tender tongue did but begin to ſpeak;
Hee taught her not (as many Fathers doe:
Too-many now) vain words, and wanton too,
But ſome good *Prayer*, or Gods *Ten-fold Law*;
That, with her Milk, ſhee might even ſuck the Aw
Of the Almighty: which not vain appears;
For that the Damſell brought forth in few years,
Fruits worthy of ſuch ſeed: whence did enſew,
That this her Nurture to a Nature grew.
So doth a Veſſell long retain the Sent
Of the firſt Liquor wee have ſettled in't:
So doth a Bough bend ever (when 'tis big)
To the ſame ſide that it was bent, a twig:
So, Bears, Wolves, Lions; and our wildeſt Game,
Bred tame with us, with us continue tame. (paſt,
When as twelve times, ſhee 12. new Moons had
This vertuous Pattern all Perfection grac't.
For, th' expert Pilot is not more preciſe
To ſhun, in Sayling, all the Jeopardies
Of *Cyane* Streight, of hateſull *Syrtes* Sand,
Caribdis Gulf, and of *Caphareen* Strand,
Then was wiſe JUDITH to avoyd the Dames
Never ſo little ſpotted in their Names:
Knowing that long converſing with the light,
Corrupts the ſobreſt; or at leaſt, though right,
Right ſafe th' Honour be ſav'd; the Names not ſo,
From common Bruit (though often falſe) we know
For, haunting *Good*, *good* are wee holden ay:
Bad, with the Bad: *Like will to like*, wee ſay.
Shee, ever modeſt, never us'd to ſtay
Abroad till midnight at a Mask or Play:
Nor trip from feaſt to feaſt, nor Street-webs ſpan,
To ſee, and to be ſeen of every man.
But rather, knowing that ſuch fond deſire
To gaze and to be gaz'd-on (*Flax and Fire*)
Undid light *Dina*, and ſuch gadding Dames
A thouſand more; their Noble houſes ſhames;
Shee wiſely kept at home; where, Morn and Even,
Daily ſhee call'd upon the God of heav'n.
The reſt of every day in dutious courſe
Shee ſerv'd her Nurſers for a tender Nurſe:
As wont the Storks kinde and officious Brood
For their old Parents to go gather Food;
And on ſom high Firre (far-off having flow'n)
Bring life to thoſe from whom they had their own.

If in the day, from Houſwifes needfull care,
Shee had perhaps an houre or two to ſpare,
Shee ſpent them reading in the *Sacred Book*,
Where faithfull Soules for ſpirituall *Manna* look.
Sometimes on Cloth ſh' imbroydred cunningly
Som Beaſt, or Bird, or Fiſh, or Worm, or Fly.
Sometime ſhee wrought with ſilver needle fine
On Canvas-web ſom *Hiſtroy* divine.
Heer *Lot*, eſcapt from that drad Flame from high
Which burnt his town, with winged feet doth fly
To little *Zoar*: while his Wife (alack!)
Incredulous, and curious, looking back;
God in the inſtant ſmiting for that fault,
Transforms her body to a Bulk of ſalt.
Heer, *chaſte Suſanna* (ſlandred of diſhonour)
Seems led to Death, People ſeem preſt to ſtone her:
But truth appearing, ſoon they ſeem at-once
To turn on th' Elders all their ſtorm of ſtones.
Heer, loyall *Joſeph* rather leaves behinde
His cloak than heart with his too-*Lady-kinde*:
And rather chooſeth (by her falſe diſgrace)
His Irons, than her Arms, him to imbrace.
Heer, raſh, rough *Jephthe* in unſacred ſlaughter
Imbrews his owne blade in his onely Daughter;
By private and improvident Annoy,
Troubling the publike and the generall Joy.
Weary of work, on her ſweet Lute ſhee playes,
And ſings withall ſom holy *Pſalm of Praiſe*;
Not following ſuch as by laſcivious dances,
Laviſh expences, light and wanton Glances,
Seek to be ſought, courted, and lov'd of moſt:
But as the Fiſher-man that baits the Coaſt
With poyſony Paſtes, may have a greater draught,
And (tho leſſe wholeſom) hath more Fiſhes caught
Than thoſe that only uſe their hook or net:
So may theſe Gallants them more Lovers get,
Than *modeſt* Maids; but their immodeſt flame
Fires none but Fools, Frantiks, or Voids of ſhame.
Vertue alone begins, begets, conceives,
A perfect Love; which though it ſlow receives
His Form and Life, nor is ſo ſoon a fire:
So, neither doth it half ſo ſoon expire.
Straw kindles quickly, and is quickly paſt:
Iron heats but ſlowly, and its heat doth laſt.
Now JUDITH's fair Renown through *Juda*
In every City; and great Suters brings (rings
(From all-form *Faſhions*, from fair *painted Faces*,
From *Powdred Treſſes*, from *forc't Apiſh Graces*,
From *Prince-fit Pompe*; from *Peacocks* ſtrutting by
With *Boſoms* naked to the Navel nigh)
To woo Her Vertue. But, Love's burning dart
Could neither harm, nor warm her Ycie heart.
For, as hard Hammers, harder Diamant;
She harder did reſiſt loves grace to grant;
Having reſolved, ſole and ſingle, rather
To ſpend her daies with her deer loved Father.
But at the Laſt, importun'd long, and preſt
By her deer Parents, carefull of her Reſt;
Shee took MANASSES, one of Noble blood;
Rich in the Mind's, Nature's, and Fortune's good.
Their *Mariage* than was neither ſtoln, nor packt,
Nor poſted; to prevent ſom *Pre-contract*,
To cheat ſom Heire, ſom Avarice to choak,
To cover Others, or their own ſin cloak:

But,

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But duly paſt, modeſt, and reverent,
With either 's Parents knowledge and conſent.
Dina's Diſaſters to this day doe prove
The ſad ſucceſſes of prepoſt'rous Love;
Of privy Choyce, cloſe Matches, and unkend;
Which ſeldom bring Lovers to happy end:
And that our ſelves ought not our ſelves beſtow,
But thoſe from whom our birth & breeding grow.
This happy Match begun thus holily,
And holy carried; did ſo firmly tie
This chaſte young Couple, in ſo mutuall love,
That both their bodies ſeems one ſoule to move.
Th' one never wiſht but what the other would:
Both by one Organ their own minde unfold:
And, as a Hurt on the Right ſide (wee ſee)
Reacheth the Left; even ſo, by ſympathy,
Her Husbands Sorrows did ſad JUDITH ſhare,
And JUDITH 's Sorrows her ſad Husband bare.
The Husband did not his deer Wife controule,
As Tyrants rule: but, as the tender Soule
Commands the Bodie; not the ſame to grieve,
But comfort rather, cheriſh and relieve.
Him JUDITH lov'd as Brother (or more, rather)
Fear'd as her Lord, and honour'd as her Father.
Their Houſe, for Order ſo religious,
Seem'd more a *Temple* than a private Houſe:
There, did no Mayd, with *merry-tricks*, intice
The baſhfull Stripling to laſcivious vice:
There, did no drunken Groom ſick healths diſgorge,
Nor againſt Heav'n blaſphemous Oathes re-forge:
There, no broad Jeſter, no bold common Lyer,
No Gameſter, Theef, Rogue, Ruffin, Apple-ſquire,
Had ever Harbour: but all Servants, there,
To their grave Rulers Rules conformed were.
MANASSES, knowing what a Flood of Crimes
Surrounded all, in his enormous Times;
Eſpecially, what evils Confluence
Had even corrupted ſacret *Governments*
(So that, for favour, or for Mony (more)
Fools, Knaves, Boyes, Baſeſt, higheſt burthens bore)
Hee modeſtly refus'd all Publique Charge:
Holding him happy ſo, free and at large,
Far from the Courts of *State* and *Juſtice* too,
Quiet at Home, his *Houſhold* dues to doe.
Yet notwithſtanding, knowing too that none
Was ever born ſo for himſelfe alone.
But that the beſt part of our dayes (though few)
T' our Country Kinred, and our Friends is due;
No Magiſtrate, Hee daily ſerv'd the State
More than a hundred that in Office ſate.
For, in his Houſe did ſacred *Juſtice* live,
And from his Lips would Shee her Sentence give.
Hee ever was th' afflicted Poors Protector,
Widows Supporter, Sylly-ones Director,
Orphans kinde Father: every Age, Sex, Sort,
Had from his hand ſome kinde of kinde Support.
Never vain Thirſt of the 'curs't Earth of *Inde*,
Made Him wound Water, neither woe the Wind:
Never did *Avarice* his life endanger,
With mercenarie Sword to ſerve the Stranger:
Never did Hee, to Adverſe-Clyents, ſell
A double Breath, blowing to Heav'n and Hell;
But, ſtrife-leſs, uſing harmleſs Husbandry,
Took of his Land both Stock and Uſury
Of his lent labours. For, ſometimes, by Line,
Hee plants an Orchard; which hee orders fine,
With equi-diſtant Trees, in Rowes direct,
Of Plums, of Pears, and Apples moſt ſelect:
Heer-there, Hee Crab-ſtocks ſets, then grafts theron
Som ſtranger Slip: inocculates anon:
Anon with keen Share the kinde Earth hee ſhreds:
Anon the Vine into the Elm hee weds:
Anon hee prunes-off the ſuperfluous ſhoots:
Anon the Bodies pares, then bares the Roots.
For, neither *Dog-Dayes*, nor *December* 's yce,
Could keep him Priſ'ner in his Chamber, nice.
But, as one-day, his Reapers hee beheld,
Who, ſwelting, ſwift the yellow handfulls feld;
Sol, from his head, caus'd a *Catarrh* deſcend,
Which ſhortly after caus'd MANASSES End.
Hee that can number, in *November*, All
The withered leaves that in the Forreſts fall:
Hee that can number all the Drops, in Showers,
Which *Hyades*, *Pleiades*, and moiſt *Orion* poures
Upon the Plains: may tell the Tears Shee ſhed,
For her deer Husband ſo untimely dead.
The Wealth and Treaſure hee had left her, kinde,
In ſtead of eaſing, more afflicts her minde:
Th' uſe of his Goods ſtill ſets before her eyes
Their good old Owners ſweet and gracefull guiſe.
Had Shee had all the Gold was gather'd ever
On all the ſhoal ſands of the *Lydian* River,
Sh' had not been rich, being bereft of Him,
Without whom, wealth doubled her woes extreme:
And, wth whō, glad ſhe would have born the croſſes
Of wretched JOB 's, ſad, ſodain, many Loſſes.
Phœbus had thrice through all the *Zodiak* paſt,
Since his Deceaſe: Yet time, which all doth waſte
And cures all Cares, could not her Griefs recover,
For loſs of Him, her deereſt Lord and Lover.
Still therefore, cover'd with a ſable Shrowd
Hath Shee kept home; as all to Sorrow vow'd:
For, for the moſt part, ſolitary ſad,
Tears in her eyes, ſack on her back ſhee had,
Grief in heart: ſo, on the wither'd Spray
The Widow-*Turtle* ſighes her mournfull Lay;
Sole, and exil'd from all Delights, that move;
Chaſtly reſolv'd t' accept no Second Love.
If any time JUDITH went out of Doore
(As Dutie bindes) it was to ſee ſome poore:
Som woefull woman in deep paſſions toyl'd
For ſodain Loſs of her deer onely Childe:
Some long-Sick body, or ſom needy ſoule,
With needfull Comforts of her Bag, or Boule:
Or elſe to goe (as GOD commanded Them)
To Pray and Offer at JERUSALEM.
Thus, deer Companion, have I briefly ſhow'n
Fair JUDITH 's Story: on whoſe Worth alone
All eyes are caſt, but cannot tell you out
Whither ſhee goes; leſs, what ſhee goes about.
But, if wee may, from *former* things infer
A gheſſe of *future*; Wee may hope from Her
Some Happineſs: and ſure, mee thinks, her cheer,
So pleaſant chang'd, boads ſom good fortune neer.
With this Diſcourſe, the wakefull *Hebrew* Knight,
Walking between, wore-out the weary Night.
JUDITH the while, her Handmaid with her, hies
Towards the Trenches of the Enemies.

Yer

Yer from the Fort Shee had a furlong gon,
The *Heathen* Scouts deſcry'd her, and anon
Beſpake her thus: O! more than humane Beauty,
Whence? What are you? What cauſe hath hither
Into th' *Aſſyrian* Camp? Alas! I am (brought ye
(Sighing, quoth ſhee) a wofull *Hebrew* Dame,
Who, to eſcape ſo many Deaths, or Thrall,
Come heer to yeild mee to your *Generall*.
Then to the Duke they lead her. Who-ſo-e're
Hath ſeene, in Cities, how they flock, to hear
Som prating *Mountebank*; or ſee ſom *Monſter* (ſter
New brought from *Africk*, or from *Inde*; may con-
What preſs of Souldiers from all parts did throng,
About his Tent; and even preſt in among
To ſee that compleat Shee, ſo comly deem'd;
Who, the more lookt on, the more lovely ſeem'd.
Her waved Locks, ſom dang'ling looſe, ſom part
In thouſand rings curl'd-up, with art-leſſe art;
With graceſull Shadows ſweetly did ſet-out
Her broad high Fore-head, ſmooth as yce, about:
Two ſlender Bowes of *Ebene*, equall bent
Over two Stars (bright as the Firmament)
Two twinkling Sparks, Two ſprightfull Jetty eyes
(Where ſubtle *Cupid* in cloſe Ambuſh lyes,
To ſhoot the choiceſt of his golden Darts
Into the charieſt of the chaſteſt hearts):
'Twixt theſe two Suns, down from this liberal frōt,
Deſcendingly aſcends a prety Mount;
Which, by Degrees, doth neer thoſe Lips extend,
Where *Momus* Lips could nothing diſcommend:
Her ruddy round Cheeks ſeeem'd to be compoſed
Of *Roſes Lillied*, or of *Lillies-Roſed*:
Her muskie Mouth (for ſhape and ſize ſo meet,
Excelling *Saba*'s pretious breath, for ſweet)
A ſwelling Welt of *Corall* round behems,
Which ſmiling ſhows two rows of orient Gems:
Her Ivory Neck, and Alabaſter Breſt
Raviſh the *Pagans* more than all the reſt:
Her ſoft, ſleek, ſlender hands, in ſnow bedipt,
With pureſt Pearl-ſhell had each finger tipt.
In brief, ſo paſſing her Perfections were,
That, if rare *Zeuxis* had but found her there,
Or ſuch another; when from curious Cull
Of *Croton Dames* ſo choicely Beautifull,
By many Beauties (ſeverally met)
His cunning Pencill drew the Counterfeit
Of her for whom *Europe* and *Aſia* fought;
This onely Piece had hee ſufficient thought.
JUDITH no ſooner came within the Tent,
But both her Cheeks a baſhfull Bluſh beſprent,
Trembling for fear: untill, inviting neerer, (her.
The courteous *Generall*'s gentle words re-cheer-
Sweet-heart, I am not, I am not ſo fell
As falſe Report hath told fond *Iſrael*:
Who mee for father, I for children take;
I love whom love my Lord their God to make:
And who doe both, may be aſſur'd to have
What ever good, mans heart can hope, or crave:
Which *Iſrael* well ſhould find, would they give ear
To that Kings favour, whoſe drad Power they fear:
Then fear not thou, my Love; but tell mee free
The happy Cauſe that hither bringeth thee.
O Prince! ſaid ſhee (with then, firm countenance)
Supreme, for Fortune, Wiſedom, Valiance,
Of all that ever had command in Field,
Or ever manag'd martiall Sword or Shield:
Although my frail Sex and weak bodie's ſtate,
No longer could endure the wretched fate;
Wants, labours, dangers, and the deep affright
My fellow Townſ-folk ſuffer day and night:
Yet is not that the Cauſe that drives mee thence,
Nor that which draws mee to your excellence:
But, 'tis a never-never-dying Worm
Which gnaws my Conſcience; a continuall Storm,
A holy Fear, leſt I be forc't to eat
(Among my People) ſom unlawfull meat.
For, I foreſee (Sir) that our Folk, yer long,
With cruell Famine ſo extremely wrung,
Will be conſtrain'd to fill, and 'file them too
With unclean Fleſh, which God forbids us doe:
And that the Lord (who ſtrikes, with juſt revenge
Whom-ever dare his drad juſt Lawes infringe)
Will then, without Fight, give Thee up their place;
And one of thine Thouſands of them ſhall chaſe.
Therefore (my Lord) God's wrath and yours to fly,
Out of BETHULIA, to your Camp come I;
Beſeeching humbly, for your honours ſake,
That heer no Rigour, neither Wrong I take.
Hee 's more than Wit-leſs that him wilfull throws
(Winking) in dangers that hee well fore-knows;
And when hee may live, pain-leſs, and ſecure;
In Toil-full Fears will his own death procure.
Now; pleaſe thee grant mee, in this Vale (away
From noiſe and number) nightly to goe pray;
Hebrews no ſooner ſhall God's Wrath incenſe,
But I, inſpir'd, ſhall ſhew thine Excellence:
And then ſhall I thy valiant Legions lead
Over all *Iuda*; and thy Standards ſpread
Shall ſwell in SION; where not one ſhall dare
Lift Lance againſt thee, nor defence prepare:
No, not a Dog ſo much as bark at Thine
Arms-claſhing Army, nor their Armors Shine.
Thy name alone ſhall tame the ſtouteſt Troup:
To thee the Hills their proudeſt Tops ſhall ſtoup:
Rivers, for thee, their rapid Courſe ſhall ſtay,
To yeeld thine Hoaſt a new un-wonted way.
The Prince replies: O, Worlds ſole Ornament!
Lady, as fair as wiſe and eloquent;
Right-*Welcome are You*: and wee wiſh you ever
In all Contentment with us to perſever.
And, if you prove in Truth and Loyaltie,
As you are pleaſing to mine Ear and Eye;
I ſhall from henceforth worſhip evermore
The mighty God you *Hebrews* doe adore:
You ſhall from henceforth onely *Lady* be
Both of my Scepter, of my Soule, and Mee:
Henceforth your name with high Renown ſhal ring
Where *Heber*, *Iſter*, *Nile*, and *Ganges* ſpring.
With Licence then, ſoon as the *Moon* with light
Of ſilver Rayes began to cleer the night,
The Widow hies to a dark Vale apart;
Where firſt ſhee bathes her hands, & then her heart:
Then, from her eyes a luke-warm Rill ſhe ſhowrs:
Then, from her Soule this fervent Prayer ſhe pours:
Lord God, no longer now thine Aid deny
To thoſe that onely on thine Aid rely.
Lord reſcue thoſe that ready are to ſpend
Their bloods and goods, thine honour to defend.
Lord,

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Lord, let our Infants ſad and ceaſe-leſſe Mones,
Our woefull Elders deep and diſmall Grones,
Our Matron 's Scrieches, Cries of Virgins fair,
Our ſacred *Levit* 's Day-and-nightly Prayer,
Pearce to thy Throne, to wake thy ſlumbring Eye.
Drad God of *Juſtice*, glorious Father; Why
Doe ſulph'ry Bolts of thy beſt Thunder light
On *Carmel*'s Top, and little *Hermon* ſmite:
And let th' Heav'n-threatning Sons of Earth alone;
On proudeſt *Oſſa*, prouder *Pelion*?
Alas! What ſaid I? Ah! forgive mee, Lord,
This idle, raſh, and unadviſed Word;
Which, in frail Paſsion, my fond Lips did borrow
From fervent *Zeal* of mine unfeined Sorrow.
No: O, Our Lignes ſole Pillar dearly dread,
I know, Thou ſhortly wilt their Head behead:
I know, This hand, by Thy right hand led out,
Shall at one Blow, This *Heathen* Army rout.

The End of the Fourth Booke.

BETHULIA'S RESCUE.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

FOr blood and marrow, in his veins and bones,
The *Vice-Roy* feeds new Pains, new Passions;
Wch, while he shuns, he seeks; feels, yet not knows,
A dead-live Fire, which of Selfe 's Cinders grows.
For th' *Hebrew Lady*'s rapting rarities
Being now sole Object of his Soule 's dim Eyes;
Sad, peevish, pale, soft, drowsie, dream-awake,
Care of his Hoast hee doth no longer take:
Goes no more out, a-nights, to set his Watches,
And *Courts* of *Guard* about, on all Approches:
Comes not to Counsel, neither gives *The Word*:
Nor viewes the Quarters of his Camp; nor stirr'd,
As sheep, that miss their wonted guard & guide,
Dispersed stray; now, by some Rivers side,
Or gurgling Brook; now, up and down the douns;
Now, in the Groves; now, on the Fallow grounds:
So th' *Ethnik* Army, without Rule or Rein,
Pursue their Pleasures, violent, or vain:
None will obey; None but will now command;
Each, as him listeth, dares him now disband.
Hebrews, Why stay you now mew'd in your city,
Now, now or never, doth the Time befit-yee
To sally on the Foe; whose rank Disorder (der.
Among themselves, themselues (in fight) will mur-
Nay; bouge not though: of such a Victory
God will the Honour have and Author be.
Yer that blinde *Cupid* did this Tyrant blinde,
To take the Town was Day and Night his minde;
Now, Day and Night hee mindes but how to gain
A Lady 's grace; Who, taken, is not ta'n
(Her soule being temper'd more than Fancy-proof):
Yer-while, th' undaunted mighty *Theban* rough
Could not have fear'd Him, with his massie Mace;
Now, but a glance of a weak Woman's grace (deep,
~~Dismaies him, daunts him, nay even wounds him~~
Past care of Cure; and doth him Captive keep:
Yer-while *Ambition*, with Drums rattling Din,
Awakt him early yer the Day peept-in;
Now *Love* awakes him; and with his Alarms
Makes him neglect the *Hebrews* and their Arms:
Yer-while, hee had Princes and Kings at bay;
Now, of Himselfe hath neither Power nor Sway.
Alas! alas! Unhappy Change, said Hee:
Must I live Captive to my Captive-Shee?
Is This (alas!) to live: the Body bas't;
The minde as brute; and both their Powers defac't!
This is not Life: or is worse Life to feel,
Than sad *Ixion*'s, on the brazen *Wheel*
Eternall turning: or a life (in brief)
Most like the Life of that celestiall Thief,
Whose ever-never-dying heart and liver
On *Scythian* Rocks feed a fell Vulture ever.
What boots mee, t' have subdu'd so many Lands?
What, to have tam'd with my victorious hands
All Nations lodg'd betwixt *Hydaspes* large,
And th' Haven where *Cydnus* doth in Sea discharge?
Sith I am vanquisht, by the feeble Might
Of Captive *Judith*'s glance. What boots my bright
Strong steeled Targe? my brazen Burgunet?
My martiall Guard about my Body set?
Sith the keen Shot which her quick eye doth dart,
Through steel, & brass, & gard doth wound my hart.
What boots my Courser swifter than the winde,
Leaving the Swallowes in his speed behind?
Sith, on his back flying, I cannot flie
The willing Chains of my Captivity.
Change, change then, *Hebrews*, into smiles your tears;
Triumph of me, mine hoast, arms, swords & spears:
I am no more the *Duke*, whose Name alone
Yer-while with Terror shook you every-one:
No: I am Hee whose Courage, late so brave,
Is now become but Slave unto my Slave:
I am not come, to War with *Israel*,
To burn your Cities, or your Selves to quell:
But to intreat you, to intreat (for Mee)
Your match-lesse JUDITH that shee milder be.

But

But whither, Wit-leſſe, wh ither am I born
By Loves fond Fury; wilfully forlorn?
Have I not Her heer in my Patronage,
That can the Anguiſh of my Soule aſſwage?
And yet with idle Plaints I pierce the Skyes;
And thus un-Manly melt mee at mine Eyes.
Unhappy Mee! my wretched Caſe is ſuch
As His, who wants moſt what hee hath too-much;
A Cryſtall River flowing to his Lip;
Yet dies for Thirſt, and cannot drink a ſip:
For, ſo doe I reſpect her excellence,
Her Heav'n-given *Graces*; that, for Reverence
Mine eyes dare ſcarce behold her, and my Tongue,
In ſtead of ſuing, to my roofe is clung.
O that my Breaſt tranſparent Cryſtall were,
That Shee might ſee my hearts dire Torment there;
And there reade plainly, what my Loves exceſs
(Alas!) permits not my ſad voice t' expreſs.
Since JUDITH firſt came to th' *Aſſyrians* Camp,
Thrice had the heav'ns light and put out their Lamp;
And now *Aurora*, with a ſaffron Ray,
Began, in *Inde*, to kindle the *fourth* Day:
When as the *Duke*, who Food and Reſt forſakes,
This heavie Moan, to 's *Eunuch* BAGOS, makes:
BAGOS, my Sonne, adopted, not by Chance;
BAGOS, whom I, ſtill ſtudying to advance,
Have made, of Meaneſt and neglected moſt,
Firſt in my heart, and Second in mine Hoſte;
BAGOS, I burn, I rave, I rage, I die,
Of wounds receiv'd from that fair Strangers Eye.
Goe, ſeek her out: goe quickly: tell her Thou
My loving Languor: tell her, that I vow
To make her equall, nay above the beſt
Of greateſt *Dames* whom royall Crowns inveſt:
Eſpecially, inſinuate ſo, that Shee
Be pleas'd this night to come and ſup with Mee.
Were 't not a Folly, nay a Madneſſe meer,
In Mee, to have the rareſt Beauty heer
This Age hath bred; and yet, too-faint a Foole,
I ſhould not dare my hearts hot Thirſt to coole?
Would not my Souldiers laugh at it apace?
Nay: would not JUDITH bluſh at my Diſgrace?
BAGOS, too-apt, too-us'd to ſuch a Turn;
Thus oyles the Fire, which but too-faſt did burn:
My Lord: if Private men (whoſe otious Care
Scarce paſſe the Threſhold of their own Door dare;
Whoſe Mindes, content with their unhappy Hap,
For other *Grace* or *Greatneſſe* never gape)
Live not content (alas!) unleſſe ſome-while
Venus warme Comforts their chill Cares beguile:
How-more unhappy then, are thoſe that bear
An *Atlas* Burthen: thoſe that reſt forbear,
For Others Reſt: thoſe that (like *Argus*) wake
While Others, fear-leſſe, their full Naps doe take:
If, among all their Gall, their Toil, their Teen,
Some (*Cupids*) Hony be not mixt between?
Then, Sir, purſue your Love: loſe not the Game,
Which of it ſelfe comes to your Net, ſo tame.
And, if in like Imployments, heretofore
Y' have found Mee fit and faithfull evermore;
In this new Truſt, you ſhall by ſpeedy triall,
Finde mee more ſecret, diligent, and loyall.
Alas! How-many BAGOS's, in our Time
In Princes *Courts*, to higheſt Honours climbe,
More, for their Cunning in ſuch Embaſſies,
Than for Repute of *learned*, *ſtout*, or *wiſe*?
Whilom, great *Courts* were *Vertue*'s *Academs*;
Now Schools of *Vice*: now (rather) *Sinks* of *Realms*.
You, who, *Great-minded*, cannot be content
To be cloſe-Brokers for th' Incontinent:
Who cannot brew (with too-too-dangerous Skill)
Both a *Love-Potion*, and a *Cup* to *kill*:
Who cannot, noble, your free Natures ſtrain,
With flattering pencill on your Face to fain
A face of *Frownes*, or *Smiles*; of *Wrath*, or *Ruth*;
To pleaſe the *Great* (rather with *Tales* than *Truth*):
Come not at *Court*; if I may counſell you.
For, there, in ſtead of *Grace* and *Honour*, due
Unto your *Vertues*; you ſhall nothing gain,
But, that which *There* ſtill haunts the *Good*; diſdain.
You, *Noble Ladies*, in whoſe heart is graven
A filiall Feare of th' All-ſee GOD of Heav'n:
You that more prize your *Honour*'s pure Report,
Than *Love* of *Princes*: keep you from the *Court*.
But You, who, having neither Land nor Mony,
Out-brave the braveſt: who with words of Hony,
And Friend-like Face, Diſſemblers, humbly greet
Whom your falſe harts wiſh in their winding ſheet:
Who laviſh, ſell your Wives for Offices:
Who make you Noble, by baſe Services:
Who, ſerving Time, can ſet your Faith to ſale;
Shift your *Religion*; ſaile with every Gale:
Who, Paraſites, can put more faces on
Than ever *Proteus* in the Seas hath ſhow'n:
Who, forcing Nature, can your Maners fit
To my *Lords* Humour; and ſo humour it;
Like a *Chameleon*, which, heer blue, there black,
Heer gray, there green, doth with his Object take:
Who can invent new Toules, new Taxes finde,
To charge the People, and the Poore to grinde:
Who, faining to poſſeſſe your Princes Eare,
Make Suiters crouch, and court you every-where;
And, ſubtle *Shifters*, ſell them dear your Smoake,
Blinding the wretches with a wilie cloake.
You, warbling *Sirens*, whoſe delicious Charms
Draw warieſt youth into your wrackfull Arms:
You *Circe*'s, you whoſe powerfull Spells tranſmute
Your Loves to Stones, Hogs, Dogs, & every Brute:
You *Stymphalides*, whoſe Avarice devoures
The richeſt Treaſure of *Youth*'s freſheſt Flowers:
You, you, whoſe *Painting*, and *Pearl-golden-gliſter*,
Of *Priam*'s old Wife, make young *Caſtor*'s Siſter:
You *Myrrah*'s, you *Canaces*, *Semiram*'s:
And, if there be any more odious *Dames*:
Come You to *Court*: come quickly: there, on You
A hundred Honours ſhall be heapt, undue;
You, there ſhall ſell *Juſtice*, Preferments, Places:
Yea, you ſhall ſell miſ-govern'd Princes Graces.
But, *Muſe*, it boots not: Hadſt Thou thouſand-fold
The Strength and Stomack of *Alcides* bold,
Thou couldſt not cleanſe Theſe *Sin-proud* ſhining Halls,
Fouler by far than foule *Augeas* Stalls.
Let's back to JUDITH; who to bring about
Her hard deſigne, ſurveys her, ſets her out,
Be-curles her Treſſes; makes her Cryſtall cleer
Her Beauties Judge, which had in Earth no peer.
Then comes ſhee to the Tent, rich hanged round
With curious Arras, from the top to ground;

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Where Art-full fingers, for a Web of glory,
Had wov'n *Medes*, *Perſians*, *Syrian* Princes Story.
There *Ninus* firſt, puſht by vain Prides amiſſe,
Uſurps the *Eaſt*: heer comes *Semiramis*,
Who, faining Her a Man, th' *Aſſyrians* ſwaies,
And to the Clouds her BABYLON doth raiſe.
See, ſee a Prince, with ſoft white fingers fine,
Effeminate ſits ſpinning flaxen Twine:
And, for a Launce, bearing a Diſtaffe ſhowes
That more to Female than to Male hee owes:
See, how hee poats, paints, frizzles, faſhions him;
Bathes, basks, anoints, views, and re-views his Trim
Within his *Glaſs*, which for a *Glaive* hee wears.
See, how hee ſhifts to hide his Shame and Fears:
From Vardingale to Vardingale, hee flyes
His brave Lieutenant, leſt Hee him ſurpriſe.
Yet, ſee, at laſt (to act one Manly thing)
Hee burns himſelfe, not to out-live a King.
See, heer an Infant ſucking of a Bitch
Under a Hedge, and in a ſhallow Ditch;
Who, grown a Man, heer muſters in his Train
Both bond and free, the Souldier and the Swain;
Subdues the *Eaſt*, and into *Perſia* draws
The *Medes* proud Scepter; & he gives them Laws.
But who's That marches ſo diſ-figured there,
Before an Army, without Noſe and Eare?
'Tis that good Servant, who reduc't, alone,
Under *Darius*, Rebell *Babylon*.
While, with theſe ſhows ſad JUDITH entertain'd
Her Eyes, but not her heart (too-inly pain'd)
In comes the *Duke*: & with right courteous cheer
Kindely ſalutes her, hands her hand; and neer
Cauſing her ſit in a rich eaſie Chaire,
Himſelfe, at eaſe, views and re-views her Faire.
Then, ſeeing him ſo nigh his wiſhed Pleaſure,
His heart's a-fire: nor hath hee longer leaſure
To ſtay for *Venus*, till, Star-crowned bright,
On their *Horizon* Shee bring back the Night.
The Widow, knowing Time and Place, as yet,
For God's Decree, and her Deſign, unfit;
Findes ſtill Delayes: and, to delude his Love,
Shee (wylie) ſtill Speech upon Speech doth move.
My Lord, pray tell mee, What ſo great Offence
So grievouſly your Fury could incenſe; (Folk
What? when? where? why? how? & by whom our
Could ſo the Wrath of ſuch a Prince provoke,
So ſeparate, in Language, Land, and Law;
Who never Us; and Whom wee never ſaw?
Uncivill were Hee (*Sweet*) replyes the Prince,
Could ought deny to ſuch an Excellence.
Then; as the Heav'ns cannot Two Suns ſuſtain:
No more can Earth Two Kings at once contain,
Of equall Power and State: for, *Soveraintie*
Brooks no Co-partner, no *Equality*.
Witneſſe my *Soverain*: who offended at
The Power and Pomp of mighty *Arphaxat*,
Who, high aſpire, and far to ſpred began,
And to the Clouds had built his *Ecbatane*,
Ninive's Shame and dread of *Babylon*:
Bravely endevours to ſupplant his Throne,
Bereave his Scepter, ſack, raze, ruinate,
His goodly Cities, and himſelfe diſ-State.
But *Arphaxat*, as valorous as ſage
(And both, right worthy of his Crown and Age)
Would rather venture *Media's* Royall Rings,
Than vaile to any. So between two Kings,
Two ſtout, and ſtirring ſpirits (whereof th' one
Could brook no Peer, th'other, Superior none)
Began a dreadfull and right deadly War,
Laſting (alas!) too-long, ſpreading too-far.
Arphaxat arms thoſe, where the Flower of *Geece*
Fetcht, not the Locks of an old *Golden Fleece*,
But maſsie *Ingots*, which doe richly pave
The happy Plains great *Phaſis* Streams belave:
The *Harmaſtans*, th' *Albanians*, wont to mowe
Three times a year, where onely once they ſow:
Whom *Oxus* boundeth with his ſwelling Tide;
Whom *Anti-Taurus* double Horns divide:
Thoſe on the Mountaine, whoſe high-lowly back
Bow'd to the Veſſell which preſerv'd from wrack
The Worlds Abridgement: Thoſe along the Shores
Where proud *Jaxartes* rapid Current rores:
In ſhort, beſides his *Medes* hee had in pay,
All, neer the *Pontike* and the *Caſpian* Sea,
So that, already, This great King-Commander,
Had Hopes as high as ever ALEXANDER.
My Prince, reſolv'd to conquer, or to die,
Omits no point of Opportunitie
For his Affaires: Hee armeth *Sittacen*,
Levies the Archers of all *Oſrohen*:
Thoſe, whoſe rich Plains hundred for one repay,
From *Euphrates* and *Tigris* march away:
Fiſh-fed *Carmanians* (who with *Seal-skin* Jacks,
In ſtead of Iron arm their warlike Backs)
Gold ſanded *Hytan*'s native Shores forgoe:
You *Parthians*, *Coſſians* and *Arabians* too,
By your ſad *Magi*'s deep prophetike Charms
Sacredly counſell'd, take you all to Arms:
And Thou, *Chaldea*, turn'ſt to Swords, and Spears,
And ſhields, thy *Rules*, *Squires*, *Compaſſes* and
For, of his Subjects ſpares hee not a man (*Sphears*.
That beare a Launce, or Pike, or Crosbow can:
Wives, Beldams, Babes, Gray-heads (& Sickly, ſom)
Through all his Countreys onely kept at home.
Hee alſo ſends for *Perſians* and *Phœnicians*;
For ſoft *Egyptians*, *Hebrews* and *Cilicians*,
Quickly to come, and kindely take his Part:
But *Neuters*, They (more friends in face, than heart)
Reject his earneſt Sute, Himſelfe neglect;
And uſe his Legats but with ſmall reſpect.
My Lord diſſembles for a while This wrong,
Till having triumpht of a Foe more ſtrong,
Hee may with more eaſe, and with danger-leſſe,
Their ſacrilege and ſurly Pride repreſſe.
In *Ragau*'s ample Plain, one Morning, met
Theſe Royall Armies, of two Kings, as great
As ever *Mars* with ſteele and Furie arm'd,
Fury and Pride ſo Eithers Souldier warm'd,
That hardly could they ſtay till Trumpets ſhrill
Denounce the Battaile, and give leave to kill:
But with ſtern looks, and braving Threats, afar;
At hand, with blowes; they had begun to war;
Exchanging wounds. Two thouſand *Perdus* firſt
Give bravely th' Onſet: and not much diſperſt:
From ſodain whirle-winde of their nimble Slings,
So thick a Storm of humming Pebbles ſings
So-ſad a *Dirge* of Deaths, that they ſuppoſe,
That not one Troop, but All, had bin at Blowes,

To

To second Those, then, in good ordinance,
With waving Ensignes, thousand Troops advance:
Both Armies joyn. Now fiercely fall they to't,
Mede upon *Chaldé*, pressing foot to foot:
Incount'ring felly with a furious noise
Of clashing Arms, and Angry-braving Voice,
Louder than *Nile*, rushing from Rocky-Coomb;
Or then *Encélade*, when hee shakes his Toomb.
Heer lyes one head-lesse: foot-lesse there (alas!)
Another craules among the gorie Grasse:
One 's shoulder hangs: another hangs his Bowels
About his neck (but new bound up in towels)
This, in the Face, That in the Flank is hurt:
This, as hee dyes, a Flood of Blood doth spurt:
That, neither lives nor dyes; but seems at once
Both upper *Jove*'s and neather 's diverse Thrones;
Because, some little spirit (too-stubborn-stout)
Still in the Body, will not yet come out.
Yer-while the ground was yellow, green, & blue;
Now onely cover'd with a Crimsin hue:
While one doth (heer) another deadly thrill,
Another him, another him doth kill:
Still Rage increases: still doth Fury spread,
Till all the field be but a heap of Dead.
One-while the *Syrians* by the *Medes* are chas't;
Anon the *Medes* by *Syrians* are re-chas't:
As one-while, from the Sea unto the Shore,
Surge after Surge, Wave after Wave doth rore.
Another-while, from Shore to Sea they ply
Wave after Wave, Surge after Surge to fly:
Or as (wee see) the Flowery Ears, in May
(When *Zephyrus* with gentle Puffs doth play)
Sway to and fro; forward and backward bend;
Now stoop a little; and now, stand an end.
Both Kings the-while, whose force and fortitude
Far past their Subjects, so their Blades imbru'd
In Bloud and Slaughter, that an open Glade
Where-e'r they came, in either Camp they made:
So that, nor Casks, Currets, nor Shields could save
From mighty Strokes their massie Weapons gave:
Much like two Torrents, which with headlong fall
From two opposed Hills, down-bearing all,
Banks, Bridges, Trees, Corn, Cattell; seem to vie
Whether of either shall most damnifie.
Especially, the *Medes* King thundred so
Upon our Battails, that our Bravest, tho,
Began to shrink, and with that shamefull sight,
Our Hoast dis-ord'red, fell to shamefull flight:
The Foe pursues, slayes, slashes (swift as wind).
Millions of wounds, and every one behind.
In brief, that Day had *Ninivé* bin down,
Her King undone (dead, and depriv'd of Crown)
Had not I (full of Force and Furie) quick (thick.
Like Lightning, rusht where deadly blows were
Mails, Murrions, Corselets, Iron, Steel, and Brasse,
Before my Sword were brittle all, as glasse.
And onely I, My hand alone, which lent
More deaths than blows, brought more astonishmēt
Unto their Camp, than all our Camp beside.
Their Foot no longer could my Brunt abide:
Their Horsemen, fainting, in their Saddles shake;
Arms on their Backs, hearts in their bellies quake.
Heer, with a down-right Blow, from top to twist,
I cleave in sunder one that dar'd resist:
There I so deep dive in another 's minde,
That neer two handfulls peers my Sword, behinde;
So, that the *Medes*, now more than wavering,
In th' heat of Fight, abandon All their King.
Who, seeing him so betray'd, his Tresses tore,
Retir'd to *Ragan*, all besmear'd with gore:
There, over-ta'n by Ours, Hee bravely fought;
'Mid thickest Darts a glorious Death hee tought;
Heaws, thunders, thrills, and of his Manly blows:
Not one in vain, not one amisse bestows.
But, yer Hee die, with quick, keen, Fauchin fell,
Hee sends before, thousand stout Soules to Hell:
So the fierce Tigre, compast every where
With Men and Dogs, to Fury turns his Fear;
Fights where hee finds the greatest danger lie;
Tears, tosses, kills; not unreveng'd to die.
But, at the last, the vainly Valiant King,
Wearie of killing, and of conquering,
Thrill'd with a thousand Darts, and wounded rife,
Ended at once his lofty Rage and Life:
And, falling, fares as doth a mighty Oake,
Which, planted high upon a massie Rock,
A thousand times hath felt the windes to beat,
And thousand Axes, it a Fall to threat;
So that the Root groan'd, and the Valley nigh
Eccho'd the noise unto the steepest Sky,
While that the Top still reeling to and fro,
Now These, now Those, threatens with overthrow:
Yet, still it stands in spight of all their spight,
Till at the last, all under-mined quight
With million stroaks, it falls; and with the Fall,
Bears to the ground Trees, Rocks, Corn, Cattle, all.
For, *Arphaxat* extinct, extinct with-all
Was *Median*'s glory: and, My Lord of All
Raz'd *Ecbatane*; and now grow Weeds and Grass
Where, late, his lofty, rare-rich Palace was:
Where, late the Lute, and the loud Cornets noise
In curious Consort warbled sweet their voice;
The voice of Scrich-Owls, & Night-Ravens heard,
And every fatall and affrighting Bird.
My King-God, weary of Wars tedious toile,
In NINIVE the great, for four months-while
Made Publique Feasts: &, when the Feast was done,
Commands mee leavie a huge Hoast anon,
Of chiefest Men; to goe and chastise those
That had disdain'd him Aid against his Foes:
And that, on all that dar'd his Hests infringe,
With Fire and Sword his Honour I avenge:
And that with speed. But *Madame*, see (alas!)
How far I am from bringing this to passe:
For comming heer, your Nation to subdue,
My selfe am conquer'd and subdu'd by You:
So that (alas!) Death 's dreddest Tyrannies
In endlesse Night will soon siel-up mine eyes,
Except the powerfull sole Preservative
Of thy sweet Kisses keep mee yet alive.
Nay: good my Lord, said Shee, tell-on (I pray)
Your good Successe and Service by the way.
Then HOLOPHERNES, where hee left, began
A long Narration how hee playd the man;
Halfe truth, halfe tales: For, 'tis great souldiers guise
To bombast oft their Own Exploits with Lyes.
Mine Hoast all mustered and together brought,
T' inflame their hearts with martiall Heat I fought:

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Fellows (ſaid I) if ever Your Deſires
Have thirſted Fame, to live when life expires;
Let 's now goe puniſh that preſumptuous Crew
Which rudely (late) our ſacred Legats ſlew:
Let 's goe t' avenge our drad-deer Soverain Liege
Of that fel Outrage, nay, foule Sacrilege
Againſt the greateſt GOD came ever down
From Heav'nly Sphears to ſway an Earthly Crown:
Arm, arm you, brave Blouds, arm your either hand,
This, with a Blade; That, with a Fier-brand,
With Fire and Sword to over-run the *Weſt*,
To lay it waſte; to bear away the beſt:
To ſink it all under a Crimſin Flood;
Or make (at leaſt) your Horſes ſwim in blood:
Goe, take poſſeſsion of Your Valours due,
The whole Worlds crown, wch yeelds it all to you:
Take you this Honour: which in Time-to-come,
Shall keep your brave Names frō th'oblivious tomb:
Take, take your pleaſures of the richeſt ſpoils
Of richeſt Cities in a hundred Soils
Which you ſhall ſack. So, may you once in health
Come laden home with Honour and with Wealth.
I ceaſt: and ſoon they ſecond, all, my voice
With Caps caſt-up, with clapped hands; and noyſe
Of gen'rall Joy, to have Mee GENERALL.
Some ſix-ſcore Thouſand was Mine Hoaſt in all,
Or ſom-what more: with which from NINIVE,
But three-dayes march I made to *Bectileh*;
Thence paſt I forward by *Hierapolis*,
Then by *Amida*, then by *Niſibis*.
And thence to *Charan* (at the length) I came,
Once happy ſeat of your great *Abraham*.
Then wan I th' Hill, whoſe oblique Horns divide
All *Aſia* neer, and limite far and wide
Many large Empires: Where, I ſack, I ſlay,
I burn, I raze, what-ever in my way:
My Souldiers ſeem ſo many Mowers, right,
Which in a Mead leave not a blade upright;
But, by long Swathes of their degraded Graſſe,
Wel ſhow the way their ſweeping Sithes did paſs:
This, *Phul*, and *Tharſis*, and all *Lydia* knows,
In whoſe waſte Fields now onely Bramble grows.
Comn neer the Streight which ſerves for wall &
To ſoft *Phœnicians*, and Thief *Iſſians* Port: (Fort
The *Roſians*, *Soleans*, *Mopſians*, *Tharſians*, *Iſſia*,
Anchials, *Ægœans*; briefly, all *Cilicia*,
Take-up this Gate, with all their Power; in hope
To ſtay my Paſſage, and my Courſe to ſtop.
Should I heer tell the dangerous Enterpriſes
Brave Charges, Reſcues, Sallyes, Shocks, Surpriſes,
Which there befell, the day would fail (I fear)
Before my Speech: for, the *Cilicians* were
So fortifi'd by favour of the Place,
That little could wee there prevail, a ſpace:
Nay, all mine Hoaſt, which had ſo often chaſt
So many greater Hoaſts; now ſtood agaſt;
Till in deſpight, and full of deſperate rage,
In thickeſt dangers, I my Selfe ingage;
Where, round aſſail'd, and wounded all in parts,
My Shield thick briſtled with a grove of Darts,
I never ſhrunk: but ſo beſtirr'd mee round,
That I alone made all their Hoaſt give ground.
Mine Army then, follows the way amain
Mine Arm had made, and paved thick with Slain:
Now our moſt Cowards (late) for Fear, adying;
Wound moſt, kill moſt, and moſt purſue them flying.
Cydanus, yer while for 's pure ſilver Flood,
Call'd King of waters, wallows now in blood;
And rapid *Pyram* (paſt his wonted Toule) (roule.
To *Neptune*, Shields, Helms, Horſe and Men doth
In brief, as heer your *Mœmur* ſtopt a while
By ſome new Bridge, or ſome unuſuall Pile;
Roars, riſes, fomes, fumes, threats, beats, rages, raves,
Againſt his new bank; and with Waighty Waves
Waighty and ſtrong, bears down at laſt the Bay,
And for a time, out-laſhing every-way.
Tears, over-turns, and undermines, much worſe
Then when hee freely hath his native Courſe;
Even ſo my Force, having the Force repell'd,
Which in theſe ſtreights the ſtruggling paſſage held:
Burns, kills, confounds, what meets it moſt & leaſt.
ASIA, laid waſte: returning to the *Eaſt*,
I conquer'd *Cœlè*, ſpoyling, pityleſs,
The fruitfull Verge of famous *Euphrates*:
Rapſis I raz'd and *Agran*, overthrow'n,
The Vertue of my mighty Arm hath know'n.
Thence, keeping ſtill by the Sea coaſt, I ſpoile
The *Madianites*: then, marching *North* a-while,
Tow'rds double *Liban*, I *Damaſcus* race,
With her neer Towns, *Gaane*, *Abyle*, *Hypapas*:
Thence came I (curious) to that Hill, from whence
The Sun, by Night, is ſeen; and ſeen from thence
Alſo to Riſe: Thence, tow'rds the *Weſtern* Realms
Continuall beaten with *Phœnician* Streams.
Then, Thoſe of *Gaze*, *Tyre*, *Sydon*, *Aſcalon*:
Azotus, *Byblus*, *Joppa*, every-one,
Fear'd with my Fame; in greateſt humbleneſſe,
Diſpatch their Legats to my Mightineſſe.
Wee come not heer with Force and Arms (ſay they)
To bid thee Battail, or to bar thy Way:
But rather, Mightieſt Prince, in humbleſt awe,
To yeeld us Thine, t' accept Thy Will for Law;
Of Life, or Death. Thine are our Fields and Forts;
Thine are our Cities: Thine our Ships, our Ports,
Our Lands, our Goods, our Cattail, Corn, and Wine;
Thine are our Children, and our Selves are Thine:
Onely be pleas'd (Sir) to accept us ſo,
And ſo eſteem us: and right happy tho
Shall wee eſteem our Selves, to have a Lord
Can wield ſo well the Scepter and the Sword,
The Lance and Balance; and, beſides, excels
Men, equalls Gods in every Vertue elſe.
Nor did their People, nor their States diſprove
Their Embaſsies; but by all ſignes of Love
Both young & old, crown'd all wth *Flora*'s fauours,
Of hundred colours and of hundred Savours;
Came Dancing out with *Muſicks* cheerfull Moods,
To offer Mee their Bodies and their Goods.
Nor did I then a *Victor*'s Right abuſe;
But with all Kindneſſe them as Friends I uſe:
Leave them their Land: but firſt, their Forts I man'd
With ſome of Mine; with ſome of theirs, my Band.
For (*Madame*) ſtill the farther that I goe,
My Camp in Bands; my Bands in Souldiers grow:
Even as *Danubius*, firſt, beginning ſmall
Through *Raurak* Plains wth ſhallow courſe to craul,
Still ſwelling more & more, with threeſcore rivers,
To th' *Euxin* Sea his Sea-like Selfe delivers.

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I hop't, as Theſe, ſo alſo *Iſrael*
Would yeeld themſelves; and not at all compell
My juſt Revenge to threat Extremities:
But, when I came heer to *Scythopolis*
(The *Tomb* of Her whoſe happy Milk had yerſt
The twice-born *Dennis* in his Cradle nourc't)
I was advertis'd of this ſtubborn Folly;
Which will, no doubt, undoe the *Hebrews* wholly.

The End of the Fift Booke.

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BETHULIA'S RESCUE.

THE SIXTH BOOK.

YEr that the *Pagan* could his Story end,
From higheſt Hills did dusky Night deſcend:
And now the Steward full the Table fraights
With all, moſt pretious, moſt delicious Meats;
As if the *Vice-Roy*, to This *Joviall* Feaſt,
Had bid the Kings both of the *Weſt* and *Eaſt*.
O greedy-guts! O Gulphs inſatiate!
A thouſand Worlds, with all their delicate
And various Cates devis'd by th' *Abderite*,
Cannot ſuffice your bound-leſſe Appetite.
O Belly-gods! for You (at any price)
To the *Molnques*, muſt wee trudge for Spice;
To the *Canaries*, for your Sugars fine;
To (*Joves Crete*) *Candy* for your choyſeſt Wine.
To pleaſe your Taſtes, your Palats to content,
Seas ſacred Boſome is profanely rent;
Aire is diſpeopled; yea right hardly can
The onely *Phœnix* ſcape the Jawes of Man.
O Poiſon! worſe than Plague to Martiall ſtates,
Which braveſt mindes baſely effeminates,
While *Rome*, for Heads, had *Curio*'s and *Fabricio*'s,
Whom Roots ſuffic'd for dainties moſt delicious:
While *Perſia* was with Sallets ſole content;
They flouriſht Both, admir'd and Eminent;
And Eithers Arms, tryumphing every-where,
Fill'd all the Earth with Tropheis and with Fear:
But, ſince that this, from ſoft *Aſſyrians* took
His vaſt exceſſe of Kitchin and of Cook;
And, ſince that That fell under the Diſpoſe
Of *Galba*'s *Nero*'s, and *Vitellio*'s,
(More glorying to exceed Others Exceſs
Than conquer *Pyrrhus* or *Mithridates*)
Both have bin oft and juſtly ſackt and ſpoil'd
By petty Nations, whom they oft had foil'd.
Nature 's ſuffic'd with Little: Over-full
Deadeth the Courage, and the Wits doth dull.
Each being ſet; anon, full filled-out
In maſſie Boules the *Malmſey* walks about:
One drinks devoutly in an Eſtridge Egge;
One in a Lute, another in a Legge;
One in a Ship, another in a Shell;
Another takes a broad deep ſilver Bell,
To ring his Peal: but ſo his hand doth ſway
And ſhake, that halfe hee ſheds it, by the way.
But, above all, the Prince him ſo behav'd,
That, now, the more hee drank the more hee crav'd:
Much like the Sea; which, though it take this-while
Twin-named *Iſter*, and Seaven-mouthed *Nile*;
Never increaſes, nor is full therefore;
But ever ready for as many more.
Cup calls for Cup; and when the Skinker weens
T' have done his Service, hee afreſh begins
To fill them Liquor. for, till Midnight paſt,
Among the Gueſts this Tippling game did laſt.
And then away, with much adoe, they went
(Feeling, and reeling) Each unto his Tent;
By th' amorous Tyrant often urg'd before,
Who thought each minute now a year and more.
When they were gone, Hee gan embrace & buſſe
The trembling Lady; who beſoothes him Thus:
Nay: leave (my Lord) ſuch haſte what need you make
To reap the Fruit which from you none can take?
Get you to bed: and, if you leave mee room,
I will not fail you by and by to come,
So ſoon as I have but disburthened
My Load of Cloathes, and made mee fit for bed.
If ſuttled Wits, and if the ſobred Brains,
Have hardly ſcaped Womens wylie Trains,
Marvail not, Reader, if One, fool'd at-once
By *Semele*'s and *Cytherea*'s Sons,
Be thus beguil'd: ſith either of the Two
Bereaves the bodies and the mindes Force, too.
Then, letting her ſlide from his arms away.
Hee goes about himſelfe to diſ-aray:
Now hee unbuttons, now pulls-off his hoſe;
But, his heat hinders, and his haſte foreſlowes:
For (ſleep-awake, blinde-ſeeing) while hee plyes
T' untruſſe his Points, them (fumbling) faſter ties:
Till, overcome with Rage, and Longing, more,
Hee cuts his knots, and off his Clothes hee tore;

And

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And then to Bed. Where (as the Croſſ-bow-man,
Who, for his pleaſure, watcheth now and than,
By ſome Croſſ-path, ſome Coney, or ſome Hare;
At every Noiſe, on every ſide doth ſtare
Where ſtirrs a leaſe; and levels thither-ward,
At the leaſt Wren, or the leaſt Worm that ſtird
Neer where hee ſtands, ſtill in a Hopefull-Doubt
Turning his Body and his Bow about)
The luſtfull Tyrant, if hee hear a Mouſe
Never ſo little ſtir about the houſe;
Shivering for Joy, hee thinks his Miſtreſſe there:
Nay, though hee nothing heare, his flattering Eare
Thinks it hears ſomething, which can nothing be
But his admired moſt deſired Shee:
Lifts-up, layes-down, and up again re-lifts
His heavie Noule; from ſide to ſide hee ſhifts;
Caſting the Diſtance, counting in his head,
How many ſteps will bring her to his Bed,
The which the while hee full of thorns doth think.
But now the Fume of his aboundant Drink,
Drouzing his Brain, beginneth to deface
The ſweet remembrance of her lovely Face:
Already wheels his Bed, already ſhine
A thouſand Rayes before his ſlumbring Eyne:
Already in his Ears (now waxen num)
A thouſand Drones with buzzing noiſe doe hum:
Hee ſees *Chimera's, Gorgons, Mino-Taures,*
Meduſa's, Haggs, Alecto's, Semi-Taures.
But JUDITH's heart ſtill beating thick with-in,
Felt a fell Combat in it ſelfe begin;
Now, cauſing Fear her ſacred Fervour quaſh;
Anon, her Fervour het faint Fear to daſh.
JUDITH, ſaid Shee, Thy *Jacob* to deliver,
Now, is the Time; Now to-it. *Doe-it never.*
O! Yes. O! *No.* I will. *I will not, I:*
Shall I profane kinde Hoſpitality?
Nay, rather ſhall I ſanctifie 't the more,
When by the ſame I ſhall the *Saints* reſtore.
But, Traytors ever bear Diſhonours brand.
Traitors be thoſe betray, not ſave, their Land.
But, Murderers Heav'ns righteous Judge abhors.
Why? all Man-killers are not Murderers.
But Hee's a Murderer who his Prince hath ſlain.
This is a Tyrant; not My *Soverain.*
But, GOD hath now bequeath'd him vs for Lord.
Hee's not of GOD that wars againſt his *Word.*
Why, then, may All, their Tyrants kill and rid?
So *Ehud, Jael,* and ſo *Jehu,* did.
Yea, but from Heav'n they had authentike Warrant.
So hath my Soule (approved and apparant.)
But, ah! how weak art Thou this Work to act!
Whom God aſſiſted, never ſtrength hath lackt.
But, hadſt thou done; the Sequel's more to doubt.
God brought mee in; and God will bring mee out.
What, if Hee pleaſe leave thee in Heathens hands?
Their Chieftain dead, I fear nor Death, nor Bands.
But to their Luſt thou ſhalt be left a Prey.
Never my Minde; my Body force they may.
Then, in this point thus ſacredly confirm'd;
With hands heav'd up, her eys on heav'n ſhe firm'd;
And ſoftly, Thus poures to the Lord her prayer:
O gracious God, who with paternal Care
Haſt ever kept thine *Iſrael,* ſtrengthen Thou
Mine Arm with Thine, that it may nimbly now
Cut-off this Tyrant, who thus dares preſume,
To ſcale the Heav'ns; Thy Scepter to aſſume.
And, ſith thy grace, through thouſad ſtorms & more,
Hath brought my bark in ſight of wiſhed ſhore,
O, let it land, with *Poppie's* ſleepieſt ſap
This Tyrant's ſenſe benum in end-leſſe Nap;
That I may raiſe this Siege, Thy Thralls releaſe,
Return Thee *Praiſe*; and to thy SION, *Peace.*
Her Prayer done, the Drunken Prince ſhee hears
Snorting aloud. Then fair and ſoft Shee neers
His Pallets ſide, and quickly takes the Sword
Which had ſo oft the groaning Earth begor'd.
But, even about the fatall Blow to give;
Fear, from her hand did the fel Weapon reave:
Her heart did faint, her ſtrength did fail her quite.
O God (then ſaid Shee) ſtrengthen by Thy Might
My timorous heart's and trembling hand's conſent.
Then on the *Duke* ſo ſtiffe a ſtroke ſhee lent,
As happily, *tri-parted* (at the poule)
Th' Head from the Body, Body from the Soule.
His Soule to Hell: his Body on the Bed:
In JUDITH's hand his grim and ghaſtly Head;
Which ſoon her Handmaid in her Night-bag hid.
Then ſpeeding thence, ſuſpect-leſſe, or unſpi'd;
Without Impeach the *Pagan* Hoſte they paſt.
For if that any ſaw them trip ſo faſt, (fore)
Heav'n-blinde, they thought Shee went but (as be-
Into the Vale, bright *Diane* to adore. (Tower,
Now, when chaſte JUDITH came to th' *Hebrews*
Ope, open (ſaid Shee): for the God of Power,
Th' *Aſſyrian* Forces hath this Night forlorn,
And lifted up his choſen *Jacobs* Horn.
The Town amaz'd at her return un-hop't,
Preſſe to the Port; which inſtantly they op't,
Throng about her: who a Tarras mounts,
And her Exploit from point to point recounts.
Then, from her Bag, for Proofe of what ſhee ſaid,
Shee pulls the-while the dreadfull *Pagans* Head.
The Citizens, when in her hand they ſaw
Th' *Aſſyrian's* Head's Head; full of ample Awe,
Extoll th' Almighty, who ſo mighty Foe
By a weak Woman had ſubdued ſo.
But, moſt of all did *Ammons* Prince admire
GOD's dreadfull Judgement: and to ſcape his ire,
Who *Iſrael* thus, of vanquiſht, *victoriz'd*;
His Fleſh and Heart hee ſodain *circumciz'd.*
How ſweetly, Lord, Thy ſacred *Providence,*
Mens ſuttleſt Wiſedom, in their Plots, prevents!
For, thine *Elected* unto life, to guide
Into thy Fold (when moſt they ſeem beſide)
Good out of *Ill* thou draw'ſt; making their Sin,
Means ('gainſt their minds) their goodneſſe to begin.
Lord! foule deſire of murther and of ſpoile
Brought this (late) *Pagan* to th' *Iſ'acian* Soile;
Where, meaning (firſt) thy peoples bloud to ſpill,
Now, ſpend his Own for their dear ſakes hee will:
Thy mercy ſo from his maligne Affect,
(Maugre his minde) brought forth a good Effect.
So, neer *Damaſcus,* mad'ſt thou, by thy Call,
Of Wolfe a Shepheard, of a *Saul* a *Paul*;
Of Perſecutor, an Apoſtle; (briefe)
Of Chief of Sinners, among Saints the Chief:
So ſodainly, that all the Saints about
Admir'd his *Doctrine*; Yet, his *Deeds* did doubt.

So

So, the *Saint*-Thief, which ſuffered wth our Savior
Was led to Life by his Death-due Behavior:
And, when no longer Earth could beare his Sin,
Was, in a Moment, made Heav'ns Citizen.
(*O fearfull-hopefull Precedent of Grace!*
Such as, but One, GOD's holy bookes embrace:
One, that None (humbled) ſhould deſpaire *of Pardon:*
But one, that None preſume *in Sin to harden.*)
So, turn, good Lord, O turn the hearts of Princes,
Whoſe rage their realms with Saints deer bloud be-
O let the ſword, thou in their hands haſt put, (rinſes.
None but Thy foes, none but thoſe Tyrants cut,
Who curſedly *Thee* or *Thy* CHRIST blaſpheme
(Uſurping JUDA and JERUSALEM,
And all Thy *Golden Candleſticks* beſide;
Threating the *Weſt*, too, wth their power & pride):
Not thoſe, who humbly, onely, evermore,
Thee, TRINITY in UNITY, adore.
Then, as the brave *Virago* ordered,
A Souldier takes th' *Aſſyrian* Tyrants Head;
And, for the *Hebrews* more Encouragement,
Glad ſets it up upon the Battlement.
There, Parents, Children, Maids, & Widows ſad,
Whom *Pagan* Swords but new bereaved had
Of Children, Parents, Lovers, Husbands deer,
Twixt Grief and Anger, as diſtracted neer,
Pull-off his Beard, pull out his hatefull Tongue,
(Which had blaſphemed Heav'n and Earth ſo long)
Spet in his Face, ſcratch and poach-out his Eyes;
And all, that Hate and Fury can deviſe.
For, lyve Remembrings of their wrõgs, them make,
On his dead Head, this dead Revenge to take.
Aurora, weary of the cold Embrace
Of her old Spouſe, began in *Inde* apace
To paint her Portall of an *Opal* hue;
When, of *Bethulians* all the braveſt Crue
Iſſue in Arms: and ſuch a Noiſe withall,
(Such Shouts and Cries) as if, in th' antike Braule,
All th' Elements, breaking the bands of Order,
Were by the Eares; and in their old Diſorder.
The *Court* of *Guard* (that night unuſuall ſtrong,
Towards the Town) hearing ſuch Noiſe, ſo long,
Start from their Sleep; and crying *Arm, arm, arm,*
Give ſodainly to all their Hoſt *Alarm*.
One, for his own, his Fellowes Helm puts-on:
One, his right *Vantbras* on left arm doth don:
One, on his neck, for Launce, a Libbet takes:
One ſpeeds him quick: another ſcarce awakes:
One mounts his Horſe, yer hee be curb'd, or girt;
And, without Spurs: Others, to ſhew more heart,
Would make a Stand: ſome neither wake nor ſleep:
Some, brave in Word; in Deed, as faint as Sheep.
Now, by degrees, this Noiſe comes to the Ears
Of *Holophernes* Houſhold Officers:
So that ſad BAGOS hies him in all haſt
Unto the Tent where th' *Ethnick* ſlept his laſt.
Wth trẽbling hand, once, twice, or thrice he knockt:
But an eternall Sleep the Doors had lockt
Of his Lord's eares; who had already croſt
The *Stygian Ferry*, not to be re-croſt.
Then, hearing ſtill th' *Iſ'acians* louder ſhout,
He makes the Doore fly-open with his Foot;
And, entring, findes, in gorie Bed, low ſhrunk,
Not *Holopherne*, but his head-leſſe Trunk.
Then did hee teare his haire, and rent his Clothes,
And to the Clouds roars out in yelling Oathes:
Eſpecially, when JUDITH there hee miſt,
Whom now the Murdreſs of his Lord hee wiſt.
Then, rageſull ruſhing from the bloody Tent,
This hideous Cry through all the Camp hee ſent:
Woe, woe to us! Alas! this curſed Night,
A curſed Captive hath confounded quight
Our aweſull Army, and undone us All,
By treacherous ſlaughter of our GENERALL.
This new affright, redoubled on the firſt,
The ſtouteſt hearts doe ſo diſ-heart and burſt,
That all, (at once abandoning their Arms, (ſwarms
Pikes, Swords, and Shields, Darts Arrowes, all) by
Betake them to their heels; o'r Hill and Dale,
Flying from one death, on a worſe to fall.
Then the Beſieged in great Troops deſcend,
And on their backs revenging Bowes they bend.
Both run apace; Thoſe fly; Theſe follow faſt:
But thoſe that fly, make leſſe good ſpeed than haſte.
For, without loſſe of Man, th' *Hebrews*, at will,
The flying *Pagans* ſlaughter, threſh and thrill:
Even as a Lyon, in *Getulian* Lawnes,
Beſtreawes the ſoile with fearfull Kids and Fawnes;
Where, not a beaſt his Furie dares abide,
Nor lift a horne againſt his aweſull pride.
One, from a Rock himſelfe doth headlong daſh,
And all to peeces all his parts doth paſh:
Other, forgetting that in deepeſt depth
Fate findes us out, into a River leap'th.
But, if by ſpeed, or ſome good hap, perhaps
This Mornings firſt fell Fury any ſcapes,
Hee ſcapes not through thoſe *Hebrews* outrages,
Who kept (about) the Straits and Paſſages:
So that ſcarce one of ſuch a Rout could bring,
To *Ninivé*, the News unto the King.
The Battaile (rather, th' Execution) done,
Out of the Citie flocked every one
Whom Sex or Age had hitherto reſtrain'd;
To ſee the drad Revenge the Lord had rain'd
So ſodainly, and paſt all Expectation,
On thoſe fell Foes of His deer *Holy Nation*.
One, full of wounds, yet gaſping, calls in vaine
On lazy Death, to end his lingering paine:
One, grinning gaſtly, in his viſage grim,
Shewes, dead, the Rage that living ſweld in him:
Some mangled heer, ſome there, ſome round about:
And every Soule a ſundry way went out:
Accordingly as Valour, Sleight, or Chaunce,
Led the dead-doing Sword, or Dart, or Launce.
In ſhort, This ſight ſo truly *tragick* was,
That even the Victors would have ſigh'd, alas!
Had they ſo vanquiſht any Foe but This.
But rifling long, among the Carcaſes,
At laſt the Body of the *Duke* they found
(Tho head-leſs, known beſt, by that only wound).
Thither they throng; that, every blade muſt thrill,
And every one that Corps again would kill:
A hundred Swords, a hundred Pikes, and Darts,
Are every moment goring all his parts;
And every Nerve, Vein, Muſcle, Joynt they hack;
Till room (at laſt) their Vulgar Rage doth lack.
For, were his Bulk as big as *Atlaſſes*,
His Limbes as many as *Encélades*,

And

And ſtrong *Briareus*; yet, yet think I, all,
Their dire Revenge would ſtil, ſtil think too ſmall.
For of the *Jews*, none ſo baſe Clown there is
But would a Gobbet of that Fleſh of His.
Give, Tyrant, give thy Right hand to *Cilicians*,
Thy Left to *Medes*: give one Arm to *Phenicians*,
Th' other to *Iſmael*: and divide thy Feet
Between th' *Egyptian* and the *Cœlianite*;
That every Nation, whom Thine Arms offenc't,
May, by ſome Part, be partly recompenc't.
Alas! I erre: for all in Atomies
Wert Thou divided, all would not ſuffice.
But JUDITH, nor forgetfull, nor ingrate,
Would neither bury, nor Selfe-arrogate
The ſacred honour for Aſsiſtance given
In this great work, by th' all-work hand of Heav'n:
But, tyming meet her Feet to Timbrels noiſe,
This *Hymn* ſhee ſings with glad-ſad warbling voice;
Follow'd by all the Flower of *Hebrew* Dames
(Maids, widows, wives) of faultleſs forms & fames.

Laud, laud we, lowd, with verſe, with voice & ſtrings,
The GOD of GODs, the glorious King of Kings:
Whoſe Power, alone, pulls Tyrants down, and reareth
Meek in their Room, who HIM ay-faithfull feareth.

For, who would thinke, one City, in one Day,
So ſuddenly could ſuch an Hoaſt diſmay,
Whoſe high exploits had all the World aſtounded,
And, from the Indes, *to* Japheths *Inns reſounded?*

Lord! who would thinke, that Holofernes, *late*
Proud Conqueror of many a Potentate,
Should loſe his Life (for all his Selfe-affiance)
By one weake Woman, not a Troup of Giants?

Who, who would thinke, that HE, who late poſſeſt
(At leaſt, had power) from fartheſt Eaſt to Weſt,
From Pole to Pole ſtretching his arms all-over,
Should not have, left, one Inch of Turfe, for Cover?

That ſtately Prince, ſo thick attended-on,
Now dead (alas!) lyes, above ground, alone;
Yet, not alone: for, Thoſe that ſerv'd him, living;
Conſort him, dead; proofe of their Duties giving:

Nor yet, above ground; for, the Rav'ns become
His mangled Bodie's better-worthy Tombe,
Than pretious Marble, Jet, and Jacinth gilded;
Which, for his Bones Himſelfe had proudly builded.

So, ſo (good Lord (from Hence-forth, let vs find
Thee, not our Judge, but as our father kind;
And ſo, Hence-forth, the Foes of SION rather
Feele Thee their Judge, than their propitious Father.

Heer JUDITH ends: Heer alſo end will I,
With thanks to *GOD*; and to Your Majeſtie.
To *GOD*, for bringing This my Work about:
To *You*, for daigning to have read it out.

FINIS.

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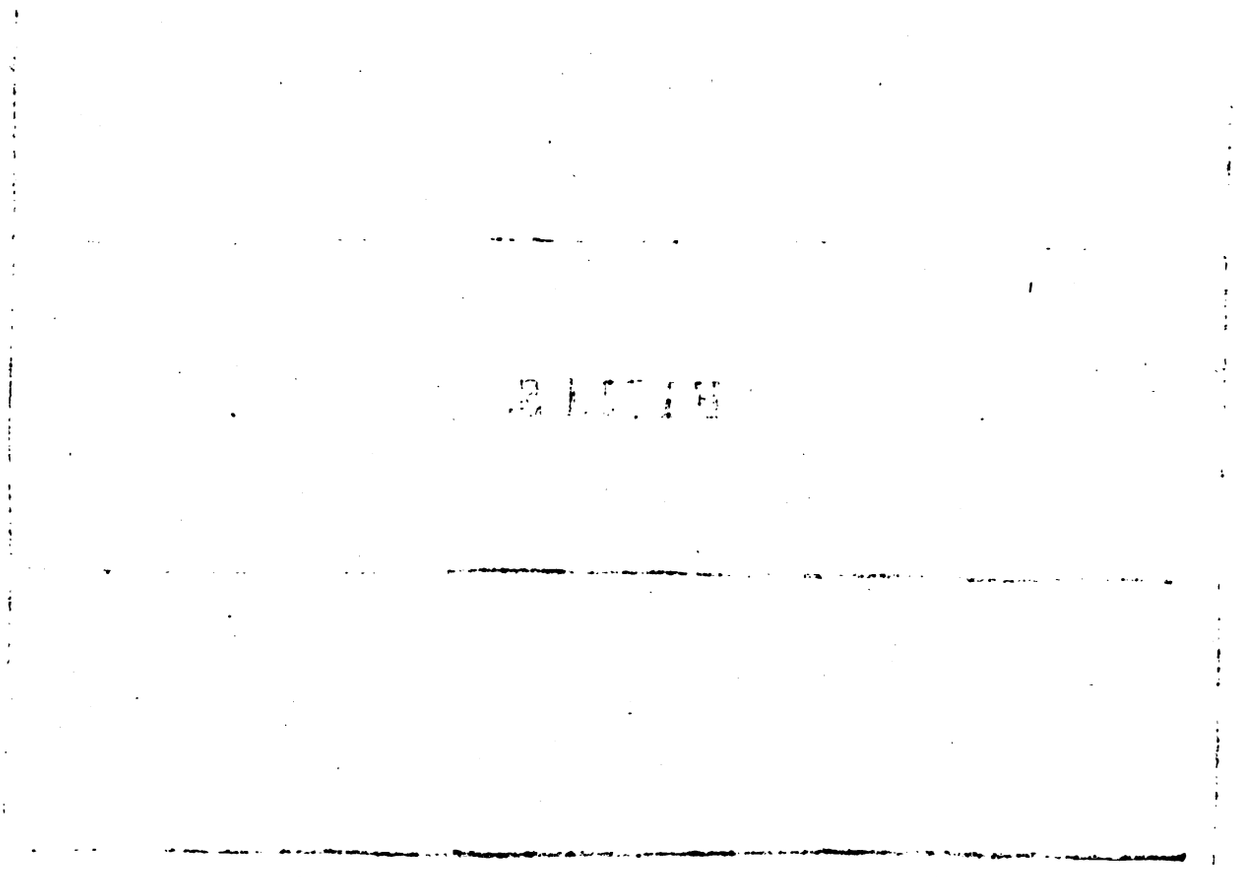

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A HYMN

OF ALMES:

OR

THE BEGGERS BELL;

HEARD FROM BEYOND

THE

CHARTER-HOUSE.

To ring All-in,

TO

The Temple of

CHARITIE.

In an Eccho

Iterated,

AND

Conſecrated

To the Right-*right Reverend*

AND

Double honourable Father,

GEORGE ABBOT,

Lord Arch-Biſhop of Canterbury

&c.

By JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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TO
MY LORD
OF
CANTERBURY
HIS GRACE.

MY Wit, weak Orphan, weaned too-too-young
From PALLAS Breſt, and too-too-Truant-bred
(Not, as too-wanton but too-wanting) led
From Arts, to Marts (and Miſeries among)
Had elſe perhaps (beſides du BARTAS) ſung
Some native Strains the graveſt might have read;
And to your Grace now grately tendered
Som fitter Sound than This rude Bell hath rung:
Yet; ſith it tends to drown th' Heav'n-reaching Cry
Of Blood heer ſhed by Luxe and Avarice;
And to awake the World to CHARITIE
(Whereof Your Life ſo lively Pattern is)
Propitious, pardon mine officious Zeale,
In this loud Ecchoof a louder Peale.

Your Graces moſt bounden

And humble Bead-man

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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AD EUNDEM PRAESULEM PRAEOPTIMUM EPIGRAMMA

Ex lat. I. O. 1611.

Soon, Oxford's *Head*; *Soone*, Winton's *Deane* Thou wert:
Soon, Litchfield had thee Her *Dieceſan*:
Soone, London had thee Hers, by Thy Deſert:
Soone, England joyes Thee *Metropolitan*:
Soone, by the King, call'd to His *Counſails* High:
VVhat ſhall I wiſh thee *late*? but, *late* to die.

EJUSDEM AMPLISSIMI *Anagramma duplex.*

Georgius Abbot.
Gregis Tuba, bôo:
Subitò gregabo.

Ad Reverendiſsimum Dominum Epiſcopum LONDINENSEM EPIGRAMMA.

Thee, learned KING, the learnedſt King elected
Great LONDON's *Paſtor*; which thee glad-expected:
Others are wont, that hunt for ſuch Reward
Of Wit and Art, ſue in the SEE's *Vacation*:
Thee KING, the King, th' Arch-Biſhop *call'd* preferr'd;
The *Citie*, too; *Thou* hadſt thy SEE's *Vocation*.

Ejuſdem Præconis diſertiſsimi ANAGRAMMA.

Johannes King.
Oh, Igni-Canens!

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A HYMN OF ALMS.

ALMS (*holy Gift*, vouchſafed from above)
Is a ſure Pledge and Symbole of that *Love*,
Which GOD, juſt Steward, as a Deaw pours-out
On Earth, expos'd to empty *Air* about:
For, from his *Union*, from this conſtant League,
From time to time Mankinde doth duely beg
All that the Sun imparts his powers unto,
Of living Creatures, and un-living too:
So that, our *Beeing*, *Begging* may wee call;
Sith, of her Maker, Nature borrowes all:
'Gainſt *Uſurers*, and Churles *Unthankefulneſs*, (leſs.
Who to CHRIST 's Members ſhew them mercy-
Hee that, for GOD, but a good motion hath,
Guiding his Minde up to the *Milky Path*,
T' admire there (*nameleſſe*) what he cannot know
By th' eye of *Reaſon* (where yet ſhineth though
The Sun of Righteouſneſſe; as th' uſuall Sun
Through Crannies ſhines into a Dungeon):
Hee, Hee (I ſay) that hath but Natures Senſe,
For *Faith*; for *Law*, but native Innocence;
In his ſimplicity hath alwaies care
To practiſe ALMS, ALMS to receive and ſhare:
So common 't is with ſociable man
To give and take the mutuall ALMS hee can;
Yea, in our Cradles, yer our Tongues can crave,
Wee beg with Cries what wee had need to have.
The Heav'ns, diſpenſing ſacred Influences.
Predominant in Birth of Poor and Princes,
Abundantly (with bounteous over-plus)
Pour th' *Hebrews Manna*, many waies, on Us,
To teach, that wee, by ſundry Charities,
Should mildely eaſe each others Miſeries.
Even as the *Opal*, in his orient luſtre,
Where various colours of all ſtones doe muſter,
Shewes the rare Riches of the Pearly *Eaſt*;
Alms is *the Glaſs* of wel-bred ſoules and bleſt,
Shewing each other *Vertue*'s ſacred Quality,
In th' Heav'n-allied Man of *Liberality*.
ALMS are the Cement of this round Theater:
Where, in a differing kinde, Earth, Air and Water,
Intend the ſame thing; *liberally to give*
Their ALMS to Rocks, Plants, Creatures all that live,
Conducing Fire withall, whoſe Force unſeen
Gives frankly, too, his helpfull Heat between,
ALMS, in our Bodies worketh all in all:
Th' *Eyes* lend it Light; the *Hands*, moſt *liberal*
Laborious ALM'NERS, bring home to the Head
All neeedfull Store wherewith the Whole is fed:
The feet ſupply it with their meet Support;
And each, each other, as their Parts comport:
The *Liver*, Nurſe of Naturall Faculties,
Firſt warms, then feeds, the Nerves, Veins, Arteries,
Cauſing the *Stomach* (as His *Alms*) receive
The Heat which firſt his vertue doth conceive:
The ſpongy *Lungs* with gentle Sighes inſpire
The vitall Air our *Little-Worlds* require: (gor,
Th' *Heart*, quick and ready, with *Alms*-vowed vi-
Draws to it ſelfe (againſt extremeſt Rigor,
For utmoſt Refuge) all our liveliеſt Heat,
To ſuccour Nature, when Death ſeems to threat:
The *Soule* (ſolely divine) Life 's motion brings
To all the Members of This *Thing of Things*
(ALMS Heir apparent) to Whom ſupream Sage,
Heav'ns *Alm'ner* gave the Earth for heritage;
That, having *free* receiv'd ſo various Store,
Hee ſhould be *frank* to th' Needy, Naked, Poor.
Be bounteous *Alm'ners*, ſaid All *Bountie*'s Father;
Y' are not heer *Owners*, but meer *Stewards* rather:
I have ordain'd you to provide and care
For th' *Orphan*, Poor that unprovided are.
If, narrow-hearted, You ſhrink-in your hands
From th' humble *Begger* that your *Alms* demands,
I'll make your Goods (like water) leak away;
Your Lands a Stranger ſhall inherit ay:
Your Gold (your god) before you be aware,
Som barbarous Souldiers in your ſight ſhall ſhare:
Your ſtately houſes (ſtiled by your Names)
Wars rage ſhall ruine, or ſome ſudden Flames,
Which I ſhall kindle (in my juſt diſpleaſure)
Againſt your ſelves, your ſeed, your truſt, your trea-
The *Mercy-leſſe*, with *Mee*, ſhall *Mercy* miſs: (ſure.
That *Vice* alone all *Vertues* Poiſon is.
Abram, *Lot*, *Joſeph*, *Job*, were ALM'NERS all
(To Strangers kinde, to Neighbours *liberall*)
By ſacred record, which renowns them more
For this rare Vertue, than all elſe of yore;
As if, with GOD (the Author of all Good)
Their chief perfection in this Function ſtood,
Sole *Soule of vertues*, ſecond *Life* of all
This various vaſt Orb, which the World wee call.
Calling to record the Rein-ſearching Eye,
Heer I proteſt, that in my Poverty
(Though theſe dear *Times* daign *me ſo ſcant a* Scope,
That having *nothing*, *I can nothing* hope);
Next my Home-charge (*where* Charity *begins*)
My deepeſt Sighs (*ſave for my* Debts *and* Sins)
Riſe from Compaſſion *and* Deſire *to* ſteed
Others with Helps *which yet my Selfe I* need:
To ſuccour *Others*; *to be* (*like the* Sun)
Extending *Light and Heat to* Every-one:

To be to all, in some sort, necessary
(*For* Vertues Meed, *and not as* mercenary):
Rather to give, *than* take; *to* lend, *than* borrow;
A Pound to-Night, than but a Crown to-Morrow:
But, th' Heav'nly Wisedom (best, it Selfe knowes why)
Doth still th' Effect of This Affect deny,
Denying Means and Matter to expresse
Mine inward Zeal *to* ALMS *and* Thankefulnesse;
Which oft breaks out (without a Trumpet blowne)
To give (GOD knowes) *more than I know mine Own*
(The more my Griefe) the lesse my Thought of Merit,
Or Thirst of Praise, *though heer I thus aver-it,*
By th' humble Proffer of so Poor *a* Mite,
Th' aboundant Rich *to* Bounty *to incite.*
Vain-glorious ALM'NERS are effeminate,
Affecting *Works*, but to be wondred-at;
Whose *Vertue* is meer *Vanity* (indeed)
And heer receives their momentary *Meed:*
The *Meritorious* (such as ween them so)
Indebting GOD to Them for what they doe;
In stead of *Heav'n*, where *Humble Soules* abide,
Shall purchase *Hell*, the Portion of their *Pride.*
O! thrice, thrice *Happy* Hee, whose free Desires
To *Charity* a holy fervour fires:
Who onely mindes *GOD's Glory*, by his Gift,
And *Neighbour's Good*, without sinister Drift:
Famine (familiar unto Rogues that range)
Shall not come neer his Garner, nor his Grange:
His Fields, with Corn, aboundant Crop shall cover,
His Vines with Grapes, his Hedg with Roses over;
His downs with Sheep, his dairy-grounds wth Neat;
His Mounts with Kids, his Moors with Oxen great;
His Groves with Droves (increasing night & day);
His Hills with Heards, his smiling Meads with Hay;
His Fens with Fowl, his Pils and Pools with Fish;
His Trees with Fruits, with Plenty every Dish:
Content and *Health* (the Best of Earthly Blisse)
Shall evermore remain with Him and His:
Him, *Pride* or *Envy* never shall molest;
Or Cor'sive *Care*, Foe to Repast or Rest.
For, th' All-see Eye still carefully respects
The ALM'NER's House, and ever it protects;
Till finally, when *Justice* endeth All,
Swee: *Mercie's* voice him to heav'ns kingdom call.
But, th' *Usurer* (how-ever heer hee thrive
In Heards and Hoords) already dead-*alive*
(No heat of love, no heart to give a Mite,
Except to *gain* and *gather* double by't)
Him, in that Day (to Him a Day of Woe)
The *Holy-One*, th' All-Knower, will not know.
Shame and Confusion shall be-spred him over,
Wishing the Holes to hide, and Hills to cover:
Eternall Fire shall fry his thirsty Veins;
Immortall dying in eternall Pains.
His Eyes, so nice to look on *Laz'rus* Sore,
Shall swim in sulphry Tears (tortur'd the more,
To see above, in *Blisse* and *Glory* rife,
Whom, Ruth-lesse, heer hee would not see, in life):
His Ears, heer deaf unto distressed-ones,
Shall there hear Horrour of the *Damned Groanes:*
Nor shall the voice of *Mercy* him salute,
Who in Effect, to Needy Mones was mute:
Millions of *Masses* cannot him redeem,
Nor all *Church-Treasure* ever ransome him,
From all-thought-passing Pangs of *Wretchednesse;*
As, End-lesse, Ease-lesse, and Remedy-lesse.
ALMS are so usuall in the *Eastern* parts,
Where heav'n, and earth, & air, improve their parts,
That every Village there, in Winters Need,
Is wont the Flocks of *Wildest Fowles* to feed,
And breake the yce (of purpose) for their drink,
When crystall Crusts have glas'd the Waters brink:
A *Charity of Infidels* to Fowles;
Shaming some *Christians*, towards *Christian* Soules.
Rich *Anatolia*, and her happy Coast
(Th' abridged Glass of all the World, almost)
In her huge Cities (rather Shires wall'd-in)
These hundred yeers hath not a *Begger* seen;
(GOD's strict *Edict* they there observe so well,
Forbidding beggers in His ISRAEL)
Sith 't is *misprision* of the Law of Nature,
Nay, impious Pride against our All-*Creator*,
To suffer Man (GOD's Image, and our Own)
Whom wee may succour, to be overthrown;
To stark for Cold, to starve for Food, to perish
In *Penury*, when wee have power to cherish:
For, in such Cases, where (wee know) wee can,
There not to *Comfort*, is to *Kill* a Man.
Yet, sole the *Christian* (Each a Wolfe to other)
Disdains to look on his *Distressed* Brother:
And heer, in LONDON [Coaching *swiftly by;*
Or stalking on, with selfe-surveying ey;
Or strutting out, to view his Purls or Lace;
Or stepping-in, to see some painted face,
Or Fire-new Fashion in a Sleeve or slop;
Or to some Tavern, or Tobacco-*Shop;*
Or towards Burn-*Bull (if not* Turnbull) *street;*
Or to Black-Fryers *some* White Nuns *to meet:*]
At Doors, on Dunghils, under every stall,
Lets pined, sick, poor, naked, Christians fall,
Faint, starve and dy; for lack but of the price
Of the least Crost of his last Cast at Dice;
Or of the Tithe but of his Shooe-ties Cost;
Or of the Spangles from his Garters lost;
Or of his jetting the Canaries *jigg;*
Or of the puffing of his Periwig.
O Times! O Manners! *O mad, murd'rous* Vanity,
In either Sex, of equall Inhumanity!
The hideous Cries of the Afflicted, fright
The sable Horrors of the silent Night;
So that Shee, pierced with their piteous Case,
Cloaths them with clouds, and lends them ease a space:
The hollow Rocks, and hardest Marble Stones,
Weepe when they weepe, and eccho with their groanes:
Their Shivering fits, their fears, their fevvers make
The Firmament, the fixed Poles, to shake:
Yet heer (alas!) th' aboundant Riotous
Are never mov'd; much lesse the Covetous,
Rich, *raking Wretch; the needy-greedy Chuff*
*Whose (*Hel-*like) heart can never have enough:*
Who rather grindes, *than* gives, *and* beggers *many,*
Yer to a begger hee'l afford a Penny,
Or penny-worth of all his plentious store,
When Bugs, and Banks, and Barns, can hold no more.
O Times! O Manners! *O mad murd'rous* Vanity,
In Young and Old, of equall Inhumanity!
But, Pardon, LONDON; *I have over-slipt:*
I must recant, lest I be stript *and* whipt.

Christ-

Christ-church, S. Thomas, Bartholmew (my friend)
Bride-well *and* Bedlam, *better* Thee *commend:*
Besides a many of peculiar Charges
Of Companies; *and more of* Private *Largesse:*
And, above all, that black Swan (Sutton)'s Nest,
(From One, alone almost worth all the rest)
That new Zaccheus, *who* restored *free*
Th' old Charter-house *to better* Charity.
Are not these, Alms? *are not these,* Monuments
of pious Zeal? *of kinde* Beneficence?
I grant they are (give God *and* Men *their due):*
But, reverend Green-Staves; *what's all this to you?*
(Unlesse, as Romists *by implicit* Creed,
You hope for Heav'n, by Right of others Deed;
Or swell with glory of your Elders Good:
As selfe-Ignobles boast their Fathers Blood)
That These few, *dead, heer a few Hundreds cherish;*
If living, you let many Thousands perish;
For want, perhaps, not of your Gift, *but* Gain;
Which some, perhaps, from others Gifts restrain;
Which (if time serve) when they can hold no more,
They will (perhaps the tenth-tenth-part) *restore*
When they are dead; to build a Front for Five,
Of those five hundred they have starv'd, alive.
O Times! O Maners! *O mad murd'rous* Vanity,
In every sort, of equall Inhumanity!
Æthiops and *Turks* against *Our Rich* shall rise,
That can behold with unrelenting Eyes
Poor, Aged, Sick, Soules gasping out their last;
As little moved, and no more agast
Than is the Hunts-man, when a Deer at Bay
Doubles, in vain, and windes to get away.
During th' old *Golden,* happy, harmelesse *Age,*
When *Saturn* ruled (without *Satan*'s Rage);
When *Reason* sate as Judge on every Throne:
When *Justice* shar'd justly to Each his owne:
When *Innocence* was *Cities* Citadell:
When *Charity* sole swaid the *Common-weale:*
Then had the Heav'ns nothing but Alms for Ey:
Then had the Earth (which now the Heav'ns defie)
No other Heav'n than th'onely Mantle fair
Of Alms, bestow'd by *Water, Earth,* and *Air,*
And *Fire* withall; from whose fell Nature, Alms
Extracts the fiercenesse, and the fury calms.
Alms was the *Word* th' All-perfect *Artist* said,
When, out of Alms, hee bade, *A Heav'n be made:*
A fruitfull Earth: a Lightfull, Heatfull Fire:
A Sighfull Air (though Soule-lesse) to respire:
A moistfull Water, waving Changefully:
A World (in briefe) full of all Quality.
So that (in fine) of All This All-*Theater,*
Alms is the *Form,* Alms is the *primer Matter,*
So necessary for our Lively-hood,
That, after God, it is Man's *Soverain-Good.*
Martha's and *Marie*'s *Alms* (in Bounty rife)
Restor'd their Brother to a second life:
Shee, who so free the *Fire-Coacht Prophet* fed,
Found happy *Guerdon*: for (her Darling dead)
Her *Faithfull Alms,* wing'd with his fervent praier,
Re-brought the Breath of her death-seized Heir,
Alms is the Glue of *Friendships* permanence:
'T is of all *Vertues* th' onely *Quintessence:*
Against Heav'ns Anger, 'tis an Anchor sure:
Against Earth's Rage, a Rampire to endure:
A Rock of Honour, against Slanders Arms:
A Shield of Safety, against hurtfull Charms.
For, on the Man where *pious Pity* dwels,
Malice can nothing with *Thessalian* Spels,
Nor Traitor's Poignard, nor his *Powder*-Wit:
Nor cunning mixture of a Murd'rous Bit:
Nor secret Wiles of cheating Hypocrites:
Nor privie Theeves, nor proud *Monopolites:*
Nor ought, nor All, that Mischief can revolve
To dare the Heav'ns, or Nature to dissolve. (breath:
Alms calms the Windes, and gives them gentle
The War of Waves it quickly quieteth:
From Shoals & Shelves, from where the *Siren* sings,
The Alm'ners Ship it swift and safely brings:
When need requires, it Oars and Sails supplies;
And, past the *Pole,* another *Pole* espies
To steer his Course; if, what his heart doth *vow*
Abroad, at home, his loyall hand allow
In liberall *Almes* unto the needy sort,
At his Return into his wished Port.
The *Golden Table,* that Great *Pompey* pill'd
From *Salem,* serv'd (as sacred *Vengeance* will'd)
For Sword to *Cæsar:* God so *jealous* is
(Though nought hee needs) of what is *vowed* His.
Th' High Treasurer of Asia's *impious Rapt*
Within the *Temple* was with Horror wrapt:
And, but th' High-Priest by prayer succoured,
The *Sacrilegious* had there perished.
So may they speed, or worse than so, that spoil
God's *living* Temples (by or Gripe, or Guile):
That from their *Pastor,* or their Prince, detain
The *Tithe,* or *Tribute,* sacred Lawes ordain:
That from the *Poor* their *ancient Rights* conceal;
Or, in their *new,* with Them unjustly deal:
That have, by secret *sacrilegious* Theft,
Robb'd *Church,* or *State,* or holy *Almes* bereft:
O! may they once, as high as *Haman,* mount;
And from *Mount Faulcon* give a sad Account
Of all the Wrongs (as conscience them convinces)
Done to their God, their *Country, Peers,* & *Princes;*
While *Great*-ones, blinded, or as loth to spy,
Had oft their Fingers in the *Golden Py;*
For private *Profit,* or peculiar *Pleasure,*
Neglecting *Poor, Publick*'s and *Princes Treasure,*
O Times! O Maners, most to be deplor'd:
O! sudden mend them, or soon end them, Lord.
For, if poor *France* fall in an *All-Consumption,*
Her Death's sad *Crisis* will be *This Presumption,*
Of *Private Lucre,* without *Publike Care;*
While Each, Selfe-serving, winks at Others share.
God, for his Mercy, grant my Fears be vain;
Or rid mee soon out of the *Carefull Pain*
I suffer daily, while so few I see
From this Corruption's foule Contagion free:
Or, would I had been bred in humblest Thatch,
Borne of the loines of one that sprats did catch;
So poore in Wit, as not of power to know
The impious Traines that Empires overthrow:
So, happily, more dull of head and heart,
Lesse should I feele un-feeling *France*'s smart;
Who slaies her Selfe by Selfs-*Disloyalties,*
Having no Foe but her own *Avarice,*
With *Pride* her Partner, and *Impunity,*
Their strong Abbettor: Which *Triumviri*

Are

Are able, ſole and ſoon, to ruinate
And raze the Glory of the greateſt State;
Or bury 't quick i' th' Toomb of careleſſe Princes
That wink, or ſhrink under their *Inſolences*,
Robbing themſelves of th' Honour and Renown
Which Heav'ns entail unto a happy *Crown*,
But, if I can be willing not to dy,
'Tis out of hope, to ſee the Company
Of *Sacrilegious* roundly goe-to-pot,
Expos'd in publike to ſome ſhamefull Lot,
When our great *Hercules* (all Monſters dread)
Shall have cut-off the *Golden Hydra*'s head;
For an eternall *Trophey* of his Glory,
An Argument of an Immortall Story.
But, now return we to our Theam, from whence
Our *Charity* (through *Zeal*'s too-Vehemence)
Seems to have ſtraid. Yet 'twas meer *Alms* did move
My grieved Verſe Theſe *Guilty* to reprove;
To turn their hearts to GOD, and to their King;
Their private Heaps for publike Helps to bring,
Againſt th' Ambition of ſome Foxy Foe,
That by our Selves, our Selves would overthrow;
Not by his Arms, but by his *Alms*, to Some:
For, *golden Lances* oft have overcome.
Dear *Patriots*, that *Spiteſull Alms* diſdain, (gain:
Which brings your *Crowns*; but 't is our *Crowne* to
Wth groves of honours ſeems your brows t'imboſs;
But 't is to grace her Profit and your Loſs:
Which decks the *Church*, and doth the *Maſs* adorn;
But, by the *Maſs*, 't is but to ſerve her Turn:
Adores (in ſhew) both PETER's *Chair* and *Keyes*
But, if they *Ope* and *Shut* not as ſhee pleaſe,
Her *Charity* and her *Devotion* dy:
For, her *Religion* is but *Policy*;
Her *Soule*, but *State*; her *Life*, but *Rules-Deſire*;
Whoſe Heat hath ſet all *Europe* on a Fire.
Nilus (that ſerves for Rain to th' *Abyſſine*,
The light-foot *Memphite*, and the *Canopine*)
Cools with his ALMS the Choler's fervency
In Earth and Air, which there the Sun doth fry:
Waters the Plains, which *Orion* parcheth ay
With twinkling Sparkles of his heatfull Ray:
Tempers the torrid *Æthiopian Zone*:
Seems to have Life, though it indeed have none,
Save that of ALMS; ſole Cauſe efficient
Of his fat Liquor, *Africk*'s Nouriſhment.
The Heav'ns, as jelous of ſo *Bounteous Gifts*,
Would ſhut-up *Nile* within *Godonian* Clifts:
And Nature, envious of this *Africk Prince*
His laviſh Largeſs and Magnificence,
Fronts him with Hils that ſeem to threat the Stars,
(As if renewing the old *Titans* Wars)
That one would think, amid the Mountains thick,
Nilus were bay'd-up, if not buried quick:
But, by the power which makes him charitable.
Hee findes, that ALMS to force the Heav'ns are able:
Hee therefore, ruſhing, and out-roaring Thunder,
Surrounds the rocks that ween to keep him under;
And with his ſwift Courſe breaks the *Cataracts*,
Deaf'ning withall the *Parthians* and the *Bactr*.
Pactolus, *Ganges*, and the golden *Tay*,
Not onely ſteep their Stronds, enamell'd gay
With various Tinge of thouſand Flowers and more,
Sow'n on the ſurface of their winding Shore:
But, for a richer ALMS, they *Gold* beſtow,
As needfull now, as *Reaſon* (well wee know)
In *This Gold-Iron Age*, where, who ſo wants
All-mighty *Gold*, but *Scorn* and *Scandal* hants.
When *Androde* fled his cruell *Maſters Fiſt*,
And cauſe-leſs *Fury* (but for Had-I-wiſt)
Amid the horror of the Woods hee meets
More ALMS & *Mercy*, than in *Rome*'s proud ſtreets:
There found hee Man, to Man of brute Immanity;
Heer findes hee *Brutes* of mildeneſſe and humanity:
His Lord there paid his Service but with Blowes;
A *Lion* heer him double gratefull ſhowes:
Hee to the Beaſt had ſhown him ſerviceable;
The Beaſt to him ſeems much more charitable.
For, having long wth his beſt Preyes maintain'd him,
And in his Den, as dear Gueſt, entertain'd him,
Hee (two years after) alſo ſaves his Life,
Expos'd (in ſport) to Fight and Fury rife
Of Man, and Beaſt, whom (forced) hunger, there,
Could never force, *The Slave* to touch or tear:
But th' awfull Lion (which ſuch Men may ſhame)
Him ſafely reſcues from *Romes* bloody Game.
O noble *Lion!* thou haſt brought to paſſe,
I almoſt yeeld to old *Pythagoras*,
In his Opinion of *Metempſychoſis*,
Tranſ-animation (ſo the Word compoſes)
Of Soules deceaſt, to Bodies, good or bad,
As heer, Delight in *Good* or *Ill* they had.
And durſt I freely in his Doctrine wander,
I ſhould ſuppoſe thee ſecond *Alexander*;
And that, a Beaſt, his Habits ſtill are one
As when a Man and King of *Macedon*. (Air,
But, leaving Forreſts, Floods, Fields, Earth, and
Whoſe *Almes* already have appeared fair;
Shall wee yet mount among the *Wandring Seaven*,
And ſee how conſtant they to *Alms* are given?
There ſhall we find Man's monſtrous Self-reſiſting,
Being made of *Alms*, all by meer ALMS ſubſiſting.
Beaſts, birds, & plãts, roots, reptiles, daies & nights,
Have ſecond *Being* from theſe Heav'nly Lights;
From Whom our Selves, flat *Beggers*, borrowed
The beſt that makes our worſer part ſo brave: (have
The Sea 's their ſubject, and th' All-bearing Earth
Without their s ALMS can bring us nothing forth.
Saturn is kinde to Merchants, Mariners,
Storm-wonted Fiſhers, ſtooping Labourers,
Carefull Houſe-holders, curious *Architects*;
And every one that Gain with Pain reſpects.
Milde *Jupiter* (more bounteous) *Beauty* gives,
Sweet graceſull Port, freſh health (that hapy lives):
ALM'NER of *Vertues*, ſtoring Man with *Graces*
Moſt Angel-like, and meet for higheſt Places:
Kings, *Counſellors*, *Lords*, *Princes*, *Magiſtrates*,
Hold after GOD, of him their high eſtates.
Mars, ſureſt Patrone of *Sarmatians* ſtout,
Of part of *Afrik*, and the *Southern* Rout;
Nights daily give, them millions of delights,
And makes them naked make a thouſand Fights.
All *Arts*, wherein are Fire or Iron requir'd,
Of his ſole *Alms* are to our Life acquir'd.
Sol's Soule of *Alms*;, who richly *liberall*,
Gives him to All, yet cannot give him All:
Great *Seaſon*-Bounder, artificiall Dreſſer
Of Years and Daies, the even and onely Seſſor

Of

Of Times rich *Alms*, which by his heat hee varies,
After the Innes wherein hee Monthly taries:
His *Bounty* moſt is bent unto *Muſicians*,
Bards, *Poets*, *Leaches*, *Herbariſts*, *Phyſicians*.
Venus, each Morning, with a gentle Ray
Uſhers the Sun, and ſummons us away
From lazy Beds (our Bodies living Graves)
When Day begins to iſſue from the Waves.
Her *Alms* goes chiefly to the preſervation
Of Nature's Powers, and Parts of Generation:
Smooth ſmiles ſhee gives; ſweet, cheerfull charming Ein:
Love is Her *Gift*; a Gift indeed divine.
Quick *Mercury*, great *Atlas*'s Daughter's Son,
Wit's Treaſurer, Well of *Invention*,
Hee gives us *Arts*, *Knowledge*, and *Eloquence*,
Which ſteals us oft from *Reaſon* and from *Senſe*:
A bounteous Almner of *Aſtronomy*,
Rare (for the moſt) unto Man's feeble Eye;
Who, yet, unſeen feels (almoſt every houre)
Hundred Effects of its admired power;
A Power which cannot be ſufficient ſhown
By Verſe or Voice (unleſs by *Hermes* own)
For All that at this Day makes hunger fly
(*Gold*, *Silver*, *Braſs*) is drawn from *Mercury*.
Cynthia, ador'd with hundred fumes and flames;
Honour'd (abroad) by more than hundred Names;
Shee gives us *Humours*, more or leſſe abounding,
As in her Courſe her *Full or Full* is rounding:
Shee faſhions Time; which Shee again defaces
With conſtant Turns of her inconſtant Faces:
Shee ſwaies the Floods, and ſhews (by Evidence)
Her Selfe ſole Law of liquid Elements;
Shee forms, by Night, the freſh and fruitfull Deaw,
Which every morning *Flora*'s Buds doth ſtreaw;
Whoſe purled Pearls are ever bigger found
And more, the more *Lucina* waxeth round.
In brief, All, given to Almes and *Liberality*,
They all teach Man the ſame ſupernall Quality
Towards the Needy that doth nought poſſeſſe,
And from his Cradle brought but wretchedneſſe,
But *Sin* and *Death*; had not Heav'ns Almes been
In *Bloody Bath*, to *White* This Monſters *Red*; (ſhed
A Monſter, made of Earth, for Earth ſtill burning,
Although to Earth hee ſee him hourly turning.
Yea, proudeſt Kings have had no other Birth
Than pooreſt Beggers: Both begin of Earth:
Both like in Cries, in Perils, and in Pain:
Both alike *Guilty* in their *Grand-Sires Stain*:
Both, as in Birth, ſo in their Death, alike:
Both Kings and Beggers one ſame Dart doth ſtrike:
Both paſſe together, in one ſelfe ſame Boat,
From th' arched *Palace* and the thatched *Cote*.
So that, in Life what-ever Ods there be;
In Birth is none: none in their Death, wee ſee.
Onely, the *Good* (of what Degree ſoever)
Are free from *Death*; and, though they dy, dy never;
Save to the Grief of *Vertuous* Soules (their friends)
Whom, to ſurvive the *Good*, it heer offends:
I mean, in Body, which a Death they hold,
Or Toomb, or Priſon, that doth Them with-hold
From th' *Happy Hav'n*; and makes them leſs inclin'd
To ſeek their God, and his ſtrait Waies to find.
The *Good* are they, who not alone not wring;
Who nôt alone not wrong, in any thing;
Who not alone *not hurt*; but (from their heart)
Doe Good to Others; and their *Own* impart,
In liberall *Almes* unto the *Poor*'s Reliefe,
After their power; as grieved with their Griefe.
Such ſhall not die, but to live ever *Bleſſed*:
Such ſhall not live, but to die heer *poſſeſſed*
Of *Grace*, and *Glory* with th' Eternal God,
Author of *Almes*; and ever-ſcourging *Rod*
Of *Such* Gold-heaped, Iron-hearted Wretches
As to the *Poor* impart no part of *Riches*;
Nor lend, *Nor lodge*, *nor clothe*, *nor free*, *nor feed*
Diſtreſſed Christ, in *His* dear *Saints*, that need.
Such ſhall not live, but to dye double martyr'd:
Such ſhall not dye, but to live ever tortur'd
In Hell and Horrour, without End, or Eaſe.
Now, *Worldlings*, *chuſe You which you will of theſe*.

Sine fine fines.

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MEMORIALS OF MORTALITIE.

Written in Tablets, or Quatrains,

By PIERRE MATHIEU.

The Second Centurie.

Translated; and *Dedicated*

To the Right Honourable, HENRY WRIOTHESLEY, *Earle of* SOUTH-HAMPTON *&c.*

SHall it be said (I shame, it should be thought)
When After-Ages shall record Thy Worth;
My sacred Muse *hath left* SOUTH-HAMPTON *forth,*
Of Her Record; to Whom so Much shee ought?
Sith from Thy Town *(where My* Saravia *taught)*
Her slender Pinions had their tender Birth:
And all, the little all shee hath of worth,
Under Heav'ns Blessing, onely thence shee brought.
For lack, therefore, of fitter Argument;
And lother Now, it longer to delay;
(Heer while the Part of PHILIP's *Page I play)*
I consecrate This little Monument
Of gratefull Homage, to Thy noble Bounty;
And Thankefull love to (My deer Nurse) Thy County.

Humbly devoted

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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MEMORIALS
OF
MORTALITIE.

1

LEt who so list, think *Death* a dreadfull thing,
And hold *The Grave* in horror and in hate.
I think them, I, most worth the *wel-comming*;
Where, end our Woes; our Joyes initiate.

2

Man, *Death* abhors, repines, and murmurs at-her,
Blinde in that Law which made her, *good* for Him:
Both *Birth* and *Death* the daughters are of *Nature*;
In whom is nought imperfect, strange, or grim.

3

Death's ouglineſſe is but imagined;
Under foule Vizard a fair Face shee wears:
Her Vizard off, there is no more to dread;
Wee laugh at Children whom a Vizard fears.

4

Death, in strange Postures daily is disguised,
With Darts and Sythes in hand, Beers on her back:
As *Angels* are with wings and locks devised;
So, Her a Body of bare bones they make.

5

Who fears this *Death*, is more than deadly sick;
In midst of life hee seems even dead for dread;
Death in his breast hee bears, as buried Quick:
For, feare of *Death* is worse than *Death* indeed.

6

Each fears this *Death*: and with an equall dread,
The *Young* as from a hideous Monster hie-them.
Th' *Old*, at her sight shrink down into their Bed;
All shun her ay, the more shee draweth nigh-them.

7

What *Good*, or *Bad*, boads *Life* or *Death*, to give;
To be so fond of that, and this so flying?
Thou would'st not *die*, yet know'st not how to *live*;
Not knowing, *Life* to be a *living-dying*.

8

One loves *this Life*, Another loathes it wholly:
Some look for Ease, Promotion some, some Profit:
To love it, for the Pleasures heer, is Folly;
Weakneſſe, to hate it; for the troubles of it.

9

The Storm at Sea under a Calm is bred:
Within Good-hap, Ill-hap hath life included;
Begun in Tears, in Toils continued;
And without Dolour cannot be concluded.

10

Life, like a Taper, with the weakest Blasts
Is waved, wasted, melted, puffed out:
In some, sometimes, even to the Snuffe it lasts;
In others hardly to the halfe holds-out.

11

Fruit on the trees first blooms, then buds, then grows,
Then ripes, then rots: such our cõdition just;
Begot, born, bred, live, die; so roundly goes
Time's wheel to whirle our Bodies back to Dust.

12

This Life's a tree, whose goodly *Fruits* are men;
One falls, himselfe; Another's beaten down:
It's stript at last of *Leaves* and *Apples* then,
By *Time's* same hand wch had them first bestow'n.

13

This Life's a *Table*, where in earnest-jest
Foure *Gamsters* play: *Time*, eldest, vantage takes,
And biddeth Pass: *Love* fondly sets his Rest:
Man needs will see it; but, *Death* sweeps the stakes.

14

This Life (indeed) is but a *Comœdie*,
Where this, the *Kaisar* playes; and that, the *Clown*:
But, *Death* still ends it in a *Tragœdie*,
Without distinction of the Lord from Lown.

15

This Life's a *Warre*, civill, and forrain too;
Within, without, Man hath his *Enemies*:
To keep the *Fort*, *Death* doth the *Towne* undoe;
To save the Soule, the Body Shee destroys.

16

The World's a Sea, the *Galley* is the Life,
The *Master*, Time; the *Pole*, Hope promiseth;
Fortune the *Winde*; the stormy *Tempest*, Strife
And Man the *Rowe-Slave*, to the *Port* of Death.

17 The

17
The World (mee thinks) is like our Parliaments,
Where Right too oft is over-born by Wrong;
Where Quirks and Quiddits are of Consequence;
Where lastly nought *Death*'s Sentence can prolong.

18
The World is much of a faire *Mistresse* mood,
Which, wylie, makes more Fooles than Favourits;
Hugs These, hates Those; yet will of all be woo'd:
But never keeps the Promise that shee plights.

19
Life's smoothest glosse is like the *Sphear of Glasse*
Archimedes framed, and fill'd with Stars;
As fraile as faire: for, the least storm (alas!)
That raps it, snaps it; and the Pleasure mars.

20
Th' Honour thou thirstest (as one dropsie-sick)
Weening to quaffe it, often stops thy winde: (prick
'T's a swelling Bladder; which when *Death* shall
(Thou wilt confesse) thou but a puffe didst finde.

21
And that *Ambition*, which affords thee Wings
To seek new Seas beyond Our Ocean's Arms,
For mounts of Gold and Pearle, & precious things;
Shall not preserve thy Carcas from the Worms.

22
That *Pleasure* too, which stops thy *Reasons* ears,
Besots thy Soule, intoxicates thy Sense;
And sad *Repentance* still behinde it bears;
For moment Joyes, leaves Sorrow's Monuments;

23
Pleasure which tires thee, but contents thee ne-
Thy Body wearing more than wearying: (ver,
Like *Danaides* Sieve-like Tub, a-filling ever,
But never full for all their bucketing.

24
Beauty wch makes the proudest Kings to crouch,
Which serves the Soule as Letters in her favour;
To see, delightfull; dangerous to touch;
From *Death*'s drad Fury, may not, cannot save her.

25
But, *Beauty*, *Grace-lesse*, is a Saile-lesse Bark,
A green-lesse Spring, a goodly light-lesse Room,
A Sun-lesse Day, a Star-lesse Night and Dark;
And yet this *Grace* cannot escape the Toomb.

26
When bodie's *Beauty* with soule's *Beauty* dwels,
There's a Perfection passing all the rest:
Without This; *Beauty* seems a Blemish else:
Without That, *Vertue* seems not seemly drest.

27
That *Beauty*, which the Aire, Age, Ague quailes;
Which busies so our eyes, tongues, hands & hearts;
At fifteen, buds; at twenty, flowers; and failes,
Or falls at thirty, and to dust reverts.

28
Gold, the Worlds *God*, the Sun of *Pluto*'s Sons;
Whom Fire and Sword incessant serve so fell;
Gold, *Vertue*'s Friend, and Vices Fort at-once,
Serves oft for Bridge to passe in post to Hell.

29
Man's *Knowledge* heer, is but meer Ignorance:
Wee see the wisest foulely stumble oft,
Learning is puft with doubtfull Arrogance:
And *Truth* is lost while it is too-much sought.

30
With *Mysteries* the *Idiot* meddles most;
Peeps into Heaven, into Kings Counsels pries;
In Pulpit *Phormio* doth dare an Host:
Therstes prates of Arms and Policies.

31
Th' *Assyrian*'s Empire is now seene no more;
The *Medes* and *Persians* did the *Greekes* intombe;
Great *Alexander*'s *Kingdome* kinged foure;
Whose Crowns, in fine, stoopt to the State of *Rome*.

32
Where are those *Monarchs*, mighty conquerors,
Whose brows ere-while the whole worlds laurell dreſt,
When sea & lād could shew no lād but theirs? (
Now, of it All, onely *Seaven Hils* do rest.

33
Where are Those Cities (great & goodly States)
Of *Ninivé*, with thrice five hundred Towers?
Great *Babylon*? *Thebes*, with a hundred Gates?
Carthage (*Rome*'s Rivall) *Dido*'s deareſt Bowers?

34
All these huge buildings, these proud piles (alas!)
Which seem'd to threaten, Heav'n it selfe to scale;
Have now given place to Forrests, Groves, & Grass;
And time hath chang'd their names & place withal.

35
Nay, wilt thou see, how-far great Kings are foild?
See how sometime in Gold they swallow Poyson:
See *Ptolomens* Cross't, *Boleslaus* boild,
Bajazeth in a Cage, *Richard* in Prison.

36
See, see a Prince, neer *Cairo* flayed quick:
See *Sapores* by his proud Victor trod,
See Monk-like shav'n our cloistred *Childerick*:
See *Denis* beare, for Scepter, Pedant's Rod.

37
See *Gordian* there in his own Girdle hung:
See *Phocas* bones broken with furious bars:
See *Diomede* to his own Horses flung:
To Wolves *Lycaon*, *Popiel* to Rats.

38
See, see proud *Salmon* sudden Thunder-slaine:
See *Theodorick* with horrid Terrour thrill'd:
See *Longuemare* hang'd in a golden Chain;
See a fierce Courser dragging *Brunechild*.

39
See *Attalus*, having for Court, a Forge:
See *Phalaris* burnt in *Perillus* Bull,
See *Memprice* left the greedy Wolves to gorge:
Cambyses Sword sheath'd in Himselfe to th' full.

40
Who but will feare amid the Frights of *France*;
Seeing how *Death* Two *Henries* reft of Life?
The Sire, in *Paris*, with a splinter'd Lance;
The Son, before *st* with a pois'nd Knife.

41
That *Queen*, whose Court was in a Castle coopt,
(A Pris'ner, heer; above a Princesse hop't.)
Whose royall Throne t'a *Tragick Scaffold* stoopt,
Her head shee felt with whirling steel off-chopt.

42
That *King*, who could within his Kingdoms drad,
See *Sol* still shine, when hence hee vanisheth;
Who past our Seas, another Empire had,
For All hee had, had but a *lowzie* death.

43 Who

43
Who more his Garden of *Salona* priz'd
Than *Rome*'s great *Empire*, & the Worlds Cõmand,
Knew well the *Cares* from *Crowns* inſepariz'd;
And *Scepters* ſad weight in the ſtrongeſt hand.

44
Towards our End inſenſible wee ſlip:
For, ſpeaking, ſporting, laughing, ſnoring deep,
Death ſtill draws on-wards: as at Sea the Ship
Sails to her Hav'n-ward, though the Maſter ſleep.

45
Death each-where kils: in hunting, *Carloman*;
In's Cave, *Caligula*; *Ariſtobulus*,
In Bath; by th' Altar, *Philip*; *Julian*,
In Camp; in Councell, conquering *Julius*.

46
Death ſeeks th' *Æmathian*; and from *Nero* flies:
One in a Shallow drownes, who Seas did ſcape:
An *Emperour* in eating *Muſhrooms*, dies:
A *Holy-Father* in a *Harlots* lap.

47
No hand but ſerves *Death's* turn: *Edric* by's Mo-(ther;
Alboin by 's Wife; *Ariſto* by his Friends;
By 's own Son *Bajazeth*; *Conrad* by 's Brother;
Muſtapha, by his Sire; Self, *Cato* ends.

48
Death diverſly makes him familiar heer:
Henry the Black, a bit of bread could fine;
A King of *Goth's* died in a Tub of Beer;
Thalis, of thirſt; of hunger, *Antonine*.

49
Death, every-where, in every thing diſtils
Her fell Deſpite; Fire, Air, Earth, Ocean:
Druſus, a Peare; a Fig *Terpander* kills;
A Fly (in drinking) choaketh *Adrian*.

50
As ſoon a *Soveraign*, as a *Shepheard*'s gone:
Men dying heer have but one equall Quality:
By *Birth* and *Death* is Their Condition one;
Their Stay, and State, between, make th' Inequality.

51
There's no *Death Sudden* to the godly-*Wiſe*:
His heart goes out to meet all haps before:
When hee embarks, hee caſts Wracks Jeopardies;
And when Wind ſerves not, he wil rowe no more.

52 (ſnatch;
Not knowing then, when, where thy *death* will
At Sea, or Land; Young, Old; Morn, Noon, or Night:
Look for it ever, every-where keep watch:
For, what wee look-for, little can affright.

53
If Infants oft no ſooner breathe than die;
If good men little laſt, and wicked long:
Be not too curious in that Secret's *Why?* (wrong.
Th' are ſtroaks of that hand which ſtrook never

54
Why good men goe, and why th' ungodly ſtay,
Diſpute it not; God hath permitted ſo.
Thoſe *die*, to *live*: Theſe *live* to *die* for aye:
Theſe, *live* at eaſe; Thoſe in a world of woe.

55
If from thy Daies thou but thy Nights ſubtract;
Thy ſleep's, thy care's, thy maw's, thy *muſe's* waſte,
What thy Wife weareth, what thy Friends exact,
Thy Griefs, thy Suits: how ſhort a Life thou haſt!

56
The Head-ach, Tooth-ach, Gout, or Fever rife,
Or Ulcer in the Leg, Stone in the Reines,
By ling'ring Drops ſtrains out the tedious Life;
Yet art thou loth that *death* ſhould rid thy Paines.

57
Thy Term expir'd, thou put'ſt off payment yet,
And weenſt to win much by ſom Months delay.
Sith pay thou muſt, wer't not as good be quit?
For, *Death* will be no gentler any day.

58
Th' affaires of *Parting* poaſt not to to-Morn.
For, on *Delay*, *Repentance* waits with Woe:
The Winde and Tide will in a Moment turn:
All houres are good for thoſe *reſolv'd* to goe.

59
Grudging to die in flower of thine age,
Thou griev'ſt to be too-ſoon diſcharg'd from priſon:
Repin'ſt, too-ſoon t' have done thy Pilgrimage,
Loth to have in thy Harveſt in due Seaſon.

60
Make of thy Deeds, not of thy Dayes account:
Think not how far, but think how fair thou paſſeſt:
See to what Summe thy *Vertues* will amount;
For, Life & Gold are choſe by weight; the maſſi'ſt.

61
Life's valued by th' effect, not by the age;
The labour, not the laſting, praiſe it moſt:
Long hath hee liv'd that liveth to be ſage;
Good life (too-often) in long life is loſt.

62
Long *Acts* commend not moſt a *Comœdie*,
'Tis ſtill eſteemed as the *Parts* are plaid:
So, in our Lives, not *Yeers* conſidered be;
But, worthy *Actions* by the Wiſe are weigh'd.

63
Who grieves becauſe he liv'd not heer, yer born,
A hundred yeers; is double worthy laughter:
But, trebble hee who at his Death doth mourn;
Sure not to live a hundred yeers heer-after.

64
Man's not more *Happy* for *long Living* here.
Number of Dayes doe not more Bliſſes bring:
More Compaſs makes not a more complete Sphere.
As round's a little, as a larger Ring.

65
And, if that *Death* wait on thee, and protract;
With *Uſurie*, ſhee 'll make thee pay it double;
Thy Joyes in Dream, thy Dolors ſtill in act,
To make long Life a long Repenting Trouble.

66
If Hee that heer thee in his Vine-yard hir'd,
Pay thee at *Noon* thy Wages, full as much
As Thoſe that there all the whole Day have tir'd;
Why murmur'ſt thou? why doſt thou grieve and

67 (grutch?
He caſts his Work wel, well his Workmen kens;
Thy Slackneſs, Slowneſs, Weakneſs to hold out:
Therefore, yer weary, hee thy Way-fare ends;
Leſt ſtaying longer, thou marre all 'tis doubt.

68
Hee gives our Task, and hee again will take it;
Who Him, unwilling; Him, unworthy ſerves;
Before hee call, 'tis folly to forſake it;
And who-ſo leaves it, to be left deſerves.

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69
Or first, or last, on All this stamp is set;
Early or late, into This Port must Wee:
Who gave the Charge, ordained the Retrait;
One self-same Law did life and death decree.

70
The more the Body dures, Soule more indures;
Never too-soon can shee from thence exile:
Pure, in shee came; there living, shee impures;
And suffers there a thousand Woes the while.

71
The Soule is forc't within the Flesh to dwell;
In danger there shee lives, and sleeps in fear:
To hatch her Bird, shee needs must break her Shell,
And think it never can too-soon appear.

72
Soule blames the Body, Body blames the Soule;
But, *Death* surprizing, ends their Quarrell prest:
Down goes the Body, in the Dust to roule;
The faithfull Soule, up to th' eternall Rest.

73
Death frees the Soul from Bodies wilfull Errors;
From the Soules Vices, Shee the Bodie saves:
The Soule's Annoyes, are to the Body Terrors;
The Bodies Torments, to the Soule are Graves.

74
This Body is not Man: His Stuff's more fine;
His Beauty, with Heav'ns beauty hath Affinitie:
The Body dead, That ever-lives, divine;
Even as a Beam from the supreme *Divinity*.

75
If then the Soule, so long Heer languishing
Within the Body, doe not gladly part;
Shee hath forgotten her owne Source or Spring;
And that She must, from whence shee came, revert.

76
But, more than death, death's pain appalleth thee;
That's but a Stream which swiftly vanisheth:
There's, as no Pain, in that extremitie:
For, th' Body, down, doth nothing feele in death.

77
Then quit those Fears that in thy phant'sie stick:
For, violent Evils have no permanence:
If that deaths Pain be keen, 'tis also quick;
And by the quickneese takes away the Sense.

78
To leave thy Babes behinde, thy heart it gripes;
In Whom, Thou shalt revive, from lap to lap:
Happy who hath them; for they are our Types:
And oft Who hath None, 's happy by mis-hap.

79
To leave thy Wife thou wail'st, well worth excu-
T's a necessary Ill, Good stanger-like; (sing;
Which, cleerest Eyes (Selfe-wise) too-oft mischu-
In little Flesh find many Bones to pick. (sing,

80
Th' art loth to leave the *Court's* delights, devices,
Where None lives long unbrav'd, or unabhorred:
Where treason's prudence; where the *vertues vices:*
Where som no eyes, & where som have no forehead.

81
The Mariner, that runs from Rock to Rock,
From Wrack to Wrack, dwelling in dangers rife,
Wave's bal, wind's thral, & tempest's shuttle-cock,
Would not exchange His for the Courtiers life.

82
The Court beguiles thee as black-Angel-Bands,
In giving Leaves for Fruits to *Circe's* Sisters:
Their brightest Torches are but funerall Brands:
And, in the *Court, All is not Gold that glisters.*

83 (Worth,
Thou would'st in Death *revenge* thy wronged
Make known thy love, have shown thy brave ambi-
Why fram'st thou not thy *death* unto thy *birth*, (tiō:
Wch brought thee naked forth, and void of passion?

84 haps)
Fain would'st thou see thy *Learning's fruit* (per-
Ripe, yer thou rot; that's but a vain Desire:
Art, now a-dayes, may starve, while *Ignorance*
Hath Shades for Summer; and for Winter, Fire.

85
All day thou trudgest thorow thick and thin,
For that dull Bulk which doth thee daily brave:
Phinice wreaths Ropes, which ay his Ass winds-in:
The Soule that serves the Body, is a Slave.

86
As many steps in Death as Life wee tread:
Esteem for Deaths, all daies since thou hadst breath:
To come's not Thine; *Present*, is instant fled:
And *Time*, in time, is over-comn by *Death*.

87
When Man's imbarkt on th' *Universall* Deck,
Hee neither swiften can his Course, nor slack it:
Tide, Wind and Weather are not at his beck;
And, To put back, hath many often wracked.

88
Som, sometimes grieve for one that gladly dies:
Socrates joyes sith wrong hee *suffereth:*
Xantippa melts in Tears; Hee laughs, Shee cryes:
Diversly judging of these Darts of *Death*.

89
To run unto this *Death*, is *Desp'rate* rage:
Wise-*Patience* only waits it every-where:
Who scorns it, showes a *Resolution* sage:
For, Cowards flie it, and the Idiots feare.

90
When the last Sand of our last Glasse goes out,
Without recoyling, wee must step our last:
As, without grudge or noise, dislodge the Stout;
And when they must goe, stay not to be chac't.

91
The *Pilgrim* longs to have his Journey done;
The Mariner would fain be off the Seas:
The Work-man joyes to end his Work begun;
And yet man mournes to finish his Disease.

92
For a short time Thy Sun is over-cast:
But, thou shalt once re-see't more bright than ever:
And, that same Day, wch heer thou think'st thy last,
Is a New-birth Day, to be ended never.

93 (say,
What wrong doth *death*, I pre-thee Worldling
When, loosing (under hope of happier matches),
Curting thy Life, hee takes thy Card away;
And when, to save thy Life, thy Light he snatches?

94
Fear'st thou, Faint heart, that narrow Plank to pass
Which God Himself hath gon; which all men must?
That like a child, held by the sleeve (alas!)
With Eye still glancing on the brim thou go'st?

95 Beyond

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95

Beyond it, thou ſhalt ſee thoſe pleaſant Plains,
Whoſe boundles Beauty all diſcourſe tranſcendeth:
Where Kings & Subjects ſouls have fellow Raigns,
On bleſſed Thrones, whoſe Glory never endeth.

96

What ſhalt thou ſee more, for more living Heer?
This Heav'n, this Sun, thou oft before haſt ſeen:
And ſhouldſt thou live another *Plato*'s Yeer,
This World would be the ſame that it hath been.

97

Death's end of Ills, and only Sanctuary
Of him that cannot ſcape the Grudge, the Gall
Of a ſevere Judge and proud Adverſary:
It is a point which Heav'n appoints to All.

98

At that Divorce ſigh Bodies, Soules do ſolace:
Th' Exile exulteth at his home-Retrait:
This Bodie 's but the Inne, 'tis not the Palace:
Th' immortall Soule hath an immortall Seat.

99

Death's as the Dawning of that happy day,
Where without Setting ſhines th' Eternall Sun,
Where-in who walk, can never, never ſtray:
Nor fear they Night who to the Day-ward run.

100

There's Reſt eternall for thy *Labours* rife:
There's for thy *Bondage* boundleſſe *Liberty*:
There when *Death* endeth, ſhe begins thy life.
And where's no more Time, there's *Eternity*.

FINIS.

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MEMORIALS
OF
MORTALITIE.

Written in Tablets or Quatrains,

By PIERRE MATHIEU.

The Second Centurie.

Translated; and *Dedicated*

To the Right Honourable, ROBERT DE'UREUX, *Earle of Essex and Ew, &c.*

YOur double *Title to* My single *heart*
Both by your Purchase, *and your Parents* Right;
Claims *both a better and a greater Part*
Of gratefull Service, *than this slender* Mite.
Yet, sith (*to* profit *more than* please) *I write,*
More sighs than songs (*less us'd to smiles than smart*)
Disdain not These Restrainers of delight;
Though bitter, fitter, than the Smoothing *Art,*
To keep *the* Minde *and* Bodie *both in* Health;
To coole *the Fits of* Lust, Ambition, Pride
(*Surfaits of Ease, Youth, Liberty, and Wealth*)
And cure *all sickness of the Soule, beside.*
Whence, Ever free; and full of every Good
From GOD and Men, be ESSEX Noble Bud.

Ex Animo exoptat

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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MEMORIALS
OF
MORTALITIE.

1

THat height of Kings Crowns honour, *Worthies wonder,*
Is now but wind, duſt, ſhade. Hee, whoſe Approach
Appall'd the Proudeſt, whom all trembled under,
A curſed baſe hand butcherd in his *Coach.*

2

All Triumph, yeſterday; to-day, all Terror:
Nay; the fair Morning over-caſt yer Even:
Nay; one ſhort Hour ſaw, live & dead, Wars mirror,
Having *Death*'s ſpeed-ſtroak undiſcerned given.

3

In all this World, all's fickle; nought is firm:
It is a Sea *ſans* Safety, Calm, or Port:
Lawes, Cities, Empires, have but heer their Term:
What ever's born muſt under death reſort.

4

Times flits as Winde, and as a Torrent ſwifteth:
It paſſeth quick, and nought can ſtop it flying:
Who knowes what ills it every moment drifteth,
Deems, that to leave to live, is to leave dying.

5

Man in the Womb knowes nothing of his State:
(A wile of *Nature*) for, there, had he Reaſon, (Fate;
Hee ſhould fore-know this Worlds too-wretched
And rather would intomb him in that Priſon.

6

Our birth begins our beer; our death, our breath:
On that Condition heer aboord wee come:
To be's as not to be: Birth is but Death:
There's but a Sigh from Table to the Tomb.

7

Life's but a Flaſh, a Fume, a Froth, a Fable,
A puffe, a picture in the Water ſeeming;
A waking dream, dreams ſhadow, ſhadowes Table,
Troubling the Brain with idle Vapours ſteeming.

8

Life, to the life, The *Cheſs-boord* lineats;
Where *pawns* & *kings* have equal portion: (mates:
This leaps, that limps, this checks, that necks, that
Their Names are diverſe; but their Wood is one.

9

Death, Exile, Sorrow, Fear, Diſtraction, Strife,
And all thoſe evils, ſeen before ſuſpected;
Are not the Pains, but Tributes of this Life;
Whence, Kings no more than Carters are protected.

10

No: *Sacraments* have been no *Sanctuarie*
From *Death*; Nor *Altars*, for Kings *offring-up*:
Th' Hell-*hallow'd Hoſt* poyſons *Imperiall Harry*:
Pope Victor dies drinking th' *immortall Cup.*

11

Thou ow'ſt thy Soul to Heav'n: to pay that *Debt*
Be not compell'd; *Chriſtians* are willing Payers:
But, yet, thy Soule as a good Gueſt intreat;
Whom no good Hoſt will tumble down the Stairs.

12

'Tis better fall, than ſtill to feare a fall:
'Tis better die, than to be ſtill a-dying:
The end of Pain ends the Complaint withall:
And nothing grieves that comes but once, & flying.

13

This Life's a Web, wov'n fine for ſom, ſom groſs;
Som Hemp, ſom Flax, ſom longer, ſhorter ſom:
Good and Ill haps are but the Threeds a-croſſe:
And firſt or laſt, *Death* cuts it from the Loom.

14

Theſe Names, which make ſome blubber, ſom ſo (brave,
(Names ſprung frō injury, or frō ambition)
In *Death* are equall: *Earle*, and *Sir*, and *Slave*,
Under *His* Empire, are in one condition.

15

For Friends deceaſt, ceaſe not repaſt nor ſleep;
Such ſorrow Suits not th' *Intellectuall* part:
Who wails mans *death*, that he was man doth weep:
And, that he promis'd, comming, to depart.

16

The young and old goe not as equall pac't:
Th' one ambles ſwift, the other gallopeth:
'Tis good to die, yer we our life diſtaſte.
A valiant Man ſhould dare to feel his Death.

17
Happy who leave the world when first they com;
Th' Air, at the best, is heer contagious thick:
Happy that Child, who issuing from the Wombe
Of's *Spanish* Mother, there returned quick.

18
The Bodie's Torments are but Twigs to beat
And brush the Dust from *Vertues* pleights about;
And make the passions of the scule more neat:
As th' Air is purest when the winds roare-out.

19
Grieving that *death* shuts not thine eyes at home,
And where the heav'ns vouchsaf't them first to ope;
Thou fear'st the earth too little for thy Tombe,
And heav'n too narrow for thy Corpses cope.

20
Heav'ns no lesse Order have, than at their Birth,
Nor influence: Sun, Moon, and Stars, as bright;
All hold their owne; Fire, Water, Air, and Earth:
Man, Man alone's fall'n from his *pristine* plight.

21
Worldling, thou saist, 'Tis yet not time to mend;
But, God hates sinners that in sin delight:
To grossest sinners doth he mercy send;
But, not to sinners sinning in despight.

22
Who, Morn and Even, doth of himselfe demand
Account of all that he hath *done, said, thought*;
Shall finde him much eas'd, when he comes to stand
To that Account where all shall once be brought.

23
For bitter Checks that make thy Cheeks to flame,
And to thy teeth tell Truths, thou hast no action:
To doe the Evill, sith thou hadst no shame,
Be not asham'd to suffer thy correction.

24
Perhaps this Child shall rich or poor become:
Perhaps a wretch, perhaps a liberall:
Perhaps a Wise-man, and perhaps a Mome:
But, past perhaps, assured, die he shall.

25
When wine runs low, it is not worth the sparing;
The worst and least doth to the bottome dive:
Wrong not thy leasure (years vouchsafe) in daring:
But som-times look into thy Grave, alive.

26
Sinner, thy God is not inexorable;
No *Radamanth*, *Returning* hearts to hate:
There is no sin, in heav'n *unpardonable*;
Nor no *Repentance* in this life, too late.

27
The eye that fixtly the Sun-beams beholds,
Is sudden daz'd: So, in God's judgements high,
Mens cleerest judgements are as blind as Moules:
None, none but Eagles can the Lightning eye.

28
O wretched *Vertue!* wretched is thy state;
For, fortune hath the fruit, Thou scarce the flower:
Thou art a Stranger at thy proper Gate,
Thy friends thence banisht, & thy foes in bower.

29
Man, *Knowledge* still, to the last gaspe affecteth;
In learning, *Socrates* lives, grayes, and dyes,
Free from *death's* process *knowledg* none protecteth:
But, to learn well *to die*, is to be *Wise*.

30
To live, is to begin One-work, and end it;
Life hath, with All, not same Repute, Report;
'T's an exile, to the Sot; Sage, Journey ween'd it:
Wherein he walks, not as the common-sort.

31
For having a good Prince, Peers just and wise,
Obedient people, Peace concluded fast,
A State's not sure: Storms after Calms arise;
And fairest dayes have foulest over-cast.

32.
Man, though thou be from heav'n Originary,
Presume not yet to peer thee with thy God:
Hee's Soveraign King; thou but his Tributary:
Hee's every where, thou but in one poor clod.

33
Of Elephants the biggest leads the Band;
The strongest Bull over the Heard doth raign:
But, him behooves who will mankind command,
Not ablest body, but the aptest brain.

34
Kings Majesty seems as eclipsed much,
Unlesse great Servants in great Troops attend:
'Tis sure an honour to be serv'd by such;
But, on their Faith 'tis fearfull to depend.

35
To build a Palace, rarest stones are sought:
To build a Ship, best timber is selected;
But to instruct young Princes (as they ought)
Ought all the *Vertues* to be there collected.

36
Art's now-adayes a *Desart* desolate;
Kings gracious Raies are there no more discern'd:
Philosophers wait at the Wealthies Gate,
And rarely rich men do regard the learn'd.

37
Th' hand bindeth not except the heart with-go:
What comes not thence, nor thank, nor thought de-serves.
He giveth All that doth Himself bestow; (serves.
He nothing gives who but his heart reserves.

38
That curious thirst of Travaile to and fro,
Yeelds not the fruit it promis'd men in mind:
Changing their Air, their humors change not tho;
But, many Lodgings, and few Friends they find.

39
In vain the Soule hath Reason's attribute,
Which unto *Reason* cannot Sense submit:
For, Man (alas!) is bruter than a Brute,
Unlesse that *Reason* bridle *Appetite*.

40
Self-swelling *Knowledge*, wits own Overbearer,
Proves *Ignorance*, and finds it Nothing knowes:
It flyes the Truth to follow Lyes and Error:
And, when most right it weens, most wry it goes.

41
The Vicious trembles, alwaies in Alarms;
Th' eye of the Vertuous keeps him as at bay: (arms,
When all the World fear'd *Rome*'s All-reaching
One vertuous *Cato* did all *Rome* dismay.

42
Vice blinds the soule, and understanding clogs,
Makes good of ill, takes foule for fairest look,
Yea, Dirt for Dainties: so live loathsom Frogs,
Rather in puddles, than in purest Brook.

43 In

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43
In greateſt Houſes Vice hath battered,
Whoſe Honours though no leſs have ſhined bright:
What are the Graceleſſe to the Good? Not dead,
But living branches, in the tree have right.

44
If Men might freely take Eſſay of Court;
None, having taſted, would return ſo neer:
The happieſt there meets many a Spight in Sport,
And knowes too-well he buyes his Weal too-deer.

45
To love None, All to doubt; to fain, to flatter;
To form new Faces, and transform true hearts;
To offer Service, and flie-off in Matter;
Are *Courtiers* Leſſons, and their Ground of *Arts*.

46
Set not thy Reſt on *Court*, Sea's barren ſand;
There grows no goodneſs; good, there, evill grows:
Roſt's Temple yerſt did forth the *Citie* ſtand:
No Sent's ſo ſweet, as is the *Countrey* Roſe.

47
Who weens in *Court* to thrive, will finde him (weak,
Without two Aiders; *Impudence*, *Immunity*:
For, firſt behooves him his own brows to break,
Yer Others heads hee break with *Importunity*.

48
Who is not ſorry for Time's loſs, in ſtay
For Kings ſlow Favours, ſeems to have no ſenſe:
The loſſe of Goods a Prince may well repay,
But loſſe of Time Kings cannot recompence.

49
Is't not the Top of Follies Top, to note
An old *Sir Tame-aſs* gallanting in Court,
To play the Yonker, and Swan-white to dote
On *Venus* Dovelings, in deſpight of Sport?

50
A mean man hardly ſcapes the mightie's Claws;
Hee's as a Mouſe play'ng by a ſleeping Cat;
Who lets it run, then locks it in her Pawes:
And all her ſports boad but the death of That.

51
Worlds *Vanitie* is rife in every place,
(Alas! that good Wits ſhould be 'witched ſo!)
Maskt in the Church, in Court with open Face.
For there's the place her perfectly to know.

52
By evill Manners is good Nature marr'd;
None falls at once, all *Vertue* to defie.
Vice, in the Soule is a ſtrange plant transferr'd:
And wer't not dreſſed, it would quickly die.

53
With By-reſpects Impietie we cover:
Earth more than Heav'n is priz'd among us now:
At God's great *Name* we ſcarce our heads uncover;
When Kings are named, every knee doth bow.

54
Diſorder Order breeds: good laws have ſprung
From evill lives: Would All keep *Juſtice* line,
In *Weſtminſter* there would be ſoon leſſe Throng,
Leſs work, leſs wrack, leſs words for *Mine* & *Thine*.

55
Law-tricks now ſtrip the People to their ſhirt:
Shift is their Shield, Gold is their only god:
Waſps break the Web, Flies are held faſt and hurt:
The Guilty quit, the Guiltleſſe under-trod.

56 (ther:
There's now no truſt: Brother betraies his Bro-
Faith's but a phant'ſie, but by fooles eſteem'd:
Friend's falſe to Friend; and all deceive each-other;
Th' Ivie puls downe the Wal by which it climb'd.

57
Treaſons be Trifles: Man's a Wolfe to Man:
Crimes be but Crums; Vice is for Vertue vanted;
Sodom's and *Cyprus* ſinnes wee ſuffer can:
And Impious tricks in all their Tracks are hanted.

58
In perfect'ſt men ſome imperfection's found,
Som-what amiſs among their *good* is ſeen:
Gold, and pure Gold we dig not from the ground;
There's Duſt and Droſſe, and groſſer ſtuffe between.

59
Merit, of old did *Friendſhip* feed and fix;
Where now-adayes 'tis founded all on profit,
With deep-diſſembling and deceitfull-tricks,
And evermore the Poor is fruſtrate of it.

60
Th' Earth cannot fill thy hearts unequall Angles,
Thy heart 's a Triangle, the earth's a Round:
A Triangle is fill'd but with Triangles:
And th' infinite the finite cannot bound.

61
'T's a *Death* to die far from ones Native Citie:
Yet *Death*'s not milder there, than elſe about:
Death, without ROME, did not *Rutilius* pitie;
Neither, within ROME, Him that nere went out.

62
When Man is 'com'n to th' old laſt caſt of Age,
When Nature can no longer lend nor borrow;
Hee thinks not yet to pack, and leave the Stage;
But ſtill, ſtill hopes to live untill to-morrow.

63
Fain, would'ſt thou flie *Love's* wanton *Luxury*?
Cut off occaſions: ſpeak far-off; flie Fitneſſe:
Shun Solitude: live ſtill in Company:
They fall alone that would not fall with witneſſe.

64
Muſe not to ſee the wicked proſper faire:
The Sun his Shine' even unto Theeves doth give:
When of their Patients Leaches doe deſpaire,
They give them over as they liſt to live.

65
Slander is worſer than Hels burning Torture,
The force more fierce, the heat more vehement:
Hell after Death, doth but the guilty martyr;
Slander, alive, torments the Innocent.

66
Affliction razes, and then raiſes hearts:
As, under weight, victorious Palms are wont:
As, under Seales the Wax doth ſwell (in part);
Under the Croſs the Soule to Heav'n doth mount.

67
Envie, in vain pure *Vertues* Anvill bites,
Breaking her Teeth: as on a ſtone the Cur,
That barks of Cuſtom, rather than Deſpight,
At every poor and harmleſſe paſſenger.

68
Envie's a Torture which doth men moleſt;
Even from their birth; yer they ought elſe can do:
Behold two Infants nurſed at one Breſt;
They cannot brook their Teat for meat to Two.

69 This

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69

This is the Ods twixt Honeſt men and Knaves;
Th' one tels his Neighbour, All mine owne is mine,
And all thine too: The other (voyd of Braves)
Saith, Thine's not Mine; but what I have is Thine.

70

What *Envie* likes not, that ſhee makes a Fault:
Joſeph with *Iſmael*, for his Dream was barter'd:
Abels pure Offring to his End him brought:
And for the *Truth* the Innocent are martyr'd.

71

Flat-Cap, for whom hoord'ſt thou thy heaped (Treaſures?
Thy bodies Sweat, thy Souls deer Price (poor Sot!)?
Sir Prodige-all (thine Heire) in *Protean* pleaſures,
Will waſte in one day, All thine Age hath got.

72

True *Liberality* would be intire:
Yet not at-once, at all times, and to all.
One may miſ-give, to give yer one require:
Yet Gifts un-asked ſweeteſt Gifts I call.

73

Content with Fruits from thine owne Labour
A fore-hand ſtill, a ſet Revenue ſave: (grow'n,
For, hee's a Foole in more reſpects than one,
That ſpends his Store, or more, before hee have.

74

There is no Goodneſſe in a groveling heart,
Bent on the World, bound to this Rock below:
Were not the Moone ſo neer his Neather part,
Shee would not, could not, be *Eclipſed* ſo.

75

Goods are great Ils to thoſe that cannot uſe them:
Miſers miſ-keep, and Prodigals miſ-ſpend them:
Hel-hounds, to haſten toward hel, abuſe them: (thē.
As wings, to heav'n-ward, heav'n-bent-ſouls extend

76

Preſumptuous ſpirits ſpring not frō right *nobility*:
Courage, that comes from *Pride*, proves never true:
Pride ruines hearts, whoſe Raiſer is Humility:
The humble Shepheard the proud Gyant ſlew.

77

Pride glitters oft under an humble Weed:
Oft lovely Names are given to loath'd Effects;
Men ſooth them in the Cauſe, to 'ſcuſe th' ill deed:
And blame Light, rather than their Sights defects.

78

A *Prudent* man is, for himſelfe, ſought-forth:
He's more admir'd than what the world moſt vants:
Praiſes are due unto ones proper Worth:
Not pureſt Gold adds price to *Diamants*.

79

Th' *Humble*, doth Others prize; Himſelf depreſs:
Save againſt *Pride* hee never bends his Browes:
The more his *Vertue* mounts-him, counts-him leſs:
God th' *humble Sinner*, not *Proud Juſt*, allowes.

80

O! *Hypocrite*, which haſt but *Vertue's* Vaile,
Seem what thou art, and what thou ſeemeſt bee:
To hide thy filth, all thy Fig-leaves will faile:
Thou canſt not hide thee from thy God, nor Thee.

81

Mock-*Saints*, whoſe Soule-weal on your Works (you lay,
With eyes and hands to Heav'n, while heart's elſe-
For ſhame ye durſt not to the leaſt man ſay, (where:
What you (profane) dare whiſper in Gods eare.

82

Gold's fin'd in fire: Soules in *Affliction* better:
Moths gnaw the Garment locked in the Cheſt:
Still water ſtinks, unwholſom, black, and bitter:
Swords ruſt in Sheathes, and ſo doe Soules in Reſt.

83

Op'ning thy Soule to God, cloſe Mouth frō men:
Nor let thy Thoughts roame from thy due Intent;
God ſees the hearts, his judgement ſoundeth them,
And Them confounds whoſe Words and Deeds diſ-

84 (ſent.

Gameſters may well All to to-Morrow poſt;
To ſee or to be ſeen, th' have never leaſure:
With adverſe Windes their minds are ever toſt;
Loſs bringing grief, more than the Gain brings plea-

85 (ſure.

To Shun Affaires, behooves exceeding heed:
Troubles unſent-for, and unlookt-for, haſte;
Un-ſet, un-ſow'n, too-early growes the Weed:
Wee meet too-ſoon the Care we hoped paſt.

86

All *Idleneſs* diſ-natures Wit, diſ-nerves-it;
A mod'rate Travell makes it quick, addreſt:
Sloath quels and kils it; Exerciſe preſerves it:
But, He's not free that hath no time to reſt.

87

Who ſeeketh Reſt in troublous Managings,
Thinks to find Calm amid Tempeſtuous Seas:
The World and Reſt are two, two adverſe things:
Thick ſtreams re-cleer whē ſtorms & ſtirrings ceaſe.

88

Fortune in *Court* is fickle, apt to vary:
Favours ſort ſeldome to the Suiters minde:
They many times even in the Port miſ-carry:
The hotter Sun, the blacker ſhade they finde.

89

Gifts, honours, office, greatneſs, grace of Kings,
Are but the Uſhers of Adverſity:
For their laſt miſchief, have the *Emmets* Wings:
And height of Health betokens ſickneſſe nie.

90

Youth hath more lures, more traps, more trains
Than Fowler Gins, or Baits the Fiſher-man: (to ill,
Age would, but cannot what it would, fulfill:
Senex, thou leav'ſt not ſin: ſin leaves thee than.

91

Th' Eye tends to beauty as the Center of-it:
After the Eyes, Heart and Affections draw:
'Tis hard to keep ſafe what ſo-many covet:
For, mens Deſires Kings cannot keep in Awe.

92

All Good or Ill-hap, that heer happens thee,
Comes from *Opinion* (which all ruling ſeems).
Opinion makes us other than wee be:
Hee's not *unhappy*, who him *happy* deems.

93

From contrary Effects is formed ſadneſſe:
Both Smoak & Smiles have made the eys to water.
Who ſowe in Tears, ſhall one day reap in gladneſſe:
Who ſowe in Joyes, ſhall reap Annoyes heerafter.

94

Let's leave out I, and No, in Converſation:
Words now tranſpoſed, and *wax-noſed*, Both,
By ROMES *new* Doctrine of *Equivocation*,
Which gives a Lye the credit of an Oath.

95 *Friends*

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95

Friends, now-adayes, wake at the noyse of Gain.
As Bees to flow'rs, as Crowes to Carion haste,
As Flies to Flesh, as Birds and Ants to Grain:
So Friends to profit thickly flock and fast.

96

Who reaves thine honour, scoffs, if he presume
T' have done thee favour, that thy life hee left:
Why should the Bird live, having lost her Plume?
The rest is nothing when the Honour's reft.

97

Little sufficeth Life in th' un-delicious;
The Sun for need may somtimes dress our victuall:
I blame, alike, the *Cynik* and *Apicius*;
This, for his too-too-much; That's, too-too-little.

98

Too-oft is made too-ill Interpretation
Of words and deeds best meant and built on reason:
All's evill to the Evill, by Self-flation: (son.
Whence Bees their Honey, Spiders suck their Poy-

99

Happy the People where *Just-Gentle Prince*-is:
Whose Sword is *Justice*, and whose Shield is *Love*.
For These, *Augustus Deified* long-since-is:
And without These, Kings Scepters maimed prove.

100

Good-hap, Good-heart, Favour, and Labour met,
Bring Men to Riches and to Honors heer;
But that 's the Way about: To be born *Great*,
Is great Advantage; Not to buy so deer.

FINIS.

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St. LEWIS; THE KING:
OR
A LAMP OF GRACE,
LIGHTING THE
GREAT (*in the right way*)
TO GLORY.

Translated; and *Dedicated*
To My gracious Lord, Prince CHARLES.

NOt *that* your Highneſs *needs My mean* Direction
(*Having, within, a* Princely ſpirit *for Guide*;
Without, your Parent; *round about, beſide*,
Precepts *and* Patterns *of Divine* Perfection)
Preſume I thus to bring (*in dim reflection*)
This forrain LAMP (*admired farre and wide*):
But as an humble Gift *this* New-yeers-Tide,
To intimate my Faith, *and my* Affection.
Your gracious *hand thus bindes my* gratefull *heart*
To Offer *Heav'n my* Vowes; *and You my* Verſe,
For that Deliverance *You have daign'd, in part,*
To my poor Hopes *wrackt in your* Brothers *Herſe.*
You have begun: *Vouchſafe mee*, Sacred Pow'rs,
You may go-on, *and make mee* wholly Yours
In Effect,
as
In Affection

——————— *To* Your Highneſs *Service*

——————— *humbly devoted,*

———————JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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AD

EUNDEM PRINCIPEM OPT. MAX.

EPIGRAMMA;

Ex Lat. I. O. *conversf.*

Will, Reason, Sense, the Brain, the Head, the Heart;
Each, in his Office, in Thee acts his Part:
Thy Will, thy Wit; Thy Sense, thy Reason swayes;
Thy Heart, thy Head, in every point obayes.
Thy WALES hath had GREAT-stiled Princes *Three*:
HENRY was *Fourth*: CHARLES the *Fifth* GREAT shall be.

Ejusdem

Augustissimi ANAGRAMMA

Quadruplex.

CAROLUS STUART-US, Princeps.

1. Tu, *Cyrus*; pulcra Spes nostra.

CHARLES STUART.

2. *Arthur's Castle.*

3. *Heart's Last Cure.*

4. *Art's Chast Lure.*

In ARTHUR'S CASTLE, lies my HEART'S LAST CURE:
To which I hasten, draw'n by ART'S CHAST LURE.

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A HYMN OF
S^t. LEWIS
(The Ninth of that Name)
KING OF FRANCE.

OF all the KINGS, admired over All,
Whose *Prudence* swai'd this Crown Imperial,
Whose *Prowess* most our *Lillies* Bounds inlarg'd,
Whose *Justice* best their charge in *Peace* discharg'd,
Whom most the raies of glorious greatness crown'd,
Who brightest shin'd, who was the most renown'd,
Most magnifi'd for Manly Conquering
Within the World the World was th' *Holy King*,
From whose chast loins, fro out whose loyall blood
Th' *Heroick* Stems of Royall BOURBON's bud;
Famous S^t. LEWIS; Good KINGS *President*,
Who, for his CHRIST, & for his *Cross*, him spent,
Who by his Valour so renown'd his Name,
That all the Earth hath trembled at the same:
And Who, to free, from captive Fury fell,
The Fields where yerst our *Captain* conquer'd Hell
(Courageous *Zeal* setting his Soule on fire)
Led armed FRANCE against the *Ayons* ire.
When I his *Vertues* read, and *Acts* so great,
Which him so high among the *Saints* have set;
And heer below so lasting glory won,
I judge them scarce Works of a meerly Man;
But, of an Angell in Mans shape bedight,
To shew the World the Way of *Vertue* right;
Amaz'd to see, among so many Sins
As (fatally) the *Court* breeds and begins,
Among so many Pleasures, whose sweet Baits
Intrap the warie'st with their wily Sleights;
A KING to curb him so in Power supreme,
To *watch* himselfe so with such care extreme,
As not to taste *Delights* (of any kinde)
Which *Reason* bars a brave and noble Minde:
But, so *upright* in VERTUS's track to tread,
That even in Earth a Heav'nly Life hee led.
For, never was there more accomplisht KING,
Whose royall heart had more replenishing
Of *Princely Vertues*, fit for Powerfull hand,
Or to be wisht in Mindes of High command.
Nay; would the Heav'ns, their Treasures all produ-
All Gifts of Body and of Minde conducing, (cing,
Mould for Mankinde a *Prince* or *Potentate*
Worthy to govern th' UNIVERSAL State;
They could not give the *World* (and We, much less,
Wish) *One* more worthy; with more due Addresse
To take into his Royall hand the *Helm*,
In stormfull Times so apt to over-whelm.
So much the *Star*, which rules in *Birth of Kings*,
When hee was destin'd to *These* Managings,
Milde and propitious, in his heart connext,
First *fear* of GOD, and *love of* JUSTICE next:
VERTUES, whose *habit Happinesse* doth nourish:
Makes *Common-wealth* flow, and *the Church* to flou-
Serves best for *Base* to each illlustrious *State*: (rish
Gives mightiest KINGS calm *Crowns*, & fortunate:
Causeth their Subjects *fear* them *lovingly*:
Keeps them, *in Dangers*, ever danger-free.
For, the *Almighty* printing in their Face
Milde-*Majesty*, sweet-*Terror*, dreadfull-*Grace*,
And heaping *Hap* upon them every-where;
The *Good* fear for them; Them, the *Evill* fear.
How many brave Marks left his noble Minde
Of th' Happiness these *Vertues* bring Mankinde;
When, full of Constancy, hee durst maintain,
That, raigning for Him, Who made him to raign,
These sacred *Twins*, right from the world dis-pell'd,
As in their *Temple*, in his Bosom dwell'd,
Guided his Person, govern'd his Affairs,
Counsell'd his Counsells, qualifi'd his Cares,
Steer'd all his Course through all his *Voyage* heer,
As men their Ships by Card and Compass steer.
These making him with rarest spirits compeer,
In holy pride, Hee even despised heer
The Kings, that, puft with glory of a Throne,
Commanded all, except themselves alone.
By th' one, hee happied his own Soule with Rest:
By th' other also, hee his People blest.

By th' one, becomming to himselfe severe,
Hee rul'd himselfe, kept his own Power in feare:
By th' other, giving free Course to the Law,
Hee kept his Subjects in; and happy, saw
Through all his Kingdome *Peace* and *Plenty* flowr
In bate'st Grange, as well as golden Bowr. (gone,
But twelve times *Sol* through the 12. Signes had
When Heav'ns assign'd him to his Fathers Throne;
And to the hands of his Man-Childehood left
The glorious Burthen of This Scepters heft:
But, as in th' Orchards at *Monceaux* or *Blois*,
The Gardners Care over some Graftlings choice,
The second year of their adoption there,
Makes them as good and goodly fruits to bear,
As Trees whose Trunk and branched Top bewraies
Their Months as many as the Other 's daies;
Through the Heav'ns favour, & Earth 's fruitfulnes,
Shewing that God their yong first-fruits doth bless:
His forward *Vertue* in his *Pupillage*
Brought forth th' effects of a mans perfect age;
Disproving quite his feeble signes of youth,
And proving him invincible (in truth)
Against vain *Pleasures*, all their Baits condemning:
Against all *Perils*, *Death* it Selfe contemning:
Against all *Passions*, ever them resisting:
Against all *Crosses*, constant aye persisting.
For, look how low, his heart in humble Awe
Hee bow'd to God, and bended to the Law;
As high hee mounts it, in Praise-worthy Pride,
Above the World, Fortune, and All (beside)
Whose Vanity, with false glosse gilded o'r,
Fond Mortals most desire, admire, adore:
Desiring, onely, with that holy *Mary*
(For his degree) That *One thing necessary*:
Admiring solely th' holy Works, wherein
Th' Almighty Worker 's wondrous hand is seen:
Adoring none but th' Everlasting *One*;
Him loving best; fearing but HIM alone.
Then, bearing aye *This Oracle* impresst
Within the Center of his royall brest,
That, *A sincere and true-Religious* KING,
Feared of All, needs fear at all no-Thing;
Where Hee whose Soule hath not This Fear in-laid,
Of none is feared, but of All affraid.
Arm'd with *this Brest-plate*, as with stronger arms
Than those (of old) blest with inchanting charms,
Hee brav'd all Perils that his Prowesse met:
And his calm Spirit, amid a Storm so great
As would have cast Youth in a swoun insensible,
Shew'd *Resolution* of a heart invincible;
Appearing such, indeed, as Painters fain
Great *Hercules*, when, *Juno* 's fell disdain
Pursuing him, hee Monsters quail'd and kill'd;
A man in Courage, though in Age a Childe.
Which well hee prov'd to those *Rebellious Peers*,
Who, making light of his then-tender yeers,
And measuring his in-side by his age,
Troubled his State with storms of *Civill Rage*:
Armed against him many a Tower and Town,
Aimed by Ambush to surprise his *Crown*.
When hee, to heal, by necessary Ill,
This Ill, before th' Impostume over-fill,
With Sword in hand their first Assault prevents;
And, as his Subjects, bravely them contents,
To come and cast them arm-lesse at his feet:
Or else, as Foes, his armed Force to meet:
From him, their true *Liege* (if true *French* they be,)
Arm'd in the Field, to take This Offer free,
Revenge, or *Pardon*, of their past Mis-deeds,
And all the Mischief which the same succeeds.
The one, his Power should presse them to, perforce;
Th' other their Duties, urged with Remorse:
If their blinde Fury did the one contemn,
Th' other should poure death and disgrace on them.
O! how the words of a brave *Prince* prevail!
This daring speech did so their Courage quail,
That though the cold yce of a prudent fear
Did not forth-with put-out their frenzy there;
Yet did it daily from thence-forth decline,
And all their flame turn'd but to fume, in fine.
Yea, those, whose Fury dream 't a *Diadem*,
Their Side abandon; and, dis-banding them,
Reject their vain Hopes; and, in season, fly
To the Kings Mercy for their Remedy.
Others, more dreading Rigor of the Law,
Under protection of the *English* draw:
Gilding their Guilt with frivolous pretences,
Arming their weak Cause with as weak defences;
Till, but increasing their dishonour by 't,
Wanting as well good Fortune as good Right,
They 're also fain to beg his Bounty royall,
Ill-worthy them, so obstinate-Disloyall. (ger,
What proofs of *Prowess*, what contempt of dan-
Exprest this Prince upon the envious Stranger,
On crystall *Charons*, in *Xantognian* Coast,
When false *la-March*, backt with a forrain Host,
Mustred against him, from so many parts,
So many Groves of Lances, Pikes and Darts?
There *France* and *England*, fully bent to fight,
Had both their Armies in their Order pight;
From Either side mount winged clouds amain;
On Either side they poure their Showers again:
While silver *Charant*, to have barr'd their Teen,
Her swelling shoulders did oppose between.
This River makes the Reed-crown'd banks to kiss,
By th' arched favour of a Bridge there is:
Whose gain or loss (besides the honour) boads,
Or bars, the Prize of *Victory*, by ods:
The *English*, friended by a Fort at hand,
Which proudly did the neighbour Plains cõmand.
Had won this Passage, and were passing on
Cheerly to end their *Victory* begun:
When *Lewis*, rushing to the Bridge, the first,
Repels the Foe, and puts him to the worst;
With dead and wounded all the place hee paves,
And, than *Horatius*, braver him behaves:
Re-heartens His: re-baleth from the Foe
Fair *Victory*, ready with them to goe:
Standing alone, as a firm rock, a-front,
Almost alone, to bear the Battels brunt;
As th' onely mark of many thousand Darts
At him alone still aimed from all parts:
Till at the last, by his example prest,
Hee winning all, his Army won the rest;
When, if his *Courage* shin'd in Conquering,
More did his *Mildnesse* in the Managing.
Who can recount, and yet who would conceal,
Th' illustrious *Vertues*, whose industrious zeal

Of

O'r all the World his honours blazed yerſt,
After theſe miſts, theſe firſt clouds, were diſperſt,
And ſcatter'd all by the bright-ſhining Rayes
Of this new Sun, in Summer of his dayes,
When (*Europe*'s Umpire) making *Peace* with men,
Hee *War* proclaim'd againſt their *Vices* then?
The glorious Works his Royall *Vertues* did,
Cannot, without impietie, be hid;
Although, without diminiſhing their Worth,
My *Muſe* (alas!) can never ſet them forth:
For, of all *Vertues* ſacred Tracts (leaſt rife)
His *Life*'s a Picture, limned to the life,
And ſuch a Pattern, as to match again,
The wiſh is vertuous, but the Hope is vain:
Sith, the more wondrous 'tis, and worthy Table
To imitate, 'tis more inimitable.
So that, His *Worth*, weening to-life to limne,
I over-reach, in ſtead of reaching Him:
And, like bad Singers (as too-bold, too-blame)
Sounding his Praiſe, rather my Selfe I ſhame.
In heav'nly *Annals* are his *Acts* enroll'd:
His Royall *Geſts* are yet in *Aſia* told;
In *Afrike*, yet his *Valour* is renown'd:
Through *Europe* ever ſhall his *Vertues* ſound;
And every-where *Ninth* Lewis (*Great* in Fame)
Seems, not a Man's, but very Vertue's Name.
Never did *Faith*, *Honour*, *Uprightneſſe*, raign,
With *Conſtancy*, in Soule of Soverain
More pious-given, more fearing-God, more Foe
To Idol-Rites (Religion's overthrow);
Nor more deſirous *Vertue* to prefer,
To propagate Christ's *Kingdome* every-where,
To root-out *Vice*, to raze *Idolatry*,
And raiſe the *Tropheis* of Truth's *Victory*.
Burning with this Deſire (his beſt Delight)
In *Aſrick*, twice, Hee *Croſſed* Standards pight,
Expos'd his Life unto the chance of War;
By Sea and Land adventur'd oft, and far:
Where, ſeeking Death, at laſt, hee Durance fand
Within a faith-leſſe, love-leſſe, law-leſſe, Land;
Where Hee, as Gain, and as to raign, did take,
To ſerve and ſuffer for his *Saviours* ſake.
But, all the Battells, won and loſt, to ſing,
Abroad atchieved by this Valiant King:
The Sack of *Damiete*, and the bloody Spoil
Of *Saracens*, both on the Shores of *Nile*,
And of the Sea, thrice ſtrewed (as it were)
With Carcaſes of *Pagans* ſlaughtered there:
The Siege of *Cairo*, when brave Victory
Mourn'd all in black for His Captivity:
The ſacred Terror and Majeſtike Grace,
Which (from above) ſhin'd in his Eyes and Face,
When two *Turk*-traitors (wth their ſwords, in grain
Dy'd with the blood of their late *Souldan* ſlain)
Comming to kill him, felt, with ſtrange remorſe,
Their fury feebled by a ſecret force;
From murd'rous fiſts letting their weapons fall
When they beheld his face majeſticall.
His *Lybian* journey, when to *Carthage* tho
This Champion ſeem'd another *Scipio*:
Th' honour hee won at *Tunis*, where hee crown'd
His Life and Fortunes, evermore renown'd.
In briefe, to undertake to tell at large
All his Exploits, were a more waighty Charge
Than can the powers of my weak Soule ſupport:
And ſuch a Web to weave in worthy ſort,
Behoves the hand of a more happy Wit,
Both warp and woof with golden Threeds to fit.
I therefore, quitting th' hopefull Arrogance
Sprung from ignoring of our Ignorance,
Shall think my Labour crown'd ſufficient,
If this my ſpeaking *Pencil*, *Phœbus* lent
To colour Verſes, can but duely lim
Leaſt-glittering raies that ſhin'd with Praiſe in him.
Leaving therefore his Wars diſcourſe to thoſe
Whoſe buskind Muſe *Bellona*'s march out-goes,
Whoſe numbers thunder, and whoſe ſtile diſtils
Freſh drops of Death from their Heroick Quils,
In lofty ſtrains, as gravely, bravely-bold:
I'll lowely ſound his *Laurels* leſs extoll'd,
Which hee (at Peace) won in his War with *Vices*,
And happy Toil in holy Exerciſes.
For, as I cannot his high *Proweſs* expreſſe;
Much-leſſe can I with ſilent Slothfulneſſe,
Under *Oblivion*'s ruſty keies conceal
The wondrous Care, the right religious Zeal,
Which from his Youth aye in his heart had burn'd,
To ſee *The ſeen Houſe of the Lord* adorn'd:
For, in this Vertue, none hath neer him com
Of all the Kings have raign'd in *Chriſtendom*.
Not, for, wee owe to him the Monuments
Which with his blood *Our Saviour*'s Patience
Bath'd in his *Paſſion*, and whoſe Sight, as yet,
Shakes godly Soules in glad-ſad ſacred Fit:
But, for (abhorring Shepheards bad and blinde)
A ſtudious Care boil'd in his zealous Minde,
Yea, burn'd his Soules ſoule with a hot deſire,
That, in the *Church-Ship*, none to Charge aſpire,
But, skilfull, faithfull, carefull Mariners,
Able and apt for all Affaires of Hers;
Whoſe holy Labours, in courageous ſort,
Maugre all Storms, may ſteer into the Port.
Devoured of this Zeal, and dreading aye
Leſt hee be charged at the later Day
By th' *onely Judge*, with *Vice* and *Ignorance*
Of thoſe hee choſe, through all the folds of *France*,
To feed the Flocks under his Power alli'd:
When 's royall office bound him to provide,
With wondrous Care did hee their lives explore,
Who ever had commended them before:
And never gave hee the ſupreme Degrees,
Th' *Eccleſiaſtick* ſacred *Dignities*,
But unto thoſe whoſe *Life* and *Learning* too
Were eminent, both to *direct* and *doe*;
To feed, as Shepheards; as a Watch, to ward;
To heal the Sick, Sound from the Wolfe to guard;
And carefull Stewards, in due time to break
The *Bread of Life* both to the ſtrong and weak:
Not thoſe whoſe Eyes deep vail'd with *Ignorance*;
Or *Knowledge* ſtain'd with Sinnes *Exorbitance*,
Made like th' old woodden *Mercuries*, erect
In publike *Waies*, the Paſſage to direct;
Who with their *finger* the Right Path did point,
But, with their *foot* could never move a joynt.
How, how, ſhould Thoſe, for Guide & Lanthorn
To th' Ignorance of People prone to ſwerve; (ſerve
Whoſe Ignorance, devoid of *Learnings Light*,
Cannot diſcern from crooked *Waies* the right?

Or, How can Thoſe, foule, Sin-ſicke Soules recure
(Whom Patterns more than Precepts would allure)
Whoſe Eloquence, whoſe Excellence of Wit,
Marres their *Well-ſaying* by *Ill-doing* it:
While, what they *Preach*, in *Practice* they deny,
And by their *Deeds* give their owne *Words* the Ly.
Neither the *Learned*, of true *Vertue* void;
Neither the *Vertuous*, without *Learning*'s aid;
Can, in the Flock of CHRIST's *Redeemed dear*,
Bear th' holy *Sheep-hooks* ſacred burthen heer,
With that Succeſs which ſhould be wiſht by them
That ſeek the glory of *Jeruſalem*.
Learning and *Vertue* muſt together match,
Thoſe ſacred Flocks duely to *Weeld* and *Watch*:
In vain's their Pain, who doe not *lead*, but *drive*,
Preaching like *ſhepherds*, while like *wolves* they *live*;
Said this good Prince: and that ſame very thought
Wch from his heart this holy ſpeech had brought,
Brought forth th' effect: hee did ſo thirſt to ſee
Religion flouriſh; and, through th' Induſtry
Of *Labourers*, divinely *Will'd* and *Skill'd*,
GOD's holy *Vineyard*, truely, duely till'd,
Nor was his Care leſſe, nor, much leſſe, his Zeal
Of *Lawes* ſupport (Props of the Publike-Weal)
So ſtrict hee was, and ſo preciſe in Choice
Of thoſe (not waigh'd but by their Merits poiz)
Whom, arming with his ſword, as Delegates,
Hee ſent amid the Rank of *Magiſtrates*,
Garniſht with *Vertues*, grac't with *Learning*, fit
On bright *Aſtrea*'s ſacred Thrones to ſit.
His *Predeceſſors*, winking at the Crimes,
Or elſe conſtrain'd with miſchiefe of their Times
(All given to gain, greedy of Gold) had made
Of *Offices* a miſerable Trade:
Never regarding, that they ſet (withall)
Both Innocence, Honour, and Right to-ſale:
Sold, to th' inſatiate, *Licence* (as they pleaſe)
To pill the People under ſhewes of Eaſe;
And let the Knave, with his full *Purſe*, prevent
The knowne long *Merit* of the Excellent.
Hee, ſeeing this Abuſe to ope the Gate
To all *Injuſtice*, to confound a State:
The Guilty quit, the Innocent condemn'd;
Wrong countenanc't, Right rated, or contemn'd;
And onely *Favour* (under fained Gown)
O'r-ruling Judgements, *Equity* put-down:
Juſtice, in Courts uſing her *Balance* bright,
To waigh the Parties Money not their Right:
Bold *Ignorance*, in Dignities ſupreme,
Soiling their ſacred Chairs with Wrongs extreme;
Selling too-ſhame-leſs, too-unconſcionable,
What Shee, unworthy, bought unreaſonable:
Seeing, in brief, his Realms neer Jeopardy:
The ſtrength of Lawes turn'd to meer Robbery:
Apparent Thefts, with Warrant under-handed,
Not onely not condemned, but commanded:
Soon as his Valour, quelling all his Foen,
Had ſet him quiet on his Fathers Throne,
Hee baniſht quite This ſad *Confuſions* Cauſe,
This fatall Death of *Letters*, and of *Lawes*;
According to our *Saviour*'s bleſt Example,
Who, angry, chas't the *Chapmen* forth his Temple.
Then, wher hee met a well-diſpoſed Wit,
Whoſe *Knowledge* & whoſe *Cariage*, matching fit.
Gave him good hope, that, being (free) preferr'd,
He would be th' Orphans and the Widows Guard;
The Poore's Protector, in their Right to ſtand;
No eye for *Favour*; and for *Bribes*, no hand;
No awe of Threats, and for Intreats no Ear;
Laying aſide, *Love*, *Hatred*, *Hope*, and *Fear*,
When hee ſhall ſit as Oracle, to doom;
Where Man is unto Man, as in God's Room:
Him would this Noble Prince freely *create*
A *Chancelour*, a *Judge*, a *Magiſtrate*,
A *Dean*, a *Biſhop*; without buſie Suit
Of bribed Minions baſely to purſue't.
O ever-wiſhed, never-hoped, Daies,
Which Gold's-contempt ſo gilt with golden Raies,
How calm you paſt! how was the People bleſt,
Under the Lawes of ſuch a Princes Heſt;
And O! how worthy hee, in ſpite of Time,
To be renowned over every Clime!
Through whom *Integrity* reviv'd again,
And *Sentences*, ceaſing to paſs for Gain
(As now, God wot, too-many witneſſe can)
Were GOD's own *Sentence* in the Mouth of Man.
For, neither ſpar'd hee Rigor nor Reward,
Where hee had hope, by gentle hand or hard
To conquer *Vice*, and that ſame *ſervile Vein*,
Which loves not *Goodneſſe*, but for Goods & Gain;
And with a heart whoſe Gold-Thirſt never *ſat* is,
Will never Till the Field of VERTUE, *gratis*.
Knowing therefore, that in a Seaſon vitious,
Wee ſooner find a *Pyrrhus*, than *Fabricius*;
And wiſely fearing, leſt the fear of Want,
Or love of Wealth, ſhould worldly minds ſupplãt,
And make them paſs their duties bounds perchance,
Whom hee to place of Honour ſhould advance:
To keep their Port, with People venerable;
To bear their Charge of needfull Train and Table;
Hee arm'd their *Vertue* againſt Poverty
(The ſecret Foe to ſound *Integrity*)
With ample Stipends, able to repell
The law-leſſe Lawes of thoſe two Tyrants fell,
Whoſe Iron Scepter too-too-often forces
Right honeſt Natures to diſ-honeſt Courſes.
And then, if Favour, Feud, or Avarice,
To groſſe *Injuſtice* did their hands intice,
Hee puniſht aye their Treſpaſs with ſuch Rigor,
That Lawes, recovering then their ancient Vigor,
Seem'd that ſevere Example to revive,
Which in the *Skin* of Father flaid alive
(For wrong *Decrees*) his Son ſucceeding thruſt;
A bloudy *Doom*; yet, for *Injuſtice*, juſt:
That after-*Judges*, by their *Judg-ſkin* Chair,
From *Bribes*, and *Brokeage* might be warned fair.
Above all Crimes, his hearts juſt Jealouſy
Abhorred moſt *Murder* and *Blaſphemy*:
Nor ever did the firſt eſcape with life;
Unleſſe by Proofs it were apparent rife,
That, *Self-defending*, 'twas unwilling done;
Forc't, deadly Stroke, by deadly Stroke, to ſhun:
Th' other was puniſht where hee ſinned, juſt:
A red-hot Iron thorow his tongue was thruſt;
To teach blaſphemous Mouthes no more to blame
That holy, high, un-utterable Name,
Ador'd in Heav'n and Earth, and every-where;
Which, even the Angels ſpeak not, but with fear.

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O! how hee hated Thoſe light, lothſome places,
Where *Venus* ſells her to all lewd Embraces!
The Shepheard, finding, under Stacks or Stones,
A Neſt of Hornets, or a Swarm of Drones,
Or Knot of Vipers, is not bent more fierce
Their Cels to ſpoil, Themſelves diſpatch, diſperſe,
Than Hee was eager, and againſt Them bent
Severeſt Lawes, with ſharpeſt puniſhment;
Clenſing with Fire thoſe foule *Augéan* Stalls,
And, to the ground, razing their filthy Walls;
Lacing with laſhes their un-pityed Skin,
Whom *Luſt* or *Lucre* had beſtow'd therein.
Himſelfe ſo chaſte of Body, and of Minde
(If *Fame* ſay true: who ſeldome ſoothes behinde)
That never Hee (Rare in a Princes Life!
Knew other *Venus*, than his *Queen* and *Wife*.
What Prince was ever, to the ſilly Poore,
More tender-hearted, either helpfull more?
A many Kings have, by high Feats in War,
Renown'd their Names and ſpred their Glories far:
By wholeſome Lawes Licentious Rage repreſt:
By many Proofs their *Prudence* well expreſt:
By all the parts of *Policie* and *Proweſs*,
Won all the Honours earthly State allowes:
But, few vouchſafe to ſtoop their ſtately eyes
To th' humble Poore that on the dunghill lyes:
And little think, that, in thoſe Little ones,
Chriſt, *Chriſt* Himſelf unto their Greatneſſe grones;
Begs at their Feet, in rags, and hunger-driven;
And promiſeth, for *Bread* to give Them *Heav'n*.
O hearts of Adamant! This piteous King
From Your fell Natures was far differing.
For, oftentimes from his high Throne deſcending,
To ſow and reap the Fruits on *Alms* attending,
All, all that could from ordinary rate
In Royall Charge of Kingdome, Houſe, and State,
Beſafely ſpar'd, with honourable Thrift,
From ſuch a heart and hand ſo apt to Gift;
Would Hee beſtow in building *ſacred Cells*,
For th' *Aged*, *Poore*, *Sick*, *Sight-leſſe* (*Helpleſs* els)
In ayding *Widowes*, whom the bliſs of *Bearing*
Made wretched, wanting for their childrens *rearing*:
Redeeming Captives, raiſing Doweries
For honeſt Maydens apt for Mariages,
(Whoſe *Banes* (unaskt) ſtill *Povertie* forbad)
Paſſing their Flower in Feares and Languors ſad:
In breeding Orphans, and in feeding Thoſe
Whoſe baſhfull Silence, biting-in their woes,
Smother'd the Sighes within their ſwelling breſt,
Which frō their Mouthes meer hunger often preſt.
In briefe, in pouring on all *Poore*, no leſſe
Streams of Reliefe, than Fortune of Diſtreſſe;
Approving plain, that, in moſt *Pomp* of *State*,
Himſelfe a Man hee ay did meditate.
His People Hee ſo lov'd, and their Proſperitie,
That, eaſing them of former Kings ſeveritie
In Impoſts, Tributes, Taxes, and the reſt,
Where-with his Kingdome had been ſore oppreſt:
Hee wont with tears to bathe his Cheeks (they ſay)
When urging Cauſe compelled him to lay
On his poore Subjects any new Exciſe,
Never ſo needfull, juſt, or light to prize:
Which yet his Pitie rarely did permit;
And onely when *Bellona* (preſſing it)
Againſt our *Lillies* ſome ſuch Storm had blowne,
As hath too-often *Empires* overthrown.
For, for the Charge of needfull Dignity,
And royall State beſeeming Majeſty,
Hee never ſought from other Source to drain,
Than th'ever-Springs of his owne juſt *Demain*;
Deteſting th'uſe of other Potentates,
Who, but to gild their Pride in pompous States,
Pilld all their Subjects with extreme Exceſſe;
And then conſuming it in Showes and Feaſts,
And ſcorning thoſe whom they had eaten-up
(Without Compaſſion) in a golden Cup
Carouſed deep their wretched Peoples blood,
Whome God had given Them to protect, in good.
What Lawes-Oblivion, what Contempt of God
(Thus, this good Prince, The, ſhril & ſharply chod)
Deaffens your Eares againſt ſo many a Plaint!
Inhumane ſoules, who, toucht with bloody Taint,
Ill Shepheards, ſheare not but even flay your fold,
To turn the Skins to Caſſakins of Gold;
Thinke you, the Heav'ns, which hate all Tyrannie,
Will wink at yours, and let you ſcape ſo, free?
No, no: they 'll ruine your unrighteous Power;
And, cauſing ſoon your ſubjects riſe in Stower,
The juſt Revenger, who all Realms transfers,
Of mightieſt Kings ſhall make you School-maſters:
Shall break your proud *Tax*-puffed Scepters ſo,
That, for th' abuſe, you ſhall the uſe forgoe:
Or ſhall ſo curſe the cruell Policies
Your *Minions* finde to feed your Vanities,
That in your hands your Gold ſhall melt away,
And ſtill the more you pill, the more you may:
(Like *Dropſie-ſick*, the more they drink, the dryer)
The more you ſhall devour, the more deſire:
New *Eriſichthons*, through inſatiate heat,
Forced in fine your ſelves to teare and eate:
Branding with Shame of Marks ſo mercie-leſſe,
So impious Pride of hearts ſo Pittie-leſs,
Who burd'ning Subjects more than beare they can,
Hold neither God for God; nor Man for Man.
But, whither run I, on ſo harſh a ſtring,
Out of my Tune? to tell how this good King
Reprov'd bad Princes of his Time, for preſſing
Their People cauſe-leſs with unceſſant Seſſing!
Let's re-aſſume our Song, our proper Theam:
Let's paſſe by *Vice*: and rather covering them,
Than them recounting in eternall Story,
Let us return to ſing of *Vertues* Glory.
How happy is the Prince, who ſquaring right
By ſacred Lawes the limits of his Might,
Joyes in *Well*-doing, and as *juſt* as *Wiſe*,
Thinks not himſelfe to raign; ſave Noblewiſe,
When hee his People heeds, and hearing aye
Their juſt Complaints, doth in due time repay
What every Monarch (with devotion) vowes
To God and Men, when firſt his royall Browes
(Under ſo many ſolemne Myſteries,
With hopefull ſubjects wiſhfull, joyfull Cryes)
Put-on the glad-ſad ſacred *Diadem*,
Which inſtantly from thence-forth puts on Him
That *Robe of Power*, wch thoſe doth much miſ-ſuit
Who have not on rare *Vertues* richeſt Suit.
Among ſuch Kings, who ay, as right directs,
Meaſure their Greatneſs by their Good-effects;

Not by their Fortunes, or their Force of hand;
Or many Nations under their command;
Was that illustrious Prince to whom we pay
Heroïk Duties in this *Hymnik* Lay.
For, while, at home, hee happy Peace injoy'd,
Hee never suffer'd day to vanish voyd
Of giving Audience, and extending free
Fruits of his *Justice* unto each Degree;
Grieving in minde, grudging at those, as lost,
Less worthy spent, although unwilling most;
Perswaded sure, that with what eye or eare
His Peoples Case a Prince doth heed and heare,
With like, the Lord, in his extreme Affaires,
Will look on him, and listen to his Pray'rs:
That that same pompous, glitt'ring, glorious Slav'ry,
Improperly call'd *Royall* (for the Brav'ry)
In proper speech (by due Experience scann'd)
'T's an *Onerous-Honour*, a *Confin'd Command*:
That Kings were made for subjects; and not they,
Not they for Kings: that though both Land & Sea
Adore their Greatnesse (Lawes Support alone)
Yet, Princes Eares are not indeed their own;
But their own Peoples that doe humbly live
Under th' obedience of the Lawes they give:
That, to be briefe, of mightiest Kings that are,
Labour 's the Glory, and their Greatnesse Care.
Such sound Instructions, from his Cradle us'd,
His vertuous Mother wisely had infus'd;
Which in his Princely breft digesting milde,
A Man, hee practis'd what hee learn'd, a Childe:
Ready to heare the meanest that complaine;
Preferring wisely such a sacred paine
Before the pleasure of the choicest Sport
Could be devis'd in Countrey or in Court:
Whence in his People such Affection spreads,
They blesse his Birth-day, and the ground he treads;
Call him their Father, and with Vowes amain
Frequent the Altars for his long-long Raign:
As if that Wish (the Sum of their Desire)
Contained All all Praiers could require,
Or us'd to beg of Heav'ns eternall Bountie,
In asking *Peace*, *Riches*, *Religion*, *Plentie*,
And all the blessings which Astræa's hand
Can plant or poure upon a happy land.
What Tracts of Art, what Tropes of *Eloquences*
Can lively represent to modern Princes
(So as even *Envie* 's Selfe shall nought controule)
That Self-severe *Integritie* of Soule,
Whose humble, patient, constant Temperance,
Hath no Successor as yet had in *France*,
Nor yet elsewhere: How-ever every State
Can yet admire it, none can imitate.
Europe (where ever *Vice* and *Vertue* most
Have striven for Empire, best and worst to boast)
Hath whilom seen Kings treading in the Path
Of noted'st Tyrants, who with Threatfull Wrath,
And all the Terrors, which Mans cruell Rage,
To fright Mankinde had found in former age, (ring:
Restrain'd their subjects from their Deaths conspi-
Who, so, less-daring, had the more desiring.
But, this right generous Prince, still walking fit,
Within the Path which Tyrants never hit,
Onely restrain'd all Publique Insolence,
By th' even-born Reanes of his own Innocence.
Giving so little hold to *Mal-contents*,
Taking, at sharp Reproofs, so small offence,
That by effect his Royall Soule did show,
That in the same no livelier Flame did glow,
Than a desire, so Temperate to frame-him,
That all might boldly, none might justly, blame-him.
Smooth Soothers, pois'ning by the Eare the hart,
Pernicious Weeds, who (Ivie-like) subvert,
Distort, destroy the Trees you Climbe upon;
Still feeding Vice with such Contagion,
That seldome, Soules who with Applause approve
Your *praising* them, doe ought *Praise-worthy* love:
Vizards of Homage, Vertues Pestilence,
Right ill-come were you to this Vertuous Prince;
Who, shunning aye your banefull Whisperings,
As common Poys'ners of the publique Springs,
Abhorr'd your presence, and could better brook
A miss-Fault-finder, than a *Fawner*'s looke.
So much a Noble Minde, remote from Vice,
Loving true Honour, loatheth *Flatteries*.
What pleasure took hee, how extreme Delight,
In Histories, where many times hee might
Review himselfe; amaz'd, to read the things
There said *of Kings*; which none dare say *to Kings!*
How was hee rapt! how sweetly extas'ed,
When that divine *Eternall Will* hee read,
Where, with so liberall, just, and loving hand,
God shares to his the *Heav'nly-Holy-Land!*
That which is said of *Alexander* 's love
To *Homer*'s Works (whose graces, all approve)
May well of him, for honouring the Miracles
Of th' *Heav'nly Author*, speaking in his Oracles:
Which as a precious Treasure, richly cas't
In Gold and Cedar, had hee neer him plac't;
Calling it aye his joy of Exercises,
The Spur of *Vertues*, and the Curb of *Vices*.
If happily his *Publike Cares* lent Leasure,
Hee spends it not in more contenting pleasure,
Than what so sacred Studie 's Fruit imparts
To th' healthy Taste of true *God-fearing* hearts.
And well appeared, by rare, rich Effects
Of *Vertues* shining over all his Acts,
That that divine *Seed* (happy sow'n the while)
Fell in no *Thorny*, *Stony*, *Sandy* Soile.
For, if that ever Soule did Vice avoid,
If ever heer meer humane Spirit injoy'd
Prowess, *Pietie*, *Prudence*, and *Justice*, mixt,
Without the foil of follies drosse betwixt (ding:
(From proudest wrong, the poorest right defen-
Disdaining Pleasures towards Vice but tending:
Mild to the Meek; to Malapart, austere;
To good men, bounteous; to the bad, Severe) (ble,
'Twas this brave Prince: whom they, do best resem-
In whom *These Vertues* most of all assemble.
Kings of his time, raigning in *East* and *West*,
Revering him for such, his Greatnes blest:
Th' Afflicted Princes chose him for Refuge;
The Strong, for Friend; and Those at Strife, for Judg,
When they grew weary to dispute their Cause
By th' old sharp Argument Kings Furie drawes,
When, *Mars* usurping milde *Astræa*'s room,
In sted of words, their swords must give the doom;
When Injury with Injury repelling,
And strength of Lawes by stronger Lawes refelling

(To

(To back their Own, or Others, *Claim* to bar)
They ſeek their right, in might; their peace, in War.
Such was Saint LEWIS: *and ſuch was, wel-neer,*
Our own Saint EDWARD (*and* ELIZA *deer*;
Save for her Sex, the Salique *Law perchance,*
Bars her Succeſſion to the Saints *of* France)
For all prime Vertues *of a compleat Prince*
To make a Saint-King. *And, if ever, ſince,*
EUROPE *hath ſeen, or any kingdom know'n*
A living Shrine *of both theſe* Saints *in One*
(*Though, ſom, ſuſpect of the ſmooth* Soothing-*Crime*;
Some groſſe Neglect *of this* Ingratefull *Time,*
*Too-*Envie-*prone, permit not* ſo to ſay)
It will be ſaid *and* ſworne *another-day*
(*When ſwelling* Clouds, *that dare* Eclipſe *our Sun,*
Shall, by his Rayes diſperſed, be undone;
And HEE, Himſelfe *in his* Own *ſplendor ſhine*)
'T was our JUST-MASTER, *learned and divine.*
And, if that ever (for the Time to come)
There have bin Hope *of* like *in* CHRISTENDOM;
There was *a Prince, and is a Prince with* GOD;
Whoſe Name is deer, and deer the Duſt he trod
(*Whoſe* Memory *my* Tears *muſt ever mix*)
On Whom all Eyes, in Whom all Hearts did fix;
Whoſe Vertues Harveſt *ripened in his* Spring;
HENRY *was made a* Saint, *before a* King,
Leaving his Brother (*where His beſt re-flowres*)
Sole Heire *apparent to his* Hopes *and Ours.*
And, if yet, under Heav'ns gilt-azure Cope,
There now remaine Another *living* Hope
Of new Saint LEWIS, *or His* like *again,*
For godly, goodly, gracious, glorious Raign,
With Bliſs to BRITAN, *and the* Sacred Flock,
Not built on Peter's ROME, *but* Peter's Rock;
This: this is Hee: My Patrone *and my Prince,*
PANARETUS; *Whoſe Pupill-*Excellence
Boads, in his Age, to make This Poëm *ſeem*
No Poëm, *but a* Prophecie *of* HIM.
For, never was there Sonne more like to Sire,
In face, or grace, or ought that wee admire;
Than is our CHARLES, *in his young* Vertues Spring,
Like th' happy Non-Age of that Holy King
(*Like his Owne Father; like his Onely Brother,*
So as hee ſeems rather the ſame, than Other)
For Gracious Gifts, and Native Goodneſſe till'd
By like grave Tutors, in their Function *skill'd.*
O Thou All-Giver! Fountain of all Good!
Poure daily downe upon this Hopefull Bud
Thy Deawes of Grace: *ſhine on it from above*
In mildeſt Rayes of Mercie *and of* Love:,
In ſtead of Suckers, *ſend it* Succours *ſtill*
To feed the Root, that That the reſt may fill
With lively Verdure of a fruitfull Sap,
To load with Plenty *every* Vertuous *Lap,*
Breathe on it Bleſſings: *leave no* Weed *with-out,*
Nor Worme *with-in it: hedge it round-about*
From Bores, *and* Beaſts, *domeſticall and ſtranger*;
Both wild and Wylie (Where leaſt dread, moſt danger.)
That it may kindely ſpring, and timely ſpred,
In bulk and Branch, *with leaves that never ſhed:*
Under whoſe Shade *mine aged* Muſe *may warble*
Some Monument (out-laſting Braſſe and Marble)
In Swan-like notes, to my Mecœnas *Honour,*
When hee beſtows ſome Neſt *of reſt upon her.*
Nor may my Vowes *ingratefully forget*
Our Other Branch (*in other Soile new-ſet*)
Whoſe tender leaves ſhaken with Sighs of ours,
In ſtead, of Teats, have dropped Silver ſhowers
To cool my Thirſt, my Cares to cure, or calm,
With timely Uſe of Bounties *princely Balm.*
O Sea of Bounties *never-dryed Source!*
So water it with thy rich Favours *Courſe,*
That, happy thriving by her PALATINE,
The Royall Iſſue of their Roſie-Vine,
From Rhine *and* Iſter, *may to* Tibur *ſpred*;
And, over-topping ROME's *uſurping* Head,
From Bramble-*Kings recover* CAESARS *Seat,*
With greater Sway *than* CONSTANTINE the great.
Great Arbitrer, *whoſe Counſells none can ſound*;
Who canſt all Thrones confirm, and all confound;
Conferring Kingdoms, and transferring them,
How, when, and where thou wilt, from Stem to Stem:
Eſtabliſh, Lord, in Royall JAMES *his* Race,
Theſe Kingdoms *greatneſſe, and thy Kingdoms grace:*
Proſper our DAVID, *bleſs his* SALOMON,
That after them, upon GREAT BRITAIN's Throne
(*Maugre* Hells *malice, and the Rage of* ROME,
Their roaring Buls, *their charms, their arms to-come,*
Their Powder-*Plots, their Piſtols, Poyſons, Knives*;
And all their Jeſuites *murd'rous* Art *contrives*)
Their Seed *may ſit; and never Other hand*
Than STUARTS ſway *the* Scepter *of This Land*;
Wiſe, Great, Good, STUARTS, *that may ſhine as cleer*
As This Saint LEWIS, *both in* Heav'n *and* Heer.

AMEN.

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HENRIE THE GREAT
(The Fourth of that Name)
LATE KING OF FRANCE AND NAVARRE:
His *Tropheis* and *Tragedie*,

Written in French by PIERRE MATHIEU.

To the right honourable WILLIAM CECILL,
Earle of Salisbury.

BEsides the Bonds which did most vowes engage
To your dear Elders; and besides the Due
Which to your selfe might justly thence accrew;
Th' apparent Vertues of your April-Age,
Challeng'd of right This Poëms *Patronage:*
The rather, sith wee first receiv'd from you,
The speedy Notice (no lesse quick than true)
Of HENRY's *Death through Hell's dis-chained Rage.*
You saw this Sunne, at his High-Noone-shine Set
In sudden Clowd of his own Royall Bloud.
O Horrid Hap! Who ever can forget
Such Fate, such Hate; of one so Great, so Good:
O! just revenge, root out th' Ignatian *Pack,*
The Moules that mov'd in Faux *and* Ravillac.

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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THE TROPHEIS OF THE VERTUES AND FORTUNE OF *HENRIE the Great.*

SInce first *Apollo* lent the World his light,
And Earth impregned with his heatfull might,
Europe hath seene no Potentate, no Prince,
To Parallel Great HENRY's excellence.
No Terme, no Time, his fresh Renown shall shed:
Never was King more deare, never more dread.
Phœnix of Kings, wonder of Christendome,
Passing all past, and without Peere to come;
His Courage onely matcht his Clemencie,
And, should his Tombe to these two equall be,
Both Spain and France, could not containe the same,
Which have so often seen his feates of Fame.
His Life's a lamp to Princes, and a line;
A Trophey rear'd by miracle divine;
A Theater to all the Vertues built;
A goodly Garden, with such plenty fill'd
Of choisest fruits and flowers, that chusing, there
Aboundance troubles more than Want elle-where.
The yeer that EDWARD in *Great Britain* dy'd:
That *France* (beyond the Mountains) *Spain* defi'd:
That *Therwin* walls were thundred to the ground:
That a faire flower our Royall *Hymen* Crown'd:
I' th' winter *Solstice* (when the yeare is worne)
within *Pau* Castle This yong MARS was born:
Born for the Worlds Good: as his Enterance
Presag'd him then the HERCULES of *France*;
To re-advance her *Lillies* long decayd:
For as (by chance) bare-head abroad he playd,
At foure yeers old, a Snake hee finds and kills;
At fourty, foiles the *Hydra* of our Ills.
Nor was hee bred in soft delicious wise
(Which forms yong spirits into the form of vice:)
His Grandsire us'd him to all Weathers Ire,
His Sauce was Labour, Exercise his Fire,
His noble heart did never ought inflame,
Save Heav'ns desire, and th' Honour of the same.
Scarce fourteen times had hee beheld the birth
Of th' happy Planet (which presag'd his Worth)
Predominant in his Natitiall;
When hee became an Armies Generall,
Whose hottest flame, without him was but fume;
Nor, but by Him, durst any good presume.
Hee purchast Peace, the wch eftsoones was staind
With his friends blood, & his young soul constraind
To faine some Change of his Religion:
At *Vinseine* Castle Hee was seiz'd upon,
And to the Court confin'd; where, discontent,
His Spirit droopes, out of his Element.
Escaped thence: with restlesse toile, hee tends
To save the side of his Afflicted Friends;
By peace again hee bringeth all in ure:
And *Mounsieur's* death doth well his Hopes assure
Of th' after Crowne, who but between him stood;
So, now was hee the first Prince of the Blood.
Then from afarre hee doth new Stormes discry:
To threat his fortune, and his force to try:
Hee meets the danger with undaunted front,
And in foure yeers beares ten brave Armies brunt,
All with the might of a great Monarch grac't;
Whereof, at *Contras* hee defeats the last.
At last, the King to extreme Streights reduc't,
In doubt of all, and daring none to trust,
Implores this Prince, who rescues him from *Tours*,
With just revenge; and had, yer many houres,
Re-humbled *Paris* to her Princes yoake,
But for *Saint Clements* Paricidiall stroake. hate)
After which stroake (which all true French-men
France sadly falls in a most wretched state:
Who hath least Reason, hath most Insolence;
Who hath most power, hath least Obedience.
Nor Awe, nor Law; Disorder every-where:
Good, without hope, and Wicked without feare.
Rebel-

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Rebellion ſpawnes as faſt as (in the Spring)
Fruit-fretting vermine; it doth Diſcord bring
In Families, dearth in Townes, death in Field:
O! happy you who never daign'd to yeeld
Unto that Hagge; but, loyall to the Crowne,
Have left your Heires, Heires of a true renowne.
Who counts the Cares that on a Crown do wait,
As well may number *Autumne's* fruitfull fraight,
And *Flora's* too. Yet this great Spirit of man,
Mid th' ebbs and flouds of this vaſt Ocean,
Seems a ſtill Ship, which maugre Winds & Waves,
In wiſhed Hav'n her and her burthen ſaves.
Hee's never idle, nor his Exerciſe
Other than ſtands with princely Offices:
MARS & DIANA, and CUPID wait on him:
Maugre his Loſſe, hee alwaies gaines by Time.
Unto Affaires his eare are open aye,
Nor waits hee lazying on his bed for day.
Shafts, Tigers, Torrents: no, nor lightning flies
More ſwift about, than This bold Eagle plies
(Amid all perils) to preſerve his State,
With heed and Speed, ſtom Rebels pride and hate.
In Battels firſt, laſt in Retreats: in briefe,
In Action, Souldier; in Direction, Chiefe.
Diepe ſaw his Fortunes on a deſperate Dye;
The League preſum'd hee needs muſt yeeld, or fly:
But, as a Brook, the more wee ſtop his Courſe,
Breaks down his Bay, and runs with ſwifter force,
He foiles his Foes at *Arques*, and ſhews them plain,
That Heav'ns juſt hand doth his dear Right ſuſtain.
'Tis buzz'd in *Paris*, and beleev'd in part,
That hee is taken; or conſtrain'd to ſtart
From *Diepe* to *Dover*, to ſeeke *Englands* Aide:
And, while Him comming Priſoner-wiſe, they ſaid,
To the *Baſtile*; Hee came and over-came
Their Suburbs ſoon, to their Suborners ſhame.
Conqueſt attends him, whether hee encamps,
Or marches on: again hee takes *Eſtampes*:
Lizieux, *Eureux*, *Mans*, *Meulan*, *Vandoſme*, *Perch*,
And *Honfleur*, formoſt, in His *Trophie* march;
as earneſt-pence of his recover'd State,
And Crown of *France*, which well admits no Mate.
Tiber and *Iber* then together flow
(Too-ſtrong in wrong) his Right to over-throw.
There proudeth Pow'r, Heer Proweſs brighter
And daily ſhewes us by a thouſand Signes, (ſhines;
How great advantage a true Birth-right brings
(Againſt Uſurpers) unto lawfull Kings.
In JURY Fields, hee ſeems a blazing Star;
Seen in the Front of all his Hoaſt, a-far:
Majeſtick Fury in his Martiall Face,
The braveſt Toops doth in an inſtant Chaſe:
And boldeſt Rebels, which the reſt had led,
Came Charging one way, and by fourty Fled.
Melun ſurrenders to his War-like Lot,
Chartres is chaſtiz'd with his thundring Shot,
Louviers lies humbled at his Conquering Foot,
Noyon lamenteth her three Succours rout,
Eſpernay yeelds her wholly to his heſt,
Dreux twiſe beſieged, opens as the reſt.
The *League*, that late ſo violently burn'd,
To a cold Fever now her Frenzie turn'd;
And truſting ſtill in ſtrange Phyſitians aid,
Neglects her Cure till all her ſtrength decaid:
In dread of all, in doubt her owne will quaile;
As a weak Ship affraid of every Saile.
That (late) *Achilles* of the *Spaniſh-Dutch*,
Farnezean Parma that atchiev'd ſo much
In *Anwerp's* Siege, by matchleſſe Stratagem;
And weend the World had had no Peer to Him:
Had here the heart, twice, to refuſe to fight;
And twiſe departed, and bade none *Good-Night*.
Fortune, for him, no longer us'd her Wheel:
But, kind and conſtant, followes at his heel:
Hee's Happy every where, and over all
Spring Palms and Lawrels: only neer *Aumale*
A murd'rous Bullet put him to ſome paine,
Yet hindred not His Reſcue of his Train.
Who weens to vanquiſh Him, makes Him invict;
Mild to the Meek, to Proudlings ſtern and ſtrict:
He loves the Lawrels without blood be-ſprent,
A Cruell Conqueſt Hee doth even lament.
His thunder Batters but rebellious Walls:
And who leaſt fear him, on them firſt hee falls.
France, Self to ſlay, and her own Throat to Cut,
Arms her own hands; and (in ſtrange rage) doth put
The Knife to whet, in *Spaines* ambitious pawes;
Spain that would Spoyle her Crownes primordiall
And would a Scepter with a Diſtaffe blin: (lawes,
But all in vain: the *Lillies* cannot Spin.
Re-Romaniz'd, ſo (ſay they) Heav'n conjures;
His errours at Saint *Denis* hee abjures: (ther;
This Change, in Court yet chang'd not one nor o-
For, though his Subjects have not all one Mother,
Hee holds them all his Sons, They him their Sire;
And, Chriſtians all, all to one Heav'n aſpire.
Within the Temple of the *Mother-Maid*,
That bore her Son, her Sire, her God, her Ayd,
With Heav'n-ſent Oyle hee is annoynted King,
Dons th' *Order Collar*; and by every thing,
To prove in him, Saint *Lewis* Faith and Zeale,
The ſick hee touches, and his touch doth heale.
By law of Arms, a Citie tane by force,
Should feele the Victors rage, with ſmall remorſe.
Paris ſo taken, is not treated ſo:
Though well his Juſtice might have razed lowe
Thoſe rebell Wals which bred & fed Theſe Wars;
To ſave the guilt-leſs, Hee the guilty ſpares.
There, there's the Hope and Safety of his Side;
If there hee faile, then farewell all beſide:
The *Spaniard* therefore thither ſpeedy ſends,
A great ſtrong Convoy to confirm his Friends.
Which ſoon defeated, There began the end
Of Civill Wars, and all to Union tend.
Th' Honour of ſaving and reſtoring *France*,
Is not alone due to his *Valiance*:
His *Clemencie* hath part; which lets him in
To ſtronger Holds, than all his Arms could win:
That, ſatisfied with Tears, makes from all parts,
Repentant Rebels yeeld him up their Hearts.
Lyons, the Porter of one part of *France*,
Rou'n, that ſees none like ſtrong in Ordinance,
Orleans, which *England* did undaunted prove,
Marſeillis, jealous of old *Neptune's* love,
Aix, *Bourges*, *Sens*, *Meaux*, *Poictiers*, *Troy*, *Tholouſe*,
And *Reins*; of theſe, each to his *Bounty* bowes.
This gracious Prince excus'd the ſimpler ſort,
Whom (Malice-leſſe) blind paſſions did tranſport
Againſt

Againſt the Lawes, with fury of the Time;
Who ſelf-affraid to fall in fouler Crime,
Seduc't by others ſlie ſeditious Lore,
Follow'd (like Sheep) their Fellowes ſtraid before.
This heav'nly humane *Clemency* of his,
Yet cannot ſhield him from ſome Treacheries.
One wounds him in the Mouth, and breaks withall
One of his Teeth, (O Act unnaturall!)
And had not God in part put-by the blow,
Even then in *Paris* had hee periſht ſo.
But having quencht the Civill Fires in *France*,
'Gainſt his ill Neighbours now his Arms advance;
In *Piedmont* Fields, his Lilly-flowers hee plants,
Pills *Bourgoignie*, and all *Artois* hee dants,
And makes the Great *Caſtalian* MARS to fly,
With Feare, within; without, with Infamy.
Then, thoſe great Warriours that had diſobey'd
(Whom not their courage but their cauſe betrai'd)
Which came with ſhame and ſorrow (as was meet)
To caſt their Swords at his victorious feet,
Fearing his Rigour: hee receives them (rather)
With King-like grace, and kindneſſe like a Father.
Heav'n daily works for him, ſom ſpecial Miracle:
His Faith's an Altar, and his Word an Oracle:
His greateſt foes have never found him faile.
And ſhould Sincerity in all men quaile,
Exiled from the World (as *Moors from Spain*)
In This Kings ſoule ſhee had been found again.
Spain by a train of many Wiles well laid,
Surpriſeth *Amiens*, *France* is all affraid:
The Spaniard, hence prouder than ever, ſwells:
Undanted *Henry* Thence him ſoon repells,
Regains his Citie, and conſtrains his foes,
To beg their Peace, or to abide his blowes. (val'd,
The Stormes that long diſturb'd the State are
Th' ill Vapours now are from all hearts exhal'd,
And *France* is now all *French*, even all about:
Only the *Breton* ſtifly yet, ſtood out.
But, thoſe white *Ermines* at the laſt muſt need,
Of th' only Sent of the faire *Lillies* feed.
Old PHILIP longs to ſee the Waters calme,
Finds all deſignes vaine to ſupplant this Palme;
Sith the more ſhaken, it more faſt doth grow:
Hee ſeeketh Peace, the *Pope* ſolicits ſo,
Vervins doth treat it, *Bruxells* ſweares it done,
And PHILIP pleas'd departs the World anon.
France yet retains one ſenſible Offence,
For which ſhee vowes Revenge or Recompence:
Among the Alps her thundring Canons roare,
Proud-brow'd *Mont-meilan* flaunts and vaunts the (more
To ſtop her fury, but in fine is fain
To rue her raſhneſſe and repent in vain.
God haſtens his own work: this Monarch marries
In *Lyons* Church, the choice, the Chief of *Maries*;
The Heav'ns delight, our *Lillies* ornament:
Love, in one heart two lovely Souls hath blent;
Whence Peace is more confirm'd, & Diſcord daſht.
For, by this knot many great Plots are quaſht.
At *Fountain-bleau* (a Paradiſe for ſite)
Shee brought him forth his *Dolphin*, his delight,
Whoſe tender youth gives happy hopes of Worth;
One Daughter alſo did ſhee there bring forth,
And two Sons more (Supporters of the Crowne:
Two Daughters more, *Paris* for birth doth owne.

His Clemency hath conquered Rebels rage,
Made of diſ-loyall, loyall Vaſſalage;
Yea forced Wils by Pardons and by Grace,
The proof whereof is writ in every place; (ſmall;
Through all the Townes of *France* both great and
Where, for Revenge, Reward was daign'd to all.
Once, only once, his Mercy admirable,
Was deafe to *Biron*, and inexorable;
Sith when he might, his hault deſpite would none.
I wonder not to ſee that *Myridon*,
In the *Baſtile*, a ſhamefull death to beare:
But this I wonder, that hee would come there.
O factious ſp'rits, of cloſe deep hearts & double
(Whoſe Life is ſtrife, whoſe Reſt is beſt in trouble,
He knowes the drifts, & known diſſolves the ſame,
As faſt as fire melts Lead within the flame.
His voice alone, as Duſt caſt up aloft,
Breakes Hornets buzzing, and their ſwarming; oft:
Diſcord, diſturbing holy Churches reſt,
Twixt *Rome* and *Venice* did debates ſuggeſt:
Ambition ſet-in foote, fore-ſweld with hope;
To bridle both the Senat and the *Pope*;
Both preſt to fight: his Prudence reconcil'd
Their Difference, and did their mindes re-mild.
Hee reliſht now the harmleſſe Sweets of Peace,
Willing his People ſhould partake no leſſe;
But yet ſome-where hee feels a Thorne to prick:
To pluck it out, hee armes and marches quick,
Even to the Frontier: There attains his will,
Wiſdome (ſo) fitly takes her Seaſon ſtill.
You nations, that for fourty yeers have ſeen
Bellona's Tempeſts, and felt *Mars* his Teen;
That for your Liberties have pawn'd your Lives:
If freely now you joy your Wealth, your Wives:
If now your Trades into the Eaſt you bring,
(Under Heav'ns Kingdom) only thank this King.
Thus heapt with honors, this brave King is loth
That his brave Knights effemini'z'd by Sloth,
'Mid Games and Dames, during ſo long a Peace,
Should ſtill lie ſtill in Cities pomp and eaſe:
Therefore hee rears an Army ſtrongly dight,
In *Gulich's* Claim, his wronged friends to right.
A noble Prince, whoſe Prow's and Prudence, late
Buda admir'd, and *Rome* hath wondred at
(The Honour of his Time) was Generall;
So ſtor'd with gold, with Guns, with Arms, with all,
That neighbour Princes all were in alarm: (ſtarm.
Yet Them this Thunder brought more feare than
Fearleſs it marches; and reſpectleſſe, threats
What-ever Log its ready Paſſage lets;
Geſture and voice already skirmiſhing,
And under conduct of ſo brave a King,
Great-Britans, *Germans*, *Switzers*, *Belgians*,
Serve all the Greatneſſe of the Crown of *France*.
Els-wher, the while, the Duke that rules the *Alps*,
Seem'd t' have his heart no more beyond the *Calps*;
Brave noble heart, *Saxonically-French*.
Fuentez, affraid, with ſhoulder-ſhrinking wrench,
Doubts leſt that *Milan* ſtoop to *France* again;
And *Charles* provoked prove the Scourge of *Spain*,
Heav'ns now, to crown his *Tropheis*, had ſet down,
That at Saint *Denis* hee his Queen ſhould Crown
With royall Diadem; and in one Day
The State, the Majeſty of *France* diſplay.

Nothing

Nothing but Great; but great Magnificence;
But, *Maries* Grace excell'd all Excellence.

HEnce, hence false Pleasures, momentary Joyes;
Mock us no more with your illuding Toyes:
A strange Mis-hap, hatched in Hell below,
Hath plung'd us all in deepest Gulfe of Woe,
Taught us that all Worlds-hopes as dreams doe fly,
And made us all, Cry *All is Vanity*. (rode
Four houres from Noone, forth from the *Louure*
This mighty Prince (without his Gard) abroad,
To see his Arcenall: To his Caroche,
In a strait Lane, a Hell-hound durst approch;
And with a knife, twice stabbing kill'd him quite,
Turning that fairest Day to foulest Night.
Twice did the Monster stab: for else, the first
Had not been mortall, but the knife, accurst,
Thrilling his Lungs, cut at the second stroake
Th' *arterial vein*, whose blood-floud soon did choak
The peerlesse Prince; His dying Eyes and Heart
Imploring Heav'n, soon did his Soule depart.
Fell Tyger, tell us, tell us why, or whence,
Thou durst (accurst) assault so great a Prince?
Wherein had hee to thee or thine done wrong?
Whē once (yer this) thou didst too neer him throng,
His Gard rebuk't thee; but, hee them, for that.
Caus'd that *Thy Malice*, and his Murd'rous fate?
Fates ruthlesse Law allots his royall brest
To die the death that CÆSAR thought the best;
Death without sense of death, a death so quick,
It seldome leaves Kings leasure to be sick;
Nor gives him leave for his sixt *Decads* date
To fill the Roule; but seven six months did bate.
Hee, hee that was the hope, the prop of his,
Hee that restored *France* to what it is,
Hee that confin'd the pow'r of Princes still,
Hee that commanded *Victory* at will,
That was the Worlds delight, Kings glory sheen,
Hee, he receives Deaths treacherous stroak unseen.
Th' unhappy street where this fell Hap fell-out,
Where wofull *Paris* saw her light put-out,
Where curséd Iron pearc't her Princes heart,
It shall no more be clept *The Iron-mart*:
It shall be call'd *The cursed Cornet* still;
The Hag-street, or *the Hell-street*, which you will.
Lord! where were thou, whē that disloyal wretch
With cruell hand did thine Annointed reach;
Quenching the Raies of royall Majesty?
No heart is hid from thine All-pearcing Eye,
It sees the center, knows the thoughts, yer thought;
Could it see this, and suffer it be wrought?
Hell oft before, out of his black *Abyss*,
Had spew'd up Monsters to have acted this:
But, still thy hand from former wounds did ward.
And had hee not still trusted to thy Gard,
His owne had waited round about his Coach,
And this fell Tyger never should approach.
These words, these rasher words escapt my tong;
When I beheld that Monarch laid along
Dead on his Bed; so dead, so butchered:
I blamed Heav'ns, and Whispering soft, I said,
Because they stopt not this strange Hap before,
Their slūbring eyes now watch the world no more.
But, are mine eyes mine own? Is this that Prince
Which might have made all *Europe* his, long since,
Had hee not thought th' Empire of *France* enough?
That Lion-heart, that courage Cannon-proofe,
Which did so oft impossibles atchieve?
I see tis hee: yet scarce my sight beleeve.
Is this that mighty King, Gods lively Image,
To whom the greatest in the World did Homage?
In Peace a Dove, in War an Eagle quick,
NESTOR in Court, in Camp ACHILLES-like;
That with an hundred horse, a thousand foil'd:
That from most dangers never yet recoyl'd.
Great *Rome* was strangely maz'd and all a-mort,
When Shee beheld her CÆSAR's bloody shirt:
And say, Great City, how wert thou dismaid,
When first thou saw'st thine HENRY sadly laid
Along his Coach, and covered with a Cloak?
" *I thought the prop of all my Fortunes broke.* yer)
Those that have seen in Towns surpriz'd (while-
When to the Churches All have fled for feare,
May well imagine *Paris* deep affright.
Nothing but shivering Nobles armed bright,
Clergie at Prayers, People weep and howle:
And HENRY's wound hath wounded every Soule.
Paris in honour of her Peerless Queen,
Had plotted Showes (more Pompous never seen)
As, rich to th' outward, rare to th' inward sense;
But, all those Arches (Marks of magnificence),
Those *Trapheis*, *Terms*, *Statues*, *Colosses* all,
Make but more Mourners at the Funerall,
I yeeld: My Pensil: help *Apelles*, heer,
To Limn (to life) Her dying-living Cheere,
Beliefe is hardly in Mans heart impresst,
Her Griefe more hard to be by Art expresst.
Therfore O Queen! great Stay, great Star of *France*,
This Vaile I draw before thy Countenance.
Heav'n steel'd thy heart with fortitude that Day,
Thy Courage kept the Kingdome from Decay;
And to the Throne thy Son our Soveraign heft:
Though angry Fates of Father him bereft,
Yet mercifull, they left him such a Mother,
That *France* could hardly have been rul'd by other.
The sudden Clap of this drad Thunder sounds,
From *Alexander*'s to *Alcides* bounds:
The Kings and Princes stand amazed all,
With horror of an Act so Tragicall:
Some, Rest forsake; others, Repast forbeare:
And Each, like Fortune to himselfe doth feare.
So suddenly to see Day turn'd to Night,
Triumphant Palmes into *Funerall* Plight,
The Royall Crown to a deep mourning Vale,
A living King, to a dead Corps and pale,
Our Flow'rs to Thornes; seem Tricks of Sorcery,
Wherein, Conceit consents not with our Eye.
Yes, hee is dead: and his eye-lids no more
To view this Light shall open (as before);
Those lovely eyes, the Load-stars of the Court,
Whose gracious glances, on the Worthy sort,
Gave Vertue vigour; and whose awfull frowne
Dis-dared Vice; are now Eclipst and downe.
Where are those ready Battell-ranging Hands?
Those lightning eyes whose wrath no wall with-
That voice so dreadful to the stoutest harts? (stands?
That heart wch wrought so many wondrous parts?

That

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That piercing Wit, disperſing Clouds of Doubt?
Where is that mighty King, to Fam'd about?
Inexorable *Death!* inhumane, cruell,
Thou ſhalt no more reave us ſo rare a Jewell;
Nature hath broke the Mould ſhee made him in.
In all thy *Triumph* (trayling every Kin)
Shall never march his Match, nor worthier Prince
T'have been exempted from thine Inſolence.
Ah! poore, weak *Vertue*, zealous Love of Thee,
Prolongs not Life, protracts not Death (I ſee). (ple,
This Prince that gave Thee even his heart for Tem-
This Prince, whoſe reign ſhal ſerve for rare exemple
To future Kings, in future things diſ-maid,
Should have come ſooner, or have later ſtayd.
His piety, was neither Fond, nor fain'd;
His Proweſſe, neither feare nor raſhneſſe ſtain'd;
His Prudence cleer'd his Counſels, ſteer'd his State;
His Temperance his Wrath did temperate;
His Juſtice with his Clemencie did yoake:
Yet could not all free him from fatall ſtroake.
Invincible in all: only, the Darts,
Which have not ſpar'd the Gods immortall hearts,
Have often batterd His: but (by your leaves,
O faireſt beauties! *Beauty is ſelfe deceives*).
You never were the Soveraigns of his breſt:
Hee Yeu (perhaps) You never him poſſeſt.
In *Arms* & *Art*, what he knew not, none can know't,
Neither attempt what hee attempted not.
Reaſon was aye the Aime of his deſignes;
His brave exploits (worthie immortall lines)
Shall furniſh Theam to Thouſand learned Clarks,
Whoſe Works ſhall honour him, hee more their
His *Royall Geſts* are every-where extold, (works.
Graven, Carv'd, Caſt, in Marble, Wood, and Gold;
His Life alone's an Hiſtory admir'd,
Wherein all Pens, all Pencills ſhall be tir'd,
In pourtraying all his valiant Feats to-forn,
Whoſe Tables ever ſhall all Courts adorn.
His *Bounties* Temple had a hard Acceſſe,
Not known to any, but to *Worthineſſe*:
That Gate (indeed) did ſeldome open quick.
His *Liberality* (coy beauty-like)
Lov'd to be woo'd, preſt and importun'd ſtill;
Yea, forc't to give, what glad and fain ſhee will.
Yet, by th' effects to weigh his Clemency,
Mee thinks his heart muſt more than humane be,
Mee thinks therein ſome higher Power did ſhine,
It ſurely ſeem'd celeſtiall and divine:
And but I ſaw him dying, pale and wan,
I could have ſcarce beleev'd this Prince a man.
Hee ever lov'd rather to ſave than ſpill,
Not cementing his Throne with Blood, with Ill;
Nor ween'd, by Feare, his Diadem aſſur'd;
With mildneſſe rather grieved minds hee cur'd:
His memory did never wrongs retain;
Beloved Kings, Hee thought, ſecureſt reign.
Praiſe you his bounty, you that paſt the Poles,
Beare Heav'ns Embaſſage to Belief-leſs Soules:
Henry reſtor'd your Countrey and your Credit,
Hee gave you leave over all *France* to ſpread it;
Reſtor'd you *Byzance*, and each pleaſant part,
Left you his Court, bequeath'd to you his heart.
If *France* now flouriſh, proyning, round about,
Olives within, and Lawrels all without,
If now, Shee give the Law to other States,
If Peace and Plenty raigne within her Gates,
If now Shee feare no Civill ſtorms again,
Theſe are the fruits of this Great *Henry's* raign.
If now her Schooles with learned men abound,
If her rare wits be through the World renownd,
If doubts of Faith be cleered and explor'd,
If Learning be to her due Place reſtor'd,
If now Deſert the Charge in Church attain,
Theſe are the fruits of this Great *Henry's* raign.
If now her Buildings paſſe for beauty far
The worlds old Wonders (which ſo famous are)
If *Paris* Thou be peerleſſe to behold,
For State, for Store, for people, Goods and Gold,
If in thy Citie, Cities ſprout again,
Theſe are the fruits of this Great *Henry's* raign.
If the *French* Scepter be now Self-entire,
Fearleſſe of Fortain or Domeſtick fire:
If *France* have fellowes of *Achilles* Fame;
If now in *France* be nothing out of frame,
If now the *Indies* her *Baſtile* containe;
Theſe are the fruits of this Great *Henry's* raign.
If now wee joy to ſee our Countrey free
From Theeves and Rebels (which exiled be):
If Juſtice now doe keep the lewd in awe,
If Deſperate Duels be now curb'd by Law,
If now the Weak waigh not the Strongs diſdain,
Theſe are the fruits of this Great *Henry's* raign.
If Merchants rich, if Magiſtrates be ſound,
If Officers like Emperours abound,
If Purſie Lawyers live Prince-like at home,
If now inventions to their height be come,
If now good wits find where them to ſuſtain,
Theſe are the fruits of this Great *Henry's* raign.
Who lov'd not Him, never beheld his browes,
Who knew his fortunes, muſt admire his Prowes,
Who feard him not, his Greatneſſe did offend,
Who weend him to beguile, his Wiſdome kend:
Who durſt diſpleaſe him, knew his mercies ſtore;
Who durſt not ſpeake, his mildneſſe did ignore.
Who waileth not his Death, knew not his Life,
Glory of his, and Others envie rife,
Incomparable, Admirable Prince,
Excelling all th' old *Heroes* excellence.
For, his true Story ſhall their fables ſhame:
Inimitable Life, Illimitable Fame.
O *French-men*, ſtop not yet your weeping flood:
This Prince for you hath laviſht oft his blood.
O! be not niggards of your Tears expence.
(Vaile heer, my Verſe, do ANNE a reverence.
Rare ANNE that ſhames the rareſt wits of Ours,
Her divine Stances furniſh mee theſe Flowers).
The Heav'ns may give us all Proſperities,
Suſtain our State, remove our miſeries;
But cannot dry up our Tears bitter ſtreame:
In extreme evils remedies extreme.
Reſtore our King, quick ſhall our joyes recover:
Elſe, never look our Sorrowes ſhould give-over.
Each where our grief finds matter to augment it,
His Names remembrance doth each-where preſent it
His famous Geſts doe buſie every ſort,
Some tell his Warres, others his Works report.
Others his Favours paſt, glad-ſad deplore;
Then, not to mourn, is not to mind him more.

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Ah! must wee live, and see so sudden dead
The Life that late our lives inspirited?
Strike saile my soule, let's put into thy Port,
While HENRY liv'd 'twas good to live (in sort):
But let us after: sith hee's reft of breath,
Desire of Life is now far worse than Death.
Sorrow, with us doth both lye downe and rise,
Wrinkles our Brows, withers our Cheeks & Eyes:
Wee shun what ever might our Griefs allay,
Wee wish the Night, w' are weary of the Day,
Night brings sad silence with her horrid Shade,
And even her colour seems for mourning made.
Extremest Woes yet are with Time ore-past,
Rivers of Tears are dryed-up at last:
But never Ours; Our, ever fresh shall flow:
Wee defie Comforts, Wee 'll admit no moe,
Nor seek them, but as *Alchimy* profound
Seekes that which is not, or which is not found,
Who, from the Ocean, Motion can recall,
Heat from Fire, Void from Air, Order from All,
From Lines their Points, from IRIS all her Dyes,
Perils from Seas, from Numbers Unities,
Shadowes from Bodies, Angles from the Square,
May free our harts from grief, our minds from care.
Hee must be heart-lesse that is smart-lesse found:
The Soule that is not wounded with this wound,
Most brutish, hath no humane Reason in't:
There is no breast of Steel, no heart of Flint,
But must be-moan so great a King, so slain.
Who would not waile a Gally-slave so ta'n?
Let us no more name HENRIES, Kings of *France*,
Death w^th two knives, & with one shiver'd Lance,
Hath kill'd three HENRY's: one at Jousts (in jest):
Th' other in's Closet: in's Caroche, the best:
So, Three King RICHARDS, and five Other, cry,
Some fatall Secret in som Names doth lye.
What worse Disastre can you have behind,
To threaten *France*? O Destinies unkinde!
What greater Mischief can your Malice bring?
So good a Father reft, so great a King?
What will you more? sith wee no more can hope
For any Good that with this Ill may cope.
This noble Spirit doth to his Spring re-mount,
This bounties Flood retireth to his Fount,
This Atomie to's Unity unites,
This star returns to the first Light of Lights,
This Ray reverts where first it light did take:
And mortall wounds, this Prince immortall make.
Fare-well sole Honour of all earthly Kings,
Fare-well rare Prince for all kind Managings,
Fare-well Great HENRY, heav'ns & Natures Gem,
Fare-well bright Star of Kings, glories great Beam,
Fare-well sole Mortall that I keep in mind:
Fare-well false Hope, fortune and Court unkinde.

Heer, lest Oblivion should usurpe her roome,
FAME writes in Gold, these Lines upon thy Toomb.

This prince, un-peerd for Clemency and Courage,
Justly Sur-nam'd the Great, the Good, the Wise,
Mirrour of Future, Miracle of Fore-Age;
One short Mis-hap for ever Happifies.

FINIS.

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THE BATTAIL OF YURY:

OR

THE BREAK-NECK

OF

The Helliſh-Holy League;

IN

That famous Victorie

Wonne

By HENRY the Great;

Written

By Du *BARTAS*:

Tranſlated; & *Dedicated*

TO

The Right Honourable,

RICHARD,

EARLE of *DORSET*,

By JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARLE OF DORSET.

AS *th' awefull* Child, *that long hath* truanted,
Dares not returne unto the Schoole, *alone*;
For Shame *and* Feare *to be there discipled*
With many stripes for many Faults in One:
So *fares* (*my Lord*) *My long* Omission
Of th' humble Thanks *I ought have* tendered
For kinde Endeavours *You bestow'd upon*
My Right, *my* Wrong *to have* recovered.
And, as (*in fine*) *Hee brings his* Mother *forth*
To beg Forgiveneſs, *or his Fault to 'ſcuſe*:
So bring I heer my deer Du BARTAS *Worth*,
To mediate for my too-faulty Muſe;
Whom daign to pardon: *and in gentle Part*
Accept *This laſt of* His, *not leaſt in* Art.

Your Lordſhips

moſt Obliged,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

Ad eundem

Comitem Illuſtriſsimum

(Nuper ex Galliis reducem)

EPIGRAMMA

Ex Lat. I.O.

AYr's Change hath changed (which but rare doth chance)
Your *good* to *beſt*: in *Science* and in *Senſe*.
Wiſer and *better*, both; and *Both*, from FRANCE:
Welcom, Great Earle: few are ſo *Well com* Thence.

Ejuſdem
Clariſsimi,
ANAGRAMMATA:
Clarus, Divis Charus;
Richardus Sacvilus.
Is Clarus, diu Charus.

Exoptat J.S.

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THE BATTAIL OF YURY.

O! What a Sun-ſhine gilds us round-about!
O! What a *Hymn* of *Triumph* troule they out,
In all our *Temples!* O! What cheerfull noyſe!
What *Bels!* What *Bonfires!* O! What *Publike Joys!*
The day is Ours: and on the *Leaguers* head,
The angry Heav'ns have their juſt *Vengeance* ſhed.
Be ſmooth, my *Browes*; and You my throbbing
(Long, deeply ſunk in *ſorrows* ſable vaults) (*thoughts*
Soar-up to Heav'n: You *Siſters Three-fold-Three*,
Who of late Years have ſcarce vouchſafed Mee
To wet my lips: Now ſweetly ſteep my Tongue
In your beſt Syrups: poure, upon *This Song*,
A deaw of Gold, a May of learned Flowers.
Let not mine eys, blubber'd with private Showres,
Croſs publike Glee: nor (ſilent) mee conceale,
While others ſing, *Theſe Tropheis* of our Weale.
Ah! now begins my rapted Brain to boyle
With brave Invention: Now's the fitteſt while
For my Career. Others may hold their tongue;
But hardly can great Joyes be hidden long.
But now; How, Where, of What ſhall I begin
This gold-grownd Web to weave, to warp, to ſpin?
For, heer I liſt not, in theſe leaves, my Lord,
The famous Facts of thy firſt Arms record:
So many, and ſo numb'ry Armies ſcatter'd,
So many Towns defenc't, ſo many batter'd
By thy young Valour. Neither ſhall my Pen
Re-purple *Liſle*; nor with dead Greaſe agen
Re-ſoile the Soile at *Courtras*: neither (dread)
Heer reave again thy ragefull Foes of Head.
Nor ſhall my Muſe relate, how that yer-while
(Abuſing *King's* and *Church's* ſacred ſtile)
All *Europe* nigh (all ſorts of *Rights* reneg'd)
Againſt the *Truth* and *Thee, un-holy Leagu'd*;
While thou (a Prince, not having Men, nor Treaſure
But poor, in All; ſave rich in Hope paſt meaſure)
Reſembleſt right one of thy Hils in *Foix*,
Which ſtands all Storms, firm'd by it ſelfs ſad poiz,
Boldly beholds the frowning Upper-Stage,
Diſdaining Winds, deriding Weathers rage:
And with his brows cleaving the proudeſt thunder,
With knobbed knees ſtill keeps it bravely under.
Nor may I now our thoughts cleer Heav'n ore-caſt,
With Cloudy Theam of miſeries fore-paſt.
Nor cruelly begin again to launce
New-skinned wounds, to the new griefe of *France*.
Sing others thoſe: Me ſhall ſuffice to ſing, (*King*,
That in few Months, ſince Thou wert heer *Our*
Thy valiant hand hath more ſtrong places won
Than Both the Sides in thirty yeers have done.
Though Swarms beſieg'd, in number did ſurmount
Beſieging Troops, in ſo unequall count,
That oft there ſeem'd of foes more troops (almoſt)
Than ſingle Souldiers in thy Royall Hoſt.
Thou ſeem'ſt a lightning, and thy nimble Bands
Follow thy Will rather with wings, than hands;
And impt with plumes of Honour-thirſting minds,
Are bravely born with thy *good-fortunes* winds:
Thou *cam'ſt*, *ſaw'ſt*, *overcam'ſt*, as ſwift well-neer
As theſe ſwift Words I have digeſted heer:
Only, neer *Arques*, for few daies, the Foe
Thine Expeditions ſom-what doth fore-ſlowe:
But as a Torrent, whoſe proud ſtream for ſtop,
Hath the thick height of ſom new Cauſwaies top;
The Bottom undermines, beats on the ſhore,
And ſtill (in vain) adds Forces more and more,
Till, at the laſt, aided with Showres and Snowes,
Fell, foaming, lowd, his Priſon over-throwes,
Tears bridges down, bears away Mounds and Mills,
And having won the Valleys, threats the Hils;
Swels as a Sea, and in his furious Pother
Takes Land from ſom, and giveth more to other:
So thou re-camp'ſt, runn'ſt, ruſheſt, ruineſt
Holds, Houſes, Towns, and never doſt thou reſt,
Till rebell *Paris*, pale for guilty feare,
Behold thy Face with too-juſt Fury there,
In her vaſt Suburbs; Suburbs flanked ſtrong;
Suburbs, whoſe ſtreets w^th^ ſouldiers thickly throng:
Thou tak'ſt *Eſtamps*: and loſing ſcarce a man,
Thy martiall Troops ingratefull *Vandoſme* wan.
Mans is aſſail'd, and ta'n; *Falaiſe*, *Eureux*:
Maine followes thoſe; and after that *Lizieux*,
And *Honfleur* too, ſtoop to thy *Sacred Flowers*.
And now began thy Sulphury Thunder-ſtowers

To batter *Dreux*: when as the *Leaguers* Chief,
Puft with ſom new Supplies, and freſh Relief,
From fatall *Philip* (who right Foxy-wiſe,
Wide yawning ſtill after ſo rich a prize;
Ambitious waits, nor wiſhes nothing more,
Than that our *Great* each other enter-gore,
In Civill Rage; that at the eaſier rate,
Himſelfe may ſnatch the Price of their debate)
Drawes neer thine Hoſt. Then thou, whoſe fear was
Leſt Hee too-fear'd thee, fained'ſt a Retreat, (great
Seem'ſt loth to fight, ſeem'ſt thy hault heat to ſlack:
And to leap further, ſtepſt a little back.
Thou ſtopſt, He flies; Thou follow'ſt, then he ſtands:
And now, both Sides for Battell range their Bands:
They ſeem two Forreſts: every Chief, apart,
Darrains his Troops with order, ſpeed and art.
The Lightning-flaſh from ſwords, casks, courtilaces,
W^th quiv'ring beãs begilds the neighbour graſſes;
As th' Hoſt of Stars, which ſhine above ſo bright,
Beſpangles rich the Mantle of the Night.
The Souldier now looks ſterner than of long;
Rage in his eyes, fell out-rage on his tongue,
Iron on his back, Steel in his hand: and fell
Erynnis makes in *Yury* Fields her Hell. (pets noiſe,
There's nothing heard but Drums, Fifes, Trum-
But ſharp ſhril neighs, but dreadful Tempeſts voice.
Terror and Horror over all are ſpread;
Horror's there lovely, and there ſweet is Dread:
Already fight they with their voice and geſt:
Already Horſemen couch their ſtaves in reſt;
Much like a Lyon, meeting hand to hand,
Some Savage Bull upon the Deſart ſand;
Th' one with wide noſtrils, foming wrathful heat,
With lowd proud bellows, w^th a thundrous threat
Defies his Foe; toſſes his head on high, (ſky:
Wounds with his hooves the Earth, with horns the
Th' other, as furious from as fiery Throat
Roaring, replies him with more hideous note;
Under his horrid Front, in ghaſtly-wiſe
Hee roules the Brands of his fierce flaſhing Eyes;
Rearing his Creſt, he rears his courage ſtout,
And whets his rage, whisking his train about.
The Canon's prim'd, diſcharg'd, hand ſtroaks begin:
Friends, fellows, neighbours, brothers, coſins, kin,
Loſe all reſpects; ſave onely where they may,
Deep, deadly Wounds, worthy their rage, repay.
But, North-weſt winde, under the weeping *Kid*,
Never ſo thick his volleys racqueted,
Of bounding Balls of Ice-pearl ſlippery ſhining,
On thoſe high hils my *Gaſcony* confining,
As heer rain Bodies, heer haile lumps of Lead,
Making a Flood of Blood; a mount of dead.
Torn Limbs, toſt Truncheons, Shiver, Fire & ſmoak,
As with thick clouds, both Armies round becloak:
Th' Earth quakes for fear, the Air recoyleth quick,
And *Pluto*'s ſelfe ſeems to look pale and ſick.
This Side advances now, and now retreats:
That, loſt but now; and now the better gets.
For, yet (Jove's iſſue) *Victory* (begirt
With Sword by ſide, and Trump behind, athwart;
Her head w^th crowns, her hands w^th ſcepters fraught
Her coſtly Robe with many Conqueſts wrought,
Flouriſht with Palms, figur'd with Towns about,
Embroſt with Enſignes, with Aſſaults ſet-out)
Flyes to and fro; from Camp to Camp ſhee plies,
And in her hand ſhee leads triumphant-wiſe
Sweet-rapting *Glory*, full of Cheerefull grace,
To either ſide ſhewing her lovely Face.
O Sons of *Mars*! which, which of you this day,
As worthy Spouſe, ſhall beare, for Bride, away
This Beautious Love? Who by her ſide ſhall lie?
Who, of her kiſſe the balmie Bliſs ſhall try?
Thrice happy hee: him ſhall the Kings adore:
Him ſhall the Nobles humbly bow before:
Him ſhall the Vulgar (as a Sea it were)
Follow, and flock about: and every-where
His famous Face ſhall ſet a-work the chiefe
Of Penſils, Gravers, Chiſels, Moulds: in briefe,
Hee ſhall be *Summe* of an admired Story;
And every Age ſhall celebrate his glory:
His high renowne ſhall only bounded bee
With the World's bounds, and with Eternity.
Thus having ſaid, into their breaſts ſhee blew
No common Heat, but Fits of Fury new:
Heer Number wins, there Courage, and there Art:
And yet *Good-fortune* fals to Either part:
As when the ſpitefull ſullen Earth hath meant
War with the Floods, war with the Firmament,
Sh' incites, inflames, ſets-on, in new-found-Duel,
Ice-bearded *Boreas*, Storm-arm'd *Auſter* cruell;
Floods float uncertain, and the Clouds doe vary
Whither it pleaſes either Blaſt to carry:
Till th' one at laſt, the other conquering,
Become Air's Tyrant, and the Water's King.
But, lo My Liege: O Courage! there hee comes:
What Ray of Honour round about him looms?
O! what new beams from his bright eys do glance!
O Princely Port! Preſagefull Conntenance
Of Hap at hand! Hee doth not nicely prank
In clinquant Pomp (as ſom of meaneſt Rank)
But arm'd in Steel; that bright abilliment
Is his rich *Valours* ſole rich Ornament.
Steel was his Cradle, under ſteel hee dight
His Chin with Doun, in Steel begins it white:
And yet, by Steel he conquers, bravely-bold, (gold.
Towns, Cities, States, Crowns, Scepters, goods and
Yet, void of Mark, Hee doth not hide him quite
Amid the Throng: a Plume dread-dancing light
Beclowds his Cask, and like a Willow ſhowes;
Which, prun'd below, cloſe by a River gowes;
And hath no ſooner Heav'ns calm favour loſt,
But inſtantly his Tops green Tuff is toſt,
Now up, now down, & waves (as pleaſe the Wind)
Now to, now fro; now forward, now behind,
Thus (to be known) Invincible by Force,
Hee, with ſix hundred, charg'd ſix thouſand Horſe.
The firſt that felt his Arm and Fauchin keen,
Was blindly bold, a Warriour that did ween
Himſelf as ſtout, as ſtrong; as ſtrong, as great;
And, daring ſo, undaunted *Henry* met;
Who offers preſt his Piſtol in his Face,
Which would not off, although it fir'd a ſpace. (He,
Whence ſomwhat mov'd, with angry voyce, quoth
Hence, guileſull Arms: the glittring Sword for Me:
And draws withall; then nimbly toſſing light
The flaſhing Horror of his Fauchin bright
(Like an *Autumnall* ruddy ſtreaming Star
Preſaging Famine, Peſtilence and War)

Copes

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Copes with his Foe, th'Aſſailant hee aſſaults,
And reſolute obſerves his Arms defaults:
At laſt, betwixt his Breſt-plate and his Baſes,
Seeks for his ſoule, there findes, & thence it chaſes.
Goe, happy Sovle, goe tell the news beneath,
How thou wert honour'd to have had thy death
By th' onely hand of th' *Hercules* of *France*,
Th' invincible (for, ſuch a death, perchance,
Shall more extoll thy famous Memory,
Than to have won ſome other *Victory*):
Say, heer revives a *Martel*, Foes to maul;
And that *Orlando* rules again in *Gaul*.
But, Thou go'ſt not alone: this deadly Fray
Thou but beginn'ſt, as Prologue of his Play.
Hee deals about as many Deaths as Blowes:
Hee hacks, heaws, hurts all; all hee overthrowes,
Swifter than winde, or Cannon-ſhot, or Thunder,
Trees, towns, & towers, turns up, beats down, brings
One place, one puſh, one deed, one death one (under.
Cannot ſuffice, nor his brave Fury bound: (wound,
Hee layes on all; and fiery-fierce, and ſtour,
A hundred wayes croſs-carves the Field about;
All fall, in fine, but fall not all alike: (ſtrike.
Some did hee thrill, ſome thwart, ſome down-right
But, as a Lion in *Numidian* Field,
Feeding awhile on trembling Heards that yeeld;
If ſo hee ear a Bears noyſe neer about,
Rearing his Eares and Creſt, hee roareth-out;
Leaves lambs, kids, kine; glad hee incountred hath
An Object worthier of his noble Wrath:
My match-leſs Prince, diſcrying *Duke De Mayne*;
Spares vulgar blood, and ſpeeds to him amain;
Through thickeſt troops of ſtouteſt men at-arms;
Through horſe & foot, through ſhot, pikes, enſignes,
Incounters him: on him his load hee layes; (arms,
And round about on every ſide aſſayes,
Under his arms, to ſeek in every part
The heart which onely gave the *Leaguers* heart.
But, dreading his diſdain, *De-Mayne* with-drew
And all his Hopes, ſo ſudden daſht, did rue:
Bluſht at his paſt Bliſs, full of carefull toile,
Loathing the Field, new witneſſe of his Foile.
Now *Yury* out of ſight, hee *Mante* approches:
His weary horſe, his weary rowell broches,
Untill, broak-winded, creſt-faln, ſweaty-ſwelted,
And all his greaſe in and without him melted,
Lolling his eares, hanging his head and neck,
For ſpur hee ſtirs no more, than ſtock or ſtick.
O, noble *Duke*! O wherefore flyeſt thou?
What *Panik* Terror daunts thy Valour now?
Thy conſtant Face what paints with pale affright?
Alas! thou lack'ſt not Courage heer, but Right.
The cauſe confounds thee; *Charles*, yet ſtay & ſtand
To *Henry*'s mercy; humbly kiſs his hand.
If red Revenge, for thy dead Brethrens chance,
Made thee take Arms: what's that (alas!) to *France*?
What, to this King? whoſe heart & hands are known
From both their bloods as cleer as are thine own.
If't were Ambition, mought'ſt thou not expect
From him, that knowes how Vertue to reſpect,
And can, as King, magnifikly advance
His faithfull Servants: and the Friends of *France*,
More honour and reward, than from the rude
Poore, giddy, groſſe, ingratefull Multitude;
Of many Heads, of more than many Mindes,
Leaking in every Storm, led with all Winds;
Who pay with Death, or Exile (at the beſt)
Their *Dions*, *Phocions*, *Camils*, and the reſt:
Whoſe rule is Rage; Who (Ivie-like) in time
Decay the Tower whereby themſelves did clime?
If it were Feare to finde his favours gate
Now barr'd too-faſt for thee to enter at;
O 'twas there ever known more gracious King,
Forgetting Ill-turnes; Good remembering!
Hee rather would, by Benefits, than Blowes,
Reduce his Rebels. When his Fury glowes,
'Tis but as Straw-fire: while hee ſtrikes, he ſighes;
And (for the moſt part) from his Enemies
Drawes not more blood, than tender tears withall
From his owne Eyes: His Spirit 's voyd of Gall
(Peculiar Gift, hereditary Grace,
The heav'ns have given unto the *Bourbons* Race):
And never did the all-diſcerning Sun,
Which daily once about the World doth run,
Behold a Prince religiouſly more loth
To ſhake, for ought, his honour-binding Oath.
Offer my Liege the *Germain* Emperie,
Spain's Diadem, the *Turks Grand-Signiorie*,
Yea, make him *Monarch* of the World, by wile;
Hee 'll ſpurn all Scepters yer his faith hee file.
But, 'tis (ſaiſt thou) for the *Faith Catholike*.
Why? who commands in matters Politike?
Who in his Camp? but ſuch as more than thou
With Tooth and Naile, *Romes Vatican* avow?
Serves not his Name for Refuge, every-where
Securing Prieſthoood from all Force and Fear?
No *Athëiſme*, Hee, nor *Superſtition* ſents,
Hee's a right *Chriſtian* and religious Prince.
Hee firm beleeves, that God's *reformed* Awe,
Hee from his Cradle, with his milk did draw:
Yet, is not partiall, nor prejudicate.
And, if the *Church*, now neerly ruinate,
By our profane hands, our ſtrife-ſtirring Quils,
May ever loook for a Redreſs of Ills;
If it may ever hope to reprocure
A holy and a happy *Peace*, to dure;
It ſhall be, doubtleſs, under ſuch a Prince,
So free from Paſſions blinded Vehemence.
Back to the Battell, *Muſe*, now caſt about:
Ah! there they flee there all are in a Rout:
All 's full of Horrour; full of Ruth and Fear,
Full of diſorder, and Confuſion, there:
There, none obey; there, none at all command;
There, every Souldier makes apart his Band.
The ample Plain is cover'd all about
With casks, ſwords, muskets, pikes; & the moſt ſtout
To darkeſt Groves carry their Deaths conceiv'd,
In deepeſt Holes bury their Deaths receiv'd.
The Victor follows, over-takes anon;
Fears not the way the Flyers fear'd t' have gone.
The moſt hee fears, is, leſt Som 's ſhift-full fear,
Other 's deſpair, finde out for ſafety there,
Som flat, ſom foord, ſom bank, ſom bridg, ſom way,
To paſſe the *Eure*: but, preſſed with diſmay,
All, breath-leſſe panting in a deſperate haſte,
Them heer and there into the River caſt.
Th' immortall *Nymph* NAVONDA, azure-ey'd,
Queen of that cryſtall, and that Currents Guide;

Scar'd

Scar'd with their noise, above the water pushes
Her dropping head, in Caul of weeping Rushes.
O! whence, quoth she, whence coms this iron spawn?
These metal-men? from what mount *Gibel* drawn?
What *Vulcan* gave, what *Myron* lent (I pray)
Steel life, to stir; to Iron breath, to neigh? ship):
Hence, Monsters, hence (wars dreadfull workman-
With bloody deaws your Mother-Earth be-dip;
And let us gently, without stop or stain,
To meet our *Tritons*, roule into the Main.
Her voice doth vanish in so various noise:
This, with his own; That, with his Armors poiz
Sinks instantly: Som have, in stead of graves, (waves:
Nought but their Steeds; their Steeds, no toombs but
Some, more dismai'd, for Skiff their Targets take;
For oars, their arms; their sail, their plumes they make:
But, greedy whirl-pools, ever-wheeling round,
Suck-in, at-once, Oars, Sails, and Ships to ground.
Those that, by chance, scape to the other Shore,
Changing their place, change not their case the more.
Dikes, Bridges broken, Cities, Rampires cast,
Cannot secure their more than headlong haste.
Did any Squadrons dare thy Conqueste croses,
They but increast thine Honour, and their Loss.
Witnesse the Band of *Spanish Belgian* Foes,
Under three Ensignes marching strongly close:
Whom, thou, the fifteenth, charges; beates down
That mighty Body, sudden overthrown;
Even as a Galley, in smooth Sea subdues
The tallest Ship that in *The Streights* doth use:
Or as a Jennet in his nimble Speed
Oft over-turns the strongest German Steed. (ay,
Thou heaw'st, beat'st, breakest down: thou conquer'st
Till dusky Night have robb'd thee quite of Day;
And death, of Foes. Th' *Helvetian* Bands alone,
Loth to disgrace their ancient Valour known,
Against the Victor their steel Staves address,
As most courageous in the most distress:
But, soon the Lightning of thy Martiall eyes
Their Diamantine hearts dissolves to yce;
That yce to water, That to Vapour vain:
And those whom death rather than fear could strain,
Those, those that never turn'd their backs at all,
But to wars-*Phœnix*, conquerour of *Gaul*,
Those King-correcting, Tyrant-scourging Braves,
Cast at thy feet their Bodyes and their Staves.
Thou, then, as loth perpetually to brand
People so loyall to the *Lillies* Land,
Calming the rage of thy just hearts disdain,
Their Colours to their Comets giv'st again.
O! proudest *Trophey*, which all *Tropheys* passes!
O Browes, whom *Bayes* eternall tress imbraces!
Invincible! O more than royall breast,
Who, of thy selfe, and *Triumph*, triumphest!
Who pleasest all: with Victory thine Host,
Thy Foes with Grace: both with thy Glory, most.
Earth's Ornament, thou honour of our Times,
Ay on the wings of mine Heroik Rimes,
So brave Exploit be bravely born about:
May all our Commons (commonly too-stout)
Who bred in braules, in Broils, and Insolence,
Stood, as at gaze, distracted in suspence,
Expecting th' Issue of this dreadfull Fight,
Make their due profit, and apply it right.
May now the *Nobles* freely grant, for true,
That the World's Empire to thy worth is due:
That, now they have Wise happy Prince for head:
That by this Battail thou hast rendered
To them their Rank, reveng'd the King deceast,
Restor'd the State, and captive *France* releast.
May now the *Clergie* ingenuously confesse,
God on thy side, giving thy Right Successe;
Crowning thy Vertues, and with sacred Oyle
Of his own spirit annoynting thee the while.
May now (in briefe) all *Frenchmen* say and sing,
Thou art, Thou ought'st, Thou onely canst be King.
But, O! some Gangrene, Plague, or Leprosie,
O'r-spreads us all: a Brand of Mutinie
Burns *France* to ashes. And but thou (unidle)
Bear'st-up so hard this stumbling Kingdoms Bridle;
Our State (yerst honour'd where the Sun doth rise)
Would fly in Sparks, or die in Atomies.
Priests strike the fire, the *Nobles* blow the coale
Of this consumption: *People* (peevish whole)
Pleas'd with the blaze, do, wretched-witched Elves,
For fuell (fooles) cast-in their willing Selves.
O *Clergie* (mindless of your Cure and Coat)
Becoms it you to cut your Princes throat?
To kill your King? who, in the Wombe (of kin
To thousand Kings) that Office did begin:
Who, for your law, your altars, and your honours,
Hath ventur'd oft his blood in many maners:
Who, as devout to *Rome*, as any Man,
Fear'd most your roaring Buls of *Vatican*:
And canonize amid the sacred Roule
Of glorious Saints a Parricidiall Soule,
Whose bloody hand had stabb'd with banefull knife
The Lords Annoynted, and Him reft of life?
Ignoble *Nobles* see you not (alas!)
Your King supplanting, you your Selves abase?
And, while you raze this Royall *Monarchie*,
You madly raise a monstrous *Anarchie*,
A *Chaos* rude; still whetting, day and night,
Against your Selves, the Peoples proud Despite;
Who hate the Vertuous, and have onely hope
T' ensue the *Switzers* too-rebellious Scope?
And thou fond *People*, Who (before a Father,
A wise, just King; a valiant *Monarch*) rather
Tak'st hundred Tyrants; who, with tushes fell,
Will suck thy marrow out, and crack thy shell:
To whom the Gold, from *India*'s bowels brought;
Or 'mid the Sands of shining *Tagus* sought,
Seems not so good, as doth the Gold they fet
From out thy Womb, or what thy tears shall wet.
No, no: the *French*, or Deafe, or Lethargik,
Feele not their danger, though thus deadly Sick:
Or, if they live and feele; they, frantik, arm
Against their Leach that fain would cure their harm,
Applying many sound-sweet Med'cines fit:
But they the more increase their furious Fit:
Yet, Courage HENRY, fix thy thoughts hereon,
Pursue (brave Prince) thy Cure so well begun:
And sith so little, gentle Plaisters thrive,
Let it be lanc't, lay-on the Corrosive:
Choke me this *Hydra* whence such Mōsters sprout,
And with thy Fame fill mee the World about.
Follow thy Fortune: Hills most lofty-browd,
Stoop to thy Steps: swift Rivers, swelling proud,
Dry-up

Dry-up before thee: Armies, full of Boast,
Like Vapours vanish at thy sight, almost.
Yea, at thy Name alone, the strongest Wall,
And massiest Towers shake (as affraid) and fall.
But yet, my Liege, beware how thou expose
Thy blood so oft among thy bloody Foes:
Be not too-lavish of thy Life; but waigh,
That Our *Good-hap* on thine dependeth aye.
But, if thou light regard this low Request
Of *Thy Fames Trumpet*; lift thou *France* (at least)
Presents her to thee: not as once shee was
(When *Baltik* Seas within her bounds did pass:
When *Nile* and *Euphrate*, as her Under-Realms,
Through fruitfull Plains roul'd tributary streams:
When to proud *Spanyards* Shee did Kings allow;
And to her Lawes imperiall *Rome* did bow)
But, lean and lank, bleak, weak, and all too-torn,
And in a Gulfe of miseries forlorn.
Dear Son (saith shee) nay, My Defender rather,
My Staff, my Stay, my second-founding Father;
For Grief, and Fury, I should desperate die,
I should Selfe stab-mee, I should shamefully
Stop mine own breath, to stint these Cares of mine;
Wert thou not Mine (my Liege) were I not thine.
Therefore, deare Spouse, be of thy Life less lavish;
Let not, my Lord, Fames greedy thirst so ravish
Thy dantlesse Courage into Dangers need-less,
Nor, too-too-hardy hazzard thee so heed-lesse.
A brave, great *Monarch* in Youths heat behoves,
Once, twice, or thrice, to shew Courageous proves:
For Prowess is bright *Honours* bravest Gate;
Yea, the first Step, whereby the Fortunate
Climbe *Glorie*'s Mount: and nothing more (in brief)
Fires Souldiers Valour, than a Valiant Chief,
But, afterward, hee must more warie war;
And, with his Wit, ofter than Weapon, far:
His spirits contenting with the pleasing-pain,
Not of a Souldier, but a Soverain.
My Son, too-often hath thine own hand dealt
Too-many blowes, which thousands yerst have felt:
My Liege, too-often hast thou toiled thee
For Honours Prize: brave Prince, My Victory
Not in thine arms strength, but thy yeers length lies;
Thy life, my life; thy death, my death implies.
If thou thy selfe neglect, respect mee though,
At least some Pitie to thy Countrey show.
Weigh, weigh my sad plight, if untimely Death
Should (O, untimely!) reave My *Henry*'s breath:
Even like a widow-Ship, her Pilot lost,
Her Rudder broke, in ragefull Tempest tost
Against the horned Rocks, or horrid Banks,
Hoaring the Shore with her dispersed Planks.
But, if too-much-Heart, of thy life too care-less,
Too-soon expose thee not, to *Sisters*-spareless,
I hope to flourish more than e'r in *Arts*,
Wealth, *Honours*, *Maners*, *Vertues*, *Valiant hearts*,
Religion, *Lawes*; and the just *Raign* (at rest)
In *Happinesse* shall match *Augustus* best.

FINIS.

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SIMILE NON EST IDEM:
Seeming is not the-Same.

OR

All's not Gold that glisters.

A CHARACTER of This Corrupted Time,
Which makes RELIGION but a Cover-Crime.

TO THE WORTHILY-HONORED Sir HENRY BAKER, *Knight-Baronet.*

IT *is better* late, *than* never *to repay*:
Better a little, *than* no Part *at all*:
Take therefore, in good-part, This Part (*though small*)
Of your great Debt: *and pardon my Delay,*
Till (*more mine own*) *with more* Respect, *I may*
In better Measure (*as* I *hope*, I *shall*)
Answer your Merit; *though not answer all*
Your Bounties *Bonds, renewed Day by Day.*
YOU minde your MAKER, in your Dayes of Youth:
You shew us, by your Works, your Faith's *sincerity*:
You are so friendly *to the* Friends *of* Truth,
Your vertuous *Life so proves your Love* to Verity,
That None I *thought, could, with more patient Eye,*
Abide to look on this ANATOMIE.

Your Vertues Humble Honourer,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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SIMILE NON EST IDEM:

Seeming is not the-Same.

OR

All's not Gold that glisters.

1

HOw Times are *chang'd!* and wee *with* Times,
In new, nefarious, various Crimes!
Exceeding all that have preceded,
In *Pride, in Fraud, in Filth, in Force,*
Rape, Treason, Poyson, past Remorse:
Such, as (in Time) will scarce be creeded.

2

O Mindes! O Manners, most absurd!
When (to the Scandall of *The Word*)
The more our Light, the worse our Works:
When *seeming* SAINTS *be* nothing lesse;
And more Profane, who most Professe,
Than *Infidels*, or *Jewes*, or *Turks*.

3

And when, between our *rearing* GIANTS,
That openly, bid Heav'n Defiance,
Heaping-up Hills of wickednesse;
And th' undermining close despights
Of double-hearted *Hypocrites*,
Masking in Hollow-*Holinesse*

4

From Earth are FAITH and TRUTH exil'd;
False *Error* hath all hearts beguil'd.
All-over All ABUSES raign.
Vertue is Vice, Vice Vertue growne,
Justice is justled from her owne:
Honour and *Right* are in disdain.

5

'Tis, to be *Foolish*, To be *Wise*:
With Reason, is against the Guise:
Read they that can my Riddle right.
Christ, Son of Man; and God of *Hosts*,
How-many of Thy *Baptisme*, boasts,
Whose life doth to the death desi't!

6

For, thy Disciples Thee beleeve;
And in thee onely double live;
According to thy GOSPEL's *veritie*;
But, dare wee say, that wee are such;
When now-adayes in Poore or Rich,
Is found nor *Faith*, nor *Hope*, nor *Charitie*.

7

God hath engrav'n in every Soule
A native Law, on *Natures* Roule;
Whereby (alas) Wee stand convict:
And *Precedents* of pious *Zeal*,
Who by their bloods, their hopes did seal,
To double Death condemn us, strict.

8

Wee ought infringe That *Statute* never,
From everlasting firm'd for-ever:
Doe, as Thou would'st be done unto:
Doe not, what Thou would'st not accept:
O pure, plain, gentle, just *Precept!*
Yet This (alas!) Who looks to doe?

9

When all Degrees so tender bin
Towards themselves, without, with-in,
They neither Wrong, nor Right can suffer?
But towards Others (made as they,
By the same hand, of the same Clay)
Against all Rights, all Wrongs doe offer.

10

LORD, Thou hast said, and shew'n it cleer
(When in thy Flesh, Thou sojourn'dst heer

Thy

Thy Kingdome is not of This World:
So shall I evermore suspect,
While heer I see, with such neglect,
Thy holy Statutes after-hurld.

11

All those (*O Lord*) that cry, *Lord, Lord*;
With Shadow of thy *Sacred Word*,
To cloake their Wickednesie, with-in;
Are none of *Thine*: but of Thy *Name*
Profanely make a mocking-Game,
To countenance their cursed Sin.

12

Like that IGNATIAN-*Latian Colledge*,
Where, under Shew of *Sacred Knowledge*,
They study *State* and *Stratagems*;
Making a staple-Trafick of it
(After their Pleasure, or their Profit)
To murder *Kings*, and mangle Realms:

13

Thee JESUS (Mercifull and Meek)
They make a Tyrant (*Nero*-like)
Bloody and brute, to kill and quell:
Thee, SAVIOUR, Source of *innocence*;
Thee, *Prince of Peace and Patience*;
They make a *Fury*, fierce and fell,

14

Thee, *Justice*-Fountaine, *Order's* Author,
They make *Wrong's* Fort, *Confusions* Fautor:
Immortall Spring immaculate
Of *Love*, of *Concord*, and of UNION,
They make Thee Trumpet of *Dis-Union*,
And Tinder of immortall *Hate*.

15

Such *Canons* roare from *Trent* and *Tiber*,
From *Powder-Traitors* bloody *Briber*,
Whose HOLINESS is *Hollownesse*;
Whose *Synagogue* is Sinners Wrack;
Whose *Faith* is FAUX and RAVILLAC;
Whose *Deeds* and *Doctrine*, Wickednesse.

16

O, where is then *The Holy Flock!*
Call'd in one *Hope*, built on one *Rock*,
Into one *Faith* incorporing;
Thorough one *Baptisme*, by one *Word*,
Under one *Father* (*God* and *Lord*)
One onely *Prophet*, *Priest* and *King*.

17

There, there (as *Children* of one *Mother*)
They succour and support each other,
In *Union*, and in mutuall *Charitie*;
All making but one Body, being
All of *One Minde*, in One agreeing:
Bound by *One Bond of Peace, and Verity*.

18

O, can Wee (wretched, witched Elves)
Can Wee, Wee Many, boast our Selves
One Bread, one Bodie (*mystick-wise*);
And by that, Wee are daily fed
In common with one *Drink* and *Bread*,
Amid our many Enmities?

19

Alas! Where are those *Saints* become,
Worthy the stile of *Christendome*;
From SIN in *Dominion* duly freed;
Vessels of Honour, full of *Grace*,
Abounding in *good-works* apace?
None now good Thought hath; less good *Deed*.

20

Nothing but false *Equivocation*:
Nothing but wilfull *Obduration*:
Nothing but *Errour* and *Disorder*:
Nothing but *Pride* and *Insolence*:
Nothing but impious *Impudence*:
Nothing but *Treason*, *Theft*, and *Murder*.

21

Contempt of God and of all *Good*,
Rape, *Riot*, *incest*, *Brib'ry*, *Blood*,
Perjury, *Plotting*, *all Impiety*,
With more than bruteſt *Brutishnesse*,
This more-than-*Iron-Age* possess:
No *Love*, no *Friendship*, no *Society*.

22

Court, *Citie*, *Countrey*, Every Sort
Of either Sex, make Sin a Sport
(*Pride*, *Painting*, *Poys'ning*, *Cous'ning*, *Whoring*);
In *Sloth*, or *Surfeit*, ever-drown'd;
To *Bacchus*, or *Tabacco* bound;
With *swearing*, *staring*, *stabbing*, *roaring*.

23

Wrath, *Envie*, *Slander*, *and Suspicion*,
Fraud, *Rancour*, *Rapine*, *and Ambition*,
With *Blasphemies*, all over-spread:
Th' old *Christians* Badge, bright *Charitie*,
(Most frequent then; now Raritie)
Is, now-adayes, not down, but Dead.

24

Wee are so Punctuall and Precise
In *Doctrine* (*Pharasaik-wise*)
To seem (at least) the most RELIGIOUS,
That true RELIGION wee deforme,
While to our Phant'sies wee reforme
Shadowes, and not *our Selves*, litigious.

25

RELIGION! O, Thou Life of Life!
How Worldlings, that profane thee rise,
Can wrest thee to their Appetites!
How Princes, who Thy Power defie,
Pretend thee, for their *Tyranny*;
And People, for their false *Delights*!

26

Under Thy sacred Name, all-over,
All Vicious all their Vices Cover:
The *Violent*, their *Violence*:
The *Proud*, their *Pride*: the *False*, their *Fraud*:
The *Theefe*, his *Theft*: her *Filth*, the *Baud*:
The *Impudent*, their *Impudence*.

27

Ambition, under Thee, aspires:
Avarice, under Thee, desires:
Sloth, under Thee, her Ease assumes:
Lux', under Thee, all over-flowes:
Wrath, under Thee, outrageous growes:
All Evill, under Thee, presumes.

28

RELIGION, yerst so venerable,
Th'art now-adayes but made a Fable;
A holy Mask on *Follies* Brow,
Where-under lyes *Dissimulation*,

Lined

Lined with all *Abhomination*:
Sacred RELIGION, where art Thou?

29

Not in the *Church*, with *Simonie*:
Nor on the *Bench*, with *Briberie*:
Nor in the *Court*, with *Machiavell*:
Nor in the *Citie*, with *Deceits*:
Nor in the *Country*, with *Debates*:
For, What hath *Heav'n* to doe with *Hell*?

30

Sith whatsoever Show wee make
(For Profit or Promotions sake)
What-ever Colour wee put-on;
Where, *Faith* no other Fruits affords,
But evill-*Works* (though civill words)
Indeed is no RELIGION.

31

Reverend RELIGION, where 's the heart
That entertaines thee as thou art,
Sincerely, for thine own respect?
Where is the Minde, Where is the Man,
May right be call'd a *Christian*;
Not formall, but in true effect?

32

Who, fixing all his *Faith* and *Hope*
On God alone, from sacred Scope
Of his pure Statutes will not stray:
Who comes in *Zeal* and *Humblenesse*,
With true and hearty *Singlenesse*,
Willing to walk the perfect Way:

33

Who loves, with all his Soule and Minde,
Almighty God, All-Wise, All-kinde,
All-whole, All-Holy, All-sufficing:
Who but One onely God adores
(Though *Tyrants* rage, and *Satan* rores)
Without digressing, or disguising:

34

Who God's due *Honour* hath not given
To Other things, in Earth or Heav'n;
But bow'd and vow'd to Him alone;
Him onely serv'd with filiall Awe,
Pleas'd and delighted in his Law,
Discoursing Day and Night thereon;

35

Not, not for Forme, or Fashion sake;
Or, for a Time, a Show to make,
Others the better to beguile:
Nor it, in Jest, to wrest or cite;
But in his heart it deep to write,
And work it with his hands the-while;

36

Loving his neighbour as himselfe,
Sharing to him his Power, his Pelfe,
His Counsels, Comforts, Coats, and Cates;
Doing in all things to his Brother,
But as Himselfe would wish from Other,
Not Offring Other what hee hates:

37

Whose Heart, inclin'd as doth behove-it,
Unlawfully doth nothing covet
(To Any an offence to offer):
But, just and gentle towards all,
Would rather (unto great, or small)
Than doe one wrong, an hundred suffer:

38

Not thirsting Others Land or Life;
Nor neighing after Maid or Wife;
Nor ayming any Injury;
Neither of polling, nor of pilling,
Neither of cursing, nor of killing,
Neither of Fraud, nor Forgerie;

39

But will confess, if hee offend,
Relent, *Repent*, and soon amend,
And timely render Satisfaction.
Sure, his RELIGION is not fained,
Who doth and hath him Thus demeaned;
Ay deadly hating *Evill-action*.

40

Therefore, O! Vassals of the Divell,
That cannot, will not cease from Evill,
Vessels of *Wrath* and *Reprobation*;
Presume no longer Now to shrowd
Under RELIGION's sacred Cloud
Your Manifold *Abhomination*.

41

If, But to *seem good*, goodly seem;
To *be good*, better farre esteem:
Why *seem* you what *to be* you care not?
If To *Seem evill*, be amiss;
Sure, *To be evill*, worse it is:
Why *be you* what *To seem* you dare not?
Be, as you *seem*; or *seem* the Same
You *be*: to free RELIGION's Blame.

FINIS.

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A GLIMPSE OF HEAVENLY JOYES: OR NEW HIERUSALEM.

IN AN OLD HYMN EXTRACTED FROM THE most Divine S^t. Augustine.

TO THE WORTHY FRIEND OF WOrthinesse, S^r. PETER MANWOOD, Knight of the Honourable Order of the BATH

TO register, to After-Times,
Your noble Favour to my Rimes;
Your love to Vertue, Learning, Arts;
Your Bounty towards Worthy Parts;
Your Pitie; and your pious Zeale
To GOD, to Church, to Common-weale;
Your Loyalty, in every kinde;
The honour of your humble Minde:
All, all my MANWOOD to rehearse,
Merits a Volume, not a Verse.
But, poore divided I (that owe,
To many, Much; as many know;
And faine would give Content to Each,
So far-forth as my Stock will reach)
Unable (after your Desert)
To render All, must tender Part,
To testifie my Thankefull-Thought,
(But as I could; not as I ought)
And what my Weaknesse cannot pay,
Th' AL-MIGHTIE-most I humbly pray
To guerdon with a Diadem,
Within His NEW-JERUSALEM.

Yours much Obliged,

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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NEW-HIERU-SALEM.

MY Heart (as *Hart* for Water) thirſts
For Life's eternall Fount:
My Soule, my Bodie's Pris'ner, longs,
From Priſon free, to mount;
Sighes, ſues, purſues, poor exile here,
Her Countrey to recover;
Too-abject, ſubject to diſgrace,
And too-too-triumpht-over.
¶ Shee ſeems to ſee the glory now,
Which, when ſhee ſinn'd, ſhee loſt:
An inſtant Ill, of Good for-gone
Augments the mem'ry moſt.
¶ But, of celeſtiall *Soverain Bliſs*,
Who can ſet-forth the Solace?
Where ſtands, of everliving Stones,
An ever-laſting Palace;
The lofty Roofes and ſtately Roomes,
Reflecting golden beames:
The Gates and goodly walls about,
Of rich and orient Gemms:
The Streets, all pav'd with pureſt Gold,
As ſmooth as any Glaſs-is:
No Foile, no Soile, no Sorrow there;
No Sickneſſe thither paſſes.
No Winter's Froſt, no Summer's Toaſt,
Doth there diſtemper bring:
But Flow'rs, perpetuall ſpowring there,
Make there perpetuall Spring.
There, *Balſam, Saffron, Lilly, Roſe*,
Doe ſweat, ſent, ſhine, and blush:
There, Mead and Field, ſpring, ſpire, and yeeld;
Rills, Milke and Hony guſh:
There *Aromaticks* breath-about
Their odoriferous Aire:
There, ever dangle dainty Fruits
On trees ſtill blooming faire:
There, never Moon doth wax or wane,
Nor Sun, nor Stars decline;
But there, the LAMB (the Light of Lights
Eternally doth ſhine.
There, Time hath no alternate Term;
No Night, but ever Day;
For, There, the *Saints* are (as the Sun)
Moſt bright, in white Aray;
Triumphant; after Conqueſt *crown'd*,
In mutuall Joy they greet;
Recounting ſafe the Battels fought,
Their Foes now under-feet;
Pure, purifi'd from dregs and droſs;
from fleſhly Combats freed:
Their fleſh, made ſpirituall, with the Spirit,
In One ſelfe-ſame agreed:
In perfect and perpetuall *Peace*;
Subject no more to ſinning:
Obnoxious nor to Change, nor Chance;
Return'd to their *Beginning*;
And Face to Face for ever ſee
All *Beauties Glory* bright,
Poſſeſſing ſempiternall Joyes,
In that ſupernall Sight
(The Sight of *GOD*, the *Soverain Good*,
The Sun of *Happineſs*,
Such as no heart can heer compriſe,
Nor any *Art* expreſs).
Inſtalled in a *Bliſs-full* State
Of Glory, ſtill *The ſame*;
As ſure, as pure, from Faile or Fall,
From Sorrow, Sinne, and Shame.
All joyous, lively, lovely, bright,
To no Miſ-hap expoſed:
No Danger, Death, Diſeaſe, nor Age;
In Health and Youth repoſed.
Henceforth, for all *Eternity*,
They flouriſh freſh and green:
For, *Death* is dead, *Time* termined,
Corruption conquer'd clean.
Now know they him, that knoweth all.
And in beholding him
They all behold (as in a Glaſs)
Before them bright and brim.
In Unity of minde combin'd,
One very thing they Will;
And ever conſtant, never croſs,
One and the ſame they Nill.
As heer in *Grace*, in *Glory* there,
Though diverſly, they ſhine:
Love equall's All; Each loving All
With mutuall Love divine,
So that the Good of every-one
Becoms of all the Good.
Where is the Body, thither right
Right Eagle-ſhoales doe ſcud;

Where-with, with Angels, *Sainted-ſoules*
Are aye refreſht and fed
(For, Either Countrie's Burgeſſes
Are nouriſht with One Bread)
And ever fain, though ever full;
Wiſhing but What they have:
Not ſated with Satietie;
Nor needing more to crave:
Deſiring ſtill, their fill they eate;
And eating, ſtill deſire.
Still new melodious Songs they ſound
With Heav'ns harmonious Quire;
And Organs Worthy (for His Worth
Through Whom they overcame)
Sing *Holy, Holy, Holy, Praiſe*
To HIS moſt HOLY *Name.*
¶O happy, happy, happy, Soules,
That ſee Heav'ns *King*, above;
And underneath-them Sun and Moon,
And all the World to move!
¶O Chriſt, victorious Lord of Hoaſts,
So lead my ſoule and Heart,
That, having fought, as heer I ought,
I may have there a Part
Among that Bleſſed Hierarchie,
In Happineſſe ſupreme,
A free and fellow-Citizen
Of NEW JERUSALEM.
Vouchſafe mee Grace, to run my race,
And ſtrenuouſly to ſtrive
Unto the End, that in the End
I may the Crowne atchieve:
Not for My Worke, but for Thy Worth:
Thy Mercy, not My Merit:
So Laud and Praiſe be ſung alwaies
To FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT.

TRIN-UNI DEO,
Creatori, Redemptori, Directori Meo,
GLORIA In Secula-Seculorum. AMEN.

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AUTO-MACHIA:

OR THE SELFE-CONFLICT OF A CHRISTIAN.

From the Latin of Master
George Goodwin.

Translated; and Dedicated to the truely-honorable *Mistris Cecilie Nevil.*

Anagramma Italiano.
Cecilia Nevila.
E Vicina al Ciel.
Heav'ns Neighbour *is your Anagram:*
Your Noble Graces prove the same.

FAir *Heir* of all Your MOTHERS *good*
(Wit, Vertue, Beauty, Bounty, Blood)
Among the *Honours* that accrue,
By her decease divolv'd to You,
Mine humble *Service* and *This Song*
(How little) doth not least belong
(In *Litle* lies a *mickle* Right;
As in a *Million*, in a *Mite*)
To her *Memoriall*, and Your *Merit*,
True *Mirour* of MINERVA's *Spirit*.
Accept it therefore *double* Yours;
By Her Donation, and by Ours.

——*Humbly devoted,*
(as most-bound)
——*To both your noble Families,*
——JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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TO THE RIGHT NOBLE, VERTUOUS AND LEARNED LADY, The Lady MARIE Nevil.

Maria Nevila.
Alia Minerva.

MAdame, *Your love to Learning, and the Learned*
(In such a time so full of Arts neglect)
Right worthily to Your rare Selfe hath earned
The love of Learning, and the learned Sect:
Whereby, Your Name already is eterned
In MEMORY's *fair* Temple, *high erect:*
And there devoutly at Your Vertues Shrine,
I humbly offer this poor MITE *of Mine.*

Too small a Present *to so great a* GRACE;
And too un-worthy of your Worthinesse:
Save that the Matter *so exceeds the Masse,*
That oft (perhaps) a greater may be lesse.
For, you may see, within This little glasse,
The Little-World's *great-little-Mindednes:*
Man's *strife with* Man; *Our Flesh and Spirit in* Duell:
Courageous Cowards, too-self-kindely cruell.

Vouchsafe t' accept then this small New-yeers-Gift,
With humble vowes of a disastred Muse,
Which lavishly hath sowne her Seeds *of Thrift*
So high and dry, that yet no Fruit *ensues.*
Else need Shee not have made so hard a Shift;
Nor this small Gift so greatly to excuse.
But sith, as yet, Shee cannot what Shee would;
Madame, *accept her Zeal, and what Shee could.*

——To Your Honourable Vertues,

——*most devoted,*

——JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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AUTO-MACHIA:
OR
SELF-CIVIL-WAR.

I *Sing not* Priam, *nor the Siege of* Troy:
Nor Agamemnon's *Jarre with* Thetis *Joy:*
I sing not heer Æneas *stormfull Fate;*
Queen Dido's *love, nor Goddess* Juno's *hate:*
I sing not Cæsar, *nor his Son-in-law;*
Whose Civill Rage Rome *and* Pharsalia *saw.*
I sing my Self; *my* Civill-Wars *within;*
The Victories *I hourely lose and win;*
The daily Duel, *the continuall Strife,*
The War *that ends not, till I end my Life.*
And yet, not Mine alone, not onely Mine;
But every One's that under th' honour'd Signe
Of Christ *his Standard shall his Name enroule,*
With holy vowes of Body and of Soule.
Vouchsafe, O Father, *succour from above;*
Courage of Soule, comfort of heav'nly Love:
Triumphant Captaine, Glorious Generall,
Furnish mee Armes from thine owne Arcenall:
O Sacred Sp'rit, my sp'rit's assistant be;
And in This Conflict, *make Mee conquer* Mee.

VERTUE I love, I leane to *Vice:* I blame
This wicked World, yet I embrace the same.
I climb to Heav'n, I cleave to Earth: I both
Too-love my Self, and yet my-selfe I loath.
Peace-less, I peace pursue; in *Civill War,*
With and against my self, I joyne, I jar:
I burne, I freeze; I fall downe, I stand fast:
Well-ill I fare; I glory, though disgrac't:
I die alive: I triumph, put to flight;
I feed on Cares, in Teares I take delight:
My Slave (base-brave) I serve; I roame at large,
In libertie, yet lie in Gaolers Charge:
I strike, and stroak my self: I, kindly-keen,
Work mine own woe, rub my gall, rouz my spleen.
Oft in my Sleep, to see rare Dreams I dreame;
Waking, mine Eye doth scarce discerne a Beame.
My minde's strange *Megrim,* whirling to and fro,
Now thrusts mee hither, thither then doth throw.
In divers *Factions* I my Self divide;
And All I try, and fly to every Side.
What I but now desir'd, I now disdain:
What (late) I waigh'd not, now I wish again:
To-Day, to-Morrow; This, That, Now, Anon,
All, Nothing, crave I; Ever Never-one.
Dull Combatant, unready for the Field,
Too-tardy take I (after wounds) my Shield.
Still hurried headlong to unlawfull things,
Down-dragging *Vice* mee eas'ly down-ward dings:
But, sacred *Vertue* climbs so hard and high,
That hardly can I her steep steps descry.
Both *Right* and *Wrong* with mee indifferent are:
My *Lust* is *Law:* what I desire, I dare.
(Is there so foule a *Fault,* so fond a Fact,
Which, Folly asking, Fury dares not act?)
But, art-lesse, heart-lesse, in *Religion's* Cause
(To doo her Lessons, and defend her Lawes)
The All-proof Armour of my God I lose,
Flee from my Charge, and yeeld it to his Foes.
Guilty of Sin, Sins punishment I shun,
But not the Guilt, before th' Offence be done:
(For, how could shunning of a Sin ensew
To be occasion of another New?)
Oft and again at the same stone I trip,
As if I learn'd, by falling, not to slip.
Alive I perish, and my Self undoo;
Mine eyes (Self-wise) witting and willing too.
Sick, to my Self I run for my reliefe;
So, Sicker of my *Physicke* than my *Grief:*
For, while I seek my swelting Thirst to swage,
Another Thirst more ragingly doth rage:
While, burnt to death, to coole mee I desire;
With flames, my flames; with Sulphur quench I fire:
While that I strive my swelling waves to stop,
More stormily they tosse above my top.
Thus am I cur'd, this is my common ease;
My *Med'cine* still worse than my worst Disease:
My Sores with Sores, my wounds with wounds I heal,
While to my Self, my Self I still conceale.
O what lewd Leagues! what Truces mak I still
With sin, with Satan, and my wanton Will!
What slight occasions doe I take to sin!
What silly Trains am I intrapped in!
What idle Cloaks for Crimes! what Nets to hide
Notorious Sins, already long descri'd!
I write in Ice (Winds witnes, sign'd with Show'rs)
I will redeem my *foul Life's* former houres:
But, soon the swinge of custome (whirl-wind-like)
Rapting my Passion (ever Fashion-sick)
Transports Mee to the Contrary; alone,
Faint Guard of *Goodnes;* Arm-less Champion.
My *Green-sick* Taste doth nothing sweeter finde
Than what is bitter to a *gracious* Minde:

Egypt's

Egypt's fat Fleſh-pots I am longing-for:
Th'eternall *Manna* I doe even abhorre.
World's Monarch *Mammon* (dropſie myſticall)
Crown'd round-fac't Goddeſſe, coined *Beliall:*
Midas's Deſire, the Miſers onely Truſt;
The ſacred hunger of *Pactolian* Duſt,
Gold, Gold bewſtches mee, and frets accurſt
My greedy Throat with more than *Dipſian* Thirſt.
My mind's a Gulfe, whoſe gaping nought can ſtuff;
My heart a Hell, that never hath enough:
The more I have I crave, and leſſe content;
In ſtore, moſt Poor; in Plenty Indigent.
For, of theſe Cates how-much ſo-ere I cram,
It doth not ſtop my mouth, but ſtretch the ſame.
Sweet *Vſurie*'s inceſtuous *Intereſt*,
For Dallers, Dolours hoordeth in my Cheſt.
The world's ſlave, *profit*, & the mind's ſlut, *pleaſure*
(Inſatiate both, both bound-leſs, both paſt meaſure:
This *Cleopatra*, That *Sardanapale*)
For huge Annoies, bring Joyes but ſhort and ſmall.
O Miracle! begot by Heav'n in Earth
(My Minde divine, My Body brute by Birth)
O! what a Monſter am I, to depaint!
Half-Friend, half-Fiend, half-Savage, half a Saint;
High'r than my Fire doth my groſs Earth aſpire:
My raging Fleſh my retch-leſs Force doth tire,
And (drunk wth worlds-muſt, & deep ſunk in ſleep)
My ſpirit (the ſpy, that wary watch ſhould keep)
Betraies, alas! (Wo that I truſt it ſo)
My ſoule's deer Kingdom to her deadly Fo. (grief,
Through Cares *Charybdis*, & through Gulfs of
Star-lar-boord run I, ſailing all my Life
On merry-ſorry Seas; my Wind, my will;
My Ship, my Fleſh; my Senſe, my Pilot ſtill.
As in a moſt ſeditious *Common-weal*,
Within my Breſt I feel my Beſt rebell:
Againſt their Prince my furious People riſe;
Their Aw-leſs Prince dares his owne Law deſpiſe.
Mine *Eve*'s an Out-law: And my ſtruggling twins,
Jacob and *Eſau*, never can be friends:
Such deadly feud, ſuch diſcord, ſuch deſpight
(Even between Brethren) ſuch continuall fight.
What's done in Mee, Another doth, not I;
Yet both (alas!) my Gueſt and Enemy:
My mind, unkind (ſuborned by my Foe)
Indeed, within mee, but not with mee tho;
Neer, yet far off, in fleſhly Lees be-ſoil'd,
And with the Worlds contagious Filth defil'd.
I am too-narrow for mine owne Deſires;
My Self denies mee, what my Self requires:
Fearfull I hope: carefull-ſecure I languiſh:
Hungry too-full; Dry-Drunken; ſugred Anguiſh;
Weary of Life, merry in Death; I ſuck
Wine from the Pumice, Hony from the Rock.
On Thorns my Grapes, on Garlick grows my Roſe:
From crums my ſums; frō flint my fountain flowes:
In ſhowrs of Tears, mine hours of Fears I mourn:
My Looks to Brooks, my Beams to Streams, I turn:
Yet, in this Torrent of my Torments rife,
I ſink Annoies, and drink the Joyes of Life. (cleer:
Dim light, brim night, Beams waving cloudy-
Unſtable State, void Hope, vain help, far-neer:
Falſe-true Perſwaſion, law-leſs Lawfulneſſe:
Confuſed Method, Milde-wilde War-like Peace:
Diſordred Order, Mournfull Meriments:
Dark Day, Wrong Way, Dull-double Diligence:
Infamous Fame, known Error, ſkill-leſs Skill,
Mad Minde, rude Reaſon, an unwilling Will:
A healthy Plague, a wealthy Want, poor Treaſure:
A pleaſing Torment, a tormenting Pleaſure:
An odious Love, an ugly Beauty; baſe
Reproachfull Honour, a diſgracefull Grace:
A fruitleſs Fruit, A dry dif-flowred Flower:
A feeble Force, a conquered Conquerour:
A ſickly Health, dead Life, and reſtleſs Reſt:
Theſe are the Comforts of my ſoule diſtreſt.
O! how I like, diſ-like, deſire, diſdain;
Repell, repeal, loath, and delight again!
O! what, whom, whether (neither Fleſh nor Fiſh)
How, weary of, the ſame again I wiſh!
I will, I nill; I nill, I will; my Minde
Perſwading This, my Mood to That inclin'd.
My looſe Affection (*Proteus*-like) appears
In every Form; at once it frowns and fleers.
Mine ill-good will is vain and variable:
My (*Hydra*) Fleſh buds Heads innumerable:
My minde's a Maze; a Labyrinth, my Reaſon:
Mine Eye (falſe Spy) the door to Phant'ſies Treaſon:
My rebell ſenſe (Self-ſoothing) ſtill affects
What it ſhould flee; What it ſhould ply, neglects:
My flitting Hope with Paſſions Storms is toſt
But now to Heav'n, anon to Hell almoſt:
Concording Diſcord kils mee; and again,
Diſcording Concord doth my Life ſuſtain.
My Self at once I both diſpleaſe and pleaſe:
Without my Self, my Self I fain would feaze:
For, my too much of Mee, Mee much annoyes;
And my Selfe's Plenty my poor Self deſtroyes:
Who ſeeks Mee in Mee, in Mee ſhall not finde
Mee as my Self: *Hermaphrodite* in minde,
I am (at once) Male, Female, Neuter: yet
What-e'r I am, I am not mine, I weet:
I am not with my Self as I conceive:
Wretch that I am, my Self my Self deceive:
Unto my Self, my Self my Self betray:
I, from my Self, baniſh my Self away:
My Self agrees not with my Self a-jot,
Knowes not my Self: I have my Self forgot:
Againſt my Self, my Self move jarres unjuſt:
I truſt my Self, and I my Self diſtruſt:
My Self I follow, and my Self I fly:
Beſides my Self, and in my Self, am I:
My Self am not my Self, another ſame;
Unlike my Self, and like my Self I am:
Self-fond, Self-furious: and thus, Wayward Elf,
I cannot live with, nor without my Self.

FINIS.

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A

CUP OF CONSOLATION
FOR THE CHRISTIAN
In his Conflict.

WHy, ſilly Man, ſick of exceeding grief,
What boots it thee, uncertain of thy Life,
Of thy diſeaſe to make ſo much adoo?
Thou coward Souldier, and untoward too,
Away with Fear: defie both Death and Hell:
Meet Arms with Arms, & Darts with Darts repell:
So, the firſt On-ſet, in this furious Fray,
Shall towards Heav'n make thee an eaſie Way;
And open wide thoſe Gates ſo hardly won,
Where Snowie-winged *Victory* doth wun:
Thou muſt be valiant, and with daunt-leſs breſt
Ruſh through the thickeſt, run upon the beſt
Of braving Foes; and on their Flight and Foil,
Reare noble Trophies of triumphant Spoil.
For, this worlds Prince, dark *Limbo*'s Potentate,
Drifts Man's deſtruction, and with deadly hate
(Still ſtrife-full) labours, and by all meanes ſeeks
To trouble All, and Heav'n with Hell to mix.
Great war Within there is, great War without;
With Fleſh & Blood, and with the World about.
On this Side, ſmiling *Hope* (with ſmootheſt brow)
Falſe-promiſeth long Peace and Plenty too:
On that Side, ſallow *Fear* (with fainting breath)
Checks thoſe proud thoughts wth threats of War &
And (weary of it Self) it Self diſtruſts, (Death;
It ſelfe deſtroyes, and to Confuſion thruſts;
And ignorant of its Selfe's Good (yer Triall)
In jealous Rage it even betrayes the loyall. (hies
Heer, Cloud-browd *Sorrow*, Whirle-winde like, it
Th' amated Minde to toſſe and tyrannize:
There dimpled joy nimbly enringeth round
Her gawdy Troops that ſtand upon no ground;
Whoſe brittle gloſs and glory laſts and ſhines
As Stubble-Fire, and Duſt before the Windes.
What ſhould I ſpeak of all the ſnarefull Wiles,
And cunning Colours of myſterious Guiles,
Wherwith Death's Founder, & thy Life's drad foe,
Improvident mankind doth over-throw?
Yet, be Courageous, yeeld not unto Evill:
Reſiſt Beginnings, and defie the Divell.
For ſure defence amid theſe fell Alarms,
Quick buckle-on theſe ay-victorious Arms:
Firſt gird thy Loins with *Truth*, thy Boſom dreſs
In the ſure Breſt-plate of pure *Righteouſneſſe*:
Put, on thy Head, the Helmet of *Salvation*:
Upon thy feet, Shooes of the Preparation
Of Heav'ns Glad-tidings: Bear upon thine Arm
The Shield of *Faith* (Shot-free from every harm).
Hel's fiery Darts repel thou with the ſame; (flame:
And, through its ſplendor, quench their flame with
Take in thy hand the bright two-edged Sword
Of God's Soule-parting, Marrow-pearcing, *Word*.
Thus compleat arm'd from God's own *Arcenal*,
And watching duely for his aid to call,
Thou without doubt ſhalt quickly overcom
The world, the fleſh, ſin, death, & hell (in ſumme).
And ſo (through Chriſt, thy Captain and thy King)
Of Sin, thy Self, and *Satan*, triumphing,
Thou ſhalt (in fine) the *Happy Crown* obtain,
And in th' Eternall promis'd *Kingdom* raign.

FINIS.

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TOBACCO BATTERED;

AND

THE PIPES SHATTERED (about their Ears that idlely Idolize so base and barbarous a *WEED*;

OR

AT LEAST-WISE OVER-LOVE *so loathsome* Vanitie:)

BY

A Volley of Holy Shot

Thundered

From *Mount* HELICON.

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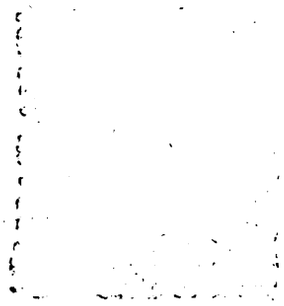

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir *GEORGE VILIERS*, Knight, Baron *of Whadden*: L. Vicount VILIERS: Earle of Buckingham: Mr. of the Horse to his Majesty; *and Knight of the most Noble Order of* the Garter, &c.

YOur Noble *Order* and your hallowed *Name*,
Your *Soveraign's* Favour, and your owne *Profession*,
Promise your *Valour* towards the *Suppression*
Of *Heathen* foes, that *Christian* FAITH defame:
Hence, heer *presume* wee (by the Trump of Fame)
To call your *Aid* against the proud *Oppression*
Of th' *Infidel*, usurping FAITH's Possession,
That *Indian* Tyrant, onely *England's* Shame.
Thousands of *Ours* heer hath Hee Captive taken,
Of all Degrees, kept under slavish Yoak,
Their *God*, their Good, *King*, Countrey, Friends forsaken,
To follow *Folly*, and to feed on *Smoak*.
Bee GOD our *Guide*, St. GEORGE our *Generall*;
Wee shall *repell* Him, and *redeem* Them All.

At Your Lordships Command,
J. S.
The humble Eccho of the Muses.

A Double Anagram.

George Viliers: Sir George Viliers.
Re-give glories: Glorie-givers rise.

SIr: Re-give glories: Glory-givers rise.
How fits your happy Fate, *your happy* Name!
Wherein a Precept *with a* Promise *lies*,
Presaging Good to grace-full BUCKINGHAM:
For, be you Gratefull for your Dignities;
GOD *and the* KING *will still* increase *the same.*
GOD, while you honour Him, *will* honour *You*:
The KING *will* favour, *while you* serve *Him* true.

TO MY REVEREND AND VVORTHY Friend, Mr. VVilliam Loe, *Batchelor of Divinity.*

LO, what your Love and this *Chimera's* hate,
Care of my Friends, Compassion of my Kin;
Zeal of Gods Glory, Horror of this Sin;
My Soveraign's Service, Honour of our State:
Lo, What all these had pow'r to propagate
(Perhaps, more hardy than my Hope had bin,
When first this Theam you gave mee to begin)
Besides my Way, beyond my Waining Date.
Lo, therefore, whether Well, or Ill I fare;
Whether the doubtfull field I win or lose;
In Fame, or Shame, you needs must have a Share,
Who on my Weakness did this weight impose.
Like *Moses* therefore lift your hands on hie,
That *Iosuah's* hand may have the Victorie.

A VVarning-Piece.

Right noble Nobles; *Generous* Gentlemen,
Lovers of Honour, *and your* Countreys *Weal*;
You'll need no Warning *to avoid our* Peal;
Nor are in Level *of our* Poudred *Pen*:
Nor those *that yet will* yeeld, *and turn agen*
From th' Idol-Service *of their* Smoakie Zeal,
To serve their GOD, *their* KING, *their* Common-weal:
Wee Shoot at Manners, *Wee would save the* Men.
But, Those rebellious *that will still* stand out
Under the Standard *of our Heathen Foe*,
With Pipe *and* Pudding *rampir'd round about*,
Puffing *and* Snuffing *at their threatned* Woe;
At such, our Canon *shal Heer thunder thick*:
Gunner, *your Lin-Stock*; *Com*, give fier quick!

'Tis best Praise-worthy, to have pleas'd the Best:
This Wee indeavour; *and defie the Rest.*

TO

TOBACCO BATTERED.

WHat-ever God *created*, first, was *good*, (stood:
And good for Man, while Man uprightly
But, falling Angels causing Man to fall,
His foule *Contagion* con-corrupted All
His fellow-Creatures, for his Sin accurst,
And for his sake transformed from their first;
Till God and Man, Mans Leprie to re-cure,
By Death kill'd *Death*, re-making *All things* pure:
But, *To the pure*; not to the still-Prophane,
Who (Spider-like) turne Blessings into Bane;
Usurping (right-lesse, thank-lesse, need-lesse) heer,
In wanton, wilfull, wastefull, lustfull Cheer,
Earths plenteous Crop, which God hath only giv'n
Unto his own (Heires both of Earth and Heav'n)
Who only (rightly) may with *Praise* and *Prayer*,
Enjoy th' increase of Earth, of Sea, and Ayre,
Fowle, Fish, and Flesh, Gems, Metals, Cattel, Plants;
And namely (That which now no *Ingle* wants)
Indian TOBACCO, when due cause requires;
Not the dry *Dropsie* of *Phantastick* Squires.
None therefore deem that I am now to learn
(How ever dim I many things discern)
Reason and Season to distinguish fit
Th' *Use* of a thing, from the *Abuse* of it;
Drinking, from *drunking*, *Saccharum cum Sacco*;
And *taking of*, from *taking All TOBACCO*.
Yet out of high disdain and indignation,
Of that stern Tyrant's strangest Usurpation,
Once demi-Captive to his *puffing Pride*
(As millions are, too-wilfull foolifi'd)
Needs must I band against the *need-less Use*
Of Don TOBACCO, and his *foule Abuse*:
Which (though in *Inde* it be an Herbe indeed)
In *Europe* is no better than a Weed;
Which, to their *Idols*, *Pagans* sacrifize,
And *Christians* (heer) doe wel-nigh *Idolize*:
Which taking, *Heathens* to the Divels bow
Their Bodies; *Christians* even their Soules do vow.
Yet th' *Heathen* have, with th' *ill*, som *good* withall;
Sith, Their *con-native*, 't is *con-naturall*.
But, see the nature of abounding Sin,
Which more abounding Punishment doth win
For *knowing* Servants wilfull Arrogance,
Than *silly* Strangers savage Ignorance.
For, what to them is Meat and Med'cinable,
Is turn'd to us a Plague intolerable.
Two smoakie Engines, in this latter Age
(*Satans* short Circuit; the more sharp his rage.)
Have been invented by too-wanted Wit,
Or rather, vented from th' *Infernall Pit*,
Guns and *Tobacco-pipes*, with *Fire* and *Smoak*,
(At least) a Third part of Mankind to *choak*:
(Which happely, *th' *Apocalyps* fore-told)
Yet of the *Two*, Wee may (think I) be bold,
In som respects, to think the Last, the Worst,
(How-ever Both in their Effects accurst.)
For, *Guns* shoot *from-ward*, only at their Foen;
Tobacco-Pipes, *home-ward*, into their Owne
(When, for the Touch-hole, firing the wrong end,
Into our Selves the Poysons force wee send):
Those, in the Field, in brave and hostile manner;
These, Cowardly, under a Covert Banner:
Those, with Defiance, in a Threatfull Terror;
These, with Affiance, in a wilfull Error: (ridding;
Those (though loud roaring, goaring-deep) quick-
These, stilly stealing, longer Languors breeding:
Those, full of pain (herhaps) and fell despight:
These, with false Pleasure, and a seem-delight
(As Cats with Mice, Spiders with Flies) full rife,
Pipe-playing, dallying, and deluding Life.
Who would not wonder, in these Sunny-Dayes
(So bright illightned with the GOSPEL's Rayes)
Whence so much *Smoak*, and deadly Vapours com,
To dim and damne so much of *Christendome*?
But, wee must ponder too, These daies are Those
Wherein the Divell was to be let lose;
And yawning broad Gate of that black *Abyss*
To be set ope, whose bottome bound-lesse is;
That *Satan*, destin'd, evermore to dwell
In *Smoakie* Fornace of that *darke-som* Cell,
In *Smoak* and *darkness*, might inure and train
His Own deer Minions, while they heer remain;
As roaguing *Gypsies*, tanne their little Elves,
To make them tann'd and ougly, like themselves.
Then, in Despite, who-ever dare say Nay,
TOBACCONISTS, keep-on your course: you may,
If you continue in your *Smoakie* Ure,
The better far Hell's sulph'ry *Smoak* endure;

* Apoc. 9.17.

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And heerin (as in All your other Evill)
Grow neerer ſtill and liker to the Divell:
Save that the Divell (if hee could revoke)
Would flee from filthy and unhealthy *Smoak*;
Wherein (caſt out of Heav'n for helliſh pride)
Unwilling Hee, and forced, doth abide:
Which, heerin worſe than hee (the worſt of Ill)
You long-for, luſt-for, ly-for, dy-for ſtill:
For, as the *Salamander* lives in Fire,
You live in *ſmoak*, and without *ſmoak* expire.

SHould it be queſtion'd (as right well it may)
Whether Diſcovery of *AMERICA*,
That *New-found World*, have yeelded to our Old
More Hurt or Good: Till fuller Anſwer ſhould
Decide the Doubt, and quite determine it,
Thus for the preſent might wee anſwer fit:
That, thereby Wee have (rightly underſtood)
Both giv'n and taken greater hurt than good:
And that on both ſides, both for *Chriſtians*
It had been better, and for *Indians*,
That only good men to their Coaſt had com,
Or that the Evill had ſtill ſtaid at home.
For, what our People have brought thence to us,
Is like the Head-piece of a *Polipus*,
Wherein is (quoted by ſage *Plutarch*'s Quill)
A peſt'lence great Good, and great Peſt'lence Ill,
We had from them, firſt, to augment our Stocks,
Two grand Diſeaſes, *Scurvie* and the *Pocks*:
Then, *Two* great *Cordials* (for a Counterpeiz)
Gold & TOBACCO; both which, many waies,
Have done more Miſchief than the former twain;
And All together brought more Loſſe than Gain.
But, true it is, wee had this Traſh of Theirs,
Only in Barter of our broken Wares.
Ours, for the moſt part, carried out but ſin;
And, for the moſt part, brought but Vengeance in:
Their Fraight was *Sloth*, *Luſt*, *Avarice*, and *Drink*,
(A Burthen able, with the Waight, to ſink
The hugeſt Carrak; yea, thoſe hallowed *Twelve*,
Spain's great *Apoſtles*, even to over-whelve)
They carried *Sloth*, & brought home *Scurvie skin*:
They carried *Luſt*, & brought home *Pocks* within:
They carried *Avarice*, and *Gold* they got:
They carried *Bacchus*, & *TOBACCO* brought.
Alas, poor *Indians*! that, but *Engliſh*, None
Could put them down in their owne Trade alone!
That None, but *Engliſh* (more alas! more ſtrange!)
Could juſtifie their pitifull Exchange!
Of All the Plants that *Tellus* boſom yeelds,
In groves, glades, gardens, marſhes, moũtains, fields,
None ſo pernicious to Man's Life is knowne,
As is TOBACCO, ſaving HEMP alone.
Betwixt which Two there ſeems great Sympathy
To ruinate poor *Adam's* Progeny:
For, in them Both, a *ſtrangling* vertue note,
And both of them doe work upon the Throte;
The one, within it; and without, the other;
And th' one prepareth Work unto the tother.
For, There doe meet (I mean at *Gail* and *Gallowes*)
More of theſe beaſtly, baſe *Tobacco*-Fellowes,
Than elſe to any profane Haunt doe uſe
(Excepting ſtill *The Play-houſe* and *The Stewes*)
Sith 'tis their common Lot (ſo double-choaked)
Juſt Bacon-like, to be *hang'd up* and *ſmoaked*:
A Deſtiny, as proper to befall
To morall Swine, as to Swine naturall.
If there be any *Herb*, in any place,
Moſt oppoſite to GOD's good *Herb of grace*,
'Tis doubt-leſſe This: & this doth plainly prove-it;
That, for the moſt, moſt *grace-leſs* men doe love-it,
Or rather, doat moſt on this *wither'd Weed*,
Them Selves as *wither'd* in all *gracious Deed*.
'Tis ſtrange to ſee (and unto mee a Wonder)
When the prodigious ſtrange abuſe wee ponder
Of this unruly, ruſty *Vegetall*;
From modern *Symmiſts Jeſu-Critieall*,
(Carping at us, and caſting in our Diſh,
Not Crimes, but Crums: as eating Fleſh for Fiſh:)
W' hear, in this caſe, no Conſcience-caſes holier.
But, *like to like*; *The Divell with the Collier*,
For, a TOBACCONIST (I dare aver)
Is, firſt of all, a rank *Idolater*,
As any of th' *Ignatian Hierarchie*:
Next, as conformed to their Foppery,
Of burning Day-light, and Good-Night, at Noon,
Setting up *Candles* to enlight the Sun:
And laſt, the Kingdom of NEW-BABILON
Stands in a *Dark* and *Smoakie* Region,
So full of ſuch varietie of *Smoaks*,
That there-with-all all *Piety* it choaks.
For, There is, firſt the *ſmoak* of Ignorance,
The *ſmoak* of Error, *ſmoak* of Arrogance,
The *ſmoak* of Merit ſuper-er'gatory,
The *ſmoak* of *Pardon*, *ſmoak* of PURGATORY,
The *ſmoak* of Cenſing, *ſmoak* of *Thurifying*
Of Images, of *Satan's Fury-flying*,
The *ſmoak* of Stewes (for, *ſmoaking* thence they com,
As horrid hot as torrid *Sodom*, ſom):
Then, *ſmoak* of *Powder-Treaſon*, *Piſtols*, *Knives*,
To blow-up Kingdoms, and blow-out Kings lives;
Aud laſtly, too, TOBACCO's *ſmoaky*-Miſts,
Which (comming from *Iberian* BAALISTS)
No ſmall addition of Aduſtion fit
Bring to the *ſmoak* of the *Unbottom'd* Pit,
Yer'ſt opened, firſt (*as openeth Saint* John)
By their ABADDON and APOLLYON.
But, ſith they are contented to admire
What they diſlike not, if they not deſire
(For, with good reaſon may wee gheſs, that they
Who ſwallow Camels, ſwallow Gnatlings may);
'T is ground enough for us, in this Diſpute,
Their *Vanities*, thus obvious, to refute
(Their *Vanities*, *Myſterious Miſts* of *Rome*,
Which have ſo long be-*ſmoaked Chriſtendome*).
And for the reſt, it ſhall ſuffize to ſay,
Tobacconing is but a *ſmoaky* Play.
Strong Arguments againſt ſo weak a thing
Were needleſs, or unſuitable, to bring.
In this behalfe there needs no more be done,
Sith of it Selfe the ſame will vaniſh ſoon:
T' evaporate *This ſmoak*, it is enough
But with a Breath the ſame aſide to puff.

NOw, my firſt Puff ſhall but repell th' ill ſavour
Of Place and Perſons (of debauſcht behaviour)
Where

Where 'tis moſt frequent: Second, ſhew you will,
How little *Good* it doth: Third, how great *Ill*.
'Tis vented moſt in Taverns, Tippling-cots,
To Ruffians, Roarers, Tipſie-Toſtie-Pots;
Whoſe Cuſtom is, between the *Pipe* and *Pot*,
(Th' one Cold and Moiſt, the other dry and Hot)
To skirmiſh ſo (like Sword and Dagger-fight)
That 'tis not eaſie to determine right,
Which of their Weapons hath the Conqueſt got
Over their Wits; the *Pipe*, or elſe the *Pot*.
Yet 'tis apparent, and by proof expreſs,
Both ſtab and Wound the Brain with *Drunkenneſs*:
For even the *Derivation* of the *Name*
Seems to allude and to include the ſame:
TOBACCO, as Το Βακχω, one would ſay;
To (Cup-god) *Bacchus dedicated ay*.
And, for Concluſion of this Point, obſerve
The places which to theſe *Abuſes* ſerve,
How-ever, of them-ſelves noyſom enough,
Are much more loathſom with the ſtench and Stuff
Extracted from their *limbecke* Lips and Noſe.
So that, the Houſes, common Haunts of Thoſe,
Are liker Hell than Heav'n: for, Hell hath *Smoak*,
Impenitent TOBACCONISTS to choak,
Though never dead: There ſhall they have their fill:
In Heav'n is none, but Light and Glory ſtill.
Next: Multitudes them daily, hourly drown
In this black Sea of *Smoak*, toſt up and down
In this vaſt *Ocean*, of ſuch *Latitude*,
That *Europe* onely cannot all include,
But out it ruſhes, over-runs the Whole,
And reaches, wel-nigh round, from *Pole* to *Pole*;
Among the *Moors*, *Turks*, *Tartars*, *Perſians*,
And other *Ethnicks* (full of Ignorance
Of GOD and *Good*:) and, if wee ſhall look home
To view (and rew) the State of CHRISTENDOM;
Upon this Point, wee may This *Riddle* bring;
The Subject hath more Subjects than the King:
For, Don TOBACCO hath an ampler Raign
Than Don PHILIPPO, the Great *King of Spain*
(In whoſe Dominions, for the moſt, it growes).
Nay, ſhall I ſay (O Horror to ſuppoſe!)
Heathniſh TOBACCO (almoſt every where)
In *Chriſtendom* (CHRIST's *outward Kingdom* heer)
Hath more *Diſciples* than CHRIST hath (I fear)
More Suit, more Service (Bodies, Souls, and Good)
Than *Chriſt*, that bought us wth his precious blood.
O Great TOBACCO! greater than Great *Can*,
Great *Turke*, Great *Tartar*, or Great *Tamberlan!*
With Vulturs wings Thou haſte (and ſwifter yet
Than an *Hungarian Ague*, *Engliſh Sweat*)
Through all Degrees, flown far, nigh, up and down;
From court to cart; from *Count* to country Clown,
Not ſcorning *Scullions*, *Coblers*, *Colliers*,
Jakes-farmers, *Fidlers*, *Oſtlers*, *Oyſterers*,
Roagues, *Gypſies*, *Players*, *Pandars*, *Punks*, and All
What *common Scums*, in *common-Sewers* fall.
For, all, as *Vaſſals*, at thy beck are bent,
And breathe by Thee, as their *new Element*.
Which well may prove thy *Monarchy* the Greater;
Yet prove not Thee to be a whit the better;
But rather Worſe: for, *Hell's* wide-open Road
Is eaſieſt found, and by the Moſt ſtill trod.
Which, even the *Heathen* had the Light to know
By Arguments, as many times they ſhow.
Heer may wee alſo gather (for a need)
Whether TOBACCO be an *Herb* or *Weed*:
And whether the exceſſive Uſe be fit,
Or good or bad; by thoſe that favour it;
Weeds, wilde and wicked, moſtly entertain it:
Herbs, holeſome *Herbs*, and holy mindes diſdain it.
If then *Tobacconing* be good: How is 't;
That lewdeſt, looſeſt, baſeſt, fooliſheſt;
The moſt unthrifty, moſt intemperate,
Moſt vitious, moſt debauſcht, moſt deſperate;
Purſue it moſt: The Wiſeſt and the Beſt
Abhor it, ſhun it, flee it, as the Peſt,
Or pearcing Poyſon of a Dragons Whisk,
Or deadly Ey-ſhot of a Baſilisk?
If *Wiſdome* baulk it, muſt it not be *Folly*?
If *Vertue* hate it, is it not unholy?
If Men of Worth, and Mindes right *generous*,
Diſcard it, ſcorn it; is't not *ſcandalous*?
And (to conclude) is it not to the Divell
Moſt pleaſing; pleaſing ſo (moſt) the moſt Evill?

MY ſecond *Puff*, is Proof *How little Good*
This *Smoak* hath don (that ever hear I cou'd).
For, firſt, there's none that takes *Tobacco* moſt,
Moſt uſually, moſt earneſtly can boaſt
That the exceſſive and continuall uſe
Of this *dry Suck-at* ever did produce
Him any Good, Civill, or Naturall,
Or Morall Good, or Artificiall:
Unleſs perhaps they will alledge, it drawes
Away the Ill which ſtill it Self doth cauſe.
Which courſe (mee thinks) I cannot liken better
Than to an *Uſurer's* kindneſs to his *Debter*;
Who under ſhew *of lending*, ſtill ſubtracts
The *Debters* Owne, and then his own exacts;
Till at the laſt hee utterly confound-him,
Or leave him worſe & weaker than he found-him.
Next, if the Cuſtome of *Tobacconing*
Yeeld th' Uſers any *Good* in any thing;
Either they *have* it, or they *hope* it preſt
(By proof and practice, taking ſtill the beſt):
For, none but Fools will them to Ought beſlave,
Whence Benefit they neither *hope* nor *have*.
Therefore, yet farther (as a *Queſtioniſt*)
I muſt enquire of my TOBACCONIST,
Why, if a *Chriſtian* (as ſom ſomtimes ſeem)
Beleeving GOD, waiting all *Good* from Him,
And unto Him all *Good* again referring;
Why (to eſchew th' Ungodly's *Grace-leſs* erring)
Why pray they not? Why praiſe they not his Name
For *hoped Good*, and *Good had* by this Same?
As all men doe, or ought to doe for All
The Gifts and *Goods* that from his *Goodneſs* fall.
Is't not, becauſe they neither *hope*, nor *have*,
Good (*hence*) *to thank* God for, nor farther *crave*?
But, as they had it from the *Heathen*, firſt;
So, *Heathniſhly* they uſe it ſtill, accurſt:
And (as ſom jeſt of *Oyſters*) This is more
Ungodly Meat, both *After* and *Before*.
Laſtly, If all Delights of all Mankind
Bee *Vanity*, *Vexation* of the Minde;
All under Sun: muſt not TOBACCO be,
Of Vanities, the vaineſt *Vanity*?

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If *Salomon*, the wiſeſt earthly Prince
That ever was before, or hath bin ſince;
Knowing all Plants, and them peruſing All,
From *Cedar* to the *Hyſſop* on the Wall;
In none of all profeſſeth, that hee found
A firm content, or Conſolation ſound:
Can wee ſuppoſe, that any Shallowling
Can find *much Good* in oft *Tobacconing*?

MY Third and laſt *Puff* points at the *great Evill*
This noiſom *Vapour* works through wily di-
If we may judge; if knowledge may be had (vell.
By their Effects, how things be *good* or *bad*;
Doubtleſſe, th' Effects of this pernicious *Weed*
Be many *bad*, ſcarce any *good*, indeed:
Nor doth a man ſcarce any *Good* contain,
But of this *Evill* juſtly may complain;
As thereby, made in every Part the worſe,
In Body, Soule, in Credit, and in Purſe.

FOr, firſt of all, it falls on his *Good-name*;
And ſo be-ſmears, and ſo *be-ſmoaks* the ſame,
That never after ſcarce diſcerned is't.
Rare *good Report* of a TOBACCONIST:
Where, if to take it, were a vertuous thing,
'T would to the Taker's Commendation bring;
And ſom-what grace them (tho they elſe were bad)
Or hide a little, the Defects they had:
But from their Credit rather it abates,
And their Diſgraces rather aggravates:
And how-much better that they were before,
It ſtinks the worſe, and ſtains their name the more.
For, if a Swearer or a Swaggerer,
A Drunkard, Dicer, or Adulterer,
Prove a TOBACCONIST, it is not much:
'T is ſuitable, 'tis well beſeeming Such:
(No leſſe than flaring, gariſh, whoriſh Tire,
Which now-adaies moſt *Mad-dames* moſt deſire:
Owl-fac't *Chaprones*, Cheeks *painted*, *Izland* Treſs,
Bum *Boſſe*-about, with *broad deep-naked* Breſts;
Borrow'd and brought from looſe *Venetians*,
Becoms *Pickt-hatch*, and *Shoreditch Courtizans*).
Not that *Tobacconing* is not amiſſe:
But that the bright Noon of their better Vice,
Spred far and wide, doth darken and put down
TOBACCO-*taking*, and its Twilight drown.
But, let it be of any truely ſaid,
Hee's *great*, *religious*, *learned*, *wiſe*, or *ſtaid*;
But hee is lately turn'd TOBACCONIST:
O! what a Blur! what an Abatement is't!
'T is like a handfull from *Augeas* Stable,
Caſt in the Face of *Beauties* faireſt Table.
Whence it appears, This too-too to frequent,
It is not *good*; no, not *indifferent*.
It beſt becomes a *Stage*, or elſe a *Stewes*,
Or *Dicing houſe*, where All Diſorders uſe.
It ill beſeems a *Church*, *Colledge*, or *Court*,
Or any place of any civill ſort:
It fits Blaſphemers, Ruffians, Atheiſts,
Damn'd *Libertines*, to be TOBACCONISTS:
Not *Magiſtrates*, not *Miniſters*, not *Schollers*,
(Who are, or ſhould be, Sins ſevere Comptrollers)
Nor any wiſe and ſober perſonage,
Of Gravity, of *Honeſty*, of Age.

It were the fitteſt Furniture (that may)
For Divell, in a Picture or a Play,
To repreſent him with a fiery Face,
His Mouth and Noſtrils puffing *Smoak* apace,
With ſtaring Eyes, and in his grizely Gripe
An over growne, great, long TOBACCO-*Pipe*.
Which ſure (me thinks) the moſt TOBACCONIST
Muſt needs approve, and even applaud the Jeſt;
But much more *Chriſtians* hence obſerve how evil
It them becoms, that ſo becoms the Divell.
And therefore, think this *Weed*, a *Drug* for *Jews*
More fit by far [who did ſo foule abuſe
(Baſe rheumy Raſcals) with their Spawlings baſe,
Our loving SAVIOUR's lovely-reverend Face,
Whom (wilfull-blinde, ſtiff-necked, ſtupefi'd)
They ſpet on, ſcorned, ſcourged, *Crucifi'd*]
Than for us *Chriſtians*, who his Name adore.
Whom by his *Death* hee doth to *Life* reſtore.
If notwithſtanding all that hath been ſaid,
TOBACCONISTS will ſtill hold on their Trade,
And by their practice ſtill hold up their Name,
Though *Jews*, though *Divels* better ſuit the ſame;
I'll ſay no more but onely This, of This:
Henceforth let none whoſe meaner Lot it is
To live in *Smoak*; *Lime-burners*, *Alchimiſts*,
Brick-makers, *Brewers*, *Colliers*, *Kitchiniſts*;
Let *Salamanders*, *Swallows*, *Bacon-flitches*,
Red-Sprats, *red-Herings*, & like *Chimny*-wretches,
Think no Diſparagement, nor hold them baſe:
TOBACCONISTS their Company will grace,
And teach them make a Vertue of Neceſſity,
Turning their *Smoak* into a *grace*-fool-*Aſſity*.

NExt the *Good-name*, now let the Body ſhow
What wrongs to it from out TOBACCO flow:
For, as That is Man's baſer Part indeed,
It is moſt baſely handled by this *Weed*.
And firſt (as was ſignificantly ſaid
Before our *Soveraign*, by an *Oxford* Head)
TOBACCO, *Smoak* into the *Parlour* puts,
And baſeſt Office in the beſt Room ſhuts,
While to the Head it doth exhale and hoiſt
The Bodies filthy and ſuperfluous Moiſt;
Cauſing a moiſt Brain, by unceaſt ſupply
Of Rheums ſtill drawn to th' bodies *Stillary*:
Which in experience, and in Reaſon, make
Men moſt unapt, deep things to undertake.
For, for the moſt part, ſhallow are the Wits,
Conceits and Counſels of TOBACCONISTS.
Sith *Wiſdome dwells in* Dry: Her proper Seat
Is a dry Brain, embatteld well with Heat.
Alſo, it fries and dries away the Blood
(As did that *Perſian* the *Euphratean* Flood,
To conquer *Babylon*) by whoſe *incraſſion*,
The *Vitall Spirits*, in an unwonted faſhion,
Are bay'd, and barred of their Paſſage due
Through all the veins, their vigour to renue:
So that the Humours (as all out of frame)
Tending to putrefie and to inflame, (ever
Fire the whole houſe; from whence there follows
A dangerous, if not a deadly *Fever*.
Laſtly, this boyling, broyling of the Blood,
Breeds much aduſted *Melancholly*-Mood

(Satan's

(*Satan*'s fit Saddle, from their ſullen Cell,
To ride, in poſte, his wretched Slaves to Hell,
With two keen Spurres (too-quick in their Effect)
Th'one of Exceſs, the other of Defect;
A violent *Paſſion*, puſhing *Reaſon* back,
Or fell *Deſpaire* when *Conſcience* is awake.)
For, as of all *Inſenſibles*, hath none
More *Melancholy* and *Aduſtion*,
Than *Chimnies* have; What kind of *Chimny* is't
Leſs *Senſible* than a TOBACCONIST?
And in receiving *Smoake*, ſith th' are ſo equall;
Can their *Aduſtion* then be much unequall?
Thus then the Habit of TOBACCONING,
Makes one more *Chimny-like* than any thing.
Som alſo think it cauſeth exſiccation
(As of the Blood) of Seed of generation;
By th' acrimony ſtirring more to covet,
Than fruitfully producing Iſſue of-it:
Whence, wee may learn to marvell ſo much leſs,
That (for the moſt) our *Gentles*, that profeſs
TOBACCONISME, love *Lemman*-Sauce ſo well;
Or that ſuch Legions of the Baſe *pel-mel*,
Under the Standard of TOBACCO, uſe
To *Turn-bull* firſt, then to *Our Bartholmewes*.
And where there have been many great inqueſts
To finde the Cauſe Why Bodies ſtill grow leſs,
And daily neerer to the *Pigmies* Size;
This among many Probabilities,
May paſs for one: that their Progenitours
Did gladly foment their Interiours
With wholeſome food, unmixed, moderate,
And timely Liquors duely temperate:
But, now-adayes, Their Iſſue inly choak
And dry them up (like Herrings) with This *ſmoak*:
For, Herrings, in the Sea, are large and full,
But ſhrink in bloating and together pull:
Whence, in effect, Smoak unto Smoak referring,
TOBACCONISTS are not unlike Red Herring.
Undoubtedly beyond all Moderation
It dries the Bodie, robs of irrigation
The thirſty parts; ſo that the bowels cry
For Moiſt and Cold, to temper Hot and Dry
Whence, th' Elementall Qualities of Theirs,
In faction, fall together by the Eares.
For, in the Herb exceſs of Dry and Hot,
Drawes-in exceſs of Cold-Moiſt from the Pot;
For wch they troup to th' Ale-houſe ſhortly after,
As rats-ban'd Rats doe hie them to the water.
And yet, their liquid Cooler cures them not,
No more than water doth the baned Rat:
For th' Heat and Drought of th' *Hearb American*
Being intenſive (fitter call'd Man-bane)
The one dries-up the *Humour Radicall*,
The other drowns the *Calor Naturall*.
But the moſt certain and apparent Ill
Is an Ill Habit which doth haunt them ſtill;
Transforming *Nature* from her native Mould:
For, *Cuſtom* wee another *Nature* hold.
And this vile *Cuſtom* is ſo violent,
And holds his *Cuſtomers* at ſuch a Bent,
That tho thereby more hurt than good they doubt:
To die for it, they cannot live without.
Which doubtleſs, is a miſerable State:
For, Men are ſurely the more fortunate,
Of fewer Creatures that they ſtand in need:
More, but more Bondage, and leſſe freedome breed.
A Houſe, that muſt have many props and ſtaies,
Is neerer Fall, and faſter it decayes:
Variety and ſurfeit feed the *Spittle*,
And fill the Grave. *Nature's content with little.*
Why then ſhould Man, *living* and *rationall*,
Beſlave himſelfe to a dead *Vegetall*?
Why demi-heav'nly, and moſt free by Birth,
Should hee be bound unto this Childe of Earth?
Why, Lord of Creatures, ſhould Hee ſerve: at leaſt,
Why ſuch a Creature, baſer than a Beaſt?

OFt had I ſeen *Fools* of all ſorts frequent it,
Fooles of all Size, *Fooles* of all Sexes haunt it,
Fooles of all Colours, *Fooles* of all Complexions,
Fooles of all Faſhions, *Fooles* of all Affections,
Fooles naturall, *Fooles* artificiall,
Fooles rich and poor, young *Fools*, old *Fools*, and all;
Whom, *Foole* I pitied, for their wilfull folly;
ſuppoſing, none diſcreetly Wiſe (or Holy)
Could be entangled with ſo fond a thing,
As is the habit of *Tobacconing*.
For, what Diſcretion, or what Wiſdome can,
Think *Phyſick* Food, or *Med'cine* Meat for Man?
I rather thought *Uliſſes* rather would
Have ſtopt his ears, eyes, hands, & mouth with-hold
From ſuch a *Cyrcean* Drug, whoſe working ſtrange,
Would ſoon his beſt into a Beaſt exchange.
But when I ſaw ſome wiſe ones ſnared-in
This *Spaniſh Cobweb* (Satan's ſpeciall Gin)
And that ſo faſt, they cannot when they would
Get out again; or will not if they could:
Wiſdome, mee thought, muſt varie much; or elſe
This *Ware* is *ſpiced* with ſom forrain Spels;
So to bewitch the Wiſe (needleſs, and nilling)
To take and love; and not to leave it, willing.
For, thoſe that ſay and ſweare they even abhorre it,
Cannot abandon, but thus bandie for it:
'T is good (ſay they) 't is ſpeciall good for Rheums;
Exhales groſſe humours, their exceſſe conſumes;
And voids withall, all Inconvenience
There-on depending, or deſcending Thence.
Which ſhould I grant, it muſt be yet with Clauſes
Of needfull Caution, ſuitable to Cauſes;
When time requireth Preparation fit
To rarifie congealed Rags of it;
Which by the Heat and Dryneſſe, probably,
This Plant performes in mediocritie:
Or elſe where the aboundant Quantity,
Dangerous Effect, Malignant Quality,
Of over-moiſtures, aske *Evacuation*,
To free the parts from totall Inundation.
How-be-it, many ſafer Meanes there are.
Better and fitter in themſelves by farre;
More certaine, more direct; with leſſe adoo,
Leſſe Coſt, leſſe Damage, and leſſe Danger too
Than *Don* TOBACCO's damnable Infection,
Slutting the Body, ſlaving the Affection.
'T were therefore better ſomwhat elſe to ſeek,
Than reſt in this ſo worthy of diſ-like;
Sith, curing Thus one ſmall Infirmity,
It doth create a greater Malady,

When

When ther-by freed (perhaps) from *Rheums*, we fall
In Bondage of this *Cuſtom* capitall,
For, they that *Phyſick* to a *Cuſtom* bring,
Bring their *Diſeaſe* too, to accuſtoming.
Perpetuall *Phyſick* muſt of force imply
Perpetuall *Sickneſſe*; or deep Foolerie
Compos'd of *Antick* and of *Phrantick* too:
For, where 's no *Sickneſs*, what ſhould *Med'cine* do?

THus for the *Bodie*: Now, the *Soule* divine
With this wilde *Gooſe-Graſs* of the *Peruſine*
Hath Foure great Quarrels, in foure-fold reſpect
Of her foure Faculties; the *Intellect*,
The *Memory*, the *Will*, the *Conſcience*;
All which are wronged, if not wounded, Thence.
First, in the *Intellect*, it d' outs the Light,
Darkens the Houſe, th' underſtandings Sight;
Through never ceaſt ſucceſſion of *Humiditie*,
The Dam of dulneſſe, Mother of *Stupiditie*;
Making Mans generous Brain (beſt, dry and hot)
Lie drown'd, and driveling like a Changeling Sot.
Why then ſhould Man, to put out *Reaſon*'s Eye,
Suffer his Soule in *Smoakie* Lodge to lye?
For, though ſome others, and my Selfe by proofe
(When ſcornefully I tooke it but in *Snuffe*);
Have thereby ſometimes found ſome benefit;
Superfluous humors from the Brain to quit,
To cleer the Voyce and cheer the *Phantaſie*,
Which, for the preſent, it did ſeem ſupply:
Yet doth the *Cuſtom* (as wee likewiſe finde)
Diſ-nerve the Bodie, and diſ-apt the Minde.
Next; It decayes and marres the *Memorie*,
And brings it to ſtrange Imbecillitie,
By ſtill attraction of continuall *Moiſt*,
Which from the lower parts it wonts to hoiſt:
For, though beſt *Memory* dwell in a Brain
Moiſt-moderate; Yet over-*moiſt*, againe
Makes it ſo laxe, ſo diffluent and thin,
That nothing can be firmly fixt there-in;
But inſtantly it ſlides and ſlips away,
As weary heeles on wet and ſlippery Clay.
For Proofe whereof: None more forgetfull is
Of GOD and *Good*, than are *Tobacconiſts*.
Touching th' *Affections*, they are tyt'd no leſſe
By This fell Tyrants inſolent Exceſſe:
For, the *Aduſtion* of th' inherent *Heat*,
Drought, *Acrimonie* (Tartar-like) doth fret;
Makes men more ſudden and more heed-leſs heady,
More ſullen ſowr, more ſtubbornely-unſteady,
More apt to wrath, to wrangle, and to braule;
To give and take a Great offence, for Small;
Cauſe-leſs Rejoycing, and as cauſe-leſs Sory,
Exceeding-Mournefull, and exceſſive-Merry:
Whence growes, in fine, exceſſive Griefe and Fear;
For Dumpier none than the *Tobacconer*:
None ſadder than the gladdeſt of their Hoſt;
None hating more than hee that loved moſt;
None fearing more, none danted more than ſuch
As, in a *Paſſion*, rather dar'd too-much.
For, *Relatives inſeparable dwell*:
And *Contraries their Contraries expell*.
And (with th' *old Poet*) *'Tis the Cox-combs Courſe,*
Flying a Fault, to fall into a Worſe.

But, if they ſay, that ſometimes, taking it,
The Minde is freeed from ſome inſtant Fit
Of Anger, Griefe, or Feare; Experience tells
It is but like ſome of our Tooth-ake Spells,
Which for the preſent ſeem to eaſe the Pain,
But after, double it with more Rage again;
Becauſe a little, for the time, it drawes,
But leaves behinde the very Root and Cauſe.
Laſtly, the *Conſcience* (as it is the beſt
This *Indian* Weed doth moſt of all moleſt;
Loading it daily with ſuch Weight of Sin,
Whereof the leaſt ſhall at the laſt com-in
To ſtrict Account: the Loſſe of precious hours,
Neglect of GOD, of *Good*, of Us, of Ours:
Our ill Example, prodigall Exceſs,
Vain Words, vain Oaths, Dice, Daring, Drunkenneſs,
Sloath, Jeſting, Scoffing, turning Night to Day,
And Day to Night; Diſorder, Diſaray;
Places of Scorn and publick Scandall hanting;
Perſons of baſe and beaſtly Life frequenting; (bers,
Theeves, Unthrifts, Ruffiãs, Robbers, Roarers, Drab-
Bibbers, Blaſphemers, Shifters, Sharkers, Stabbers,
This is the *Rendez-vous*, Theſe are the Liſts,
Where doe encounter moſt TOBACCONISTS
Wherein they walk, like a blinde Mill-horſe round;
In the ſame Circle, on the ſelfe ſame ground;
Forgetting how, daies, months, and yeers doe paſſe;
No more regarding, than an Ox or Aſſe,
How Age growes on, how *Death* attendeth them,
GOD knowes how neer (*Whom* on each ſide behem
A late *Repentance*, or a flat *Deſpair*)
And after *That*, a noiſom ſtinking Air
Of their infamous rotten *Memory*
With Men on Earth; in Heav'n with GOD on hie
A Fearfull *Doom*; and finally in Hell,
Infinity of Fiery *Torments* fell.
The Laſt and leaſt of all TOBACCO-harms,
Is to the *Purſe*: which yet it ſo becharms,
That Juggler-like it jeſts-out all the Pelf,
And makes a Man a *Pick-purſe* to himſelfe.
For, as by This, th' *Iberian Argonauts*
May be ſuppos'd (even among ſerious Thoughts)
T' have kill'd more Men than by their Martyrdom,
Or *Maſſacre* (which yet to Millions com)
So, by the Same they have undon more Men,
Than *Uſury* (which takes from Hundred, Ten,
And no-where more than in *This witched Iſle*:
Woe to their Frauds, Woe to us Fools, the-while.

HOw-many *Gentles*, not of meaneſt Sort
(Whoſe Fathers liv'd in hononrable Port,
For Table, Stable, and Attendance fit;
Loving their Country, and belov'd of it)
Leaving their Neighbours, flee frõ their Approach;
And, for the moſt, keep Houſe in a *Caroach*
(Hell's new-found Cradles! where are rockt aſleep
Miſchiefs that make our Common-weal to weep).
Or in ſom *Play-houſe*, or ſom *Ordinary*,
Or in ſom piece of ſom *Un-ſanctuary*; (they wave,
Where, through his *Pipe-puft Noſe* more *Smoake*
Than all the *Chimnies* their great Houſes have;
Conſuming more, in their *Obſcure Obſcœnity*,
On *Smoak* and *Smock*, with their *appendent Vanitie*,
Than

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Than their brave Elders did, when they maintain'd
Honour at home, and forrain Glory gain'd.
How doe they rack, & wrack, & grate, & grinde,
Shuffle and cut, wrangle, and turn, and winde;
Borrow and beg (under a Courtly Cloak)
And all too-little for this liquoriſh *Smoak*!
Alas the while! that men thus needs will be
Begger'd, undone (of no *Neceſsity*)
In Body, Minde, and Means; unapt, unable
For any *Good*, through this ſo needleſs Bable.
For, What a Folly, through the Noſe to puff
Th' whole Bodie 's Portion in this idle ſtuff?
Or, what need any with TOBACCO, more
Now meddle, than his Anceſtors before?
Who knew it not, but had, without it, Health,
Liv'd long and luſty, in aboundant Wealth.
Or, what is any, when hee all hath ſpent,
The better for This dear Experiment?
Which now-adayes a number daily finde
Like *Alchymie* (though in another Kinde)
To circulate, and calcinate (at length)
Inſenſibly (TOBACCO hath ſuch ſtrength)
Manours, Demains, Goods, Cattell, Elm and Oak,
Gold, Silver, All; to *Aſhes* and to *Smoak*,
While all, too buſie blowing at the Coal,
Deject their Body, and neglect their Soule.
For, O! What place is left to *Chriſtianity*,
'Mongſt ſuch a Crew (nay, almoſt to *Humanity*)
Where Oaths, Puf-ſnuffing, Spauling-Excrement,
Are *reall Parts* of GENTLES Complement?
And, for our *Vulgar*, by whoſe bold Abuſe
TOBACCONING hath got ſo generall Uſe;
How mightily have They ſince multiply'd
Taverns, Tap-houſes! where, on every ſide,
Moſt ſinfully hath Mault been ſunken heer
In nappy *Ale*, and *double-double-Beer*;
Invincible in a Threefold Exceſs; (*kenneſs*:
Strong *Drink*, Strong *Drinking*, and ſtrange *Drun-*
Which on the Land hath brought ſo viſibly
So great a Miſchief, ſo paſt Remedy,
That Thouſands daily into Beggery ſink
Through *Idleneſſe*; in wilfull *Debt* for *Drink*.
Nor can the Law 's ſevereſt curb keep-in
This coltiſh, common, priviledged Sin.
Then (ſhallow Reptile, ſuperficiall Gnat)
Why doe I humme? why doe I hiſſe there-at?

BUt, awefull *Juſtice* will with keener Edge
Clip ſhort (I hope) this ſawcie Priviledge;
And at one Blowe cut-off this *Over-Drinking*,
And ever *Dropſie* of TOBACCO-*ſtinking*,
When *Our* ALCIDES (though at *Peace* with men,
At War with Vices) as His *armed Pen*
[Among the LABOURS of his *Royall* hand,
Where *Piety* and *Prudence* (joyntly) ſtand
Eternall PILLERS to His glorious *Name*;
Unto all Times to teſtifie the ſame, (*and Writ*:
BRITANN's right *Beau-Clerk*, both for *Word*
The Miracle, *The* ORACLE *of Wit*:
For Knowledge, *Judgement*, *Method*, *Memory*,
Divine and Morall ENCYCLOPÆDIE]
Hath, as with Arrowes, from His ſacred Sides,
All-ready chac't Theſe *ſtinking Stymphalides*;
Shall, with the *Trident* of ſome ſharp *Edict*,
Severe enacted, executed ſtrict,
Cleanſe all the Stables of This *Augean* Dung,
Which hath ſo long corrupted Old and Young:
Or, at the leaſt, impoſe ſo deep a *Taxe*
On all theſe *Ball*, *Leafe*, *Cane*, and *Pudding Packs*:
On Seller, or on Buyer, or on Both,
That from Henceforth the *Commons* ſhall be loath
(Unwilling-Wiſe) with that *grave Greek*, to *buy*
Smoak and *Repentance at a Price ſo high*.
If, notwithſtanding, Yet ſome Wealthy, will
Needs poyſon, and undoe them with it, ſtill;
It ſhall be onely ſome of Thoſe profane
Looſe *Prodigals* (their Countries Blot and Bane)
Beſt to be ſpar'd, leaſt to be miſt; whoſe Lands
(If any left) will come to Wiſer hands
Than ſuch weak *Ninnies*, needing *Wardſhip* yet;
Not for their want of *Age*, but want of *Wit*.
Avidius Caſſius (as *Lampridius* ſhowes)
Did firſt invent, and firſt of all impoſe
That uncouth Maner of tormenting Folk;
On a high beame to ſmother them with *Smoak*:
Where had TOBACCO bin then known, he need
But have enjoyn'd them to have ta'n the Weed.
But, with more Reaſon and more Equitie,
Severus Cæſar when hee did diſcry
The double-dealing of *Vetronius*
[A Couſening Courtier (Such are none with Us).
A Jack-of-both-ſides, with both hands to play
(As now-adayes ſome Lawyers doe, they ſay)
Faining great Favour with his Soveraign,
To take great Bribes of many, to obtaine
Great Suits; for whom his Prince hee never mov'd]
Aloud complain'd of, and apparent prov'd;
Caus'd his falſe *Minion* with this *Doom* to choak,
Let the Smoak-ſeller ſuffocate with Smoak:
Which, our *Smoak*-Merchants would no leſſe befit;
TOBACCO-*Mungers*, Bringers-in of it:
Which yeerly coſts (they ſay, by *Audit* found)
Of better Wares an hundred Thouſand pound.
And, if the *Sentence* of this *Heathen Prince*,
On that *Impoſtor*, for his *Impudence*,
Were juſt: How juſter will the Heav'nly GOD,
Th' *Eternall*, puniſh with infernall Rod:
In Hell's dark Furnace (with black *Fumes*, to choak)
Thoſe, that on Earth will ſtill *offend in Smoak*?
Offend their Friends, with a Moſt *un-Reſpect*:
Offend their Wives and Children, with Neglect:
Offend the Eyes, wth foule and loathſom ſpawlings:
Offend the Noſe, with filthy Fumes exhalings:
Offend the Eares, with loud lewd *Execrations*:
Offend the Mouth, with ugly Excreations:
Offend the *Senſe*, with ſtupefying *Sènſe*:
Offend the Weake, to follow their *Offence*:
Offend the Body, and offend the Minde:
Offend the *Conſcience* in a fearefull kinde:
Offend their *Baptiſme*, and their *Second Birth*:
Offend the *Majeſtie* of Heav'n and Earth.
Woe to the World becauſe of ſuch *Offences*;
So voluntaire, ſo voyd of all pretences
Of all *Excuſe* (ſave *Faſhion*, *Cuſtome*, *Will*)
In ſo apparent, proved, granted, *Ill*.
Woe, woe to them by Whom *Offences* come;
So ſcandalous to All our CHRISTENDOM.

FINIS.

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LACRYMAE LACRYMARUM:

OR

The Spirit of TEARES,

DISTILLED

FOR THE UNTIMELY DEATH

OF

The Incomparable Prince,

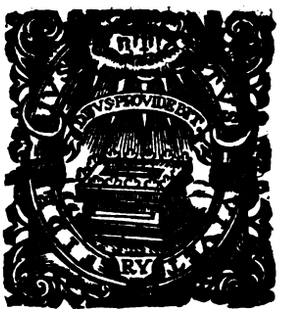
HENRIE

(*LATE*)

Prince of VVales.

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.



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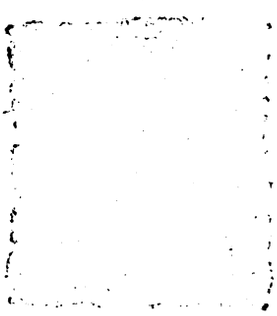

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LACRYMAE LACRYMARUM.

A Funerall Elegie.

The Argument, in an EPITAPH.

HEre lyes (Drie Eyes read not this EPITAPH.)
Here lyes Great-Britains *Stay, Great* Jacob's *Staffe:*
The ſtately Top-bough of Imperiall Stemme,
World's richeſt Iewell, Nature's *rareſt Gemme,*
Mirrour of Princes, *Miracle of Youth,*
All Vertues Pattern, Patron of all Truth;
Refuge of Armes, ample Reward of Arts,
VVorth's *Comforter, milde Conquerour of Hearts:*
The Churches *Tower, the Terrour of the Pope;*
Heröik HENRY, Atlas *of our Hope.*

HOw-ever, ſhort of Others *Art* and *Wit*,
I know my powers for ſuch a Part unfit;
And ſhall but light my Candle in the *Sun*,
To doe a work ſhall be ſo better *Done*:
Could *Teares* and *Fears* give my Diſtractions leave,
Of ſobbing words a *ſable Web* to weave;
Could *Sorow's Fulneſs* give my voice a vent;
How would, how ſhould, my ſaddeſt *Verſe* lament,
In deepeſt Sighes (in ſtead of ſweeteſt Songs)
This loſs (alas!) which unto All belongs!
To All, alas! though chiefly to the Chief;
His *royall Parents*, Principalls in grief:
To All the *Peers*, to all *Confederate*;
To All the *Church*, to all the *Chriſtian State*:
To all the Godly *now*, and *future*, far:
To all the *World*; except S. P. Q. R.
To all together and to Each a-part,
That lives, and loves *Religion*, *Armes*, or *Art*:
To all abroad; but, to Us moſt of all
That neereſt ſtood to my *High Cedars* fall:
But, more than moſt, to *Mee*, that had no *Prop*
But *Henry's Hand*, and, but in *Him*, no *Hope*:
In Whom, with *Nature*, *Grace* and *Fortune* met,
To conſummate a *Prince*, as *Good* as *Great*:
In Whom, the Heav'ns were pleas'd to ſhew the
A richer *Jewell* than the World was worth, (Earth
Or worthy of: therefore, no more to make
So rare a *Piece*, His pretious Mould they brake.
O ſudden Change! O ſad *Viciſſitude!*
O! how the Heav'ns our Earthly Hopes delude!
O! what is firm beneath the Firmament!
O! what is conſtant heer that gives Content!
What Truſt in Princes! O! what Help in Man,
Whoſe *dying* life is but in length a ſpan!
Melting, as Snow, before the Mid-day Sun;
Paſt, as a Poſte, that ſpeedy by doth run;
Swift, as the Current of the quickeſt Stream;
Vain, as a Thought; forgotten, as a Dream.
Q Deareſt *Henry*, Heav'n and Earth's *Delight!*
O cleareſt Beam of *Vertues*, Riſing bright!
O pureſt Spark of *Pious* Princely *Zeal!*
O ſureſt Ark of *Juſtice* ſacred Weal!
O graveſt Preſage of a *Prudent* Kinde!
O braveſt Meſſage of a *Valiant* Minde!
O All-admir'd, *Benign* and *Bounteous*!
O All-deſired (right) *Panaretus!*
Panaretus (*All-vertuous*) was thy Name;
Thy Nature ſuch: ſuch ever be thy Fame.

O Deareſt! Cleereſt! Pureſt! Sureſt *Prop!*
O Graveſt! Braveſt! Higheſt! Nigheſt *Hope!*
O! how untimely is this Sun gone down!
This *Spark* put out! This *Ark* (as) overthrown!
This Preſage croſt! This Meſſage loſt and left!
This Prop diſplac't! This Hope of all, bereft!
O! how, unkinde! how, graceleſs! how, ingrate!
Have *Wee* cut-off Thy likely longer Date!
For, were *this ſtroke* frō Heav'ns immediat hand;
Or (by Heav'ns leave) from Hell's ſuborned Band
Of *Romulides* (what dare not they preſume?
If this, that Sea a ſulph'ry Sea conſume).
How-e'r it were, *Wee* were the *Moving Cauſe*
That ſweet *Prince Henry* breath no longer draws.
Wee all (alas!) have had our hands herein:
And Each of us hath, by ſome *cord* of *ſin*,
Hal'd down from Heav'n, from *Juſtice* awfull Seat,
This *Heavie Judgment* (wch yet more doth threat.)
Wee Clergy firſt, who too-too-oft have ſtood
More for the Church-goods, than the Churches
Wee Nobles next, whoſe Title, ever ſtrong, (good:
Can hardly offer Right, or ſuffer Wrong:
Wee Magiſtrates, who, moſtly, weak of ſight,
Are rather fain to feel than ſee the Right:
Wee Officers, whoſe *Price* of every *Place*
Keeps *Vertue* out, and bringeth *Vice* in grace:
Wee Gentry then, who rack, and ſack, and ſell,
To ſwim, like *Sea-Crabs* in a *foure-wheel'd Shell*:
Wee Courtiers next, who *French-Italianate*,
Change (with the *Moon*) our *Faſhion, Faith*, & *Fate*:
Wee Lawyers then, who, *Dedalizing* Law,
And deading *Conſcience*, like the Horſe-leach draw:
Wee Citizens, who, ſeeming *Pure* and Plain,
Beguile our Brother, make our *god* our GAIN:
Wee Countrymen, who ſlander Heav'n and Earth
As Authors of our *Artificiall Dearth*:
Wee Purveyours, laſt, who, taking ten for two,
Rob both, at once, our *Prince* and *People* too:
All, briefly all, all Ages, Sexes, Sorts,
In *Countries, Cities, Benches, Churches, Courts*,
(All *Epicures, Wit-wantons, Athēiſts*,
Mach'-Aretines, Momes, Tap-To-Bacchoniſts,
Bats, Harpies, Sirens, Centaurs, Bib-all-nights,
Sice-ſink-ap-Aſſes, Hags, Hermaphradites)
And *Wee*, poor *Nothings* (fixed in no Spheare,
Right *wandring* Tapers, *Erring* every where)
Scorn of the *Vulgar*, Scandall of the *Gown*, (down.
Have pull'd this waight of *Wrath*, this *Vengeance*
All, All are *guilty*, in a high Degree,
Of This *High-Treaſon* and *Conſpiracy*;
More brute than *Brutus*, ſtabbing more than *Ceſar*,
With Two-hand-SINS of *Profit* and of *Pleaſure*;
And (th' odious *Ingine*, which doth all include)
Our many-pointed proud *Ingratitude*.
For, for the *Peoples* Sins for *Subjects* Crimes,
God takes-away good *Princes* oftentimes.
So, good *Joſiah* (*Henry's parallel*)
Was ſoon bereft from Sin-full *Iſrael*:
So, our good *Edward* (*Henry's Precedent*)
For *England's Sins* was hence untimely hent.
So, heer, good *Henry* is new taken hence,
For now Great-*Britain's* great *Sins* Confluence.
Wee ſee th' Effect: wee have the Cauſe confeſt:
O! Turn wee then, with ſpeed, to *ſave the Reſt*:
O! Turn us, *Lord*, turn to us, turn away (pray.
Thy *Frowns*, our *Fears*, with humbleſt tears, wee
O ſave our *Soveraign*; ſave his *Royall ſeed*;
That ſtill his *Own* may on his *Throne* ſucceed.
Let Each of us make privie Search within;
And having found, bring forth the *Traitor* SIN
To *Execution*, with all *Execration*
Henceforth renouncing ſuch *In-Sin-newation*.
Let Each of us (as Each hath throw'n a *Dart*,
A *Dart* of Sinne, at *Henry's* princely heart)
Send-up in Sighes our *Soules* devouteſt breath,
To Shield our *James, Anne, Charles, Elizabeth*,
And *Him*, whoſe *Love* ſhall render *Her* her *Brother*,
And make Her ſoon a happy *Princes* Mother.
Let Each of us ceaſe to lament (in vain)
Prince Henry's Loſs: Death is to *Him* a Gain.
For *Savoy's* Dukelings, or the *Florentine*,
Hee Wedds his *Saviour* of a Regal *Line*;
Glory, for *Gold*; for *Hope*, *Poſſeſſion* (*there*)
Of *Crownes* ſo Rich as never entred Eare,
Eye never ſaw, nor ever heart conceiv'd;
So ſtrong *Aſſur'd* as cannot be bereav'd.
Waile not his death: His *Vertues* cannot *Dye*;
Immortall Iſſue of *Eternity*.
His Soule in Bliſſe beholds her Makers Eyes:
His goodly Body ſhall more glorious *Riſe*.
Weep not for *Him*: weep for our ſelves, alas!
(Not for our *Private*, or *Peculiar* caſe:
As, for our *Sonn's, Brother's*, or *Maſter's* lack,
Or *Prince's* loſs (our *Expectations* wrack)
Our *Places, Graces, Profits, Penſions* loſt,
Our *preſent Fortunes* caſt, our *future* croſt)
Weep for our *Sins*, our *Wicked*-Provocations,
Our haynous, horrid, high *Abominations*;
Both *ſeen* and *ſecret*; both in High and Low:
Weep, weep for *Theſe*; and ſtript, from Top to Toe,
Of *giddie Gaudes*, Top-gallant *Tires* and *Towers*,
Of *Face-pride, Caſe-pride, Shin-pride, Shoo-pride*, ours
(*Like Ninivites* ſo neer Their *threatned Fall*)
In blackeſt *Sack* and *Cinders* ſhrowded All:
Not like a *Rul-ruſh*, for a day or two,
To ſtoop, and droop, and *ſeem* as others *doe*
(As *Achab* yerſt, and *Pharao*, in Diſtreſs)
And then return unto our old exceſs
(As Dogs unto their Mewt, Hogs to their Mire)
But, day by day; untill our laſt expire,
With bended Knees, but more with broken hearts,
And th' *inward* reſt of right *Repentant* Parts,
Proſtrate our Soules in *Faſting* and in *Prayer*,
Before the Foot-ſtool of th' *Empyreall Chaire*:
That So, What-ever bloody *Deluge* flow (Throat,
From th' old *Red Dragon's* wide-wide-yawning
Wee *Humbled Mourners* may be Heav'nly *Markt*,
In *Mercie's Veſſel* to be All imbARKT.

FINIS.

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AN EPITAPH.

WHen Great French HENRY *Fates bereft,*
His Name and Fame to OURS *Hee left;*
As ableſt ATLAS *then to* proppe
The Waight of VVORTH, *the World of* HOPE:
But, ENGLAND'S Sinnes (*a heavier Load*)
So over-layd *His Shoulders broad,*
That, chruſhed *down,* Heer lies HEE dead.
So, HOPE *is fall'n, and* VVORTH *is fled.*

ANOTHER.

WHom *All admir'd, whom All* (*almoſt*) *ador'd,*
For all the Parts of all PANDORA'S *Treaſure;*
The Hope of all, to have all Good *reſtor'd;*
HIM, *All our* Ills *have ſlain, by Heav'ns Diſpleaſure.*

By HIS (late) HIGHNES'S
Firſt Worſt
&
Poet Penſion.
JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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AN

ELEGIAC EPISTLE

CONSOLATORIE.

AGAINST

IMMODERATE SORROVV

FOR THE

IMMATURE DECEASE

OF

Sir WILLIAM SIDNEY

Knight,

Sonne and Heire apparent

To the Right

HONOURABLE

ROBERT, LORD SIDNEY

Lord Vi-Count Liſle;

Lord Chamberlaine to the Queene

AND

Lord Governour of His

MAJESTIES

Cautionarie Towne of

VLUSHING.

BY

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD VI-COUNT LISLE, and his most *vertuous Lady.*

To Sir ROBERT SIDNEY, Knight, their Hopefull SONNE.

To the most VVorthy Lady WROTH, with the rest of their right vertuous Daughters:

and

To all the Noble SIDNEYS

and

SEMI-SIDNEYS.

Although I know none, but a Sidney's *Muse,*
Worthy to sing a Sidney's *Worthiness:*
None but Your Own ✣ Al-WORTH, Sidnëides,
In whom, her Uncle's *noble Veine reneives:*
And though I know (sad Nobles) *to infuse*
My fore-spent Drops into the bound-lesse Seas
Of your deep griefs, for your dear Ioy's Decease;
To your full Ocean *nought at-all accrues:*
Yet, as (the Floods Queen) Amphitrite *daignes*
To take the Tribute of small Brooks and Bournes;
Which to her Bounty (that their Streams maintains)
The humble Homage of their Thanks returnes:
Accept these Sighs and these few Teares of ours,
Which have their Course but from the Source of yours.

Anagram. LA: WROTH.

——————Your Noble Name's and Vertue's

——————— most Observant,

——————— JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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AN ELEGIAC EPISTLE.

WHat object, leſs than our *great Henry's Herſe*,
Could ſo have ſeiz'd the voice of every *verſe*?
What Subject elſe could have ingroſſed ſo
The *publike* Store and *private* Stock of *Woe*?
What Sea, but th' *Ocean* of His *Vertues* Fame,
Could drink all *Teares*, or drown a *Sidny's Name*
(As buried quick) ſo quickly (though ſo young)
So un-bewailed, ſo un-ſigh't, un-ſung?
O, glorious *Henry!* though alone to *Thee*,
I owe my all, and more than all of *Mee*;
And though (alas!) the beſt and moſt of *mine*
Reach not the leaſt, the loweſt Dues of *Thine*: (fore)
Yet, wouldſt thou, couldſt thou hear (as heer-to-
And grant a *Boon*; I onely would implore
Thy *leave* a little, for a *Sidney's* Death
To ſigh a little of my mournfull breath:
The rather, that, as *Yerſt* Hee ſerv'd You heer,
And, in his *End* attended Yours ſo neer;
Through-out all Ages, ſubſequent to *Ours*,
His *Name* and *Fame* may ever wait on YOURS:
Sith All the MUSES owe that *Name* alone,
A *Dia-paſon* of each *ſad-ſweet* Groan:
But more peculiar, and preciſely Mine;
Lineally bound unto that Noble Ligne.
Arcadians know no Other, for *Apollo*,
No other *Mars* (in *Arms* or *Arts* to follow,
As *Demi-Gods*, as well of War as Wit)
Then *Sidneys yerſt*, or *Semi-Sidneys*, yet.
Yet, ſit I ſaid: for, of *This* deer *Deſcent*,
Nature (of late) too-laviſhly hath ſpent,
(Like *My Ill-huſwives* wch at once do burn (turn)
Two or three lights, where one would ſerve the
Not her Own only, but more orient Gemms,
More rich, more rare; more fitting *Diadems*.
As, firſt, th' old Father, famous-fortunate,
The prime firm Founder of our *Iriſh State*:
Next, His Son PHILIP (more than PHILIP's Son)
Whoſe World of *Worth*, a World of *Honour* won:
Then, His ſole *Heire* (ſole *Venus-Juno-Pallas*)
All *Beauties Pattern*, and All *Vertues* Palace;
(Whoſe memory, on *Muſes Faireſt Hill*
Is *Canonized*, by a *Phœnix* Quill). (grac't,
Theſe *Three*, the which *Three Ages* might have
All *Theſe* and moe in my ſhort Age have paſt:
Beſides *This* new *Sweet-William* now deceaſt
(Th' *Epitomé* and *Summe* of All the reſt)
The Flower of *Youth*, of *Honour*, *Beauty*, *Blood*,
Th' Apparent *Heir* of All the SIDNEYS *Good*;
For mind, for mould, for ſp'rit, for ſtrength, & ſtature,
A Miracle, a Maſter-piece of *Nature*.
Alas! How groſſely doe our Painters erre
In drawing *Death's* grim Viſage (every-where)
With hollow holes, as wholly dark and blinde!
Ah! See wee not, how ſtill hee ſees to finde
The faireſt mark, the rareſt and the beſt
Of *Vertues* buds, and lets alone the reſt?
Ravens, Brambles, Bandogs, *Sirens*, heer hee leaves;
Swans, Roſes, Lions, *Dians*, hence hee reaves:
Nay; th' *onely Phœnix* hath hee newly ſlain
(But, maugre *Death*, That *Bird* revives again).
No marvaile then, if SIDNEYS fall ſo faſt.
So early ripe are ſeldome apt to laſt:
So *Eminent* are imminent to *die*;
Malicious *Death* doth *ſuch* ſo eas'ly ſpy.
But, why of *Death* and *Nature* rave I thus;
Another *Stile* (my LISLE) befitteth us.
Another *Hand*, another *Eye*, directs
Both *Death* and *Nature* in theſe high Effects;
The *Eye* of *Providence*, the *Hand* of *Power*,
Diſpoſing All in *Order* and in *Hower*;
So *working* in, ſo *waking* over All,
That but by *Thoſe* doth *Nothing* heer befall.
Then, not (as Currs) the ſtone or ſtaffe to bite,
Un-heeding *why*, or *who* doth *hurl* or *ſmite*;
Unto that *Eye* let us erect our owne;
And humble us under That *Hand* alone,
Which (as the Potter his own Work controules)
Diſſolveth Bodies, and *abſolveth* Soules:
Un-partiall ever, Un-prepoſterous;
How-ever Other it may ſeem to us.
For, ever ſince *firſt Woman* teemed *Twin*,
And at a *Birth* brought forth both *Death* and *ſin*
(*Sin*, as her *Heir*: *Death*, as an *Heritage*
Juſtly derived down from Age to Age)
It is *Decreed* (by a more Change-leſſe *Law*
Than ever yet the *Medes* and *Perſians* ſaw)
That *All men once* (as well as Low, the High,
Of either *ſex*, of every *ſort*) *muſt die*.

Yea,

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Yea, th' INNOCENT, for *Our imputed Ill*
(Who *came*, not *Lawes* to break, but to *ful-fill*)
The *Son* of GOD (The *Son* of MAN become)
Th' *Immortall* yeelded to This *mortall Doome*.
So that (*for Sin*) no *Son* of MAN hath breath
But once muſt dye, *Wages of* SIN *is Death*.
As for the reaſon, Why it comes to paſſe
Somtimes, that *Age* ſeems to have turn'd his *glaſs*;
While oftentimes *Youth's*, yer it ſeem *begun*,
Is crackt, or broken, or already run:
Why *Lillies*, *Roſes*, *Gilli-flowers* be reft;
When *Nettles*, *Thiſtles*, *Hemlocks* heer be left:
Why *Cedars*, *Okes*, *Vines*, *Olives* rather fall,
Than *Bruſh* and *Bryars* (good for nought at all)
Let Fleſh and Blood, let *Duſt*, be rather mute,
Than with *His* MAKER ſawcily diſpute.
Yet heer (mee thinks) but little Queſtion needs.
Doe not Wee rather gather Herbs than Weeds?
Doe not Wee take the timber for our turn,
And leave the Dottrells, in their time to burn?
And, in the Shambles, who is it but would
Be rather ſped of young Fleſh than of old?
And yet in Seaſon, when wee ſee it good,
Wee weed our Gardens, fell our Under-wood:
And kill old Cattell, leſt they goare the young,
Or fall away, or mize ſom Mange among.
Much like, the Lord: who knoweth beſt all ſeaſon,
And beſt obſerves. But will wee urge his Reaſon?
His Reaſon is his WILL: His *Will* is *juſt*,
Or rather *Juſtice*; which His *Power muſt*
In *Wiſdome execute* (right underſtood)
To his *Owne Glory*, and His Childrens *Good*;
Wherein His *Goodneſs* through his *Mercy* ſhines,
To cleer and cheer devout and humble mindes.
For to the *Godly*, (in deſpight of Hell)
Heav'n maketh all things to re-iſſue *well*.
Heer, heer's a Harbour; heer's a quiet Shore
From *Sorrowe's* Surges, and all Storms that rore.
This is *Cap Comfort* (a high *Promontory*
Of *richer* Store than heer is room to ſtorie).
Heer let us bide, and ride-out all Events,
With Anchor *Hope*, and Cable *Patience*;
Untill our Bark ſome happy Gale ſhall drive
Home to the *Hav'n* where wee would All arrive.
Come, Noble *Vi-Count*, put into *This Bay*,
Where (with a Light) our A'MIRAL leads the way,
Though deepeſt laden, and the moſt diſtreſt,
The greateſt *Ship* of Burthen, and the beſt.
HIM boldly follow: and though heer, as CHIEF
In *Grief*, as *Greatneſſe*, His muſt drown your *Grief*:
Count it an Honour, to be call'd to try
Your *Vertues* Valour, in your *Soveraign's* eye.
Wee all partake his *Croſs*; his Loſſe is *Ours*:
But his *Affections* (to the life) are *Yours*.
The neerer then You match his *mournfull* fate,
His *royall Patience* neerer imitate.
And *you*, ſad *Lady*, Mother of annoy
For having loſt the *prime* Son of your Joy;
Ah! ſee the *Soveraigne* of your *ſex* hath ſo.
Some think it eaſe, to have ſome peer in *Woe*:
But ſuch a PEER, and *ſuch* a *Pattern* too,
Should much (mee thinks) confirm & comfort You
To beare-up hard into this happy *Road*,
And lighten ſomwhat of *Your* heavie Load:
The rather, ſith beſides the *Happineſſe*,
Which now, *above*, your *Darling* doth poſſeſſe;
(The *Crown*, the *Kingdome*, and the *Companie*
Of All the *holy*, *heav'nly* HIERARCHIE)
Beſides your meſs of goodly GRACES left (reft;
(whoſe WORTH from All, the *Price* of *Worth* hath
Foure lovely *Nimphs*, foure *Rivers*, as it were,
Your veines of *Vertue* through the Land to bear)
You have another *Model* of *The ſame*,
To propagate *renowned* SIDNEY'S *Name*;
Another, like in every part to prove
As worthy of our Honour, and your Love;
In whom (if now, You, JOB-like, bear this *Croſs*)
Heav'n may reſtore you, manifold, your Loſs.

FINIS.

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HONOUR'S FARE-WELL TO HER HONOURABLE FRIENDS: OR THE LADY HAY'S *Last* Will:

TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
Executors and *Overseers*,

EDWARD, Lord Denny; *IAMES*, *Lord Hay*;
&
MARY, **Lady Denny.**

FRom Gratitude, **From Duty,** *From Affection*,
To You (my Lords) **Your** *Honour*, & *Your Name*
(Without Offence, **without Mis-sense,** *or Blame*)
Receive, **conceive,** *consider This* DIRECTION
AGAINST th' Excess, **the Rage,** *The Insurrection*
Of Tears, **of Sighs,** *of Sorrowes* for This DAME
As Dead, Who Lives (in Soule, **in Seed,** *in Fame*)
Inspiring Breath, **Life,** *Strength*, To This COLLECTION
Made, **aimed**, *meant*, For quick, **Kind,** *Keen* CORRECTION
Of men, **of Minds,** *of Manners* (Out of FRAME)
In Citie, **Court**, *and Countrey* (All too-BLAME)
Through Sin's, **through Satan's,** *Through our Selves* INFECTION.
Som Vow, **Som Verse,** *Som Monument* To HONOUR
I thought, **I wrought,** *and Thus I* Dreamed on-Her.

IOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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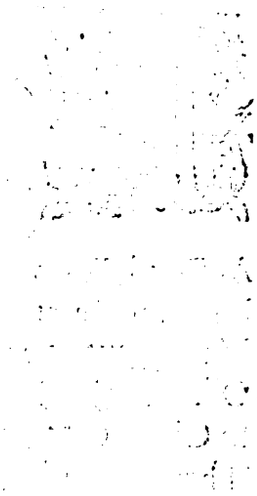

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HONOURS FARE-WELL

FRō Man-Gods birth (*the Scale of earth to heav'n*)
Th' Yeer *twice eight hundred & twice single sev'n:*
Amidst the Month *which Second* Cæsar *names*;
Upon the Day *which* Diane *weekely clames:*
About the Hower *that golden* Morpheus *uses*
Phantastikly to feast perplexed Muses
(*While* Phœbus *Coach-man scarce awake, did seem*
Hying to harnes all his fiery Teem)
Being, me thought (*ith' Ward robe, or ne Waltham*)
Among the Chief, where Grief did so assault 'em:
(*On either side*) *that neither Great nor Small*
Had one dry Eye to see My sight *withall:*
Me thought, I saw a White bright-shining Creature
(*Just in the Forme of* Honour's *Wonted Feature*)
Approching sofily to a Sable Bed,
Where weeping Sorrow *layd his sleepless head;*
And with a Voice like one devoutly praying,
Shrill-softly, Thus (*me thought*) *I heard it saying:*
Sweet Love, my Lord, *Loadstar* of my Desire,
Whose purest flame had only power to fire
The Ice Fort of Honour's chaste Affection,
Wonne by thy love; but more by thy Perfection:
Deere Soule, which draw'st (by unseen vertue) so,
My Soule to greet thee once yet yer I goe;
Cease, cease to weep, give-over Sighs and Sobbing,
Thine eyes of Rest, thy brest of Comforts robbing:
For, though soft Water hardest Marble weares,
Flint-hearted *Death* is never pearc't with *Teares.*
Use therefore other Arms against his Rages:
And, of thy Love, give more autentick Gages.
Whom yerst I chose among the choisest Worth
Of *Britisb Gallants* (ever *South* and *North*)
For *Parts* and *Port*; for mild and Martiall manner,
In brave *Designes* to doe their Countrey honour:
Who, in mine eye, seem'd to excell the rest,
And Whom my Mind esteem'd above the best;
Must not expresse His love to Mee *departed*,
With vulgar Showes of the most-vulgar-hearted.
No: light me Lamps that may thy love become;
Such as may shine, about, above my Tombe,
To all beholders, as a holy Mirour,
Reducing Nobles, from Ignobles Errour:
Or as a *Pharus* to direct the Court,
From Rocks and Wracks, into the *Happy Port.*
For, though my love seek but my Hay & Denny,
My *Charitie* is heer-in meant to many.
As form the *Dead*, I come, the *Quick* to call
From *Sin's* deep *Sleep*: and *Thee* (*Deer*) first of all.
Deer, if thou yet hold-deer a Soule devested
Of worldly Pomp (wch hath the World impested)
Sweet heart, put-off; sweet *Hay*, now leave thou
What (O!) I left not, till nigh deadly Sick: (quick,
Forsake the World yer it have thee forsaken;
And yer thy Youth with Ruth be over-taken,
Regard thy Soule, thy Body lesse respect:
Kill *Vanitie*, curbe every proud Affect,
Whereby the World still striveth to impriſon
The purest Rayes of Mans divineſt Reaſon.
Creep heer no longer with thy mortall Duſt;
Climbe with thy fiery Soule up to the Juſt,
Exhale thee ſo, in heav'nly things admiring,
As to the place of thy firſt Birth aſpiring.
Few are thy Daies with many Dolours fill'd,
With *Hoping* tired, with *Deſiring* kill'd,
Yer thou attain what thou wouldſt fain and merry:
Or, if thou doſt, anon it makes thee weary.
For, what *Delight* that ever Earth thee lent,
Haſt thou aye found *pleaſing* and *permanent*?
Honour's faire Maſk, for all the Pomp and Bravery,
In *golden Gyves* is chaind to *Silken Slavery.*
Wealth, which the World holds *ſuper-Soveraign*,
With uſe, doth vaniſh; without uſe, is vaine:
And Both, too often (as *Coat-Cards* may cotten),
Unworthily, as well are loſt, as gotten.
Few Objects heer (my *Deer*) but ſubject be
To Labour more than unto Libertie: (ted:
Youth's health & ſtrength are quickly quaſht, or da-
Pleaſure and Love as ſoon are croſt, or ſated:
Affront ſtill drives the Weakeſt to the Wall;
The Mightieſt ay are under Envie's Maule:
A lowely Fortune is of all deſpiſed:
A lofty one, oft, of it ſelfe, nullized.
In Brief, *Deer Soul*, thou ſeeſt how *Certain Fate*
Conduces all things to their *firſt* Date,
As on the Shore a rouling Billow ſplitteth,
When foaming high, and roaring home, it hiſteth
Againſt the keen Knees of a hoared Cliff,
Ending his courſe in an Incounter ſtiff:
Then ſwels another, which yet higher wallows,
In the ſame courſe; who the ſame fortune follows:
So, Wee (*O Worlds-Waves!*) as ſoon dead as born,
With divers Shock, on the ſame Rock are torn.

This

This age hath ſhow'n great *fortune's* greedy Mini-
(By hook or crook) above the worlds opinion; (on
Above their owne Hopes: nay, above (wel-nigh)
The clouded Aime of their inſatiate eye: (glory?
But, now where are they? where's their grace? their
Rotten in Duſt; forgotten all their Story
(Unleſs, perhaps, what heer ſo goodly ſhin'd,
Went out in Snuffe, and left ill ſent behinde)
And all their vaine Fume, turn'd to violent Fire,
For ever burn's (ſuch is *Ambition's* Hire):
Where, too-too late, they finde unto their Coſt,
Such Favours, ſo found, had bin better loſt.
Soul's ſad Repenting, & Hearts heavie Throeing,
Are ſureſt Fruits that in the World are growing:
Heer's nothing firmer, nothing frequent more,
Than *Death*: Which (living) not to mind before
Makes men run headlong to the Gulf infernall;
And, for howrs Joyes, to loſe the Joyes eternall:
Drawn diverſly by divers Appetites,
After the Humors of their vain Delights.
Some *Apiſh*, acting every *Faſhions* Model:
Some *Swiniſh*, wallowing in their Surfaits Puddle:
Some *Goatiſh*, haunting Fillies with their Dams:
Some *Wolviſh*, worrying innocenteſt Lambs.
Some *Curriſh*, ſnarling at all good mens Good:
Some *Monkiſh*, hollow under *Holy-Hood*:
Some *Bruteiſh*, Monſters in all kind of Evill:
Some *Helliſh*, Actors, Factors for the Divell.
Deare, tread not Thou in *Errors* common Track:
But, in thy *Life ſure thine Election* make.
Fear, love, beleeve, ſerve, ſorrow, ſue, contemple;
And rather walk by *Precept*, than *Example*.
'Tis utterly to be of judgement void,
'Tis wilfully to have ones Selfe deſtroyd;
To truſt our Soule with ſuch whoſe Stipulation
Cannot repaire, cannot reprive, *Damnation*.
Who, curious, cares but for the things below,
Shall finde in fine, that hee ſhall Both forgoe:
But Hope of things above (with due progreſſion)
Is far more ſure, than th' others full Poſſeſſion.
Labour thou therefore for the *certain Gain*:
And if thou lov'ſt mee, higher, higher ſtrain.
In *Holy Pride*, hence-forth diſdain the Creature,
And mount thy thoughts up to the Lord of Nature:
Love, free thy love from this dark Dungeon heer,
And hence-forth, fix it in th' *Empyreall* cleer:
Whither no ſooner ſhall thy mind be rais'd,
But all thy Mournings will be ſoon appeas'd,
With other comforts than the World affords
In bitter Deeds candied in ſugar Words.
The World it ſelfe is dying and decaying:
The earth more ſterile, heav'nly Stars more ſtraying:
The Sphears diſtun'd. Theſe are the laſt, laſt Times:
Where *Vertue* faile, where *Vice* prevailes & climes;
Where good men melt away; ungodly harden.
How many flow'rs (the choiſe of all our Garden)
Of either Sex, of every Age and Rank:
From every Quarter, Border, Bed, and Bank
[Beſides that paire of *Royall Siſter-buds*,
Whoſe life had promis'd *Europe* many Goods:
Beſide That *Prime*-Rose, Miracle of Princes,
Whoſe Herſe as yet a Sea of Tears berinſes:
Beſides that *knot of Nobleſt* HARRINGTONS,
Th' old Father's Honours doubling in the Sons:
Beſides GODOLPHIN, BODLEY, *Muſes* Father;
Rare SACVIL's-*Nevill* (new *Minerva* rather):
Beſides Saint *Drury*, *Sidney's-Rutland*, *Cheiney*,
Mirour of *Dames*, and other Worthies many]
Hath out *Great Husband* lately ſnatched hence,
Before his Wrath's approaching ſtorm commence?
Why wail'ſt thou then my happy *Diſſolution*,
By Natures Current, and Heav'ns Conſtitution?
Repell thy Sorrowes: and repeale to Thee
All active Vertues. Mourn no more for Mee.
I lived long enough; ſith while I lived
Thou loved'ſt mee: but (ſo ſhould I have grieved)
Hadſt thou appear'd unkind unto thy Wife,
My longer Date had bin a ſhorter Life.
I leave thee Babes enow; A Son and Daughter:
Enow to crave thy care, and cauſe thee laughter:
Enow for Thee; enow for Mee to beare:
Which oft I wiſht: And the Almighties Eare
(Who hears his Owne, and on them ay beſtoweth
Their owne deſires; or what Hee better knoweth)
Heard mee in this; and one Petition more;
That, when wee parted, I might paſſe before. (ſure
So, fare thou wel (Deer Heart) fare-wel: my lea-
Serves now no longer for this laſt beſt pleaſure.
Fare-wel, deer Pheer: Fare-well, deer Father too.
This is my laſt Will, which I leave with *You*.
You, joynt *Executors* I have ordained:
And for an *Helpe*-My Mothers love unfained
As *Over-ſeer* I beſeech you call:
And for your *Counſell* uſe our heav'nly *HALL*.
So, in the heav'ns, among my Joyes ſupernall;
So, in my Glaſs, the *Viſion* of th' *Eternall*;
If I ſhall ſee *You*, in your Pilgrimage,
O I be it happy, as my Hopes preſage.
So, in our Children, as their yeers be growing,
May Natures Gifts & Heav'nly Grace be flowing.
One have I heer; Two have you there below;
We heer have peace, you there have wars we know)
With-out, with-in: the more therfore behoves you
Defence from Hence. So wiſhes She that loves you.
So, grant mee God (if it be lawfull heer)
I never loſe remembrance of my Deer:
So, calmed be the Tempeſt of Your mourning
For My *Deceaſe* (according to my warning).
So, caſting off this Load of Heavineſs,
Our Love unceaſing, may *Your* Sorrow ceaſe.
So ceaſt the Voyce, *and ſo the* Shadow *Vaniſht*,
The Mourners *then, more raviſht than aſtoniſht,*
Did ſtill, ſtill liſten with a longing Eare
For more ſuch Muſick: *which then miſſing there*
(Mee thought) the Sable Curtains *back they haled.*
And, looking round, *were ready to have called*;
When inſtantly their Paſſions *ſo abound,*
That down they ſink; and as they ſink they ſwound:
Whereat, I (griev'd *to ſee ſuch Friends bereft mee*)
Starting *to help, diſturbed* Morpheus *left mee*:
But, as hee rouz'd, *by chance hee* caſt a Quill,
For preſent Pen *to copie* HONOUR'S Will.

HONOUR'S

Honours Epitaph.

Heer-under, lies
The Wonder of her kinde:
The rareſt Work
Of Nature and of Grace:
A beauteous TEMPLE
Of a bounteous Minde;
Where *Venus*, *Iuno*,
Pallas, had their Place.
Nay; Heav'ns and Natures
Gift, ſingled to Many,
Heer All concurr'd
To HONOUR HAY & DENNY.

TO MY REVEREND FRIEND, M^r. Doctor HALL.

NO One ſhould, but Thou, *This* Ladies death *be grieving*;
None knew ſo well, the Vertues *of her life*:
Death's *robd of her Death, by* Thy labours *riſe*:
By Thee, *is* Shee *in Heav'n and Earth ſtill living*;
In Heav'n, by hearing, *and* (*through thee*) beleeving
Th' eternall Word; *which taught her* holy ſtrife
'Gainſt Hell *and* Sin; *and* (*as becoms a* Wife)
Peace *with her* Spouſe, *him due* Obedience *giving*:
In Earth, for acting (*in ſo gracious meaſure*)
The twice-preacht Lectures *of thy Life and Tongue*;
Alms, Meekneſs, Mildneſs, (*towards Old and Young*)
Forgiving *Wrongs*, forgetting *all Diſpleaſure*.
O happy Seed *that fell in ſuch a ground!*
And happy Soil *that ſuch a* Seed-*man found*.

IOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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A FUNERALL ELEGIE.

TO MY REVEREND FRIEND, M.D. HILL:

In pious memory of that worthy Matrone, his right *vertuous and religious Wife*, MARGARITE WYTS (late Widow of the reverend Dr. HADRIANUS SARAVIA) *Deceased.*

ALL, that in all this wide *World* is inclos'd,
Is of *Two Kinds* (and divers, too) compos'd:
Mortall, the one; *Immortall*, th' other sort,
Exempt from *Death* (wch spilleth wordlings sport)
And unto each a diverse place is giv'n
Th' one droops on earth: the other dwels in heav'n.
For, all, above bright *Cynthia*'s silver Car,
Live out of fear, from *Death* and danger far:
Far from corruption, and as free from *Change*,
Self-stable ever, never selfly-strange:
Never transform'd, nor transubstantiate:
Sith neither subject to the power of *Fate*,
Neither obnoxious to those cumbers rife,
Cares, snares, and surfaits, that doe combat Life:
And, all, beneath her many-fronted *flame*,
That sojourns heer amid this fickle *Frame*
(Whether, the winged *Myriades* of the Sky,
Whether, the *Millions* of the *Ocean*'s fry,
Whether, the *Legions* in the woods and groves,
Of savage heards, or of domestick droves)
All, all, doe dy: All are to *Death* inthrall'd:
And, for their *dying*, are heer *Mortall* call'd.
But, chiefly *Man*, though in his better part
Most like to *God*, in This, most like to smart:
So that his *Reason* (though *divine* inspir'd)
Seems over-rated, or too deer acquir'd.
Yet, if kind *Nature* nobly had decreed,
By certain and irrevocable Deed,
None but the vicious and the lewd to dy
(The *Vertuous* living heer eternally)
There were some comfort in Man's wretched case:
And *Nature then* might hold a Mothers place:
But when wee see the *Wicked* (for the most)
Live long and lusty, ruling all the roast,
Though never *turning*, and *returning* quick
(As Swine, or Dogs) their vomit to re-lick:
While (for the most) the godly soon are gon,
Or daily going, deadly laid upon
By humane malice, or som hand divine:
O! flesh and blood, how can it not repine?
Alas! To see a goodly field of *Wheat*
All burnt with *lightning*, or with *hail*-stones beat
(When the full Ears, humbling their flowry top,
Were even as ready, with a gratefull crop,
To thank the Husband for his taken toil,
His cost and care, his sweat, his seed, and soil:
While safe the *Tares*, *Cockle* and *Darnell* rest,
With *Thorns* and *Thistles*, that the *Corn* oppresst:
O! Who so constant, but would grieve and grudge
(*If not a Christian*) at th' All-ordering Judge;
And wag his head at Heav'n (weak earthly worm!)
Against the Author of that angry storm?
Such is thy case: Such was thy heavie Cross,
To lose thy *gold*, when others kept their *dross*:
To have thy vessell, *full of Vertues*, split;
Where *lighter* Keels, and *empty*, never hit:
To be bereft so sweet, so *saintly Wife*;
While heer be left Harpies, and *Heirs of life*.
But, I have *learn'd*; and *thou* hast *taught* (my *Hill*)
Wee must content us with our Makers will:
The Rule of right, disposing all things
And ordering all things to the good of his.
So, for her *good* (thy *good*) was his good pleasure,
To snatch so soon, thy *Marg'rite*, hence, thy treasure,
Thy *Pearl* (indeed, the *Jewell* of her kinde,
For worth and wealth of body and of minde)
Tri'd in her cradle, train'd from tendrest youth
Under the *Cross*, for CHRIST's eternall *Truth*:
Forsaking

Forſaking *Gaunt* for th' holy Goſpels ſake;
Lands, goods & air, which Nature deer doth make:
Fleeing from *Antwerp* (in poor *Beggers* weed)
The *Spaniſh fury*, in a fearfull need;
With her deer Parents toſſed to and fro,
Right noble Parents, partners in her wo.
Her *April* paſt, her *Summer-Age* prepares,
If much leſſe dangers, not much leſſer cares;
In Houſe-hold charge, under her *Virgin*-ſway,
Her puiſne *Orphan-ſiſters* to defray.
For, her owne Father, *Nature* had unhous'd:
And *Metkerk* had her Mother re-eſpous'd
(Renown'd *Sir Adolph*, of whoſe noble ſtuff,
Little is nothing; and much, not enough,
To be recorded: But, his ſtile and ſtate,
Learn of *S. Butolph*, neereſt *Alderſgate*)
And, hee releaſt, and ſhee deceaſt ſoon after,
Moſt worthy Mother of ſo worthy Daughter.
Religious Lady, leaving by her Will,
Charge to her children, to perſever ſtill
In *Truth*'s profeſſion; and heer rather reſt,
Though poor and mean; than, to be re-poſſeſt,
Return to *Flanders* (on the beſt condition)
To be re-plung'd in *Romiſh* ſuperſtition.
And well her *Will* her valiant Sons obſerv'd,
Both *Serjant Majors* (as both well deſerv'd,
In *Faiths Defence*, by wounds yet healed ſcarce)
To both thoſe brave *Naſſauvian Sons of Mars*:
So did the reſt: but reſt my *Margarite*,
Executrix (her yeers and vertues right)
All which ſhee paſt; and with ſo pure report
Fitting the mirour of her ſex and ſort:
Such exerciſe of every *Houſ-wifes part*,
Such honeſt *ſhift*, ſuch *thrift*, ſuch *uſe*, ſuch *art*:
Such *modeſty*, ſuch *gravity*, ſuch *grace*,
Such *ſpeech*, ſuch *ſilence* (ſuiting time and place):
Such due *devotion*, ſuch *diſcretion* ſeen,
As ſeemed neerer *ſixty* than *ſixteen*.
How well, and worthy of her former fames,
Shee did demean her with two *noble Dames*,
In *honour'd ſervice* (many yeers with Each:)
With praiſe and love, without the leaſt impeach:
Palavicine, and *Haſtings* will avouch *Zouch*)
(Though now new-nam'd: that *Cromwel*, and this
So *vertuous* both, that (for ſo long together)
None but ſo *vertuous* could have *ſerved* Either.
Such was her *Minor-age*: ſuch *Maiden-life*:
Such *Woman-ſtate*: and ſuch ſhee was a *Wife*
To (*My*) SARAVIA; to whoſe *reverend Name*
Mine owes the honour of *du*-BARTAS fame.
For (*as our London* (elſe for drought undon)
Sucks from the Paps (the Pipes) *of Midleton*,
(*Whoſe memory mine never ſhall forget*,
But to Hugh's *name adde the ſurname of Great*,
For his great Work) abundant *ſtreams to drench*,
Cool, cleanſe & clear: and fearfull flames to quench.)
From th' ample *Ciſterns* of his Sea of *skill*,
Suckt I (*my Succour*) my ſhort ſhallow *Rill*:
The little *All* I can (and all I could
In *three poor years*, at three times three years old.)
His love and labour apted ſo my wit,
That when *Urania* after rapted it, (produce
Through Heav'ns ſtrong working weakneſs did
Leaves of delight, and *fruits of ſacred uſe*:
Which, had my *Muſe* t' our either *Athens* flowne,
Or follow'd him, had bin much *more mine owne*,
Then was the fault that ſo it fell not out.
(*But prais'd be God, who pleas'd to bring about*
His better will, to better mine: leſt I,
Too-puft with knowledge, ſhould be hurſt too-hie.)
Howbeit, Him needs muſt I honour much:
And Her for him, and for Herſelf: ſith *ſuch*
(When *ſuch* ſo *few*, in ſuch an Age as this:
So foul, ſo falſe, ſo full of *vanities*)
So milde a Childe, ſo meek a Servant, rather:
So loving Nurſe to one, leſs *Pheer* than *Father*
(So weak and wayward thorough Ache and Age,
As ſtill in *Patience* ſteept her *Pilgrimage*:)
O, happy Hee! ſo, happy Shee, the while:
Till Hee, more happy, left Her *Widowes* ſtile.
Whenceforth, ſequeſtred from all publike ſight,
From all occaſions that might move Delight:
As hearty ſorry as in habite ſad,
Tears in her eyes, Sighs in her breſt ſhee had
(As grieved Turtle on the green-leſs Spray
Groanes, and bemoanes her, in a mournfull Lay)
Lamenting many Months in heavie Cheer
Her loſs (alas!) Her loving *Father-Pheer*:
Reſolved chaſtly, not to change her Life,
Her Widow-ſtate, to be a ſtately Wife:
Still keeping home; ſtill tasked, ſober-wiſe,
In Huſ-wifes Uſe, or holy exerciſe.
Or, if at length ſhee looked out of Door,
'T was but to viſit ſome weak, aged Poor;
Som wofull Woman, or ſom wretched wight,
Through ſom diſaſter in ſom wofull plight:
Som long-Sick Neighbour, or ſom needy Soule,
With timely comforts of her Bag or Boule:
Or, on the *Sabbaths*, or the *Lecture-daies*,
To *hear*, and *learn*, to *read*, and *pray*, and *praiſe*.
Such was thy *Marg'rite*, *morally divine*;
Maid, Widow, Wife (*Hill*) til thou hadſt her thine.
This, I record: to *Thee* belongs the reſt:
If heer I ly, doe thou deny my *Teſt*,
Or teſtifie under thy hand with Mee,
That *Such* ſhee was, and *Such* ſhee was to Thee:
And, to that end, inſert thy *Paragraph*
Before, or after her ſad *Epitaph*.
Or, if thy *Grief* as yet permit thee not,
Make mee thy *Proxie*: for, right well I wot,
Will-nill thou, *Hill*, Thou canſt not but aver,
That *Such* ſhee was, as I have vouched Her:
And *Such* to Thee, well witneſt by her *Will*,
Bequeathing all to her deer Dr. *Hill*:
And more than ſo, by a deer *Mother*'s Smart,
Thy glad-ſad Partner in a *dead-live Part*
(Her firſt and laſt) unhappy-happy Boy,
Which coſt her life, and thee thy Lifes beſt Joy.
Such then Shee liv'd and dy'd: for ſuch muſt *dy*:
Yet ſuch ſhall live heer, and *eternally*.
So Shee; ſo Shee (though ſudden from thee took)
Shall *live*, with *Thee*, in *this* thy living *Book*.

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TO GODS GLORY.

IN PIOUS MEMORY OF THE Nobly Vertuous and Religious Matrone, MARGARITE, Wife of ROBERT HILL Dr. of Divinity, and Pastor of this Parish.

HEer lies a Margarite, *that the most excell'd,*
(Her Father Wyts, *her Mother* Lichterveld,
Remarcht *with* Metkerk*) of* remark *for birth,*
But much more gentle *for her* genuine *worth:*
Wyts *(rarest)* Jewell *(so her name bespeaks)*
Vertues brave Load-starre, *to enlight her* Sex
In pious, prudent, peace-full, praise-full life,
Fitting a SARA, *and a* Sacred's *Wife.*
Such as SARAVIA *and (her Second)* HIL,
Whose joy of life Death *in her Death did kill.*

Quàm piè Obiit, Puerpera, { *Salutis,* 1615.
Die 29, Junii, Anno { *Ætatis,* 39.

Pignus Amoris } *ac Mœroris* { *Posuit* } Rob. Hill.
Signum Honoris } { *Composuit* } Jos. Syl.

Uxor Felix.
Loquitur post funera virtus.

FRom my sad Cradle to my sable chest,
Poor Pilgrim I did find few months of rest.
In Flanders, Holland, Zeland, England, *all,*
To parents, troubles; and to mee did fall.
These made mee pious, patient, modest, wise:
And though well born, to shun the Gallants guise.
But now I rest: my soule where rest is found;
My body heer in a small piece of ground.
And from my Hill, *that Hill I have ascended,*
From whence for mee my Saviour *once descended.*
Live ye to learne, that dye you must,
And after come to judgement just.

ANEPITAPH.
Maritus mœstissimus.

Thy rest gives mee a restlesse life,
Because thou wert a matchlesse Wife:
But yet I rest in hope to see
That day of Christ, and then see Thee.

Margarita a Jewell.

I, like a jewell tost by Sea and Land,
Am bought by him who wears me on his hand.

Margarita, Margareta.

Margarita beat, sed Margareta beavit:
O utinam posset dicier, ista beat.

One night, two dreams made two propheticals:
Thine, of thy Coffin; mine, of thy Funerals.
If Women all were like to Thee,
Wee men for wives should happy bee.

R. H.

Margarita surrept' est, mons exaruit.

FINIS.

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A BRIEF CATECHISME.

THE PREFACE.

Q. KNow'st thou, my child, wherfore thou wast (created?
A. Sir, to serve God, who mee and all created.
Q. How ought wee him to serve and to adore?
A. The Summe thereof consisteth in these foure.
Q. Which foure be they? A. Faith & obedient li-
After Gods law, wth prayer & thanksgiving. (ving
Q. Of each of these apart, and (orderly)
First, of the first let mee examine thee.

1. *Of Faith.*

Q. In whom hast thou thy faith's affiance founded?
A. In God alone my trust is wholly grounded.
Q. Why? A. God the Father made me first of nought,
And God the Son redeem'd me worse thã nought,
God th' Holy Ghost (my Guide and Consolation)
Instructs, conducts mee to Sanctification.
Q. Are th' Holy Ghost, the Father and the Son,
Three gods? A. No; Persons three, God only one.

2. *Of Obedience.*

Q. Will God be served after the Commission
Of his owne word, or after Mans tradition?
A. Doubtless, according to his owne behest,
And not the motions of mans brain or brest.
Q. But, of thy self canst thou accomplish fully
The Law of God? canst thou perform it wholly?
A. No, God doth know. Q. Who doth it then in (thee?
A. The Holy Ghost begetting faith in mee.
Q. Having (within) the Spirit for thy direction,
Canst thou performe obedience, in perfection?
A. No, neither yet. Q. Yet God rejecteth all
That perfectly keep not his Law in all.
A. 'Tis very true. Q. How then, or by what action,
Canst thou please God, give the law satisfaction,
Or scape that death which to damnation brings?
A. By Jesus Christ, and by his sufferings. (for ever,
Q. How so? A. Why thus: Christ our High-priest
Self-offring once to be re-offred never,
Hath pleas'd his Father, hath appeas'd our strife,
And by his Death purchast us endlesse life;
So that, by lively faith to us applying
Th' one Sacrifice of Christ our Saviour dying,
By imputation w' have his righteousnesse,
As Ours, with God; and thereby life and peace.

3. *Of Prayer.*

Q. Whom prai'st thou to? A. To the true God (of pow'r
And will to help) who hears us every hour.
Q. But in whose name will hee be call'd upon?
A. Only in Christs, our Saviour and his Son,
Our Price, our Peace, our Reconciliation,
Our Advocate of much commiseration,
Sole Mediatour of mankind; who needs
No Aid of Saints, or any that succeeds.

4. *Of Thanksgiving.*

Q. While Christ, our King, our Prophet, Priest, and (Preacher,
Convers't with his Disciples as a Teacher;
Tell mee, I pray, how many Sacraments
Did hee ordain his Church for evidence? (per
A. Two. Q. Wch are they? A. Baptism, & the Sup-
Which hee assign'd the night yer hee did suffer.
Q. Of Sacraments what end, what use have wee?
A. Signes to our Sense, seals to our Faith they be.

Of Baptism.

Q. What is it that is signifi'd unto us
In sacred Baptism? A. It betokens to us
Full pardon and remission of our sins,
And a new birth, where better life begins.
Q. But in whose name is Baptism to be giv'n?
A. In th' only name of th' one-three God of Heav'n;
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost: to whom
Be praise alwaies beyond all time to come.

Of the Lords Supper.

Q. What's signifi'd unto us and presented
In th' holy Supper? A. There is represented
The true Communion of Christs body and blood
Giv'n for, and to us, for immortall food:
Whereby our soules are fed in expectation
Of Life eternall purchast by his passion.

Q. When

Q. When wee receive theſe Myſteries Divine,
What 's ſhowne unto us by the Bread and wine?
A. Theſe Elements before us lively figure
Of Chriſt his Death the vertue and the vigor.
For, as our bodies by the ſtaff of Bread,
And cheer-heart Wine, are ſtrengthned heer, and fed:
Even ſo his Body and his blood doe nouriſh (riſh.
Our Faith-mouth'd Soules, that they may never pe-
Q. But, is Chriſt preſent in the Sacrament?
A. Yea: and his Fleſh hee doth us there preſent.
Q. How meaneſt thou, that the ſubſtantiall Eſſence
(After a reall and a carnall preſence)
Of Chriſt his Body, in the Bread is cloſed;
And, of his Blood within the Wine incloſed?
A. No; nothing leſs. Q. Then plainly let mee know
Where wee may finde him. A. Not in Earth below;
But, in Heav'ns glory, with his glorious Sire:
Whence hee ſhall come, to judge the World, in fire.
Q. But to climb Heav'n, what Ladder can ſuffice us?
A. Faith. Q. Then we muſt beleeve, ere ye adviſe us
Unto this Feaſt for faithfull ones ordain'd,
A. So it behoves. Q. But, how is Faith attain'd?
A. Faith comes by hearing; when the Holy Spirit
Works with the word, and in us doth aver-it;
Confirming us in all the promiſes
Which in his Goſpell Chriſt hath made to his.

The Praier.

Q. O Gracious GOD, that grant'ſt the juſt deſires
Of Soules whoſe zeal to thee by Faith aſpires:
Sith onely thoſe doe worthily receive
The Sacred Supper which thy Son did leave;
Who firſt by Faith, with ſtrict examination,
Doe ſound themſelves by upright converſation:
Give us the grace, ſo to examine (then)
Our Faith and Life as appertains. A. AMEN.

FINIS.

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SPECTACLES.

1 *Sol, Annus, Stellæ.*

WHen wee can ſtop th' accuſtomed Career
Of heav'ns bright champiõ, mounted on the
When we can ceaſe the circuit of the Yeer, (Dawn:
Whoſe winged car, by mõths, daies, hours, is drawn:
When wee can ſtint the wandring Armies cleer,
Which march above (in Blew-Gold-tinſeld Lawn)
Tilting at ours their many-pointed Eyes:
Then may wee ſtay the WORLD 's Inconſtancies.

2 *Orbis Cœli & Terræ.*

Who will not wonder, looking-up, to ſee
The moving Heav'ns ſet, certain, Conſtancy;
When, looking-down, in Earth unmov'd and ſtable,
Hee nothing findes but vainly variable?
What lives on Earth, what-ſo partakes of Clay
Is frail and mortal; hath no reſt nor Stay:
Heav'ns reſt-leſs roul; yet in the Heav'ns ther dwels
An end-leſs Reſt, and Life that life excels.

3 *Quatuor Elementa.*

Fire, Air, Earth, Water, warring Each with Other,
Turn and return them one into another;
As pleas'd th' All-Maker in This All-diſpoſe
Th' accorded Diſcords of theſe Friendly-Foes,
To ſhew, that wee ſhould for our Bliſſe repair
Elſe-where then where is Earth, Fire, water, Air;
And that Our Reſt reſts in a Place far higher
Than Earth, or Water, or the Air, or the Fier.

4 *Mare.*

Is ought more fierce, more furious to withſtand,
Than ſtormy Billows of the raging Sea?
Is Ought more feeble than the flitting Sand?
Yet doth the Sand the ſwelling Ocean ſtay.
O! then, how fiercer! O! how furious more
Is th' aw-leſs Storm of Man 's Concupiſcence!
Which ſo tranſports him, that no Sand, no Shore,
No Bank, no Bound, can ſtop his Violence,

5 *Fontes & Flumina.*

You ſilver Brooks, cleer Rivers, cryſtall Fountains,
Whoſe ſmooth ſwift-ſliding paſe
Still, ſtill roules down apace; (tains?
Say, why ſo long you drive through Vales & Moun-
To ſhew Thee, that thy Life (in This Theater)
Flees from thee as the Water:
And, that thy Soverain Bliſs
Abides not Heer; where nought abiding is.

6 *Dies.*

When the Day (the Sun 's bright Son)
New-awake, begins diſcover
Mountain-Tops new-gilded-over,
With his ruddy Raies thereon:
That (mee thinks) ſhould make us think
On that true eternall Morning,
When no Night ſhall be returning,
When both Heav'n and Earth ſhall ſhrink.

7 *Nox.*

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7 *Nox.*

When the Night 's black Curtain, spread,
Hides the Day, and Light bereaveth;
Then, my wakening Thought conceaveth
Other Night, more dark, more dread:
There where Worldlings, wilfull-blinde,
Loath Instruction, leave Light 's Mirrour,
Double-nighted in dark Errour;
Selfely put-out Light of Minde.

8 *Ver.*

When youthful spring the earth in green hath dreſt,
When Trees with Leaves & Blossoms them re-vest;
Their Flowers (white, red, blew, yellow)
Betoken Fruit to follow.
But, Worldlings, tho they flourish in their prime,
Nor bud, nor bear, nor bring-forth Fruit, in time:
Their Health, Wealth, Wit, mis-wasted,
Are but as blossoms blasted.

9 *Æstas.*

When Summer 's Heat hath done his Part,
The Husband hath a gladsom heart;
Sith golden Treasures of the Plains
Make large Amends for all his Pains.
But, th' idle Lubber, labour-loathing,
Walking, talking, wishing Store;
Sowing Nought, but Winde, before;
Shall, but Winde behinde, reap Nothing.

10 *Autumnus.*

When the Leaves in Autumn wither,
With a tawny tanned Face
Warpt and wrinkled-up together,
Th' Yeers late Beauty to disgrace:
There thy Life 's Glass maist thou finde-thee.
Green now, gray now, gone anon;
Leaving (Worldling) of thine Own,
Neither Fruit, nor Leaf behind-thee.

11 *Hyems.*

When chill Winter 's cheer wee see
Shrinking, shaking, shivering cold;
See Our Selves: for, Such are wee
After Youth, if ever Old.
After Winter, Spring (in order)
Coms again: but, Earthly Thing,
Rotting heer, not rooting further,
Can Thy Winter hope a Spring?

12 *Quinque Sensus.*

How swift is Beauty vanisht from thine Eye!
How sudden Musick drowned in thine Eare!
How soon doe Odours from thy Nostrils fly!
How short, touch-Pleasures (apt with pain & fear)!
How sower, tast-sweetest, in final time's expense-is!
Then, Epicure, well may wee blame thee, since
All under Sense thus vain, Thou hast no sense
Of Vanity, which so besots thy Senses.

13 *Vita & Mors.*

Worldlings that live in State, and dye in Strife;
Wretched their Death, and wretched is their Life.
For, their Life kils them, keeps them fetter'd in
The Chains of Death, the Cage and Wage of Sin.
Their Death is double; termin'd and eternall:
So much more deadly as it dyeth not.
For Errors, Terrors heer; there, Torments hot:
Their Life, a Death; their Death, a Life infernall.

14 *Eccho.*

What is the World, but a vain *Eccho*'s Sounding,
Frō Woods, & Caves, & hollow Rocks rebounding?
A new No-noise, a dead-live Voice, to summon
Deluded Ears to listen to a Dumb-one:
A speaking Fiction of a mocking Faëry;
A formall Answer, in Effect but aëry?
Hence, hence, vain *Eccho*, with thine idle Mocks:
Keep in thy Woods, sleep in thy Caves & Rocks.

15 *Incarceratus & Mendicus.*

As a close Pris'ner, in dark Durance chained,
Dreams that hee walks, runs, ranges at his will:
As a poor Begger, with sharp hunger pasned,
Dreams that hee eats, and yet is empty still:
So, the world's Captives, sleeping heer securely,
Dream them the freest in their deepest Thrall,
Dream them abounding, seeming Lords of all:
Yet still are Beggers, and still Pris'ners surely.

16 *Fumus & Aura, convivium.*

The Worldling feeds his greedy Minde
With golden Hopes of high Conceits
(As vain and void as Smoak and Winde)
Which prove in fine but fine Deceits;
Yet keenly set his Teeth on Edge.
No Marvail though: for, hee must needs
Be ever light, that ever feeds
On Winde and Smoak (and Chaff and Sedge).

17 *Cupido & Timor, constitutum.*

Desire and Fear the Worldling ever martyrs,
Still double-racked with two divers Tortures:
Desire 's a Fire, running through all his bones,
Which dries him, fries him, & his Rest bereaves:
His Fear 's a Frost, chilling his heart at-once,
Killing his Hopes, spilling the Webs he weaves:
So that, distract with Fear and with Desire,
In Frost hee fries, and freezes in the Fire.

18 *Ambitio, Luxus, Avaritia.*

Ambition, Luxe, and Avarice, three witches
(Ladies, I should say) whom the world doth woo
With suit and service (and that slavish too)
For their three Daughters, honour, pleasure, riches,

Serve

Serve All alike: th' Ambitious, but with Winde:
With Woes, the Wanton (after Shews of Mirth):
The Avaricious, with ſom Crums of Earth;
Ever the leſs, the more hee ſets his Minde.

19. *Avis & Navis.*

As in the Air, th' high-ſoaring Ægle ſcuds:
As on the water ſlides the winged Ship:
So flees, ſo flits the wealth of worldly goods;
So ſwift away doth wanton Pleaſure ſlip.
And, as wee cannot, in the air or water,
See the Ships furrow, nor the Ægles footing:
When Wealth is paſt, and Pleaſure poſted after;
To track their trace, nor is, nor can be booting.

20 *Fratres in Malo.*

Th' Ambitious alwaies doth aloft aſpire;
Honour on Honour ſtriving ſtill to heap:
The Avaricious ſtoopeth his Deſire,
From under ground his Golden Crop to reap.
Th' one tendeth upward, th' other downward tends;
As if at Ods, and utterly Contrary:
Yet, though they ſeem, indeed they do not vary;
But mean to meet together in their Ends.

21 *Væ vobis.*

Who but hath heard Both bitterly deplore
Their diſmall Fortune, and diſaſtrous Fates?
O! cryes th' Ambitious, I have loſt my State:
O! th' Avaricious, I have loſt my Store.
Why cry you out on *Wracks*, & *Rocks*, and *Shelves*,
And *Wars*, & *Wiles*, that have your States undon?
Rather complain, rather cry-out, upon
Your *goods* & *greatnes*, where you loſt your ſelves.

22 *Punctus non dividendus.*

Is Heav'n a Circle, and is Earth the Centre
So ſmall a Point (as Sages oft have Showne)?
Why then fond mortals, dare you Battell venture,
Who the moſt part of ſo ſmall Point ſhall owne?
Why, ſilly worldlings, do you toil you ſo, (tion?
Train'd with falſe hopes of your too-fond Ambi-
O! dangerous Error is it, not to know
'Tis vain to ſtrain about a Points partition.

23 *Onus cuique ſuum.*

Sure, Avarice is an extreme Diſeaſe;
So is Ambition an extreme Vexation:
Yet ſhall wee finde, ſurvaying Both of Theſe,
That Eithers Self bears his Own ſeverall Paſſion.
But, th' eagre Fit, the Force, the Frenzy (rather)
Miſ-called Love (dead-Living, merry-Sadneſs)
Of one ſame Sickneſs makes Two ſick together;
And Two at-once mad of One very Madneſs.

24 *Dulce Venenum, vel ſibi ladens.*

Why wail'ſt Thou, Fondling? and why weep you, (Fair?
Sighing your ſouls into the ſenſeleſs Air?
Blame but your Selves: Deſire is your Diſeaſe:
Your Pain proceeds from what your Selves doth
Your chief content is in our torment's top: (pleaſe.
Your moſt delight is in you moſt Diſeaſing:
You drink you drunk in the ſweet-bitter Cup,
Wch ſowres your *joyes*, & makes *annoyes* as plea-
(ſing.

25 *Aqua, Sagitta, Venti.*

Swiftly Water ſweepeth by:
Swifter winged Arrowes fly:
Swifteſt yet, the Winde that paſſes,
When the neather clouds it chaſes.
But, the Joyes of Earthly Mindes,
Worldly Pleaſures, vain Delights,
Far out-ſwift far ſudden flights,
Waters, Arrowes, and the Windes.

26 *Inconſtantia.*

Inconſtant Countrey, Thou maiſt witneſs be,
The world hath nought but vain *Inconſtancy*.
Thy peace for war, thy war for peace thou takeſt:
Thou doubtfull floateſt on uncertain Waves:
Thou ween'ſt, the ſlaughter thee frō ſhāble ſaves:
Thy moſt Deſpight thy moſt Delight thou makeſt.
Th' haſt nothing fixed, nothing firm, in Thee;
Nor conſtant Ought, but thine *Inconſtancy*.

27 *Mundus qualis.*

What is the *World*? tell, Worldling (if thou know it)
If it be good, why do all Ils ore-flow-it?
If it be bad, why doſt thou like it ſo?
If it be ſweet, how coms it bitter then?
If it be bitter, what bewitcheth men?
If it be Friend, why kils it (as a Foe)
Vain-minded Men that over-love and luſt-it?
If it be Foe, Fondling, how dar'ſt thou truſt-it?

28 *Aura, Flos, Unda.*

World's beſt Beauty Self-defaces,
Sooner than the Puff that paſſes:
Sooner than the fragrant Flow'r,
Blowne and mowne within an how'r:
Sooner than a Wave (that follows)
His owne Predeceſſor ſwallows.
O! what is then the World wee have?
Alas! a Blaſt, a Bloom, a Wave.

29 *Quam malè conveniunt!*

More eas'ly far may wee
Make black and white,
And Day and Night,
In one ſame Terme agree:
And rather (rarely-od)
Wed fire and water;
Death and Nature:
Than with the world match GOD.

30 *Emblema.*

Friend *Faber*, caſt mee a round hollow Ball
Blown full of winde (for Emblem of this All):
Adorn

Adorn it fair, and flouriſh every part (and Fowl;
With Flow'rs & Fruits, wth Brooks, Beaſts Fiſh,
With rareſt cunning of thy curious Art:
And grave in Gold, about my ſilver Bowl,
Thus roules the World (the Idol of Mankinde)
Whoſe Fruit is Fiction; whoſe Foundation, Winde.

31 *Glacies.*

Ice is fair, and ſhines externall;
Fair and ſhining th' All-Theater:
From the ice they fall in water;
From the World to Death eternall.
Both at laſt ſhall vaniſh: ice
Into Water ſhall re-ſolve;
All the World (and all his Vice)
Into Nothing ſhall diſſolve.

32 Rome *(Conquerer) conquered.*

The Stranger, wondring, ſtalks, and ſtares upon
Rome's antique Glories, in her Ruines ſeen:
Hee ſees high Archs, huge ſhining Heaps of Stone,
Maim'd, mutil'd, murder'd, by yeers waſteful teen:
Hee ſees a rugged, ragged, rocky Quar
Hang in the Air, with Ivie lac't about.
O! what can laſt, alas! (then cries hee out)
Sith Time hath conquer'd the World's *Conquerer?*

33 *Arbor.*

The World's a Tree (in my Conceit)
The Arms wide-ſpread, the body great,
The Root deep-reaching, nie to Hell:
The Leaves freſh varniſht lively green,
The Bloſſoms various to be ſeen:
The Fruit doth ſuit the reſt right well:
The Flow'r it bears, Som Beauty call;
Hony the Fruit; indeed, but Gall.

34 *Hortus.*

The World's a Garden; Pleaſures are the Flowers;
Of faireſt hues, in form and number many:
The Lilly (firſt) pure-whiteſt Flow'r of any;
Roſe ſweeteſt rare, with Pinked-Gillie-Flow'rs:
The Violet, and double Mari-Gold,
And Panſie too: but, after all Miſchances,
Death's Winter comes; and kils with ſudden cold,
Roſe, Lilly, Violet, Mari-Gold, Pink, Panſes.

35 *Avaritia, Invidia.*

Never have, and never crave,
Are the Worldlings thoughts intire:
Honour, Wealth; the more they have,
More they covet, more aſpire.
They never doe enjoy their Own,
But Other's wiſh, like, love, admire:
And having all, yet have they None;
For, after all, they more deſire.

36 *Scientia & Ignorantia.*

In Heav'ns ſweet Language have I learn'd yer This;
That to the wiſe the world's as night to morning,
As Deaw to Sun; as Cloud to Noon-ſted is:
For, vertuous knowledge, in his breſt bright burning;
Is Morning, Sun and Noon: but, Ignorance
Is th' ugly Night; Pleaſures, the vading Deaw;
Cloud Vanity, which doth our Soules purſue,
Till Vertues Raies infuſe their Radiance.

37 *Bona aut Mala.*

Antiquity, O! why didſt thou deviſe
This name of Goods unto theſe worldly Riches!
Sith th' are (alas!) but Evils (Pains or Pitches)
To filly men that doe them over-prize,
Rather O worldling, why doſt thou miſ-uſe them?
Why doſt thou wrong Vertues good Inſtruments?
Goods (Ills to thoſe that doe them ill diſpenſe)
Sith goods are goods to thoſe that rightly uſe them.

38 *Quatuor Monarchia.*

The *Babylonian*, with ambitious fiſt,
Firſt the grand Scepter of the World poſſeſt:
The *Perſian*, Him; The *Grecian*, Him diſmiſt:
Him, th' awfull *Roman* after diſpoſſeſt:
And Him, his Own Waight let not long ſubſiſt;
Him, his Own Greatneſs ruin'd with the reſt.
Who then (alas!) this Fall of *Monarchs* ſeeing,
Can hope on Earth for an eternall Being?

39 *Glacies.*

Hee that makes the World his Neſt,
Settling heer his onely Reſt;
Never craving other Scope,
Never having higher Hope:
What thinks (think you) ſuch a One?
Thus: to fit fortune upon
A Ball of Ice, a ſlippery Bowl,
Which on the Seas doth ever roul.

40 *Dirnit Edificans.*

When-as the worldling moils, and toyles, & tires,
Inceſſantly to heave up Wealth on Wealth,
Pleaſure on Pleaſure, Stile on Stile; by ſtealth,
To reach the top of his too-vain Deſires:
When, the more loaden, the leſs Waight he feeleth,
Plotting his Eaſe i'th Pain hee doth purſue in:
Whē hoord on hoord, whē heap on heap he hilleth,
What doth hee elſe but build himſelf his Ruine?

41 *Bellum cum vitiis.*

One-Day I ſaw the World in furious Fight
With lovely Vertue, his moſt loathed Foe:
It dared her, ſhee bravely did defie't:
It entred Liſts (Shee firſt had entred though).
It traverſes, it toils, it heaws, it hacks;
But all in vain, his blowes com never nigh-her:
For, the World's Weapons were but lythie Wax;
And Vertue's Shield is of celeſtiall Fier.

42 *Naufra-*

42 *Naufragium.*

Thou, thou, whoſe hart dives in the world ſo deep,
Seeſt thou thy caſe? know'ſt thou thy own condi-
Like head-leſs bark toſt 'twixt the oppoſitiō (tiō?
Of bluſtring Storms which every way do ſweep.
Reaſon, Thy Rudder, is already lacking:
The Gales of Pleaſure, and the Guſts of Paſſion,
Hurry thee headlong in the Gulf of Faſhion,
On rocks of death thy wretched life ſoon wracking.

43 *Mors in Olla.*

Where's *death*? I'th' *world*. Where is the *world*? In (*death*:
Death to it Self: for, nothing in the *world*
Kils & confounds the *world*, more than the *world*;
Which breeds and feeds, and giveth life to *death*.
But, frō the *world* could Gods love wean the *world*,
Killing the *world's* Love, and his Iſſue, *death*;
Then happy wee ſhould triumph over *death*;
The *world* not worldly; *death* dead in the *world*.

44 *Somnium.*

I ſaw, I ſaw, the World was but a Dream, (eyes:
When heav'ns ſhrill voice had rouz'd & rais'd my
For, in the World I found but Lies;
Eyes clos'd, Ears ſtopt, Mindes inly toil'd extreme;
All dark, all night: Man out of Man (in Cumber)
Himſelf with Fumes and Phant'ſies feeding,
Not feeling Pains, nor Paſſions heeding;
Loth to be waked from ſo ſweet a Slumber.

45 *Quaſi non ntens.*

O! happy hee can be ſo highly wiſe,
As not to know the vain and vicious pleaſures
The Vicious take (when they wil take their leaſures)
Which ſo beſot their Soules, and blinde their eyes.
O! happy Hee that can diſdain and deem
Thoſe Pleaſures, Poiſons; and that Hony, Gall.
But, who can ſo? Hee that, contemning All,
Lives in the World, and not the World in Him.

46 *Monſtrum horrendum.*

What Monſter's that which hath ſo many heads;
So many Ears, ſo many Eyes between;
So lively clad before in luſty Green;
So black behinde, in cloudy Cloak of Shreds;
His feet ſo ſliding down a round ſteep Hill:
Rouled by Time, which turns it ſwift away;
Death, running after, ſhooteth at it ſtill?
Ah! now I ſee. What is't? The World, I ſay.

47 *Sordeſcit & Surdeſcit.*

Stay, Worldling, ſtay: Whither-away ſo faſt?
Hark, hark a while to Vertue's Counſels Current.
No, no: alas! after the World in haſte,
Hee hies, flies, follows: as a rapid Torrent
Too-proudly ſwelling with ſom freſh Supply
Of liquid Silver from the Welkin guſhing,
My warning (as a Rock) hee rouleth by
With roaring Murmur, ſudden over-ruſhing.

48 *Sufficit Unum.*

'Twas a loud Lie (think I) a very Slander,
Th' Ancients aſcrib t' ambitious *Alexander*,
Weeping for wo there were no mo worlds made.
Suffic'd not One, ſo buſie and ſo bad;
If true it were, Great Monarch, ceaſe to mourn;
And give mee leave, O let mee weep my Turn;
Who ſtrain and ſtrive; yet cannot all my Care
All Vanities of this One World declare.

49 *Variabile.*

Vary, re-vary; tune, and tune againe
(Anon to this String, and anon to That;
Baſe, Treble, Tenor; ſwift, ſlow, ſharp and flat)
Thy One ſame Subject in a fundry Strain;
To repreſent, by thy ſo divers Ditties,
The dying World's ſo divers Alterations:
Yet will the World have ſtill mo Variations;
And, paſt thy Verſe, thy various Subject yet-is.

50

'Tis but Vanity and Folly,
On the World to ſettle wholly.
All the Joyes of all this Life
Are but Toyes, Annoyes and Strife.
O God! only wiſe and ſtable,
To eſtabliſh Mee in Thee,
Give mee, Thou that art All-able,
Wiſedome with true Conſtancy.

FINIS.

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MOTTOES.

Fulmine molitus.

LE Rocher orgueilleux
Sent tombet sur sa teste
La plus rude Tempeste :
Le fouldre perilleux
Au groz Arbres s'attache :
Ainsi Dieu de ses mains
Des lieux plus hautes tache
Les superbes humains.
The highest Rocks and Hils,
Which seem the Clouds to threaten,
With roughest Storms are beaten :
The lofty Cedar feels
The Lightnings Flash and Thunder :
So Gods Almighty hand
Soon from aloft brings under
The Proudest that withstand.

Omnia Christus.

Que sont les Conseils humains ?
Que sont les Oeures des mains ?
Qu'est l'Excellence des hommes ?
Qu'est tout l'Estat ou nous sommes
Si CHRIST en est separé ?
Ce n'est qu'un Cadavre privé
De vents, d'ombres, de fumées,
D'un Feu de Mort allumées.
What's the wisdome of Mankinde ?
What the works of hand or minde ?
What the Vertues of the Rarest ?
What is all our Best and Fairest,
Void of Christ ? *Alas the Grave,*
Dungeon, Den, or dreadfull Cave,
Lin'd with wind, with shades, with vapors,
Set on fire with deadly Tapers.

Fuimus fumus.

Mon Ame, ou sont les grands Discours
De ces hautains filz de la Terre ?
Ou sont les magnifiques Tours
Des Roys qui au Ciel ont fait Guerre ?
Je cuide voir en y pensant,
Une Fumée s'amassant
Au Feu d'un Bois sec que l'haleine
Du Vent escarte par la Plaine.
Where, where are now the great Reports
Of these huge haughty earth-born Giants ?
Where are the lofty Towers and Forts
Of those proud Kings bade Heav'n defiance ?
When Them I to my Minde revoke,
Mee thinks I see a mighty Smoake
Thick-mounting from quick-burning Matter,
Which in an instant Windes do scatter.

Pauure Ver, travaille, tracasse,
Sans se lasser,
Pour amasser
Les Honneurs, ou d'Or quelque Masse :
Mais la Mort qui ta force ronge,
En t'abatant
Tout a l'instant,
Prouvera que tu n'es qu'un Songe.
Goe, silly Worm, drudge, trudge and travell,
Desiring Pain ;
So thou maist gain
Sole Honour, or some Golden Gravell :
But Death the while (to fill his number)
With sodden Coll
Takes thee from All,
To prove thy Deier but Dreame and Slumber.

Omnia Somnia.

Quorum meminisse pudebit.

As tu mis en Oubliance
Homme ta brutale, Enfance ?
Riant, ozes tu chanter
Les Erreurs de ta Jeuhesse ?
En courant vers ta vielleſſe
Voudrois Tu bien plaisanter ?
Pleure donc, puis que ta Vie
Est a touts maux asservie.
Art thou, Man, no more now mindefull
Of thy Child-hood, brute and blindefull ?
Dost thou laugh, and dost thou sing
Th' Errors of thy Youth and Folly ?
Canst thou be so blithe and jolly,
Towards Age now galloping ?
Rather wail thy Life's Condition,
Thrall to Sin, Death and Perdition.

Quasi Bulla.

I'appere eus un Enfant qui d'un tuyau de Paille
Trempé dans la Savon, avecques Eau meslé,
Des Ampoulles soufflioit encontre une Muraille,
Dont l'oeil de maint passant estoit esmerveillé :
Riches, Elles sembloit, fermes, de forme ronde :
Mais les voyant crever en leur lustre plus beau,
Voire soudainement ; voy-la (di ie) un Tableau
De la frail splendeur & vanité du Monde.
I saw a child with slender pipe of Stubble
(From hollow shell with Soap and Water mixt)
Against a Wall to blow-up many a Bubble ;
Where many an Eye of many by-wat stay :
For, rich they seem'd, and firm round Form did render.
But, when I saw them (and that suddenly)
Break at the best ; Behold a Type, said I,
Of World's vain glory, and soon-vading splendor.

Rosa non sine spinâ.

Quand je li quand je contemple
L' estat de ceſt heureux Temple
Que *Chriſt* en Terre à planté,
Courant par le Monde, ente
Sur l' Ordure & la Malice;
Je devien triſte & joyeux,
I' embraſſe & chaſſe le vice
Je quitte & cerche les Cieux.
When I read, when I contemple,
Th' eſtate of that happy Temple
Chriſt *hath planted heer below*
Amid this World; and grafted ſo
On Dirt, in danger of the Divell;
Sad and glad at-once I am:
I imbrace and chaſe the Evill:
Heav'n I ſhun, yet ſeek the ſame.

Deteriora ſequor.

Le Monde eſt outrageux, & ſi eſt bien ſervi:
C' eſt un Tyran cruel, & ſi eſt bien ſuyvi:
C' eſt un infame Monſtre, & tandiz ſe contente:
Il giſt au lict de Mort, & de viure ſe vante:
Il n' eſt rien que malheur, & ſi eſt trop aimé:
C' eſt Dueil, Honte, & Dommage, & ſi eſt eſtimé:
Il cerche ſon Repos en ſe faiſant la Guerre:
Il abhorre les Cieux & perit en la Terre.
The World is full of Wrong, and yet is ſerv'd too-well:
'Tis too-well follow'd too, and yet a Tyrant fell:
'T' s an ugly Monſter-moſt, & yet the moſt contenteth:
'Tis on the Death-bed laid, and yet of life it vanteth:
'Tis ſorrow, ſhame and loſſe, and yet is moſt approved:
'Tis nothing but a Croſſe, and yet is beſt beloved:
'Tis ſeeking peace in war; thonks whō it ſeems to cheriſh:
'Tis hating heav'n for earth; and it in hell ſhall periſh.

Ce Monde eſt une Galere
Equipée de Miſere;
Cinglant en Mer de Douleurs;
Ses Forçats, ce ſont les Pleurs:
Son Pilote, Coeur rebelle:
Ses Vents, funeux Deſires:
Ses Routes, triſtes Plaiſirs:
Son Havre, Mort eternelle.
This World is à Galley fraighted
With miſ-haps (or Hapsmiſ-treated)
Sliding on a ſea of Care.
Tears and Fears her Sailers are:
Will, her Pilot (ſtill at Stern, all):
Strong Deſires, her Windes (for moſt):
Bitter-ſweet, her Courſe and Coaſt:
And her Hav'n is Death eternall.

Qu' eſt ce du Cours & de l' arreſt du Monde?
C' eſt un Chemin rebotteux, ennuyeux:
Un Cocher fol, deſloyal, dangereux,
Trainant ſon Coche en la Boüe profonde.
Un Logis fumeux, ſale, puant:
Un Hoſte avare, infame, remuant:
Un lict pierreux: un faſcheux & vain Songe:
Un Reſueiller d' Orgueil & de Menſonge. (*ving?*
What's the World a Progreſs? what our Giſts heer li-
But a foul way, all-full of Banks and Sloughs:
(A foolish Coach-man, falſe and dangerous,
Through thick & thin our old weak Chariot driving)
A ſlutish Lodging, ſtinking, naſtie-moſt:
A greedy, needy, churliſh, filthy Hoſte:
A ſtony Bed, a ſtrange unquiet Slumber:
Awake with Lies, Pride, Peril, and Incumber.

Des Monarques la grandeur,
De tant de Nobles la Race,
De tant de Preux la Splendeur,
Des bons Eſprits le grand-heur,
Le Temps & la Mort Efface.
N' arreſtons donques les Yeux
A ceſte lueur qui paſſe,
Ains les eſlevons aux Cieux.
Monarch's greateſt Greatneſſe heer,
Nobles nobleſt Ranks and Races,
Worthies Tropheis, paſſing peer,
Sages Worth, for Wiſdome cleer,
Time (alas!) and Death defaces.
Why then fix wee heer our Eyes
On this glimpſe that ſudden paſſes?
Rather rear them to the Skies.

Inveni parem Speciſſe.

Mais que feroy-je plus au Monde
Que en Monde de Maux abonde?
Adieu Monde, adieu tes Debats,
Tes Cris, tes Aſſauts, tes Combats:
Verité Retraitte ſonne.
L' Eternel tire a Soy mon Coeur
(Par foy de ta force Vainqueur)
Et de ſa Gloire me couronne.
Why, why ſhould I the World be minding,
Therein a World of evils finding?
Then farewel World: farewel thy Jars,
Thy joyes, thy toyes, thy wiles, thy wars.
Truth ſounds Retrait: I am not for-ye.
Th' Eternall draws to him my hearts
By faith (which can thy force ſubvert)
To crown mee (after Grace) with Glory.

Mundus immundus.

Quelle eſt ceſte Beauté que je voy tant extreme,
Qui avec ſes Cheveux, & la voix, & les yeux,
D' un lien, & d' un Charm, & d' un Traiſt amoreux,
Et s' enchaine, & s' enchante, & ſ' aveugle ſoy meſme?
C' eſt la Monde changé en Courtiſanne infame,
Qui ſe va deſguizant de mille fards le Corps;
Mais, ce' eſt une Beauté ſeulement par dehors,
Qui ne peut effacer les Laideurs de ſon Ame.
What Beautie's This, ſo brave-bedecks in Riches?
Whoſe wanton Looks, whoſe waving Locks & Song,
As with a Dart, a Chaine, a Charm (too-ſtrong)
Self-blinds, ſelf-bindes, and ſelf it ſelf bewitches?
O! 't is the World 't's a Courtiſan transformed,
Who pranks and paints her body round about:
But all this Beauty onely is without,
And cannot hide the Sonle within deformed.

Le Peché, & la Mort, & le Monde, & la Chair,
Conſpirerent un Jour contre l' Ame immortelle:
Le traiſtre Corps desjà les laiſſoit approcher,
Si la Foy n' euſt eſté pour lors en Sentinelle:
Qui du Peché, du Monde, & de la Chair l' effort
Surmonta par ſa Croix, de quoy l' Ame enhardie,
Fit ſe bien qu' en plus haut elle vint mettre a Mort
La Mort qui s' attendoit de luy oſter la Vie.
The World and Fleſh, combin'd with death and ſin,
Againſt th' immortall Soule were privie-banding;
Selfe Traiter Nature had even let them in;
Had not the Faith for Sentinall bin ſtanding;
Who, by the Croſs, did Sin, Fleſh, World ſubdew:
Whereby, the Soule revi'ved and revived,
Led by her Head, purſu'd the Fight and flew,
Slew Death, which ſought Her Life to have deprived

Morte.

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Morte eſt la Mort; & non la Monde,
Qui au Monde donner la loy;
N' ayant plus Crainte que la Foy
Quelque autre Querelle luy fonde.
Dautant qu' au Ciel la Foy demeure,
Hors du Monde; ne pouvant voſr
Que dans ſon ſiege on vienne aſſoir
Toute Inconſtance & tout Pariure.
Death's dead indeed, the World yet is not;
But yet, yet rules the World about;
Of Faith's Affront no more in doubt:
Sith her heer fighting more it ſees not.
For, Faith hath now in Heav'n her Station,
Forth of the World; diſdaining heer
To ſee her Seat uſurpt ſo neer
By Error and Equivocation.
Pourquoy mets tu ton Eſperance,
Monde, en la Mondaine Inconſtance?
Veu que du Monde les Delices.
Ne ſont qu' une grand Mer de Vices:
Ne ſont qu' un miſerable ſort;
Qu' un vain Eſpoir, & qu' un pur Songe:
Et qu' un Orage qui de plonge
En fin au Goufre de la Mort.
Why? why build Worlds their Hopes Aſſurance
On this vain Worlds unduring Durance?
Sith all the Sweet of worldly Pleaſures,
Worldly Honours, worldly Treaſures,
Is Nothing but a Blaſt, a Breath,
An addle Hope, an idle Dreaming,
A ſudden Storm with fury ſtreaming,
And drowning all in Gulf of Death.
Tout ce Monde eſt un Tabourin qui ſonne
L' al'arme au Monde, & cruel eſpoinçonne
Filz contre Pere: & ſcavez vous comment?
Par un Moyen qui n' eſt fait que de vent.
Monde, dis moy, d' ou vient qu' un ſimple Son
Qui ſort de peaux qu'on bat ſur un eſcorce,
Peut eſmouvoir d' une telle façon
Encontre Toy la force de ta force?
The World's a Drumm, with loud Alarum ſtirring
The World to war; and too-too-cruell ſpurring
Son againſt Sire. The Means if you would finde,
'Tis by a Mean that is but made of Winde.
But tell mee, World, how coms a ſimple Sound
Sent but from Skins, upon a Skin but beating,
T' incite thee ſo, ſo to beſtir thee round
To face thy Force, thy Faces force ſo threating?
Monde, pourquoy fuis tu? Pour cercher aſſurance.
Et, ſi ce n' eſt en Toy, ou la trouveras Tu?
Ou le Monde n' eſt pas du Monde combattu.
Le Monde ſe faict il a ſoy meſmes offenſe?
Ouy trop; car en la Terre, au Feu, en l' Air, en l' Onde
Le Monde s' occit, s' ard, & ſe noye, & ſe pend.
Monde, fuy donc au ciel: car fol eſt qui s' attend
D' Anchrer ſa Nef flotante en l' *Euripe* du Monde.
Why fleeſt thou, World? Alas! to ſeek Aſſurance.
Where to bee found, if in the World it fail?
There where the World doth not the World aſſail.
Why? doth the World cauſe to it ſelf Ill-durance?
Yes; too-too-much: for in Fire, Air, Earth, Water,
The world ſelf drowns, ſelf-burns, ſelf-hangs, ſelf-
Flee then to heav'n. Fond he that Anchor laies (ſtaies.
In th' Euripus of this vain Worlds Theater.

Peintre, ſi tu tires le Monde,
Ne le pein pas de Forme ronde:
Car, ce qui en Rond eſt pourtraict
Eſt eſtimé du tout parfaict:
Et le Monde ne le peut eſtre
Ou defaut le Soveraign Bien;
Et ou tant ſeulement le Rien
Et l' Inconſtance prennent eſtre.
Friend Larkin, if the World you figure,
You muſt not draw it round of Figure:
For, Sages hold the compleat Round
In every part is perfect found.
So never can this World be; ſeeing
There wants the Chief, The chiefeſt Good;
And Nothing there (right underſtood)
But Nothing hath (inconſtant) Beeing.
Pluſtoſt les Yeux du Firmament
Seront ſanz reglé Mouvement;
Et Vagabonde
Ne ſera l' Onde:
Pluſtoſt qu' on voye deſplacée
Des vains Appars
De ces lieux baz
Du Mondain la folle penſée.
Sooner ſhall all the Heav'ns bright Eyes
Ceaſe their ſet courſes in the Skies:
Sooner ſhall the Ocean
Have no more Motion:
Sooner than worldly mindes removed
From vain Deceits
Of Earthly Baits,
By Worldlings heer too-deer beloved.
Et le Monde & la Mort entr' Eux ſe deſguiſerent
Un Jour pour pouvoir mieux l' Homme Mondain ſurprendre
L' adjourment pour ce faict, & puis l' interroguerent
Qu' l diſt, au quel des deux pour ſerf ſe vouloit rendre.
L' homme mondain cuidant ne ſ' addóner qu' au monde,
Par le Monde trompeur s' aſſervit a la Mort.
Mais ſe voyant deceu, Il appella du Tort,
A Un qui par ſa Mort chaſſa la Mort du Monde.
The world and Death one day them croſs-diſguiſed
To coſen Man (when ſin had once beguild him)
Both call'd him forth; and queſtioning adviſed
To ſay, whoſe ſervant hee would fainly yeeld him.
Man, weening then but to the world t' have giv'n him,
By the falſe World became the Slave of Death:
But, from their fraud hee did appeal by Faith (him.
To Him, whoſe death kild death, & hence hath driv'n-
Le Monde eſt un grand Parlement:
Son Avocat, eſt l' Arrogance:
Son Soliciteur, eſt l' Offenſe:
Son Procureur, vain Penſement:
L' Huiſſier, qui les Cauſes appelle
Eſt le Remords: Juge, la Mort
Qui prononce en dernier Reſort
L' Arreſt de la Peine eternelle.
The World's a Seſſions, or Aſſize:
The Counſellor is Arrogancy:
Sin the Sollicitor (fee'd by Fancy)
Th' Attourney is but vain Surmiſe:
Remorſe is Marſhall: Conſcience, Crier:
Death ſits as Judge in dreadfull room;
Pronouncing, for a finall Doom,
The ſentence of eternall fire.

Vous Pleuples bazanez les quels le Gain attire
Ores a recercher une incognue Mer;
Ores de vers la Tane, & vers l' Inde ramer
Fondans tout voſtre Appuy ſur le vol d' on Navire.
Pour Patron, qu' avez vous que vaine Paſſion?
Pour Timon, qu' Avarice? & pour Voles, que Rage?
Et pouſſez par le vent de toute Ambition,
Que penſez vous gaigner qu' un aſſeuré Naufrace?
You tanned Tiphyes, whom Gain's love bewitches,
From Inde to Inde, and from the North to Nile,
To ſound new ſeas, to ſeek new ſhores, the While
Your Life's beſt hope but in a Plank and Pitch-is.
What Pilot have you but your Paſſion, ſtill?
Your Rudder, Avarice; and your Maſt, Ambition;
Your Sails, but Pride; which Furies puffs doe fill:
What think you then to gain, but deep Perdition?
Ce Monde eſt un Pelerinage
Les Meſchants forcenez de rage
Y ſont les devots Pelerins,
Qui four voyez des droits Chemins,
Tombent en la Foſſe profonde
De la Mort: Mais O Toy Mon DIEU,
Guidant mes paz in autre lieu,
Tire Moy du Chemin du Monde.
This World is but a Pilgrimaging,
Where wicked men, moſt felly raging,
Doe trudge and travell moſt devont:
But, from the right way wandring one,
They headlong fall in Pit of Terror,
The Gulf of Death. But, O my God,
Guiding my ſteps in better Road,
Draw mee to Thee, from worldlings Error.

FINIS.

AN APPENDIX.

ALthough thou canſt not write ſo rare a Ditty,
Nor ſing ſo ſweetly, be thou vertuous though:
For, doing well is more than ſaying ſo:
And, to be Wiſe, is more than to be Witty.
The Vertuous, reading and recording ſweet
The ſacred Song, is cheered in his Courſes:
The vicious, reading, ſinging, rather worſe-is:
Rapt with the Sound: not with the Senſe, awhit.
Surceaſe thy Muſick, lay aſide thy Muſes:
Paſchal and *Pibrac*, you have toil'd too-long:
Seeing that vertue ſerves but for a Song
To this vain World, that on all Miſchief muſes:
Lo, heer in Paper is poor Vertue painted:
Alas, dead Vertue! Thus theſe times do uſe-thee:
Yet, if all hands, yet if all hearts refuſe-thee,
Remaine Thou ever in theſe Songs imprinted.
As fierceſt Lion, fretting in his Cage,
Is ſomtimes calmed with harmonious ſounding
Of Lyrike ſtrings, and made to leave his rage,
Let go his Prey, and fall to Dance-like bounding:
So, the vain World, in Pangs and Paſſions flinging,
Charm'd (as it were) & bound wth fev'nty chains,
It's Fits and Phant'ſies, for a while, refrains;
Heer, to it Self, it Selfe's Inconſtance ſinging.

FINIS.

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THE WOODMANS BEAR.

A Poeme.

By JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

Semèl insanivimus Omnes.

TO THE WORSHIPFUL, HIS MOST approved Friend, M^r. ROBERT NICOLSON.

SIR, the kind Welcom that you alwayes daign
To the fair Muſes, and their Favorites;
And chiefly mee, the meaneſt of their train
(Too mean to meddle with their ſacred rites)

My willing heart with thankfull hand invites
To offer you my buſie-idle pain,
Ill-ſhapen ſhadows of my young delights,
Till better fruits my better Fates ordain.

Yet (pray-you) private let this Jigg bee kept;
Unworthy Object for judicious Eyes:
Which, but for you, eternally had ſlept;
And, but to you, from hence-forth ever dies:
But, lack of better forc't mee, for a ſhift,
To bring you now this old-new New-yeers Gift.

Semper Arctio-philos.

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TO HIS DIVINE ARCTOA HER DEVOUT ARCTOPHILOS.

BEcauſe I count a promiſe debt (my Deer)
Eſpecially unto a ſpeciall friend,
This promis'd pledge to your ſweet Self I ſend;
A gloomy glaſſe of your perfections cleer:

A pourtraiture reſembling nothing neer
Your heav'nly Features, that in worth extend
Beyond the reach of my poor rymes Commend,
As in this plot I make too plain appeare.

Yet ſince for you amid my dumps I drew-it,
And ſince your ſelfe have ſince deſir'd to ſee-it;
With milde aſpect vouchſafe (bright-Star) to view-it.
To doom whereof, in your diſcretion be-it:
But deem withall, that in this bitter ſtory
I grave my griefs, and not your beauties glory.

Vincenti gloria Victi.

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THE WOOD-MANS BEAR.

1

Seventy nine-score yeers and sev'n
Were expired from the birth
Of a Babe begot by Heav'n,
To bring Peace unto the Earth;
Peace that passeth all esteeming,
Sin-bound soules from Hell redeeming.

Ver. 2.

Phœbus in his yeerly race
(Having past the *Ram* and *Steer*)
Now began to post apace
Through the *Twins* fair houses cleer,
Pranking in perfumed robes
All these goodly neather Globes,

Aurora. 3.

And *Aurora*, richly dight
In an azure mantle fair,
Freng'd about with silver bright,
Pearl-deaws dropping through the air,
Hung the gate with golden tissues,
Where *Hiperions* Chariot issues.

4

At which sight (that all rejoyces)
All the cunning Forrest Quier,
Tuning loud their little voices,
Warbled who should warble higher:
Striving all to bear the Bell
(All in vain) from *Philomel*.

5

When my joylesse senses, dulled
With the busie toil of Cities,
Mee from pensive fansies pulled,
To goe hear their heav'nly Ditties:
To goe hear, and see, and sent,
Sounds, sights, savours excellent.

6

Wending then through Lawns and Thickets,
Where the fearfull Deer doo bronz,
Where the wanton Fawns and Prickets
Crop the top of springing boughs:
Where the Stag and light-foot Hinde
Scud, and skip, and turn, and winde;

7

While I led my wandring feet
Through a silent shady Grove,
Paved thick with Primrose sweet:
As mine eyes about did rove,
Neer a spring I chanc't to spy,
Where a wretched man did ly.

8

Like a *Wood-man* was his weed:
Groveling on the ground hee lay,
Mourning so as doth exceed
All that ever I can say.
Beasts to bellow, birds to sing,
Ceast, to see so strange a thing.

9

Wringing hands, and weeping eyes,
Heavie sighs, and hollow groans,
Wailing words, and woefull cries,
Were the witnes of his moans;
Moans that might with bitter passion
Move a flinty hearts compassion.

10

Fain would I the cause have kend,
That could cause him so complain:
But I feard him to offend
With repeating of his pain:
Therefore I expected rather,
From himselfe the same to gather.

11

Sitting then in shelter shady,
To observe and mark his moane,
Suddenly I saw a *Lady*
Hasting to him all alone,
Clad in Maiden-white and green:
Whom I judg'd the Forrest Queen.

12

Who the eager game pursuing,
Lost her Ladies in the chase,
Till shee heard the wretches ruing:
Unto whom shee hied apace;
Moving him, with milde intreat,
To unfold his grief so great.

13

When the Queen of Continence,
With the musick of her words,
Had by sacred influence
Charm'd the edge of sorrowes swords

(Swords

(Swords that deeper wounds have made
Than the keen *Toledo* blade.)

14

Fain hee would, and yet hee fainted
To unfold his fatall grief:
Passions in his face depainted,
Striving whether should be chief:
Thus at last, though loath and sorry,
Sighs hee out his mournfull story.

15

Madam, quoth hee (yet hee knew not
What shee was) that you may see,
That I cursed causeless rue not,
Lend awhile your eare to mee;
And you shall perceive the source
Whence my cares have had their course.

16

Whence my cares and sad incumbers
Have arisen and proceeded:
Whose account of countless numbers
Hath the *Ocean's* sand exceeded;
Whose extreme tormenting smart
Passeth all conceit of heart.

17

Thrice-sev'n Summers I had seen
Deckt in *Flora's* rich aray;
And as many Winters keen,
Wrapt in suits of silver gray:
Yer the *Cyprian* Queens blinde Boy
Grudged at my griefless joy.

18

But when on my maiden chin
Mother *Nature* gan ingender
Smooth, soft, golden Doun, and thin
Blades of Bever, silk-like slender;
Then hee, finding fuell fit,
Sought for coals to kindle it.

19

Coals hee found, but found no fire:
For, th' East *Frisian* Icy sky
Made the sparks of loves desire
Sudden born, as soon cordy.
Thus, so long as there I bid,
All was vain that *Venus* did.

20

Seeing then that nought might boot,
Shee (consulting with her bastard)
Bid the busie wanton shoot:
But alas hee durst not, dastard:
In that quarter well hee wist
Armes to meet with mee, hee mist.

21

Therefore weary of his toile,
Hopelesse still of better hap,
In that so unhappy soile,
Where few *Brutes* hee could entrap;
Hee forsooke the frozen *Ems*,
Soaring towards silver *Thames*.

22

On whose lillie-paved banks,
Where faire water-Nymphs resorted,
Plaid hee many wanton pranks,
While the silly Damsels sported;
Wounding with his cruell darts,
Their unwary tender hearts.

23

Chiefly in my Mother-Towne,
Where the Paragon of honor,
Vertues praise, and beauties crowne,
With sweet Ladies tending on her,
Kept her Court in Palace royall,
Guarded by Attendants loyall.

24

There the *Paphian* Prince (perceiving
Lords and Ladies, young and old,
Apt (through ease) for Loves deceiving)
Sends about his shafts of gold,
Striking all, save her hee dares not,
Dians selfe: the rest hee spares not.

25

Having triumpht there a season
Over all degrees and sexes,
Planting love, supplanting reason,
Where his darts dire venome vexes:
Suddenly hee croft the flood,
To the famous Seat of *Lud*.

26

Finding there sufficient fuell,
To maintaine his wanton fires,
By and by begins hee cruell
To inflame both Sonnes and Sires,
Maid and Mistris, Man and Master,
Dame and Daughter, light or chaster.

27

Thus hee tortures, voide of pitie,
Rich and poor, and fond and wise,
Through the streets of all the Citie;
Causing by his cruelties,
Sighing-singing, freezing-frying,
Laughing-weeping, living-dying.

28

Fates by this time had contrived
Causes that mee thither drew.
Which, ere ever I arrived,
This detested Tyrant knew:
Wily waiting time and place,
To revenge his old disgrace.

29

Oftentimes hee did attempt
Even in streets of second *Troy*,
To have punisht my contempt,
By bereaving freedomes joy:
But unable there to match mee,
Else-where yet hee thought to catch mee.

30

I was wont (for my disport)
Often in the Summer season,
To a Village to resort,
Famous for the rathe ripe Peason;
Where, beneath a *Plumm*-tree shade,
Many pleasant walks I made.

31

Till a grasse-borne-kricket, mounted
On that goodly Trees fair top,
Made his fore fruit (rare accounted)
Over-soon to fall and drop;
Loading every branch and bough
With her brood of krickets now.

32 Hi-

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32
Hither while I us'd to haunt;
Cupid seeking change of harbout,
Leaving ſtately *Troy-novant*,
Lighted under this freſh Arbor,
Neere the howre when *Titan* woundrous,
Hides our ſhadowes wholly und'r-us.

33
When the Dwarfling did perceive mee,
Mee, *Loves* moſt rebellious ſcorner;
By ſome cautell to deceive mee,
Skipt hee ſoone into a corner
Where, leſt I ſhould ſpie the Elfe,
In a *Bear* hee hid himſelfe.

34
Many Beaſts, and Birds beſide,
Adorned with the pride of nature;
Faire of feather, rich of hide,
Trim of forme, and tall of ſtature,
Us'd this Orchard to frequent,
Till the Summers heat was ſpent.

35
But the *Bear* was my betrayer;
Nay, ſhee was my lifes defender:
But ſhee was my freedomes ſlayer;
Nay, ſhee was my thraldomes ender:
But ſhee fill'd my ſoule with ſadneſſe;
Nay, ſhee turn'd my griefe to gladneſſe.

36
Bleſſed *Bear*, that bears the bell
From the faireſt of her kind:
Such a *Bear* as doth excell
Thoſe to either *Pole* aſſign'd:
Such a *Bear*, as 'twould not grive mee,
To be Bear-ward made: believe mee.

37
In a *Croſte* where *Muſicks* King
(Making mends for *Daphnes* wrong)
Made out of the ground to ſpring
Trees transform'd to *Daphnes* young:
In the *Croſte* ſo faire and pleaſant,
Harbour of the Prince-diſh Pheaſant.

38
Southward was this white *Bear* bred,
Yet not ſcorcht with *Affrick* heate;
For her Dam had dipt her head
In the Cryſtall waters neat
Of a Spring call'd *Hamberwell*,
Which can Sun-burnt ſpots expell:

39
And beſides, while young ſhee was,
Shee was carried from that coaſt,
To be taught ſuch practice, as
Makes ſuch Beaſts beloved moſt:
Beaſt am I to call her beaſt:
Yet indeed a *Bear* 's a beaſt.

40
Bear in name, but not in nature,
Was this much admired creature,
Peerleſſe piece of perfect ſtature,
Full of all deſired feature:
Feature ſuch, as all too-faint,
My dull pen preſumes to paint.

41
Lovely Lilly-white ſhee was,
Strait proportion'd ſtately-paſed,
Coy, or kind (as came to paſſe)
Courteous-ſpoken, comely-graced:
Graces ſeem'd of graces laviſh,
Eyes that gaz'd on her to raviſh.

42
Locks like ſtreams of liquid Amber,
Smooth down dangling, ſeem'd to ſpred
Hangings fit for Beauties chamber,
Curtins fit for Beauties bed:
Of which ſlender golden ſleave,
Love his wanton nets did weave.

43
Fore-head fair as Summers face,
Built upon two *Ebene* Arch's:
Under which in equall ſpace
Stood two bright reſplendent ſparks;
Sparks excelling, in their ſhine,
Faireſt beames of *Ericyne*.

44
From theſe Arch's between theſe eyes,
(Eyes that arme Loves Arches tillar)
Even deſcending did ariſe,
Like a pale *Pyramid* pillar,
That faire double-doored port,
Where ſweet *Zephir* loves to ſport.

45
On each ſide whereof extended
Fields, wherein did ever grow
Roſes, Lillies, Violets blended,
Steept in ſtreams of ſanguine ſnow:
Red-white hils, and white-red plaines,
Azure vales, and azure veines;

46
Veines, whoſe ſaphir Seas do ſlide
(Branch-wiſe winding in and out)
With a gentle flowing tide
All that *Little World* about,
Up and downe, aloft and under,
To fill all this world with wonder.

47
With her mouth I meddle not,
Nor with *Ecchoes* dainty mazes;
Leſt theſe hearing any jot
Miſ-reported of her prayſes
In their form, might them incenſe
To reprove my proud offence.

48
But fond hee that over-skips
(Fearing fancies had I wiſt)
Thoſe ſmooth ſmiling lovely lips,
Which each other alwaies kiſt;
Sweetly ſwelling round like Cherries,
Fragrant as our garden-berries.

49
Lips like leaves of Damaske-Roſe
Joyned juſt in equall meaſure,
Which in their ſweet folds incloſe
Plenteous ſtore of pleaſant treaſure:
Treaſures more than may be told;
Balme, and Pearles, and pureſt gold.

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50
Balme her breath, for ſo it ſmelt;
Pearles, thoſe pales about the Parke,
Where that golden Image dwelt,
Her pure tongue that moſt I marke:
Such a tongue, as with my tongue
Never can enough be ſung.

51
Now remaines of all this *Ile*
Onely that white *Ivory* Ball,
Dimpled with a cheerfull ſmile,
Which the *Cape* of *Love* I call.
Eden was this Iland, Madam:
While I gaz'd, mine eye was *Adam*.

52
Next her Swan-like neck I ſaw:
Then thoſe ſpotleſſe ſnowie mountaines,
Which, when Loves warme Sun ſhall thaw,
Shall reſolve in *Nectar* fountaines:
Twixt which mountaines lies a valley,
Like *Joves* heav'nly milken alley.

53
What my ſong ſhould further ſay,
Art envying my delight
(As the night conceales the day)
Shrowdes in ſhadowes from my ſight:
Art, that adds ſo much to others,
Here a world of beauties ſmothers.

54
Yet not ſo, but that I ſaw,
As the Sunne ſhines through the rack,
Smalling down by meaſures law,
Her ſtraight comely ſhapen back:
Which, though well it liked mee,
Leaſt of all I long'd to ſee.

55
But her ſlender virgin Waſte
Made mee beare her girdle ſpight,
Which the ſame by day imbrac't,
Though it were caſt off at night;
That I wiſht, I dare not ſay
To be girdle night and day;

56
Leſt thoſe hands that heer I kiſſe,
As offended there-withall,
Riſe to chaſtiſe mine amiſſe,
Though their rage be rare and ſmall;
Yet God ſhield, her prayſes ſinger
Should offend her little finger.

57
Yet I feare in much I ſhall:
For, to ſay her hands are white,
Slike and ſlender, fingers ſmall,
Straight and long, her knuckles dight
With curled Roſes, and her nailes
With pearle-muſcles ſhining ſcales:

58
Theſe are praiſes great I grant;
But full oft heard I before,
Many may like honours vant,
Such as theſe have many more:
Hers are ſuch, as ſuch are none,
Save that hers are ſuch alone.

59
For, if ſhee had lived, when
Proud *Arachne* was alive,
Pallas had not needed then
To come downe with her to ſtrive:
Her faire fingers, finely faſt,
Had *Arachnes* cunning paſt.

60
But when to the muſick choice
Of thoſe nimble joynts ſhee marries
Th' *Eccho* of her Angel-voice,
Then the praiſe and prize ſhee carries
Both from *Orpheus* and *Amphion*,
Shaming *Linus* and *Arion*.

61
Heer before her nimble feet
Fall wee flat (mine humble Muſe)
To endevour (as is meete)
All our errours to excuſe:
For, theſe are the beautious baſes
That ſupport this frame of graces.

62
Now, like as a Princely building,
Rare for Model, rich for matter,
Beautified without with guilding,
Fond beholders eyes to flatter,
Inwardly, containeth moſt
Both of cunning and of coſt:

63
So this frame, in framing which
Nature her owne ſelfe excelled,
Though the outward walles were rich,
Yet within the ſame there dwelled
Rareſt beauties, richeſt treaſures,
Chiefe delights, and choyceſt pleaſures.

64
For, within this curious Palace,
'Mongſt the *Muſes* and the *Graces*
Phebe chaſte, and charming *Pallas*
Kept their Courts in ſundry places,
Lawes of Vertue to enactize,
There proclaim'd in daily practice.

65
Heer the Foſter waxing faint,
Looked on the lovely Dame,
Sighing-ſaying, Gracious Saint,
Heer-hence all my ſorrowes came.
Lady, pardon, if my ſong
Have detain'd you over-long.

66
Not your ſong: your ſorrowes ſeem
Longer than I would (quoth ſhee)
Yet, as yet I cannot deeme
How your griefs with this agree:
For did this faire ſight intrap yee,
This faire ſight might make yee happy.

67
Happy (mee unhappy moſt)
(Then repli'd hee) had I been,
Had my life or light been loſt
Ere my ſight that ſight had ſeen:
Then had I not liv'd to languiſh
In this eaſe-leſſe end-leſſe anguiſh.

68 But

68
But becauſe you doubt (faire Dame)
How from ſuch a heav'n as this,
Full of every beauties flame,
Full of bounty, full of bliſſe,
Full of each delightfull joy,
Could deſcend the leaſt annoy:

69
If you daigne attend, I'll tell
(As my feeble tongue will let mee)
All miſ-fortune that befell,
Though the thought thereof doe fret mee:
Madam, ſo your kindneſſe moves mee,
That to ſhew you all behoves mee.

70
Therefore think upon (I pray)
What, when firſt my tale begun,
Was fore-ſpoken to bewray
Shifts of *Cytherea's* ſonne:
How, for feare I ſhould have ſpi'd him,
In a *Bear* the Urchin hid him.

71
Thence-from crafty *Cupid* ſhot
All the arrowes of his quiver:
But my heart that yeelded not,
Made them all in ſunder ſhiver;
Till hee, full of ſhame and ſorrow,
Better bowes and ſhafts did borrow.

72
Borrow did hee of that *Bear*,
Arms more apt to work my woe.
Stringing with her golden haire
Her faire browes, hee made his bow:
Whence for ſhafts hee ſhot likewiſe
Beams of her keene piercing eyes.

73
Of which Diamond-headed darts
(Beating hard my boſoms Center,
Whence reſiſting pow'r departs,
Where, but theſe, none elſe could enter)
Some abiding, ſome rebounded,
Where-withall the *Beare* was wounded.

74
Wounded was the gentle *Bear*,
With the weapons that ſhee lent;
That ſhee lent (alas) for feare
Leſt your *Love-God* ſhould her ſhent:
So wee ſee, who lend their Armes,
Oft procure their proper harmes.

75
So did harmleſſe ſhee (alas)
That I ever muſt bemoan:
Moan I muſt, for never was
Marble-hearted *Mermydon*
But would moan, and mourne, and melt
To have ſeene the paine ſhee felt.

76
To have ſeen her piteous plaining,
To have heard her loud lamenting,
To have thought on her complaining,
To imagine her tormenting;
Eyes would weep, and ears would wonder,
Hardeſt heart would break in ſunder.

77
So mine eyes, mine eares, and heart,
Fild with waters, wonders, woes,
Drowned, deafned, dead in part,
Wel-nigh all their vertues loſe:
Every ſenſe, and all my reaſon
Fled, and fail'd mee for a ſeaſon.

78
Here when this hee had rehearſed,
Ere the rufull reſt could follow;
So the freſh remembrance pierced,
That his voice waxt weake and hollow:
Bitter teares aboundant dropping,
Drowned words their paſſage ſtopping.

79
Words were turn'd to ſighs and ſobbing,
Inward griefes did inly groan:
Hopeleſſe heart with heavie throbbing,
Shew'd all ſignes of ſaddeſt moan.
Signes made moan, but voice was mum:
Small griefes ſpeake, but great are dumb.

80
Wo-begon, and wondrous ſorry
Was the *Goddeſſe* to behold him,
Through repeating of his ſtory
In ſo ſad a fit to hold him;
Fearing further to povoke him,
Leſt new Seas of ſorrow choak him.

81
For, as Sea-coales flame the faſter,
When wee caſt cold water on them:
Or as Children under Maſter,
Mourne the more, the more wee moan them:
So the more ſhee ſpake, her ſpeeches
More increaſt his cries and ſcreeches.

82
Yet ſhee would not ſo forſake him,
Leſt ſome ſavage hungry beaſt
In this tragick tranſe ſhould take him,
Of his fleſh to make a feaſt:
Danger of which dire event,
Thus her pitie did prevent.

83
Lowd her bugle Horne ſhee blew,
Babbling *Eccho* voice of vallies,
Aity Elf, exempt from view,
With the Forreſt muſick dallies:
Doubling ſo the curled Winde,
That the firſt was hard to finde:

84
Yet her nimble Nymphs, inured
Often to the Fairies guile,
Could not be ſo ſoone allured
To enſue her ſubtle wile:
For where firſt they heard the blaſt,
Thither-ward they trip it faſt.

85
But becauſe theſe maids had follow'd
Eagerly their game together;
They, when firſt the Lady halloo'd,
Could not by and by be with her:
For, before ſhee found the Foſter,
All her traine (I told you) loſt her.

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86
In came these bright beauties than,
Where as they their Lady found
Standing by this wretched man,
That lay there upon the ground:
With which wofull sight amazed,
Each on him with wonder gazed.

87
To whom their Goddesse did relate
All before that hee had told her,
All his miserable state:
Who did all the while behold her
With a heavie halfe-shut eye,
As a man at point to dye.

88
At which the Nymphs with pitie moved,
Somewhat to asswage his woe
For the *Beares* sake whom hee loved,
And that him had loved so,
Bade him of their helpe assure him,
For they could the Art to cure him.

89
For in a Grove thereby, there grew
An herbe which could loves power expell:
Which (but they) none ever knew,
As how it prosper'd neer a Well,
Where *Diana* us'd to bathe her
When the scorching heat did scathe her.

90
Which the *Sylvans* of those Groves
Held in very high account:
For therewith they cur'd their loves.
It was call'd *Dianaes* Fount:
And that Herbe, the pride of Summer,
Took that speciall vertue from her.

91
And the swiftest of the traine,
Away to fetch the same was sent.
Which her nimble joynts did straine,
And return'd incontinent;
And the Simple with her brought,
By which the cure was strangely wrought.

92
Which unto the sense apply'd,
As the jayce thereof hee tasted,
Hee might feele even in that tide
How his old remembrance wasted.
By the med'cine thus revealed,
Was the Wofull Wood-man healed.

EPITHA-

EPITHALAMION.

O You that on the double mountaine dwell,
And daily drink of the *Castalian* Well,
If any Muse among your sacred number,
Have power to waken from a dying slumber,
A dull conceit, drown'd in a gulph of griefe,
In hapleſſe ruine, hopeleſſe of reliefe:
Vouchsafe (sweet sisters) to assist mee so,
That for a time I may forget my woe,
Or (at the least) my sad thoughts so beguile,
That sighes may sing, & teares themselves may smile,
While I in honour of a happy choice,
To cheerefull Layes tune my lamenting voice;
Making the mountains and the vallies ring,
And all the young-men and the maidens sing,
All earthly joyes, and all heav'ns bliſſe betide
Our joyfull Bridegroom, and his gentle Bride. (sorrow,
Then, peace complaint, and pack thee hence proud
I must goe bid my merry Greeks *good morrow:*
Good morrow, Gallants: thus begins our game:
What? fast asleep? fie sluggards, fie for shame;
For shame shake off this humour from your eyes.
You have ore-slept: 'tis more than time to rise.
Behold, already in the ruddy East
Bright *Erycina*, with the beaming creſt
Cals up *Aurora*: and shee rose-like blushing,
From aged *Tythons* cold armes, quickly rushing,
Opens the wide gates of the welcome day,
And with a beck summons the Sun away:
Who quickly mounting on his gliſt'ring chaire,
Courseth his nimble Coursers through the aire,
With swifter pase than when hee did pursue
The Laurel-changed Nymph that from him flew;
Fearing perhaps (as well hee might) to misse
A rarer object, than those loves of his.
Such, as at sight (but for the kinde reſpect
Of loyall friendship, to a deare elect
Child of the Muses) had with hotter fire
Inflam'd the wanton *Delphian* gods desire,
Altars adorn'd with bliſſe-preſaging lights
In saffron roabes, and all his solemne rites
Thrice-sacred *Hymen* shall with smiling cheere
Unite, in one, two Turtles loving deare,
And chaine with holy charmes their willing hands,
Whose hearts are linkt in loves eternall bands.

M *ilde vertues mirrour Beauties monument,*
A *dorned with Heav'ns praise, and Earths perfection:*
R *eceive (I pray you) with a brow unbent,*
T *his petty pledge of my poore pure affection:*
H *ad I the Indians golden heaps and hoords,*
A *richer present would I then present you.*
N *ow such poore fruits as my bare field affords*
I *nstead of those, here have I rudely sent you.*
C *ount not the gifts worth but the givers will:*
O *ft mighty Princes have accepted small things;*
L *ike as the aire all empty parts doth fill,*
S *o perfect friendship doth supply for all things.*
O *be it ever so: so never smart*
N *or teene shall trouble the* Soon calm in hart.

M *ind first your Maker in your dayes of youth:*
A *sk grace of him to govern well your wayes:*
R *everence your Husband with unspotted truth:*
T *ake heed of pride, the poison of our daies:*
H *aunt not with those that are of light report:*
A *void the vile charmes of unchaste temptation.*
N *ever lend look to the lascivious sort:*
I *mpeach not any's honest reputation:*
C *omfort the poore, but not beyond your power!*
O *ver your household have a needfull care:*
L *ay hold on Times lock, lose not any howr:*
S *pend, but in season; and in season spare:*
O *ff-spring, if any heav'n vouchsafe to send you,*
N *urture them godly; and good end attend you.*

So shall your life in bleſſings still abound,
So from all harme th' almightie hand shall shend you,
So with cleere honour shall your head be crown'd,
So for your vertue shall the wise commend you.
So shall you shun vile slanders blasting voice,
So shall you long enjoy your loving Phoare,
So shall you both be bleſſed in your choice,
So to each other be you ever deare.
O! be it ever so in every part,
That nought may trouble the Soon calm in hart.

FINIS.

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A HOLY PREPARATION TO A JOYFULL *RESURRECTION.*

2

DEare, deare Soule, Awake, awake.
Ah! What Answer wilt thou make,
When *Christ* in glory shall appear?
When Hee comes to take Account
Of thy Sins that hourely mount,
By acting or neglecting heer.

3

Of that irefull Day to come
(That red dreadfull Day of Doome)
Th' affrighting Terrour to prevent,
Bleeding tears let heart distill;
Right reform thy crooked will;
And speedily Repent, Repent.

1

That, That dreaded Day of Ire,
Shall dissolve the World in Fire;
As holy Prophets have foretold.
O! What horrour will be then,
When the Lord shall come agen,
Our deeds of Darkness to unfold!

4

Shrilleſt Trumpets thundring sound
Through earth's entrails shal rebound.
To summon all before the Throne.
Nature, Death, shall stand amaz'd,
When the Dead (alive) be rais'd,
To heare their Judgement, every one.

5

Open shall the Bookes be laid,
Wherein what wee have mis-said,
Mis-done, mis-deem'd, is registred.
So that when the Judge is set,
Closeſt Crimes (conceal'd as yet)
Reveal'd, shall all be punished.

12

Then (alas!) what shall I say?
To what Patron should I pray,
Sith the Justeſt are not cleer?
King of awfull Majestie,
Health of All that hope on thee,
My saving Health as then appear.

14

Jesu, Lord, my Sute attend:
Oppose thee to th' accusing Fiend;
Remembring, once thou cam'st for me,
Weary seeking wilfull Losse;
Mockt, torn, tortur'd on the Crosse,
In vain these Suffrings may not be.

15

O! Just Judge of each Condition,
Gracious grant mee free Remission:
Let not my Works receive their Meed.
Sighing, I lament my Sin:
Teares without, and Feares within.
Break not, dear God, this bruized Reed.

16

Marie's Sin thou didst remit:
Thiefe on Crosse Thou didst acquit.
Like Hope in mee thou dost inspire.
For this glorious Grace of Thine,
(For no worth or work of mine)
Lord save mee from th' infernall fire.

37

Point my place among the Sheep:
Sundred from the Goats mee keep;
Disposing mee, on thy Right-side:
That (the *Cursed* being cast
Into Flames that ever last)
I with the *Blesſed* may abide,

Full of Joy, Bliſſe, endleſſe Glorie
(Free'd of Feare, Grief, sin-full Folly)
Loud-singing *Holy, Holy, Holy.* Amen.

FINIS.

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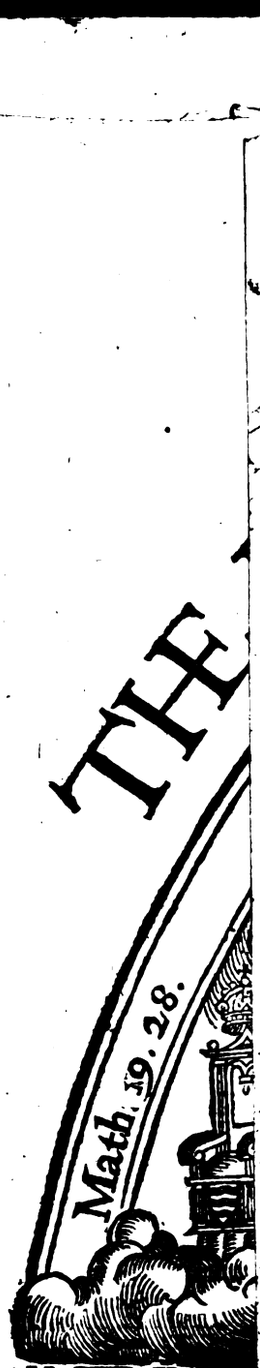

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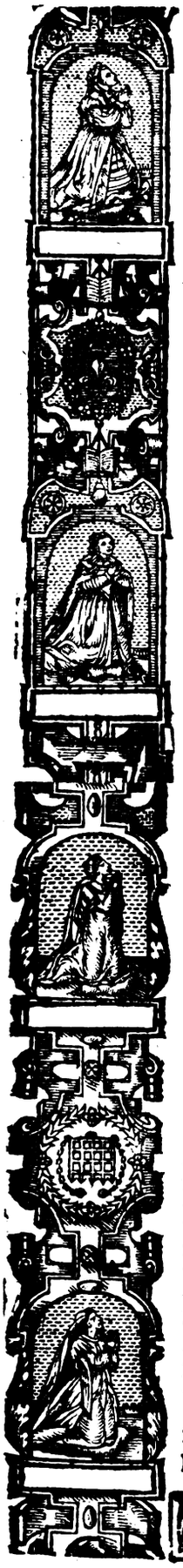

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POSTHUMI.

OR

SYLVESTERS REMAINS;

CONTAYNING

Divers Sonnets, Epistles,

Elegies, Epitaphs, Epigrams,

AND OTHER

Delightfull Devises,

REVIVED

OUT OF THE ASHES

OF

THAT SILVER-TONGUED

TRANSLATOUR

AND

DIVINE POET-LAUREAT,

MASTER

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

NEVER,

Till Now, IMPRINTED.

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SONNETS.

AN ACROSTICK SONNET TO MASTER HENRY PARVIS, *deceased.*

M^r. alignant Death our ever dreadfull Foe,
H ow haſt thou robb'd us of our Countries praiſe?
E ngland lament that thou haſt loſt him ſo,
N ow in the ſun-ſhine of his Summer-Daies:
R ich *Aſian* Merchants, and the men of *Nile*,
Y our wonted travell and your traffick ceaſe
P eople of *Greece* and you of *Candie-Ile*,
A h, henceforth, who ſhall have the brave increaſe?
R enowned PARVIS famous far and neere,
V ntimely dyes; ſo ſhort is Earthly glorie,
I n vaine wee weepe, in vaine wee waile him heere,
S orrow prevailes not, death is peremptorie.

R are Paragon (therefore) reſtrain your plaints,
N ow lives your dear-Love 'mong the bleſſed Saints.

2 SONNET.

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2 AN ACROSTICK SONNET ON HIS *Owne* NAME.

In paine, 't is paine, paſt pleaſures to record,
O how it grieves, in grief to think of gladneſſe,
S mart after Smiles, ingenders treble ſadneſſe:
U ſe of delight makes dolour more abhorr'd.
A h, what availes mee (then) thy wonted favour?
H igh hopes dejected, double in deſpaire,
S o, ev'ry ſmile-beame of thy ſun-ſhine faire,
Y f now thou frowne, makes ev'ry torment graver:
L ove, think not (then) ah think not it ſufficeth,
V nto thy Merit, that thou didſt affect mee;
E ven that remembrance, if you now neglect mee,
ST ings more than all-elſe ſorrow that ariſeth.
E aſie's his paine, who never pleaſure proved,
R ougher, diſdaine, to him that hath beene loved.

3 AN ACROSTICK TO THE RARE PATRON AND right PATTERN of vertuous *GENTRIE*, R.N.

R eviv'd afreſh by your Muſe-friending favour,
O ur griefe-ſtarv'd-Muſe begins again to ſtirre,
B reathing againe, the Breath your Bounty gave her,
E ven when deſpaire had hope to burie her.
R eſtored (thus) by your kinde love, to life,
T heſe thankefull lines ſhall tell the Times that follow,
N o niggard praiſes of your vertues rife,
I t ſhall be ſaid you were our *Pens-Apollo*.
C ount it no blemiſh to be ſo accounted;
O ur humble notes, though little-noted now,
L auriz'd (hereafter) 'mong the loftie-mounted,
S hall ſing a part that Princes ſhall allow:
O ur numbers (then) with Time-contemning breath
N ow rais'd by You, ſhall raiſe your Name from death.

4 AN

4 AN ACROSTICK ON HIS OWNE NAME, TO *His afore-said Friend.*

JImping his broken wings with better plumes,
OUr ill-mew'd-Muse shall (one-day) mount your merit
SO high, that cankred-Time which all consumes,
UErtue except, shall have no power to wear-it.
AND this, our little World divided Ile,
HOpefull already of your rising Fame,
SHall grow too narrow for so great a Name
IN baptisme noted * BORN TO CROS the NILE,
LEt not the meaning of that Motto daunt-yee:
VNder that Fate-spell onely are fore-showne
ETernall praises which our pens shall chaunt-yee,
STRetching beyond the *Sultans Babylon*;
ELse, if our *Thames-tunes* cannot sound so loud,
RHone, Rhyne and Po, shall lend their Numbers proud.

* *Anagr. on Robert Nicolson.*

5 SONNET.

Puis qu' affiegé des ondeux Exercites
L' humblé parler des Escrivains Anglois,
Confiné court dens ce coign Britanois,
N' osé franchir ses fatales limites,
Pour ne borner de bornes si petites,
De vos virtuz la loign volante voix
Du Loyre et Po: os' emprunterai par fois
Mots pelerins, pour chanter vos merites.
Si que l' amour qu' aux Muses vous portez,
Aislé du vent de mes errantes rimes,
S' oyra sonner outre les blanches cimes,
Des Apenins, de megé enfarinez.
Mers, Monts, & Vaux, rauiz de vostre nom,
Retentiront le loz de NICOLSON.

6 SONNET.

6 SONNET.

ACROSTITELIOSTICHON.

If patience true could termine passions War R——
Our thankefull Harpe had tendred long-a-g O——
Save that, our Griefs, whose deep-gulfs never eb B——
Unto you sacred, by the which you se E——
Ah, muse not, then, if all our Muse-work savou R——
Heart sad, Art bad, yet pray you read the res T——
So deare *Mœcenas*, if your patience daig N——
Your praises due to publish farre and n I——
Lifting your Name, the glory of your Sto C——
Vnthrall to Time, for, Time that tyreth so O——
Else had th' old Hebrews and brave Worthies al L——
STones wear, steel wasts, too weak to bear their glorie S——
Even so devout as wee are found to do O——
Recording loftie though wee lowe begu N——

7 SONNET TO MASTER R. N.

SIth round beleaguer'd by rough *Neptunes* legions,
Within the straite-nookes of this narrow Ile;
The noblest volumes of our vulgar style
Cannot escape unto more scopefull Regions;
Resolv'd to rescue from death-threatning dangers,
Arctoa 's Name, pride of her sex and soyle,
And yours kind Patrone, *BORN TO CROS the NILE,
Our friend-strong Muse shall use the help of Strangers.
Sweet *Petrarchs* Po and swan-proud *Sein* shall lend
Their Syren-voyces, loud-resounding Layes
To sing her wonders and your worthie praise,
Till English victors having Heaven to friend,
Pouling the *Pyrès*, with their valiant swords,
Through Spayne make passage for our English words.

* *Anagr. on Robert Nicolson.*

6 SONNET.

ACROSTITELIOSTICHON.

——R are type of gentrie, and true Vertues Star R
——O ne entire payment of the Zeale wee O
——B reake ſtill the beſt threades of our buſie we B
——E vill the Muſes with griev'd mindes agre E
——R uth, more than Youth, and rather crie than quave R
——T is ſaid of ſomethings, that the laſt is bes T
——N o praiſe, but pardon to our new-found ſtrai N
——I will enforce my leaden Thoughts to ſl I
——C loude-high, to grave it, in a Diamond Ro C
——O n every thing, forbeares the Muſes th O
——L oſt with their lives, their Lives memorial L
——S weet learning, yet, keeps freſh their famous ſtorie S
——O ur verſe, your Vertues ſhall eternize to O
——N othing a whit more cleare than radiant Su N

8 SONNET.

WIlt thou not, yet, beleeve how deare I love thee?
O! Thou unjuſt, how thy diſtruſt doth grieve me!
What ſhall I ſay to make thee to beleeve mee?
What ſhall I doe that may ſuffice to move thee?
Have I not made my voyce all hoarſe with moaning?
Are not mine eyes growne blinde with ever weeping?
Are not my wits growne wild with never ſleeping?
Is not my heart halfe dead and more, with groaning?
All eares but Thine, doe pity my complaining;
All eyes but Thine, my weeping makes to water;
All wits but Thine, doe blame my wits abater;
All hearts and Thine conceive not my hearts paining:
And yet my love exceeds my Sorrow fell,
For, ſtill the Cauſe doth its Effect excell.

9 SONNET.

9 SONNET.

TO MY SOVERAIGNE LORD THE KING.

JAMES STUART.

Anagram.

A JUST MASTER.

SIck of the evill which you onely heale,
Onely to you my proſtrate Sighes appeale,
From long delayes of Others doubtfull Art,
Aſſur'd of pitie in your princely heart.
Should, None-beſide, ſecond mine humble ſuit,
Du BARTAS, yet, I hope will not be mute,
Nor you diſdaine, what, for his ſake, I ſeeke,
Of a JUST-MASTER, mercifull and meeke.
Mine, is no ſwelling, but a ſinking Sore,
Which, but you ſalve, will daily gangrene more:
More needfull patient to leſs-carefull cure,
Did never, yet, your royall Hand procure;
Your word and ſword is all that it requires
To grace with Knighthood two ſufficient Squires!

10 SONNET.

O Eyes, more beauteous than thoſe blazing eyes,
Whoſe wanton ſparks did fire the town of Troy!
O Tongue, more tunefull than thoſe melodies,
Of him that *Daphnè* lov'd, the Damſell coy!
O Wit, more wondrous than that wondrous-wiſe,
Joves braine-borne Daughters, or *Latona's* Boy!
O Eyes! O Tongue! O Wit, all words exceeding!
See, ſay, ſuppoſe, whence is my pain proceeding.

11 SONNET.

IF theſe mine eyes were ever ſent to ſeek,
In ſumptuous ſhewes, for better-Beauties choice;
If theſe mine Eares were ever lent to like
Of any ſound above the Heav'nly-Voice;

If

If this my heart did ever meane miſlike,
Of thee, or did in Other-Love rejoyce;
Blind be theſe Eyes, deaf be theſe ears for ever,
Sad be this Heart conceiving comfort never.

12 SONNET. TO HIS BELOVED.

FArewell my Hope, adieu,
My chaſte remembrance ſweet;
Farewell my Truſt to you,
Untill again wee meet.

You have forſaken mee,
And yet I know not why;
If ought I have offended yee
For pardon heer I cry.

The ſweet delightfull Flowers
Are pleaſant to the Eye,
So are thoſe ſpotted bowers
Which in thy Cheeks doe lye.

The orient Colours fine
Will fall and fade away
But let that ſweeteſt love of thine
Still live and ne'r decay.

The margaritall-gem
For praiſe deſerves thy name,
So like, you are, to them
As nature ſhewes the ſame.

Sweet Love remember this
That though thy beauties ſhine
And hath reſplendent beames amiſs,
Yet, alwayes I'll be thine.

The Sun ſhall ceaſe to ſhine
The Moone ſhall looſe her light,
Before theſe conſtant eyes of mine
Chooſe any new delight.

In token of my Love,
I heere proteſt and vow,
And by all ſacred ſenſe approve
I will love none but you.

The higheſt ardent powers
The fiery Strall of *Jove*,
Shall lighten brightly upon yours
And ſtill increaſe my love.

Sweet Earth, ſweet Water, Ayre,
And Fire in your Degree,
Be meanes unto this Orb ſo faire
That Shee likewiſe love mee.

13 SONNET.

EVen as the timely ſweet heat-temp'ring ſhowers
Feed the faint Earth and fill it all with green;
Green, grain, and graſſe and plants, and fruits, and flowers
Whereby the beauty of the world is ſeen:
Even ſo my teares temp'ring mine inward fire,
Doe feed my Love and foſter my Deſire.
And as a ſodaine and a ſtormie raine,
Makes *Flora*'s children hang their painted heads,
And beateth down the pride of *Ceres* plaine,
Drowning the Paſtures and the flow'ry Meades:
Even ſo my teares that overflow my fire,
Drowne my Delight but not my Loves deſire.

And

And as a little Water, caſt upon
A Forge, doth force the flame to mount the more,
Which being by the panting bellows blowne,
It glowes and growes much hotter than before:
Even ſo my teares caſt on mine inward fire,
Blown by my ſighs augment my high deſire.
And as a brooke that Meadowes undermines,
Doth make them ſeem more green, more freſh, more fair:
And as the deaw before bright *Phœbus* ſhines,
Gives the ſweet Roſe a more delightfull aire:
Even ſo my teares wat'ring mine inward fire,
Adorn my love, and garniſh my deſire.
Thus, then, though weeping waſte my life away
And drench my Soule in ever-floods of care,
Yet by my teares I doe my faith diſplay,
Whereby my merits (ſtill) recorded are:
So that my teares refreſh mine inward fire,
And yet my teares quench not my high deſire.

14 A MASKE SONNET. TO QUEEN ANNE

Hye wee,
Hye wee, Siſters, Fairies
Dead our comfort, deep our Care-is
While wee miſs our Miſtreſſe grace,
In the mirrour of whoſe Face,
Majeſtie and mildeneſſe meet
Stately ſhining, ſmiling ſweet;
In whoſe boſome
Aye repoſe-em
All the Honours of Diana;
Say, who ſaw our Glorie-Anna?

This way,
This way Grace did guide-her,
Could ſo rich a Jewell hide her?
So unſeene, that none can ſay,
Whither Shee is gone this way.
Or doth Envie make you mum?
Or hath Wonder ſtrook you dumb?
Iö Siſters
Heer's our miſtreſſe.
Iö, Fairies, have wee found her?
Daunce wee rapt with joy and wonder.

After the Daunce,

Haile,
All haile, O Queen of Graces,
Whoſe aſpect, auſpicious, chaces
All our cares and feares away
Cleering all with cheerfull ray:

Whom, who-ever never ſaw,
Knowes not Vertue's Love nor Law;
Bounties preſence,
Beauties pleaſance;
Modell and divine Idea,
Both of Pallas and Aſtrea.

Welcome,
Welcome Phœnix royall,
Wils and Wals her eccho loyall;
In all Fairie is not found
A more happy piece of ground,
Than your preſence maketh heere,
Where, together with your Pheere,
All I wiſh you
And your Iſſue,
With all joyes of grace internall,
Outward glorie and eternall.

15 SONNET.

15 SONNET.

LOoke crueller, you lovely eyes, yee kill mee
With pleasing poison of your sweet aspects:
Yet doe not so, for cruelty dejects
My mounting hopes, and with despaire doth fil-mee.

Doe but a little vaile your beames divine,
Whose over-brightnesse dimmes my tender sight;
Yet, vaile them not, for then eternall night
In ever darknesse drowns this soule of mine.

Alas, faire eyes, how will ye stint this strife?
Favour or frowne, love ever makes mee languish
In living deaths and in delightfull anguish,
How ere you looke, I looke to loose my life:
Ah looke no more (then) if you doe, ye spill me,
Yes, looke (alas) unlesse yee looke yee kill mee.

16 SONNET.

THey say that shadowes of deceased ghosts
Doe haunt the houses and the graves about,
Of such whose lives-lamp went untimely out,
delighting still in their forsaken hostes:

So, in the place where cruell love doth shoote
The fatall shaft that slue my loves delight,
I stalke and walk and wander day and night,
Even like a ghost with unperceived foote.

But those light ghosts are happier far than I,
For, at their pleasure, they can come and goe
Unto the place that hides their treasure, so,
And see the same with their fantastick eye.

Where I (alas) dare not approach the cruell
Proud Monument, that doth enclose my Jewell.

17 SONNET.

LOve, doe thy worſt, uſe all thy tyrannies,
And as thou liſt torment and torture mee:
I'll ne'r relent, nor ſhalt thou ever ſee
Mee ceaſe to ſerve her ever-ſacred eyes.

I know my fault, and knowing I confeſſe it;
Like th' Argive Lad, I tooke my flight too high:
But what of that? there's now no remedy,
Unleſſe, perhaps, propitious death redreſſe it.

Back reaſon (then) thou doſt in vaine adviſe mee,
If death prevent mee, then my paine expires,
And honour'd death doth waite on high deſires,
I muſt proceed what ever end ariſe mee:
If it were pride, at firſt, to undertake it,
'Twere cowardize, now, faintly to forſake it.

18 SONNET.

BReak heart and ceaſe in ſorrowes thus to ſwel,
Or ſhrink thy veines that vanities may end;
Or elſe record the cauſe why thoughts rebell,
Or elſe forget thou ſerv'ſt ſo faire a friend:
Or if thou meane to feed on fancy ſtill,
Break heart; for blood beſt fits to blaze thine ill.

For, blubber'd eyes doe but in water write,
And ſighes are ſignes of dolour, not of death;
And pale is but a change from red to white,
And plaints are pangs but of a ſtrained breath:
But blood bewrayes the bitter ruefull ſtate.
Then write in blood, thy love, thy hope, thy hate.

Then, ſtarting-up, forthwith I took a knife,
As one reſolv'd, and yet in doubt, to kill:
'Twixt feare of death and loathing of my life,
'Twixt hope of good and greedineſſe of ill,
I ſo remain'd, doubting the ſtroake to give,
Becauſe I dare not dye, yet cannot live.

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19 SONNET.

MY prayers have turn'd my Miſtreſs to a ſtone,
A virgin have they chang'd into a Beare:
Ah, yet ſome hope remains unto my mone,
For, thouſands write, Raine drops hard flints doe wear,
And ſavage Beares on no dead corps will prey.
No ſavage, but cœleſtiall Beare art thou,
Spare mee that am a Corſe cleane fall'n away;
Doe not, ah doe not ay my death avow:
Flint though thou beeſt, yet thou art full of fire;
Kindle my hopes, burn not my waxen wings:
Beare though thou be, yet will rough Beares retire
From humane blood, if one them hony brings.
Oh let the hony of my words appeaſe thee,
Still muſt I love, though I can never pleaſe thee.

Oh that her heart were but a heart of ſtone,
(As, often raine the rocky Marble weares)
Yer this, the oft fall of my fraudleſſe teares,
Had pierced it, and made her feel my mone.
Were ſhee no fiercer than a forreſt Beare,
(As from dead bodies that foule Beaſt abſtaines,
And pleas'd with hony humane bloud refraines)
My hony words had wrought remorſe in her:
But ſhee's a Beare of that cœleſtiall breed,
That in the Poles imperious *Jove* did plant.
Her heart is ſtone, but it is Diamant,
Whoſe hardneſſe doth the hardeſt things exceed;
Therefore it is, ~~that ſeuere raine cannot pierce her,~~
And hony words doe make her ſeem the fiercer.

20 SONNET.

THrice toſſe theſe oaken aſhes in the aire,
And thrice three times tie-up this true Loves knot;
Thrice ſit thee down in this enchanted chaire,
And murmure ſoft, ſhee will or ſhee will not.
Goe burn theſe poys'ned weeds in that blew fire,
This Cipreſſe gath'red at a dead mans grave;
Theſe Scriech-Owles feathers, and this pricking bryer,
That all thy thorny Cares an end may have.

Then come you Fairies dance with mee a round:
Dance in this circle, let my love be center,
Melodiously breath out a charming sound;
Melt her hard heart, that some remorse may enter:
In vain are all the charmes I can devise,
Shee hath an Art to break them with her eyes.

21 SONNET.

FRom thy faire looks I count my Kalender,
For, viewing them mine eyes make holyday;
Depriv'd of them, my soule through jealous feare,
In restlesse labour weares the time away.
Thy smile foretels a solemne feast is neer;
But most of all it doth my minde dismay
To finde no certain seasons in my yeare:
Spring, Winter, Summer, Harvest finde I not,
Nor day nor night, th' are all confounded there:
No grasse can grow, thy beauty shines so hot;
Thy beauties Sun, which no Eclipse can beare.
Therefore by guesse I make my times agree,
Alas, that Kalenders so uncertaine be.

22 SONNET.

THou art not faire for all thy red and white,
For all those rosie temp'ratures in thee;
Thou art not sweet though made of meer delight,
Nor faire, nor sweet, unlesse thou pity mee:
Thine eyes are black, and yet their glistring brightnesse
Can night illumine in her darkest denne:
Thy hands are bloody, yet compact of whitenesse
Both black and bloody, if they murther men;
Thy brow whereon my fortune doth depend,
Fairer than snow, or the most lilly thing,
Thy tongue which saves at every sweet words end,
That hard as marble, This a mortall sting.
I will not sooth thy follies: thou shalt prove,
That beauty is no beauty without love.

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23 SONNET.

Might baſhfull ſhame put on a paper maske
And whiſper paſſion in his miſtreſſe eares;
Then ſhould my Verſe his numbers overtaske
To lead thee to the ſtorehouſe of my teares.
Oh, I have ſeen content in thy faire eyes,
My ſoules content, if thou be ſo content:
Faire eyes, bright skies, what praiſe may I deviſe,
To paint the pleaſure of your blandiſhment?
Onely this will I ſpeake with pleaſing anguiſh,
Thoſe Lamps are cauſe that make my life to languiſh.

24 SONNET.

THeſe lines you reade as his who never knew
What beauty meant, ſave that which ſhines in you.
For ſhould'ſt thou pleaſe to dwell in deſart Grove,
Thy eyes would teach the ſenſeleſſe trees to love,
Thy ſight (one ſight) made mee that ſcorn'd before,
Feare fraile effects, and truſt mine eyes no more:
So from thy ſight theſe my ſad paſſions grew,
And therefore read them if thou wilt not rue;
Read them and ſee how my coy heart came thrall,
And then goe ſweare thou wilt not love at all.
Oft had I ſeene men ſigh and weepe and mourne,
And curſe deſire, ~~and looke with eyes forlorne~~:
Oft had I heard them ban their bitter fate,
As they of all had beene unfortunate:
Then would I ſmile and count their outcryes vain,
And ſay when they did weepe, they did but faine:
Fond thoughts too ſimple to conceive the force,
Of Loves deſire, that kils without remorſe.
Weepe wayward eyes, then let my ſoule complain,
For it hath taſted loves immortall paine.
When firſt falſe fortune, to betray my heart,
Had ſlily brought and left mee where thou wert;
When I beheld thine amiable face,
Thy lovely hair which ſeem'd thy brow t'imbrace;
Then I envi'd thy curious locks arow
And wiſht to twine about thy forehead ſo:

But when I view'd thy lips, thy cheeks, thine eyes,
So red, ſo white, ſo full of delicacies;
Mee thought that I their beauty long had knowne,
And therefore would have kiſt you (as mine own).
But feare and jelouſie ſtept twixt us two,
And told mee I had nothing there to doe:
Henceforth I found my Liberty was fled;
My hearts eaſe, and Soules comfort baniſhed,
Alone I went; alone was my delight,
Tedious the day and weariſome the night:
No ſoft repoſe or delicate repaſt,
Could eaſe my limbs or pleaſe my froward taſt;
Onely I fed upon that pleaſure ſtore
Which mine eyes ſuckt from thy ſweet face before.

25 SONNET.

AS in the deadneſſe of the ſilent night,
A dreame doth forge ſtrange ſhadows of delight:
So thy faire image in my fancy wrought,
Preſenting wonders to my troubled thought:
For, ſtill (mee thinks) that I doe either heare,
Thy voyce as any challeng'd Eccho cleere,
Thy voyce that makes the ſilver ſtrings contend,
How they may beſt thy moſt fine fingers bend:
Or that I ſee thy feet in meaſures fall,
And then I ſtart, as one diſtract withall:
I die, revive mee, that it may be ſed
Your beauty can put life into the dead.

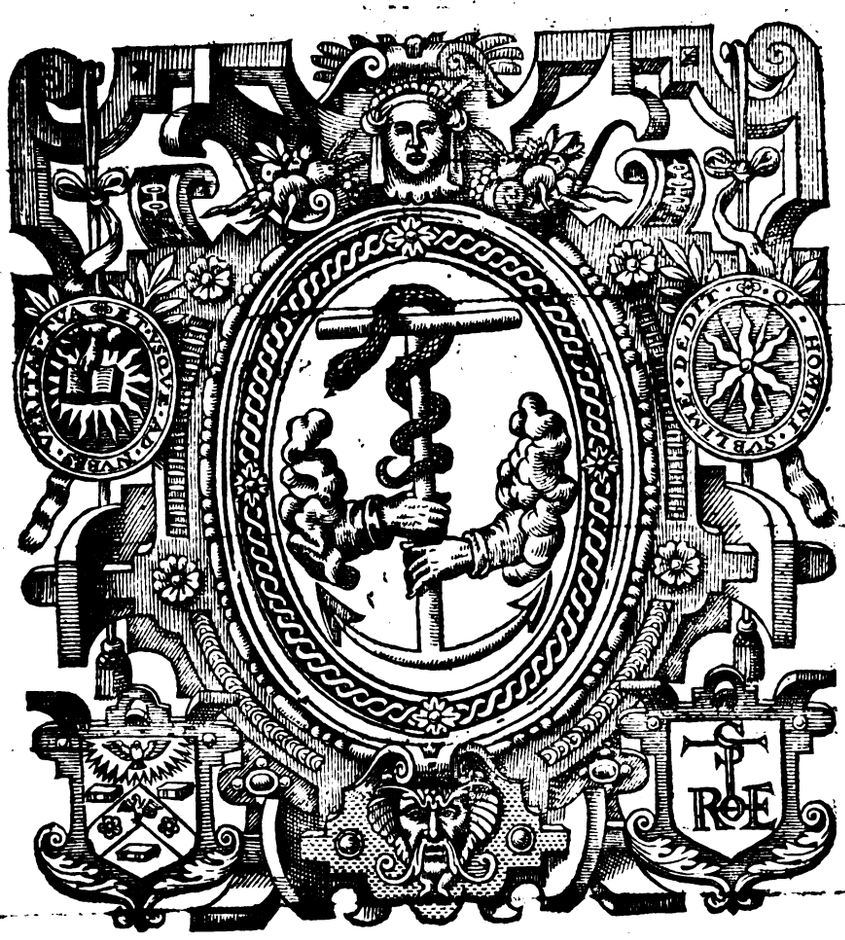
26 SONNET.

YOur ſweet behaviour makes mee bold to write,
More than my tongue durſt utter in your ſight,
Unleſſe before I ſpake I could ſurprize
My pardon, written in your gratious eyes:
But, wherefore ſhouldſt thou judge amiſs of mee?
If I offend it is in loving thee:
How hard and hapleſſe were our wretched ſtate,
If for true love wee purchaſe unkinde hate?
I doe not ſeek as others Lovers doe,
Who doe attempt to win before they wooe:

Sufficeth

Sufficeth I may live a thrall to thee
(Grant that of favour which of force muſt be).
None but thee muſt I honour day and night;
Thee I muſt love, though in mine own deſpight:
Fortune and Fates have chain'd my fancie ſo,
And thou maiſt free them which none elſe can doe.
If thou be piteous, ſhew it now or never,
Save mee but once, and I will ſerve thee ever.

ELEGIES



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ELEGIES,
EPISTLES AND
EPITAPHS,

Written by

JOSUAH SYLVESTER.

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AN ELEGIE, IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE WORSHIPFULL AND VVORthy Merchant, Maſter *Henry Parvis* Deceaſed, Auguſt the twentie *fifth*, 1593.

HOw frail is fleſh, how worldly bliſs is brittle!
How in our birth begin wee all to die! (tle,
Youth, beauty, blood, wealth, worſhip, laſt but lit-
All theſe like Shadowes of the night doe flye,
Vertue alone gives men Eternity.
Vertue, which drawes mine over-tasked Verſes,
Sadly to ſing theſe tragick Toombs and Herſes.
Alas how far fond Painters erre, in drawing
Deaths ghaſtly viſage, void of eyes and dark!
Ah, ſee wee not That-Archer all-men awing?
How ſure hee ſhoots ſtill at the faireſt mark:
Foule Rav'ns hee leaves, and reaves the dainty Lark;
Nettles forſakes, and takes the fragrant Roſes;
Contemnes the Cockle and the Corn hee choſes.
Elſe had not *London* loſt her Lamp of glorie,
The pride of Merchants and the prime of men,—
Milde-portly PARVIS, whoſe lives worthy ſtorie
Merits the praiſe of an immortall Pen: (teth,
Whoſe death not only our own Thames tormen-
But Arne, and Po, & Rhine and Maine, lamenteth.
The man that Europe in his life admir'd:
Enricht with all that heav'n and nature could;
With inward gifts and outward grace attir'd;
Gallant and grave; nor baſhfull nor too bold:
Mirrour to Youth, amazement to the Old:
A Perſonage of comely limbs and ſtature;
Of vertuous Nurture joyn'd with gentle nature.
What might be wiſht for that this worthy wanted?
Wit, wealth and worſhip did adorn his life;
And more, to glad him, gracious *Hymen* granted
A choice, chaſt, vertuous, faire and fruitfull wife:
A pleaſant Vine, whoſe branches ſpreading rife
Inviron'd round his Table with her treaſure,
Eight lively pledges of their love and pleaſure.
Into his travaile I forbeare to enter,
To tell the profit and the praiſe hee got
In forrain Countries, where hee us'd to venter:
Where never blemiſh did his Credit blot;
Where PARVIS Name ſhall never be forgot.
'Mid the ſtern *Germans* and *Italians* ſtately,
That mourne his death (ſtill) moſt affectionately.
But, where (alas) ſhall I ſad phraſes borrow?
To ſhew his Countries ſighs for his deceaſe,
Court, Citie, Countrie, all are fill'd with ſorrow:
~~The rich lament, the~~ poore complaints increaſe,
But, his deare Turtles teares that never ceaſe,
Exceed the number of the pearl-drops-rainy;
Sad *Niobè* did never ſhed ſo many.
Alas it boots not, therefore leave lamenting;
For ruthleſſe death doth no complaints regard:
In his ſtone-breaſt no pitie moves relenting,
Rough and remorſeleſſe, more than marble-hard.
Rejoyce in this your PARVIS is preferr'd
From worlds delights, which wiſe-men oft be-
To the poſſeſſion of eternall riches. (witches,

Flumina de Parvis *oriuntur fontibus alta,*
Et ſæpe ex Parvis *grandis acervus erit.*

AN

MONODIA.

AN ELEGIE, IN COMMEMORATION OF THE VERTUOUS LIFE,

And godly death of the right worſhipfull and moſt religious Lady, Dame Hellen BRANCH Widow (late Wife to the right worſhipfull Sir *John Branch* knight, ſomtimes L. Maior of this honourable City, and daughter of *M. W. Nicolſon* ſomtimes of London Draper) who deceaſed the 10. of *April* laſt, and lieth interred in Saint *Mary Abchurch* in London, the twentie *ninth of the ſame*, 1594.

SIth unto mee, unworthy, you commit
This worthy taske (for better Muſes fit)
To ſing (nay rather ſadly to deplore)
This common loſſe, that nothing can reſtore:
You ſacred brood, borne of celeſtiall race,
You virgin Ladies which poure downe the grace
Of Arts and Learning on your ſervants deere,
Vouchſafe aſſiſtance to my mournings heer.
Teach mee ſad accents and a weeping meaſure
To ſtraine forth pitie, not to ſtir-up pleaſure.
And you my private cares (although the cauſe
Of your diſpaires doe never, never pawſe)
Pawſe you a little, and give leave a-while,
'Mid publike griefs my private to beguile;
Give leave I pray you; for a private caſe
Unto a publike ever muſt give place.
Alas, how fitly is this life of ours
Compar'd to field-graſſe and to fading flowers,
Freſh, greene and gallant, in the morning ſun,
Wither'd and dead before the day be done!
Did ever yet the worlds bright eye behold
(Since firſt th' Eternall earthly ſlime en-ſoul'd)
A frame of fleſh ſo glorious heer beneath,
But hath been ruin'd by the rage of Death?
Of Death dread victor of all earthly things,
Who in a moment equals clownes with Kings.
For majeſtie can nothing him diſmay,
No ſtrength nor courage can his comming ſtay,
No wealth can wage him, nor no wit prevent him,
No lovely beautie can at all relent him;
Nay (which is more) no vertue can availe;
Ay mee, that death on vertue ſhould prevaile.
But 'tis decree'd, death is the meed for ſin,
This by ambition did our grand-ſire win;
And wee the heires both of his work and wages
Muſt all die once, throughout all after ages.
'And heer for inſtance ſee this ſable hearſe
'Shrowding the ſubject of my mournefull verſe,
'The breathleſſe body of a worthy Dame,
'The Lady *Branch*, a *Nicolſon* by name:
'A godly, vertuous and religious Matron,
'For maids, and wives, and widows all, a pattern.
'Worſhip and wealth adorn'd her parentage,
'Favour and beauty grac't her perſonage,
'But vertuous manners, by good education,
'Brought to her youth the greateſt commendation,
'Wherein ſo well ſhee ſpent her virgin-daies
'That envies ſelfe ſaw nothing to diſpraiſe.
Now when her age had made her apt to marry,
With friends adviſe, that of her choice were chary,
Shee was eſpous'd to one of ſpeciall ſort,
Wealthy in purſe, and worſhipfull in port,
Maſter *John Minors*, prais'd for zeale and pietie,
One of the Drapers worſhipfull ſocietie:
To him ſhee bare foure children, one a boy,
The reſt all daughters, all, their parents joy.
But all theſe joyes (alas) but little laſted,
All theſe faire bloſſoms were untimely blaſted.
All dyed young; for what drawes lively breath
But young or old muſt yeeld at laſt to death?

But

But they, long mourning for their mutuall losse,
Frame mutuall comforts to each others crosse,
Till time, that all things weares, had worn away
Their sorrowes edge, uneasie to allay.
Then happily many faire daies they spent,
To others comfort and their owne content,
In all the practice of a Christian life,
And mutuall duties meet for man and wife:
Hee happie in his chance, shee in her choice,
Both joyntly blessed in themselves rejoyce.
But ah, these earth-joyes doe not ever last.
'After long cleerenesse clouds will over cast:
'After long calmes still followes stormy weather.
When they had liv'd full fortie yeares together,
Hee died alas! for what drawes lively breath,
But young or old, must yeeld at last to death?
Then desolate and comfortlesse alone,
Like to the Turtle when her mate is gone,
With sigh-swoln heart and sorrow-clouded eies,
Shee wailes her lost Love in a woefull wise,
Till time, that all things weares, had worne away
Her sorrowes edge, un-easie to allay.
Then after modest and meet intermission,
Becomming well her yeares and her condition,
In second wedlock shee was linkt again
Unto another wealthy Citizen;
To master *Branch*, who afterwards became
Lord Mayor of London, worthy well the same:
In which high office hee him so acquighted,
That for his service hee was after knighted.
Hee was her husband twentie yeares, or more,
And much increast her stile, her state, and store.
But boughs and branches, shrubs and Cedars tall
Wither and die, and into ashes fall:
So fell this *Branch*, for what drawes lively breath
But old or young must yeeld at last to death?
Then all forlorn, thus having lost her knight,
This dolefull Lady left all worlds delight,
All shewes of pleasure, and all pomp forsaking,
Her selfe to sadnesse and to soleneſse taking,
With inward sighes and outward teares lamenting
His death, whose life was all her lives contenting.
Even like unto the sad and wofull Winter,
Who (soon as ever the bright season-stinter
Hath left her widow of his wonted raies,
Whil'st to another world hee takes his waies)
Casting aside her rich enamill'd crownes,
Flower-poudred mantles, and embroidered gowns
Of grass-green silk-shag, and the gawdie pride
Of all her Jewels and her Jems beside,
Her mirth-lesse selfe in mournefull maner shrouds
Down to the ground in robe of sable clouds;
And from her swoln-heart sighs a thousand stowers,
And from her drown'd eies weeps a thousād show-
But now becom her self, her selfs commander(ers.
To shield her life safe from all shot of slander,
(As 't were) sequestred from much conversation,
Shee past her time in holy meditation,
In thanks and prayer unto Christ our Lord,
And often hearing of his sacred Word;
In godly almes and liberall pensions rife,
And all the duties of a christian life;
Laying up treasure with the joyfull just,
Safe from the force of theeves, and fret of rust.
So that her three-fold godly life alludeth
To virgin *Ruth*, wife *Sara*, widow *Judith*.
This life shee led; but this life will away,
Wee are but Pilgrims, heer wee may not stay:
No more might shee; for when thrice thirty yeere
(A goodly age) shee had expired heer,
'Shee also died; for what drawes lively breath,
'But young or old must yeeld at last to death?
'Such life, such death: well ends the well begun,
'And by the Even the faire daies praise is won.
'Well shee began, and wondrous well shee ended,
'Faire rose this sun, and fairely it descended
'To rise againe to glorie at the last,
'At that great Angels all-awaking blast. (weep,
And therefore (deer friends) doe not waile nor
For her that is so happy fall'n asleep;
But waile our losse, our common cause of griefe,
'The riches load-star, and the poores relieſe:
For to the rich in life shee gave example,
And to the poore in life and death was ample.
Weep rich, weep poore, let high and low lament;
But most you poore, let your salt tears be spent,
For you alas have lost your liberall Ladie,
Your nurse, your mother: but alas, why wade I
With my poore stile in so profound a streame?
'You springs of Arts, eyes of this noble Realme,
'*Cambridge and Oxford*, lend your learned teares,
'To waile your owne losse, and to witnesse theirs:
'Tell you, that have the voice of eloquence,
'This bounteous Ladies large beneficence,
'First to your selves, for love unto your lore,
'Then severally to every kinde of poore
'Within this Citie. To the Drapers Hall,
'To every Prison, every Hospitall,
'To Lunatikes, and poore Maides marriages,
'And many other worthy Legacies: (drie
'And when you have drawn all your teare-springs
'For her decease, heer let your comfort lie,
'That of this Phœnix ashes there revives
'Another, where her vertue still survives.

FINIS.

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EPIST. I.

ARCTOPHILOS'S EPISTLE TO HIS DEAREST ARCTOA.

ARctophilos to his Arctoa ſends
Such ſalutations as beſeeme ſuch friends.
Let not my ſweet Love take the matter ill,
That at this ſeaſon, ſore againſt my will,
I parley thus in paper to my deare,
Being my ſelfe in perſon now ſo neere:
Sith by the malice of ſo many ſpies
That watch us ſtill with more than *Argus* eyes,
Wee are debarr'd of every time and place
Wherein wee wont to commune face to face:
So that, alas, as ſeldome as wee meet,
Wee dare not ſpeake and one another greet.
For whilſt with other arme in arme you walk,
That tyr'd your eares with toyes and idle talke;
Courting you quaintly with continuall ſute,
I march among you like a ſhadow mute:
In hollow ſilence, ſighing to my ſelfe
To ſee my roome uſurped by an Elfe.
So fares the Merchant that hath loſt his goods,
Among falſe Pirates on the raging floods;
Where too too cheape hee chanceth to behold
Before his face his ſubſtance bought and ſold:
And laviſh waſte made of the fineſt ware,
That hee had got with mickle coſt and care:
Whil'ſt hee, poore ſoule, as partner of their ſinne,
Muſt hold his peace and bite his ſorrow in.
But you perhaps may muſe, and not amiſſe,
Unleſſe miſtaking what my purpoſe is,
How I can brooke and put up ſuch diſgrace,
To ſee his dwarfſhip court you to my face:
Sith neither love nor Lordſhip can allow
Competitors, as wee have proofs enough.
Now that I love you needs not now be ſcann'd,
You know too well my life lyes in your hand:
You know your frowne turns all my mirth to ſad-nes:
You know your ſmile turns all my griefe to gladnes:
You know ſo well that I doe love ſo much,
That you admire my patience can be ſuch.
For ſome ſay patience is the Cowards badge;
But ill, mee ſeems, that Cognizance doth fadge
To ſuch a Coate; ſith wiſer men conclude,
That Patience is the Creſt of Fortitude:
And they are fooles that doe forget this ſentence,
That raſh Revenges never want Repentance.
But leaving this, that I may let you know
Why I refraine from my corriving foe:
You doe not think (I think) that I doe feare him;
And that the cauſe wherefore I doe forbeare him,
Not that I dare not, but that I diſdaine
On ſuch a dwarf my ſtronger hands to ſtaine.
Have I forborne? for valiant minds deſpiſe
A victorie, wherein no glorie lies;
But moſt of all (which moſt concerns the cauſe)
For that this ſtrife your name in queſtion drawes.
I ſtrive the more to maſter my deſire,
Leſt ſtirr'd, our aſhes doe bewray their fire:
'For fondly loves, how ere hee fawne upon her,
'Who tenders not his Ladie's deareſt honour.
Beſides, conſidering calmely of the matter,
Unleſſe wee liſt ſelfe wounding wrath to flatter,
I ſee no cauſe why I ſhould draw my weapon:
For who forbids gaine-thirſty Chapmen cheapen
Anothers ware, unleſſe it beare ſome token
Of him that hath the ſame before beſpoken:
If at the leaſtwiſe, being at the beſt,
It lye in ſight no leſſe than all the reſt.
For like as when ſome Gentleman hath bought Simile.
Some rare, rich Jewell, paſſing curious wrought;
And, giving earneſt, leaves the ſame a ſeaſon,
With the knowne Artiſt for ſome ſpeciall reaſon:
Hee glorying in his work and glad to ſhew it,
Still ſets it forth, as if hee ſtill did ow it:
While other Gallants gazing, and admiring
Th' ingenious Gemme, the coſtly price inquiring,
Careleſſe of coſt doe inly preſſe and pray him,
Offring, perhaps, more than the firſt ſhall pay him.

But

But th' honeſt workman, to conclude, doth tell them
'Tis gone already, 'tis not his to ſell them.
So when a Lover, by deſert and dutie,
Hath purchaſed a Paragon of Beauty,
Binding the bargaine with ſufficient pledge,
Till the concluſions feathers may be fledge.
Nature as proud of forming ſuch a Creature,
Adorns her ſhop ſtill with the matchleſſe feature,
While other bloods, beholding ſuch a baite,
Doe inly ſigh, and ſue, and preſſe, and waite;
Swearing to paſſe more perils for her ſake,
Than *Juno* made *Alcides* undertake.
But then, what then? ſweet, I referre the reſt
To your deare ſelfe, that may apply it beſt.
But thus, ſmall quarrell can ariſe of this,
Sith commonly a Lover's cuſtome is
To love his choice the more, and more to like it;
The more hee ſees that other ſuitors ſeek it:
Although ſome drown'd in that deteſted humour,
Which bred of love, becommeth loves-conſumer,
Like wretched *Procris*, work their own deſtructiō
Through fond ſurmiſes, and a falſe conſtruction.
"But I am none of that miſtruſtfull crew
"That pout and pine in peeviſh jealouſie,
If they but ſee another man come nigh,
To the deare Saint whereto themſelves doe ſue.
For thee I know ſo faithfull and ſo true,
That though I ſee freſh rivals daily plye
To purchaſe favour to thy perleſſe eye;
I never feare that thou wilt change for new.
If any wiſe and worthy Suitors ſeeke thee,
The more I love thee, and the more rejoyce
To ſee the prudent to approve my choice.
If any foole or francklin Lob doe like thee,
It grieves mee not, no, I am glad therefore,
For ſuch a foile ſhall grace my grace the more.

EPIST. II.

TO ARCTOA.

NO doubt you deem that I have done you wrōg,
To make you waite for my reply ſo long;
But pardon that, that I may pardon you
The treble trouble you have put mee too,
In over-racking my unready wit,
To make my words to march in meaſure fit.
For, though the Patrons of *Pernaſſus* Mount,
Be virgins all, as verſes doe recount:
Yet every virgin cannot verſe it well;
Nay, few or none, can tuned numbers tell.
Then marvaile not to ſee my Rimes ſo rough,
For even my proſe is hard and harſh enough;
And both too baſe, even at their beſt to be
Matcht with the meaneſt of your melodie.
But ſetting what might more be ſaid aſide,
You crave (forſooth) my Cenſure, to decide
A controverſie twixt a loving Lad
And his ſweet Love, that ſeem'd to uſe him bad:
And alſo aske my judgement of the Dame,
And which of both was worthy greateſt blame.
But, for becauſe you doe not there diſcover
The qualities of her, nor him, the Lover,
Tis hard for mee to cenſure of the cauſe;
And that was chiefe occaſion of my pauſe.
But now at laſt, and better late than never,
I have imploy'd my uttermoſt endevour,
To ſatisfie your doubtfull, darke demand,
As farre, at leaſt, as I can underſtand:
For, to the depth I cannot duely enter,
But muſt reply to all by peradventure:
By peradventure I muſt needs diſcuſſe
Th'ambiguous Theam, that you propound me, thus.
Perhaps the man was worthy that did wooe her;
If ſo, ſome fault may be imputed to her:
Perhaps his judgement, and his geſture too
Were quick and comely, fitting for to wooe:
Perhaps his perſon, and his parentage
Did anſwer well his birth and perſonage:
Perhaps his Lands and wealthy Livings wai'd
Her Dowrie down; If ſo, perhaps the maid
Wronging her ſelfe, did with her ſelfe abuſe him;
And yet perhaps had reaſon to refuſe him:
Perhaps her eye had ſeen a man before,
A better man, that had deſerved more:
Perhaps her heart had made a firme election,
Of ſuch a man for manifold perfection:
Perhaps her hand had giv'n the truſty token
Of ſtedfaſt Faith, that never muſt be broken:
Perhaps her ſoule was joyn'd to *Juno*'s ſtate,
And then perhaps this Lover came too late:
If ſo it were, as ſo perhaps it was;
I blame not her, but his hard hap, alas:
Perhaps this Suitor was ſome ſimple patch;
Why ſhould ſhe grant with ſuch a Mome to match?
Perhaps his maners were miſ-ſeeming men;
Why ſhould I blame her for miſliking then?
Perhaps his Parents were but baſely bred;
Why ſhould ſhee yeeld to make her foot her head?
Perhaps his perſon did not pleaſe her eye;
Why ſhould ſhee not in ſuch a caſe deny?
Perhaps his purſe was leſſer than his pride;
Is any bound to be a beggers Bride?
If ſo it were, as ſo perhaps it was,
I blame not her, but beg him for an Aſſe:
Blame him, or her, or both, or chuſe you whether;
For I can judge but by perhaps of neither.
Perhaps (ſay I) for till I know the ſtorie,
I can pronounce no ſentence peremptorie:

But thus conclude; No woman's bound to marrie
With every Lout that loves her, By St. *Marie*:
For, granting that, succeeds by consequent,
That Queens belov'd of Carters must consent.

EPIST. III.

Phileremus to his kinde friend *Philopolites* in due commendation of this his first ESSAIES.

THy worke it selfe, it selfe, enough commends,
And well approves thy busie labour such,
As of thy Countrey seemes to merit much
And promise more, as well thy name portends:
For, good beginnings seldome have bad ends.
These short Essayes, but, as it were, a touch
Of ampler Tomes that in thy store doe couch,
Shew thy wits worth, which worthiest things attends.
If any *Critick* at thy Tables carp,
Apelles, bid him meddle with his last;
Let th' Asse crop Thistles, keep him from the harp,
Whose learned Sound sound judgments only taste:
And such can take and make right use of these,
With praisefull thanks to *Philopolites*.

EPIST. IV.

To his very friend Master *Robert Nicolson*.

THere needs no praising of a perfect Creature,
There needs no signe to help good wine away,
There needs no Candle to commend the day,
There needs no foile to grace a faultlesse feature;
Nor needs our friend my fameless pens obscureness
To give a luster to his lightsome glasse:
Sith the bright substance of the same doth passe
The cleerest Crystall farre, for price and pureness.
Who list to looke in his faire glasse, shall finde
Faire *Albion*, full of life-prolonging smiles,
Choice Queen of beauties, and the chiefe of Iles,
Worlds wonder and the maze of every minde:
Then who can see such beauties and refrain
To praise the hand that tooke such happy paine?

EPIST. V.

To his friend Master *John Norden*.

YEt lives *Apelles* in despight of time,
Though time long since hath worne his tables out,
For the rare Pourtrait of that Monarch stout,
That in young yeares the worlds high throne did climb.
But *Norden* heer, that doth so lively limme
The blisfull beauties that the heav'ns doe wooe;
Makes th' elder ages, and *Apelles* too,
Resigne the praises and the prize to him:
The wealth, the worth, the beauty and the state,
That hee depaints, excels *Olympia*'s Sonne;
His matchlesse Art, that never age shall date,
Hath from the *Greeke* the goale and glorie won:
Then give it him, for hee that doth deny it,
Is envie's Sonne, and shames not to descrie it.

EPIST. VI.

To the worshipfull my most assured loving Friend *Master Robert Nicolson*.

THe rowling Stone that never gathers Mosse,
The restlesse Ball that Fortune still doth tosse,
The hopelesse Barke that findes no certaine Port,
The hapless man, whose heart is all amort,

To

To you deare paire of chiefe approved friends,
The joyes hee wants in zealous wishes sends;
To shunne suspect of grosse ingratefulnesse,
To both your vertues gentle gentlenesse.
I stole the leasure of these hastie lines
From out a *Chaos* of confus'd designes;
Wherein incumbred with a thousand cares,
Inviron'd round with infinite Affaires,
I pine my body and impair my wit;
Not for mine own, but others benefit:
As Bees, and Birds, and Sheepe, and other Beasts,
To others uses, yeeld their rich increase.
Pardon therefore; although I ill deserve,
A time will come (though yet it doe not serve)
When thankful thoughts shal prove & publish bet-
Than these dull rimes, how deeply I am debter (ter
To both your favours; and for both your sakes;
To whom soever in your love pertakes:
Which, one day, *Tangley* (if I live) shall tell,
Where thrift and bounty in aboundance dwell.
I blush to be so briefe, because so rare;
But my occasions so importune are,
That I protest, by all your friendships past,
I am so pressed, by the bearers haste,
And instant causes that this while attend mee;
That in despight I here must recommend mee,
And end abruptly ere I had begun,
The strange Career my Muse had meant t' have run.
But take in worth, this fragment, and I hope,
Another time will lend mee longer scope:
Till then farewell, and still immortall *Jove*
Maintaine you both, in plenty, peace, and love.

EPIST. VII.

TO MY VERY LOVING AND MOST Constant friend Master *Robert Nicolson* *at his house at* BRAMLEY.

I Am in doubt you have mee oft indighted,
Cast and condemn'd, unheard, though not uncited,
And stil'd mee still, forgetfull and ingrate:
But if confession, faults can expiate,
You blame mee not, more than my selfe I blame,
For th' oft omission which mee ill became,
Of timely answer, to those new, true signes,
Of old good will, your ever welcome lines.
Spurre mee, therefore, and spare not, I confesse,
At sight, I seem'd to have deserv'd no lesse.
But, by your leave, 'tis errour to esteeme
Or censure all things, alwaies as they seeme;
When every thing now Tuskanizeth so,
That nothing is the same it is in show:
When neither vice dares like it selfe appeare,
Nor vertues selfe dare shew her selfe too cleer;
Left th' one (too ougly) be of all condemn'd,
Th' other (too honest) be of all contemn'd.
For 'tis a question whether excellence,
Be now a daies more loath'd, or impudence:
And therefore now our skilfull Neuters hold,
The best complection, neither hot nor cold;
But such a temper as can temporize
With fate and state, whence health & wealth arise:
So that both reason and religion too,
In spight of both, may doe as others doe:
And even the Soules deere Soule divinest zeale,
May take, like wax, the print of every Seale.
Such are our dayes, such are our deeds in Court,
Such is our Citie, such is every sort
Of every Science and of every Sex;
O griefe of griefes, a righteous Soule to vex.
Then doome not rashly, lest you may misdeem;
Ah, few or none, are found the same they seeme.
So though I seeme, as yet, to be ungrate;
Because, alas, my yet too niggard fate
Cannot acquit, nor yet requite, in kinde,
Old courtesies, that have been long behinde:
And though I seeme to have forgot my part,
Both to your selfe, and your * *Soon calm in Hart*;
It was not so, it is not so, nor shall,
Till I in death forget my selfe and all.
No, no defect of true affections fire
Dims your desert, nor dampeth my desire:
No scant of leasure, nor no want of love,
No distant absence, no remote remove,
No change of fortune, either mine or yours,
No smiles of Sun-shine, neither frowning show'rs:
No, none of these, nor all of these, in one,
Shall ever taint mee with oblivion
Of your deserts; nor of the mutuall dues,
Whence Phœnix-like our ancient love renewes.
And therefore faine I would not have you think,
That I from *Lethe* fetch my frozen inke;
Or that from thence such a *Torpedo* comes,
As fetters letters, or my Pen benums.
No, I assure you, though for just excuse
Some serious causes I could well produce,
Besides attendance on my tender * *Lord*,
And taske impos'd mee by his princely word;
Perhaps so large, and of such consequence,
As may command my utmost diligence.
Yet neither these, nor those, nor both together,
Have held my hand, but hope of comming thither;
And not alone bare hope, which boads delay,
But present purpose, almost every day,
To come my selfe, and in my mouth to beare
And bring my letters, to your longing eare;

* Anagr. of *Martha Nicolson.*

* *Henry.* Prince of Wales.

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Which yet in hope yer many dayes is meant,
If gracious heav'ns be pleased to consent:
Till then I pray, let this, though short, suffice,
To wipe my seeming faults from your surmise:
So, for your fishes, shall my wishes be,
That on your store you may such blessings see,
As Christ our Saviour on those fishes shed,
When with so few, so many folk hee fed:
That like the Widdowes little Tub and Cruse,
You may have more, daily the more you use.
Besides your Carps I must in fine avow
I have receiv'd a Pig of mine own Sow:
A timeless birth *Minerva* like begot,
Without a mother, of I wot not what:
A Beare indeed, a Seed without a shape;
Th' upbraiding blurr of my young Muses rape.
For these I thank you; but my chiefe desire,
Was for the Damme to damne her to the fire;
Lest, if shee should out live mee, shee defame
My lineall heires, and scandalize my name.
Fare ever well, so ever wishes hee,
Who is more yours than hee can seeme to be.

EPIST. VIII.

TO THE WORSHIPFULL HIS APproved friend Master *Robert Nicolson* Merchant, *Josuah Sylvester* wisheth ever all true content.

TO you youths Load-star, Londons Ornament;
Friend to the Muses, and the well inclin'd;
Loving and lov'd of every vertuous minde:
To you these tuneless accents I present,
Of humble stile, and uncouth ornament:
Not to requite, but to record your kinde
And gentle favours, by the which you binde
My best endevours to acknowledgement.
Accept I pray This Present in good part,
This simple pledge of my sincere affection;
Weigh not the worth, but weigh my willing hart,
Perfect Goodwill supplies all imperfection:
So may I one day write your worthy name,
By better pen, upon a bigger frame.

EPIST. IX.

TO MY RIGHT VVORTHY DEERE Affected, most respected Friend Master *Robert Nicolson* Gentleman.

THough providence all prudent have decreed,
To hold mee stil under the Tyrant need;
So hard and scant, that, scarce a breathing while,
My carefull life hath had just cause to smile.
Of all the wants I feele, of all the woes,
(Witnesse hearts-searcher which all secrets knows)
None woundeth deeper my distrestfull breast,
Than want of power to parallel the least
Of thousand favours, of a thousand kindes,
Vouchsafed mee from many noble mindes:
Among which number, neither least, nor last
In my memoriall, is your merit plac't.
The constant kindnesse of whose Cordiall love,
From my best thought shall never ought remove.
For though, alas, my fates no meanes affoord,
To quit good turnes; my Faith shall them record,
And sue with sighs, unto th' Eternall Throne,
My friends may reape what they have kindly sow'n:
So, as for one, they may have seaven times seaven,
In Earth of Grace, of Glorie more in Heav'n.
Hereby in part, you may perceive, report
Hath bruited false my fortunes in the Court:
The King indeed (whose bounty is renown'd)
Now five years since, gave mee five hundred pound,
Of debts long due to our late royall Maid;
Which never were, nor never will be paid:
Because Sir * *Cæsar* who devis'd my plot,
Dy'd suddenly ere any thing was got:
Nor could I since have light of any thing,
Wherein to seek the favour of the King.
My gracious Prince, O how his Name doth pierce
My grieved Soule, and fables all my verse.
Henry my whole, and sole *Mecænas* late,
With Princely pension did releeve my state,
With Princely purpose to have daign'd mee room,
Of grace and gaine, his privie Chamber-groome.
But hee is dead, alas, and with him dy'd
My present helpe, and future hope beside:
So that with *Job* I murmure not, but mourne.
Naked I came, and naked shall returne.

* Prince Henry.

His

His will be done, that can doe what hee will;
Hee to us all is All-ſufficient ſtill:
For at all times, in all extremeſt ſtreights,
His ſacred Arm, our ſecret armie, waits
To ſuccour us; and in all various ſort,
Our wants, our weakneſſe, to ſupply, ſupport:
Wherof mine own proofs paſſe mine owne account,
And paſt examples paſt all numbers mount.
What ſhall I then repay his providence,
His goodneſſe, bounty, and beneficence,
For all his mercies, and for every one?
Beſides, beyond, yea, againſt hope beſtowne
On me, whoſe ſins mought more his wrath incenſe.
What can I give my friends for recompence
Of all their favours ſeverally ſhowne;
Unſought, unthought, unknowing, ſome unknown,
To mee the leaſt in my moſt indigence?
But laud the Author, love his inſtruments:
Praiſe him for all, and pray for all their weale (zeal
Whoſe hearts hee moves by faith, with hope and
To ſuccour Arts poore humble Innocents;
As you on mee and mine heap ſweet contents:
So, manifold be multipli'd to you,
All earthly goods, heav'ns grace, and glorie too.
To you and yours, ſo ever I beſeech
Th' Eternall grant his treaſure truly rich.
And ſo I reſt as ever by deſert,
Much bound to you and your **Soon calm in Hart*,
In heartie love, though lacking helpfull powers,
Unfained, faithfull, and as thankfull yours.
This meſſenger, your Brother and our friend,
Gave firſt occaſion theſe few lines to ſend,
With theſe few teares that have been lately ſhed,
For two great *Henries*, too untimely dead:
A ſigh for *Sidney* and the map of man,
Theſe if you pleaſe mildely a while to-ſcan,
Yer many months (or weeks I hope) expire,
Except the heav'ns ſtill envie my deſire;
I 'll ſend or ſhew you, ere the preſſe prevent,
My *Little Bartas*, and my *Parliament*
Of royall vertues, ſummoned long ſince,
And now aſſembled to create a Prince:
Such as was *Henry* while hee was with us,
And *Charles* will be (wee hope) *Panaretus:*
Of whom no more, till face to face wee meet,
To view avie our papers ſheet for ſheet.

*Anagr. of *Martha Nicolſon.*

TRANSLATED OUT OF THE LATINE VERSES *Of George Dicher.*

SEeking ſome luckie Starre, whereby to ſteer
Our wandring Pinnace to her wiſhed Peer;
Firſt *Venus* bright-ſtar in the welkin blazes,
And quiet Seas, the Sea-borne *Venus* raiſes:
But yet I fear'd ſhee favour'd more our foe,
For commonly like will to like yee know.
In *Venus* pranks this Prieſt hath *Venus* paſt,
Therefore mine eyes on other Stars I caſt.
Then *Ledas Twins* perceiving in the skie,
Theſe ſhall be guides unto our ſaile, ſaid I.
Yet theſe, I fear'd, might more our foe befriend,
For ſuch, to ſuch, doe rightly band and bend:
Like unto like, and ſtill fowles of a feather,
Are wont, they ſay, to flock and fly together.
Thoſe baſtard Cignets Godhead did aſſume,
This baſe-ſprung Shaveling doth as much preſume.
For, ſcarce a man, for God this Prieſt is plac't:
Therefore mine eyes on other Stars I caſt.
Then both the bright-beares I began to mark,
Theſe thought I then, will better guide our bark:
Yet fear'd I theſe our foe might rather minde,
For like to like are ever moſt inclin'd.
The cruell'ſt beares this cruell Prieſt exceeds,
For on the fleſh of his owne flock hee feeds.
Alas what loadſtar ſhall I then implore,
To lead my poor ſhip to th'appointed ſhore? (ſigns!
Why fly'ſt thou fondling to the ſhadowie night-
No doubt ſ day wil yeeld thee happier bright-ſigns.
The Sun will ſerve; when nightly Lamps ſhall faile,
Be ſure the Sun will ſafely guide thy ſaile.
The Sun joyes all things, and without his light,
The world were *Chaos*, and the day were night.
The Sun firſt gave men knowledge of the Arts;
A noble name knowledge to men imparts.
Darts, *Muſicke*, *Phyſicke* firſt of all hee found;
And thoſe ſweet numbers, ſacred verſes ſound.
O thou that art the Laureats liberall Fautor!
O wittie thou, that lov'ſt a wittie Author!
Sith nothing cleerer than the Sunne doth ſhine,
Guide thou, *Apollo*, this firſt courſe of mine.
Now fear no more my boat the boyſt'rous billows
Of ſwolne fac't *Auſter*, nor his ſtormie fellows:
Neither *Charibdis* rage, nor *Scilla*'s rore:
The Sun, be ſure, will bring thee ſafe to Shore.
Goe, and the Golden Sun propitious ſtand.
Now take wee (Muſe) our new found taske in hand.

FINIS.

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*A deuise sent to his good friend Mistris Martha Nicolson.

*To her that is Soon calm in hart
A Winters Posie made by Art.

Arctophilos.

NOt to requite, but to record
Thy worth and kindenesse in a word,
I kindly heer present to thee,
This little brittle peece of mee.
A *Larke* they say is worth a *Kite*;
Till more my might accept this mite.
Some greater, greater things present,
Of lesser worth, or worser meant.
God measures not our work but will;
Doe thou the like and love mee still.

Philoremus.

BEtween two hearts by love made one,
Let this be Shar'd, or else to none.

ON THE BACKSIDE
Of the Deux of hearts, *THUS:*

ALthough the flowers I here present,
Fresh to the view, but void of sent,
Like th' Apples on the sulph'ry flood,
Where *Sodome* and her Sisters stood,
Be like this Worlds deluding show,
Where vertue seemes, but is not though:
Yet mark them neer and you shall finde
Some pleasant Posie for the minde,
Of wholsome savour, holy use,
Delightfull taste, and sprightfull juice:
To cheer the soule, or cleer the sight,
Or breed a better appetite.
For in the nature even of flowers,
Are remedies and rules for ours.
The Lillie, Rose, and Marigold,
Within their leaves these Lessons fold:
First spotlesse, though on stinking stalke,
How pure among th' impure to walke:
The next, which from a bramble springs,
That Grace more grace than nature brings:
The third, which with the Sunne doth ope,
To th' onely Sonne directs our hope;
And richer clad than *Salomon*,
They altogether cheer us on,
With hearts-ease, thrift and patience,
To trust th' Eternall providence.
Now add but Time to these, my friend,
And learne thy last, respect thy end:
For even the fading life of flowers,
Is but a lively type of ours:
Fresh in the morning, fall'n at noone;
Wither'd yer night, and vanisht soone.

FINIS.

Canzone delle: 3. Grazie.

OMNES CHARITES.

To the most faire and vertuous President of all female perfection, the *Soon Calm in Hart.*

THE GRACES ALL TOGETHER.

ALl her good children Nature hath inclin'd,
T' aspire to full perfection in their kinde:
Therefore shee makes each thing som good to love,
That being had, that good may better prove:
Yet in their choice of good they often erre;
And seeming good before true good preferre.
But let us see if wee can choose the thing
That to our Sex doth most perfection bring.

1 *Aglaia sola*, Beautie.

Our perfect'st Crown is made of beauties flowers,
Which of it selfe supplies all other dowers:

Women

Women excell the perfect'ſt men in this,
And therefore herein their perfection is.
Wee for the beauty heav'n it ſelfe admire,
Faire fields, faire houſes, gold and pearles deſire;
Beautie doth alwaies health and youth implie;
Beautie delights the nobleſt ſenſe, the eye.

2 *Sola Thalia*, Wit.

Beautie delights the ſenſe, but Wit the reaſon;
Wit laſts an age, and beautie but a ſeaſon:
The ſenſe is quickly cloy'd with beauties taſte;
But wits delight ſtill quick and freſh doth laſt.
Beautie, weake eyes with her illuſion blindes;
Wit conquers ſpirits and triumphs over minds:
Dead things have beautie, onely men have wit;
And mans perfection doth conſiſt in it.

3 *Euphroſyne ſola*, Wealth.

Wit will want matter, beautie ornament,
If wealth doe want which is omnipotent:
Wealth is a power which paſſeth nature farre;
Wealth makes a gooſe, a ſwan; a ſpark, a ſtarre:
Wealth, on a Cottage, can a Palace build,
New paint old wals, and rotten timber guild.
Not a faire face, but fortunes faire I crave;
Let mee want wit, ſo I fooles fortune have.

4 *Omnes Charites*, Vertue.

Yet theſe perfections moſt imperfect be,
If there be wanting vertues modeſtie:
Vertues a'pect would have the ſweeteſt grace,
If wee could ſee, as wee conceive her face:
Vertue guides wit, with well affected will,
Which if wit want, it proves a dangerous ill:
Vertue gets wealth, with her good government,
If not, ſhee's rich, becauſe ſhee is content.

FINIS.

Epitaphium *Helenæ Nicolſon*, *Dominæ Branch.*

Quam, tèr ſalicem, Pietas, Opulentia, Forma,
Fecêre in terris, modò ſuffragante Popello:
Suffragante Deo, fidei conſtantia vivæ
Æternum in cœlis te nunc jubet eſſe beatam.

J. H.

Anglice.

Whom Piety, Plenty, and Beauty made
Thrice happy, heer, on earth among the beſt:
Her lively faith, whoſe true fruits never fade,
Makes now with God, in heav'n for ever bleſt.

J. S.

An Epitaph on the death of the *right vertuous and univerſally beloved* Beniamin Nicolson Gent.

Who deceaſed at *Bramly* in *Sur.* *Januarie the 4. 1599.*

Unkindly kind, why mourn we, friends, in vain?
Whoſe bitter death is better Life's beginning;
Whoſe fleſh-freed Souls are henceforth free frō ſin-
Whoſe earthly loſs, redoubles heav'nly gain. (ning;
For meed of ſinne, th' All-maker did ordaine
All (once) to dye, all fleſh returnes to duſt;
But, deare is the memoriall of the juſt
In his remembrance; and they bleſt remaine,
That dye in him; for, from their carefull paine
They ever reſt: ſo ever bleſt and deare,
Ben. Nicolſon's old Body reſteth, heer:
His Soule in Heav'n among the Saints doth raigne.
Borne gentle, gently bred, nobly ally'd;
Liv'd vertuouſly, and chriſtianly hee dy'd.

An Epitaph, on ever-bleſſed *Queen Elizabeth.*

If ever royall vertues crown'd a Crowne,
If ever Mildeneſſe ſhin'd in Majeſtie,
If ever Honour honoured Renowne,
If ever Courage dwelt with Courteſie,
If ever Princeſſe put all Princes downe,
For Temp'rance, Proweſſe, Prudence, Equity;
This, this was Shee, that, in deſpite of death,
Lives (ſtill) ador'd, admir'd *Elizabeth.*

Idem ad eandem.

Zealous of God, Jealous of ev'ry Ill;
Devout to God and to the Godly deare;
Whoſe vertues (like a Candle on a Hill)
Shin'd to her Sex for conduct farre and neere.
For, all the Graces, elſe-where, ſingle-ſowne,
Met all, at once, in her chaſt Breaſt alone.

Idem.

Spaines Rod, Romes Ruine, Netherlands Reliefe,
Heav'ns gem, earths joy, worlds wonder, natures (chiefe.

An Epitaph on the Lady *Maney.*

Many religious, many be diſcreet;
Many officious, many faithfull wives;
Many ſevere, many ſincerely ſweet;
Many be meeke, kinde, conſtant all their lives.
But, all theſe Gifts in many ſingle-ſet,
In *Jeffryes-Maney*, All-together met.

Mirrour

Mirrour of Nature, miracle of Grace;
Pattern of Women, Paragon of Wives:
In whom Affection had perfections place;
With whom deceast more Good than Ill survives.
For, all heav'ns Gifts in Many single-set,
In *Jeffryes-Maney*, All-together met.
Devout to God, officious to her Pheere;
Zealous of Good, jealous of every Ill:
Wise, milde, and more than can be mention'd heer;
Her Many-vertues would whole volumes fill.
For, All Heav'ns Gifts in Many single-set,
In *Jeffryes-Maney*, All-together met.

Epig. I. Of Nobility.

WHat are the badges of Heroike Blood, (ly'd?
But blots to those that have their birth be-
What's outward Greatnesse without inward good,
But glorious painting of a graceless Pride?
But where with Banners, vertuous Maners bud;
Where honours are with honesty ally'd,
With Pity, Prowesse, Prudence, Right, Humility,
Faith, Justice, Bounty; there's the true Nobility.

Epig. II. To his most dear friend *Mistris E.*

YOur humble servant most sincerely wishes
More happy joyes than in the Sea be Fishes;
Fowles in the Aire, or on the Earth be Flowers;
Or than be drops in twenty thousand Showers:
Heav'ns peace, earths plenty, soules and bodies bliss;
And all true Comforts incident to this.

Epig. III. The twelve Signes.

MAns head and face Heav'ns Ram obey:
Our neck the neck-strong Bull doth sway:
Th' arm-twining Twins guide hands and armes:
Breast, Sides ard Stomach, Cancer charmes:
The Lion rules our back and heart:
Bowels and belly 's Virgo 's part:
Reines, Hanches, Navill, Libra friends:
Bladder and secrets Scorpio tends:
The halfe horse Bow-man claimes our thighs:
Unto the Kid our knees suffice:
Our leggs are but the Butlers fees:
The Fish our foot-steps over-sees.

Epig. IV. Pallas & Astræa.

PRowesse and Prudence are my double part,
Either alone is as a headlesse Dart:
Or if not headlesse, heedlesse, throwne (as ill)
From feeble arme without or aime or skill.
But both united by their mutuall worth,
Begin estates, beget and bring them forth;
And in the joynt, and the just use of them,
Consists, subsists, persists a Diadem.

Epig. V. Astræa.

BOth temperance and Justice I containe,
As well as Pallas, my one part is twain;
And, in this presence, many proofes there be,
I may as justly vaunt my parts as shee.
For, but my Balance counterpoize her Lance,
And, but I steepe her wit in temperance,
Shee failes her course, and fals in her discourse;
Yea too-too oft brings things from bad to worse:
And (by her leave) in all shee arrogates,
My share is most in th' happy state of States.

Epig. VI. The true honour of the *truely Honourable.*

NEither the birth drawn though in long descent,
From noble, royall, or imperiall Race:
Neither the match (with houses eminent) (grace:
When heirs with heirs, their arms with arms they
Neither possession of a princely Rent,
With sumptuous service in a stately place;
Are honours reall (being right defin'd)
But reall vertues and a royall minde.

Epig. VII. To the Noble Captain *and Commander in the* Barke *Care*, the honourable Baronet S^r. *Henry Baker*, and to his right vertuous Lady *Katherine Baker*, *ANAGRAMS.*

HEre is thy *Bark* Care, *Anker* be
(Sir, so your names bid, so begge wee)
Well grounded Hope; your Cable, Love;
Your Compasse, Wisedome, from above;
Your Helm, Discretion, steering faire;
Your Maine-Mast, Faith; your Fore-saile, Prayer;
Your tackling, sure; your reck'ning, just;
Your Pilot, Truth; your Purcer, Trust;
Your Trafficke, Grace; your Profit, Glory;
Your Hav'n, in Heav'n (prepared for-yee);
That whiles you crosse the tossing Seas,
Twixt Rocks of Ill, and Wracks of Ease;
If stormes arise, you safe may ride,
Though *Nereus* chafe, and *Boreas* chide.
So prayes the heart, whose love, whose zeale,
Would worke as well as wish your weale;

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Had it the power as well as will,
To ſerve and to deſerve you ſtill.

A contented Minde.

I Waigh not fortunes frowne or ſmile,
I joy not much in earthly Joyes,
I ſeeke not ſtate, I reake not ſtile,
I am not fond of fancies Toyes:
I reſt ſo pleas'd with what I have,
I wiſh no more, no more I crave.
I quake not at the Thunders crack,
I tremble not at noiſe of warre,
I ſwound not at the newes of wrack,
I ſhrink not at a Blazing-Starre;
I feare not loſſe, I hope not gaine,
I envie none, I none diſdaine.
I ſee Ambition never pleas'd,
I ſee ſome *Tantals* ſtarv'd in ſtore,
I ſee golds dropſie ſeldome eas'd,
I ſee even *Midas* gape for more:
I neither want, nor yet abound,
Enough's a Feaſt, content is Crown'd.
I faine not friendſhip, where I hate,
I fawne not on the great (in ſhow),
I prize, I praiſe a meane eſtate,
Neither too lofty nor too low:
This, this is all my choice, my cheere,
A minde content, a conſcience cleere.

The Fruites of a cleere *Conſcience.*

TO ſhine in ſilke and gliſter all in gold,
To flow in wealth, and feed on dainty fare,
To have thy houſes ſtately to behold,
Thy Princes favour, and the peoples care:
The groaning Goute, the Collick or the Stone,
Will marre thy mirth, and turne it all to mone.
But, be it, that thy body ſubject be
To no ſuch ſickneſſe, or the like annoy:
Yet, if thy Conſcience be not firme and free,
Riches are Traſh, and honours but a Toy.
This peace of Conſcience is the perfect joy,
Wherwith Gods Children in the world behelft;
Wanting the which, as good want all the reſt.
The want thereof made *Adam* hide his head;
The want of this made *Cain* to waile and weep:
This want (alas) makes many goe to bed,
When they (God wot) have little liſt to ſleep.
Strive, O then ſtrive to entertaine and keepe
So rich a Jewell, and ſo rare a Gueſt,
Which being had, a ruſh for all the reſt.

Of Croſſes or Afflictions.

UNhappy is the life feeles no miſhap;
For, Croſſes in this eaſie erring way,
Are guides that teach us how to ſhun decay,
In all the tempting Paths of pleaſures Map.

When ſuch as proſp'rous-Chance lulls in her lap,
Forget their maker God, their ſubſtance Clay:
And by their faults, their heav'n-born ſoules betray
Into Sins Iron Cave, old Sathans Trap:

Then ſuffer not thy need, ſhame, death, or others
Falſly accounted Ills, thy ſpirit to grieve;
For, ſmall affliction great offences ſmothers;
And, as it touches, teaches to beleeve.
Then, thanking God, ceaſe to be vainely ſorry;
For, Croſſes come for Our good and His glory.

Wiſe adviſe, fond miſtruſt.

IN ſerious matters to make ſober ſpeed,
In doubts to looke before one Leape in danger;
In waighty caſes to take wary heed,
In briefe, to try, before you truſt a Stranger,
Argues great wiſedome, & ſuch circumſpection,
Doubles your vertue, trebles my affection.
But to be ſtill caſting beyond the moone,
Still to be ſounding in a channell knowne,
Still to be looking for the light at Noone,
Still to ſuſpect a heart, ſo much your owne,
Implies a weakeneſſe which doth ſtill bewray
Irreſolution, Mother of delay;
And that delay, deluding (for the moſt)
But ſelfe and others with ſome maſke of reaſon,
The faireſt fortunes hath as foulely loſt,
By overſlipping their peculiar ſeaſon:
Delay breeds danger, every day doth prove;
It quencheth hotteſt, killeth hearty love.
Let wiſedome (therefore) firſt at large explore,
Thereby reſolve, and then revolve no more.

A Caution for Courtly Damſels.

BEware faire maide of mighty Courtiers oaths,
Take heed what gifts or favours you receive;
Let not the fading gloſſe of ſilken cloaths
Dazle your vertues, or your fame bereave:
For once but leave the hold you have of Grace,
Who will regard your fortune or your face?
Each greedy hand will ſtrive to catch the flower,
When none regard the ſtalke it growes upon;
Baſeneſſe deſires the fruit ſtill to devoure,
And leave the tree to fall or ſtand alone:
But this adviſe, faire Creature, take of mee,
Let none take fruit unleſſe hee 'll have the tree.

Beleeve not oaths, nor much proteſting men,
Credit no vowes, nor a bewailing ſong;
Let Courtiers ſweare, forſweare, and ſweare agen,
The heart doth live ten Regions from the tongue:
For when wth oaths & vows they make ye trẽble,
Beleeve them leaſt, for then they moſt diſſemble.

Beware

Beware leſt *Craſus* doe corrupt thy minde,
Or fond Ambition ſell thy modeſty;
Say, though a King thou even courteous finde,
Hee cannot pardon thine impurity.
Begin with Kings, to ſubjects you will fall,
From Lord to Lackey, and at laſt to all.

Natalis Chriſti.

WHo made all time, this time was made a man,
Bred after time, but being ay before,
Th' All-Fathers Sonne, of his owne Daughter born;
Eternity now (as it were) began:
Clouts ſwaddle him, whom no Clouds circle can:
Hee cries for milke, who giveth all things meat:
Th' Almighty, feeble, little, th' onely-Great,
Chriſt in a Cratch, who all the world doth ſpan:
The Lord of all lies in an humble Lapp; (gold,
Who cloths the Fields wth green, the Sphears with
Hath not a ragge, his naked Limbs to wrap:
Heav'ns Majeſty, Earths Miſery doth fold.
The King of glory comes with ſhame to dwell,
To open Heav'n (for his) and ſhut up Hell.

Paſsio Chriſti.

DEare Lord, who didſt (to open heav'n for us)
Endure thine own ſide to be opened ſo;
And wert thy ſelfe ſhut in the grave below,
To ſhut the gates of gaping *Erebus*:
Who, to exalt us, didſt thy ſelfe abaſe;
Who, thine to looſe, didſt binde thy ſelfe for them;
Who, to acquit us, didſt thy Selfe condemne;
Who, us to heale, thy ſelfe wert hurt, alas;
Who bar'ſt thy ſelfe, our Curſe, to bring us bliſſe;
Who, to inrich us, mad'ſt thy ſelfe ſo poore;
Who dy'dſt thy ſelfe, that wee might die no more.
Lord with thy merit cover mine amiſſe,
In blood and water, thy deere boſomes bath,
O drench my ſins, O quench thy righteous wrath!

The Soules Errand.

GOe Soule, the bodies gueſt,
Upon a thankleſſe Errand,
Feare not to touch the beſt,
The Truth ſhall be thy warrant:
Goe thou, ſince I muſt die,
And give the world the lye.

Goe tell the Court it glowes,
And ſhines like rotten wood;
Say to the Church it ſhowes
What's good, but doth not good.

Tell Potentates they live,
Acting by others Action,
Not lov'd unleſſe they give,
Not ſtrong, but by a faction.

Tell men of high condition,
That in Affaires of State;
Their purpoſe is ambition,
Their practice onely hate.

Goe tell the young Nobility,
They doe degenerate,
Waſting their large ability,
In things effeminate.

Tell thoſe that brave it moſt,
They beg for more by ſpending;
And, in their greateſt coſt,
Seeke but a ſelfe-commending.

Tell Zeale it wants Devotion,
Tell Love it is but Luſt,
Tell Prieſts they hunt Promotion;
Tell Fleſh it is but Duſt.

Say Souldiers are the Sink
Of Sinne to all the Realme;
Given all to whores and drink,
To quarrell and blaſpheme.

Tell Towneſmen, that becauſe that
They pranck their Brides ſo proud,
Too many times it drawes-that
Which makes them beetle-brow'd.

Goe tell the Palace-Dames
They paint their parboil'd faces,
Seeking by greater ſhames
To cover leſſe diſgraces.

Say to the City-wives,
Through their exceſſive brav'ry,
Their Husband hardly thrives,
But rather lives in Slav'ry.

Tell London Youths that Dice,
Faire Queanes, fine Clothes, full Bouls,
Conſume the curſed price
Of their dead-Fathers Soules.

Say Maidens are too coy
To them that chaſtely ſeeke them,
And yet are apt to toy
With baſer Jacks that like them.

Tell Poets of our dayes
They doe profane the Muſes,
In ſoothing Sin with praiſes,
That all the world abuſes.

Tell Tradeſmen waight and meaſure
They craftily abuſe,
Thereby to heap-up treaſure,
Though Heav'n thereby they loſe.

Goe tell the vitious rich,
By uſury to gaine,

Their

Their fingers alwaies itch,
To Soules and bodies paine.

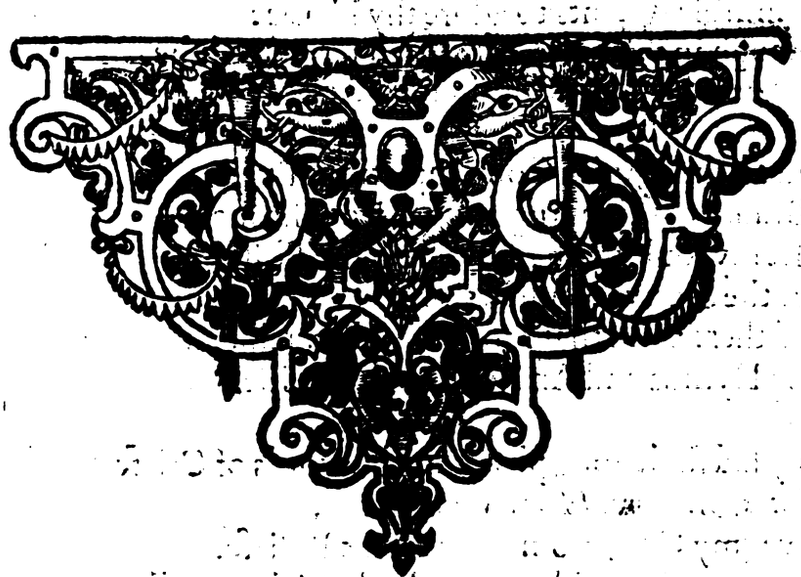
Yea tell the wretched poore
That they the wealthy hate,
And grudge to see at doore
Another in their state.

Tell all the world throughout
That all's but vanity,
Her pleasures doe but flout
With sly security.

Tell Kings and Beggers base,
Yea tell both young and old,
They all are in one case,
And must all to the mould.

And now kinde Host adieu,
Rest thou in earthly Tombe,
Till Christ shall all renew,
And then I 'll thee re-sume.

FINIS.



PANTHEA:

OR

DIVINE VVISHES

AND

MEDITATIONS

THE AUTHORS INVOCATION AND IMPRECATION Against his Infernall Enemies.

SUpreme Commander of the Cryſtall Sky,
That ALL of NOTHING powerfully didſt frame,
Be't not offenſe againſt thy Deity,
With humble Accents to adore thy Name:
Though in this teare-compoſed terrene Globe,
I weare Mortalities Sin-ſtained Robe.

Let mee behold with Contemplations Eye,
The Beauty of thine Angell-guarded Throne;
And let my ſoule with humble boldneſſe fly,
Above the Starry Conſtellation:
And there with that moſt holy Hierarchie,
Sing Hymns and Anthems to thy Deitie.

Let my ſad ſoule, long pierc't with ſwords of Griefe
By *Fiends*, *Alaſtors*, *Harpies*, *Furies* fell,
Receive (my God) from thee Divine Reliefe,
Which may their Pride and canker'd Malice quell:
Make thoſe *pure Hell-Dogs* in their Dens to couch,
And *Belzebub* himſelfe at laſt to crouch.

PANTHEA.

The Induction.

VVHat *ſhould I wiſh for on the Earth?*
Goodneſſe *is grown to ſuch a dearth;*
While want of Grace *doth make abuſe*
Of that which might be for good Uſe:
That who obſerves what moſt men wiſh,
Shall finde how fond and vaine it is.
Some wiſh for Wealth, *to pamper Pride;*
The Med'cine's good, but ill appli'd.
Some wiſh for Honour, *in high thought;*
Honour is good, Ambition nought.
Some wiſh for Health, *to live at eaſe;*
Health may be good, Eaſe breeds Diſeaſe.
Some wiſh for Power, *to wrong at will;*
Power oft is good, Oppreſſion ill.
Some wiſh for Youth, *to nouriſh Folly;*
Youth may be good, the Wiſh unholy.
Some wiſh for Love, *to anſwer Luſt;*
Love may be good, the Wiſh unjuſt.
Some wiſh for Strength, *to cruſh and kill;*
Strength may be good, but Murther ill.
Thus ſtill th' Abuſe which Will brings forth
Doth make the Wiſhes nothing worth.
Yet ſince that Wiſhes *may be good,*
When Worth is truely underſtood,
Let mee ſet downe my Hearts deſire,
And what hath ſet my ſoule on fire.
It is not Earth, nor earthly Treaſure,
Nor worldly Honour, fleſhly Pleaſure,
Nor Power, nor Place, nor Youth, nor Strength,
Nor drawing out this Life at length,
Nor idle pleaſing Natures Eye,
With fond Affections Vanity.
Not one of theſe comes neer the White
Of my Hearts Wiſh and Soules Delight.
The Courſe of my true Cares content
Extends above the Firmament.
The levell of my Soules chiefe Love
Is onely in the Heav'ns above;
Where I ſhall ſee my Saviour ſweet,
And how his Saints and Angels meet
With ſuch an Harmony of Voyces,
As ſhewes how every Soule rejoyces
In the beholding his ſweet Face,
That is the glory of all Grace.
This, this, my Wiſh *ſhall onely be,*
To live where I may ever ſee
My Saviour ſweet, and in his ſight
Have all my Hearts and Soules Delight.
Daigne then (my God) this Boone *to give*
Whiles here upon this Earth I live,
That neither Wealth, *nor* Poverty,
Nor Comfort, *nor* Calamity,
Nor Health, *nor* Sickneſſe, Eaſe *nor* Paine,
Nor Hope, *nor* Feare, *nor* Loſſe, *nor* Gaine,
May ever take ſuch hold on mee,
But ſtill my Joy in CHRIST *may be.*

I. *Wiſh* or *Meditation.*

OH! had I of his *Love* but part,
That choſen was by Gods own heart,
That Princely Prophet, *David*, hee,
Whom in the Word of Truth I ſee
The King of Heav'n ſo dearely lov'd,
As Mercy beyond meaſure prov'd:
Then ſhould I neither *Gyant* feare,
Nor *Lion*, that my ſoule would teare;
Nor the *Philiſtims*, nor ſuch Fiends
As never were true Chriſtians friends;
No *Paſſions* ſhould my ſpirit vex,
Nor *Sorrow* ſo my minde perplex,
But I ſhould ſtill all glorie give
Unto my God by whom I live.
Then *Health* nor *Sickneſſe*, *Griefe*, nor *Eaſe*,
Should ſo my minde diſeaſe or pleaſe;
But *Want*, or *Woe*, what-ere I prove,
The Lord of Life ſhould be my Love.
To him I ſhould my minde impart,
And to him onely give my heart,
And to his mercy onely pray,
To put my ſecret ſinnes away:
To heale my ſinfull wounded Soule,
And put my Name in Mercies Roll:
In all my *Cares* and *Croſſes* ſtill
To comfort mee with his good Will:
And when I crie and roar in Griefe,
In deep deſpaire of Hopes Reliefe,

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My Faith ſhould yet in Mercy find
The Comfort of a conſtant Minde;
And I ſhould ever joy to ſee
How Mercies Eye did looke on mee:
Then ſhould my Heart tune every ſtring,
That to his glory I might ſing
A *Song* of ever-laſting Praiſe,
To end in never-ending daies.
Then ſhould I *play*, and *ſing*, and *dance*,
And to the Heav'ns mine Eyes advance,
With joy to ſee in Triumph ſo
The *Arke* of God in Glory goe:
And whatſoever I poſſeſſe
In *Power* or *Honour*, more or leſſe,
Nor Earth nor Heaven ſhould mee move,
But ſtill my Lord ſhould be my Love.
If I were *ſicke*, Hee were my *Health*;
If I were *poore*, Hee were my *Wealth*;
If I were *weake*, Hee were my *Strength*;
If *dead*, Hee were my *Life* at length;
If *ſcorn'd*, Hee onely were my *Grace*;
If *baniſht*, Hee my *Reſting-place*;
If *wrong'd*, Hee onely were my *Right*;
If *ſad*, Hee were my Soules *Delight*;
In ſumme, and all, All-onely Hee
Should be All, above All, to mee.
His *Hand* ſhould wipe away my *Teares*,
His *Favour* free mee from all *Feares*,
His *Mercy* pardon all my *Sinne*,
His *Grace* my life *anew* begin,
His *Love* my *Light* to Heav'n ſhould be,
His *Glory*, thus to comfort mee.
Thus was the Kingly Prophet bleſt,
To live in Loves eternall Reſt.
And ſince I ſee his Grace ſo great,
To all that Mercy doe intreat;
And how the faithfull Soule doth prove
An heav'nly bleſſing in his Love;
Let mee but onely *This* requeſt,
To be but *thus* with *David* bleſt,
That *Joy*, or *Griefe*, what-ere I prove,
The Lord of Life may be my Love.

II. *Wiſh* or *Meditation.*

* *Salomon*

OH! that I were as *Wiſe* as * Hee
That did by Obſervation ſee
What all things are, with all their Worth,
That under Heav'n the Earth brings forth;
How *vaine* they are, and how they vex
The Soule whom *Paſſion* doth perplex.
Then ſhould I neither *carke* nor *care*
For things that ſo uncertain are;
Nor toile nor labour for a Life
So full of Falſhood, Feare and ſtrife.
Nor ayme at Title, Power, or Place,
Nor Favour, Wealth, or Worldly Grace;
Nor trouble Patience with a hope
Of ought beyond my onely Scope;
Nor ſooth, nor flatter, lye, nor ſweare,
Nor ſtand in Danger, nor in Feare
Of him, of her; of this, of that,
Nor hunt I know not after what:
But love the meaſure and the meane,
That keepes the Soule and Body cleane.
Then ſhould I finde this Life but Breath
That Sinne hath ſubject made to Death:
For from the greateſt to the leaſt,
No Soule but lives at ſome unreſt:
The ſoundeſt and the deepeſt *Wit*
Sometimes in idle Thoughts doth ſit;
The faireſt and the ſweeteſt *Face*
Is ſometime ſubject to diſgrace.
The nobleſt and the valiant'ſt *Minde*,
Sometime may hap goe down the Winde.
The richeſt *Hand*, and proudeſt *Heart*,
May chance to play the Beggers part.
The valiant'ſt Arme, and ſtrongeſt Hand,
Sometime at *Mercies* Gate may ſtand.
The pureſt *Soule* that would not ſinne,
May chance to fall in Satans Ginne.
Then ſince I ſee there is no ſtate,
But that ſometime, or ſoone, or late,
Is ſubject to ſo hard a courſe
As leaves the *Better* for the *Worſe*,
Though I be not ſo wiſe as *Hee*
That made mee *This* to know and ſee,
Yet will I joyne with him in this,
Upon *this Earth* to build no *Bliſſe*;
But with the Wings of *Faith* to flye
Unto my Glorious God on high:
And in his *Mercy* onely prove
The Bleſſings for my *Soules* behoofe;
From *Sorrow*, *Sinne*, and *Satan* free;
And love the *World* that liſt (for mee).

III. *Wiſh* or *Meditation.*

OH! that I had that *Patience*,
That is the Spirits Excellence,
That *Job* in all his paines did prove,
Unto the Lord to ſhew his Love:
Then ſhould no *Loſſe* of *Lands* or *Goods*,
Bring in ſuch Flotes of Sorrowes Floods;
Nor *Childrens* Death, nor dogged *Wife*,
Nor wounded Heart, nor weary Life,
Nor Scoffs of Friends, nor words of griefe,
Nor Hearts *Deſpaire* of Hopes Reliefe,
Should make mee once (which God forbid)
Offend his Grace, what ere hee did:
But ſay with *Job*, *If hee will kill*
My heart, yet will I love him ſtill;
And in his ſight, my Waies reprove,
That is the God of gracious Love.
That then, when *All* were at the worſt,
And that my Heart were almoſt burſt,
My Soule might feele, that Comfort ſweet
Did tread all ſorrow under Feet.
But *Job* was juſt, ſo am not I,
His God did but his *Patience* try;
And made his *Faith* in Mercy finde
The Comfort of a *conſtant* Minde:
But my Soule hath ſo wicked bin,
That I am ſcourged for my Sinne,
In *Juſtice*: but with *Mercy* ſuch,
As I can never praiſe too much,

For

For had not mercy heal'd my Sore,
I had bin ſlaine for evermore.
But my good God is ever *One*;
His Hand is not to *mee* alone,
But unto *All* that in diſtreſſe
Doe in his Mercy ſeeke redreſſe;
And whoſe true *Patience*, *Faith*, and *Love*,
Doe in his *Juſtice*, *Mercy* prove.

IV. *Wiſh* or *Meditation.*

OH! that I had that *Gracious Call*
That from the Heav'ns had bleſſed *Paul*,
That choſen Saint of ſacred Bliſſe,
Where onely Saints true bleſſing is:
Who from the way of wicked Thought,
Unto the gates of *Grace* was brought;
And when his *Eyes* were ſtricken blinde,
Had ſuch an inſight of the *Minde*,
As made him ſee through *Mercies* light,
(That is the Soules eternall ſight)
How blinde is *Reaſons* ruthfull Eye,
Where Errour leads the Heart awry;
Whil'ſt *Conſcience* thinking to doe well,
Doth carry *Miſconceit* to Hell;
Till *Mercy* meeting on the way,
Brings home the Sheepe that went aſtray:
Then ſhould no *Office*, *Power*, nor *Place*
Make mee to ſeek my Soules Diſgrace,
To take a Tyrants powerfull Rod,
To perſecute the Saints of God.
But I ſhould more in ſoule rejoyce
In Mercies Gracious-Glorious Choice,
All *Perſecutions* to abide,
Where *Patience*, *Faith*, and *Love is try'd*
Of the ſweet Lord of Heavens Bliſſe,
Than perſecute one Saint of his:
But all my *Love*, and Loves *Delight*,
My *Meditation* day and night,
Should onely, all, and ever be
Of *Mercy* that ſo called mee.
No *Griefe*, no *Paine*, no *Want*, nor *Woe*,
That I ſhould ever live to know,
But I ſhould think too little all,
In Love to anſwer Mercies Call:
For all the World I would not care,
Nor K. nor *Keſar* would I feare;
No *threats*, nor *thraldom*, *ſcourge* nor *death*;
To ſpeak his Praiſe, ſhould ſtop my breath;
But I ſhould plainely ſpeake and write
My knowledge of the Lord of Light:
And to the Glory of his Name,
Throughout the World divulge the ſame:
My *Walke* ſhould be but in his Waies;
My *Talke* but only in his Praiſe;
My *Life* a Death, but in his Love;
My *Death*, a Life, for him to prove:
My *Care* to keepe a Conſcience cleane;
My *Will* from wicked thoughts to weane;
My *Prayers* for the Good of all,
That Mercy unto Grace doth call:
My *Labour* for the love of Truth
To leade the life of Age and Youth:
My *Comfort* truely to convert
The Soules which Satan did pervert:
My *Health*, to labour for their Love,
That ſeeke their bleſsing from above:
My greateſt *Eaſe*, to worke for thoſe
Whom Mercy to Salvation choſe:
My Paine, and pleaſure, Travell, Eaſe,
My God *thus* in his Saints to pleaſe.
Then ſhould I this baſe *World* deſpiſe,
With all Earths *idle Vanities*;
And governe mine *Affections* ſo,
That Sin ſhould never overthrow
This wounded wofull Soule of mine,
But ſtill in Mercies love divine,
My Soule ſhould finde that *life* of Grace,
As ſhould all *Earthly love* deface;
And I ſhould onely wiſh to live,
All *Glory* to my God to give;
And all in all my *Joy* to be
His *ſervant* that ſo *called* mee.

V. *Wiſh* or *Meditation.*

OH! that my Soule might live to prove
Some part of that ſweet bleſſed Love,
Which *John* th' Evangeliſt poſſeſt,
When hee lean'd on our Saviours breſt;
When *Wiſdome*, *Vertue*, *Grace* and *Truth*,
Embrac'd the bleſſed dayes of *Youth*!
Then ſhould I fly with *Eagles* wings
Unto the Glorious King of Kings;
And ſee that *Heav'nly Court* of his,
The Beauty of the Angels Bliſſe;
Where *Goodneſſe*, *Grace* and *Glory* dwels,
And *Love*, and *Life*, and nothing elſe
But *Holineſſe* and Heav'nly *Light*,
All, onely in my Saviours ſight:
Then ſhould I *loath* this World of Woe,
That doth *bewitch* the Worldling ſo;
And ſeeke (but at my Saviours *feet*)
To finde my Soules eternall *Sweet*;
Till Mercy will vouchſafe mee grace
To have a glimpſe of his ſweet *Face*,
In whoſe leaſt ſweeteſt *Looke* of Love,
A *Sea* of Joy the *Heart* doth prove;
And ſwimming in the Soules Delight,
Is *raviſht* with that Glorious *Stght*.
But though I cannot be ſo bleſt,
To leane upon my Saviours *Breſt*;
As all unworthy of ſuch Grace,
To looke on his Cœleſtiall *Face*:
Yet let mee beg at *Mercies* Feet,
That I may but receive this Sweet,
That when his Saints and Angels ſing
Their *Haleluiahs* to their King,
My Soule in Joy all-ſounding then,
May have but leave to ſing *AMEN*.

FINIS.

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